

The Alabama Baptist.

Edited by an Association of Brethren.

"JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER-STONE."—Ephesians ii. 20.

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TERMS.

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THE TRAVELLER.

FURNISHED BY A GENTLEMAN OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

There is not a truer declaration between the two covers of the Bible, than this in the beautiful language of the 19th Psalm. "In keeping the commandments of the Lord, there is great reward." It must be so in the very nature of things, independently of any reward which may be supposed to follow from the immediate and direct intervention of Providence. These commands were imposed upon us for our own good, temporal, as well as eternal; and nothing more is self-evident, than that a cheerful and conscientious obedience to them must be attended with "great reward." It is not very uncommon to see instances in which the "reward" follows so closely upon the "keeping of the command," that the doubter even is struck with the coincidence; but sometimes the faith of the believer is put to the test, when he sees the sufferer prospering in the midst of his iniquities; but it may always be relied upon, that the testimony of the Lord is sure, that, sooner or later it will be evident, that "the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him."

A year or two ago a case came to my knowledge, in which the "reward" followed so closely upon the "keeping of the commands," that I think it worth relating; and while the Sabbath-breaker may regard it as an ordinary coincidence of circumstances, I am sure there are many who will consider it an additional proof that the Lord cannot lie, and that the promise, "In keeping his commandments, there is great reward," will be kept to the very letter.

A friend of mine determined to go to New Orleans to seek his fortune, as there appeared to be few opportunities of obtaining one here. He invested his little all, therefore, in articles of merchandize suitable for that market, and shipped them on board a vessel bound for that port, while he went, by the way of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. It was stipulated by my friend with the master of the vessel, on board which his adventure was shipped, that on his arrival at New Orleans, if he did not find him there, he should keep his adventure on board a certain number of days, when, if he did not arrive, he should be at liberty to store it. My friend was in the heart of Pennsylvania with a stage full of pleasant fellow travellers on the last day of the week, when he introduced the question, as to the propriety of travelling upon the Sabbath day, which he was resolved not to do. The question was discussed with great animation, one of the passengers siding with my friend, but the rest against him. They endeavored to shake his resolution, by setting before him the chances of a traveller upon that route; that if he stopped over the Sabbath, thereby giving up his seat to Pittsburg, the succeeding stages might be full for several days in succession, and unable to take him—that on his arrival at Pittsburg, he might find by his delay, he had lost a passage in the only boat which would sail for New Orleans in many days, and on his arrival at Cincinnati, he might be delayed again from a similar cause—and that finally, on his arrival at New Orleans, he might find that his adventure had been stored, thereby adding to it heavy charges of drayage and storage—that in that fluctuating market, the price of the articles he had, might have had a sudden fall. All these representations were calculated to have a powerful effect upon a young man who was at the moment seeking a fortune—but he recollected the promises of God, to those who keep his commandments, and he determined to rely upon their fulfillment at all events.

On the Sabbath morning, accordingly, the stage drove off, leaving my friend and one fellow passenger behind, to keep the Sabbath at a small retired country Inn, in the interior of Pennsylvania, where they had abundant leisure to reflect upon the course they had taken, and to repent, when it was too late, their want of worldly wisdom, or to rejoice that they had obeyed the law of the Lord. It may readily be supposed that they felt no small anxiety about their prospect of getting on without losing more than one day, but their only alternative was to trust Providence, that the stage which would arrive Sabbath night, might have room for them; which, however, proved not to be the case. They determined not to be cast down at the very outset, but to put entire confidence in the declaration, that "the testimony of the Lord is sure." The stages continued to arrive crowded with passengers, much to

their disappointment and chagrin, and after a long delay, they succeeded in obtaining a private conveyance for about twenty-five dollars, the cost of which they had kept on in the stage being about six dollars. My friend habitually looks upon the bright side of things—and he has besides, a firm, practical belief, in the superintending care of Providence—and although it did not seem a quick way of making a fortune—to be delayed so many days upon the road, when he had so many reasons for expedition, and to pay twenty-five dollars, for six dollars worth of riding, yet he trusted without wavering. On his arrival at Pittsburg, he found that his fellow-passengers, the Sabbath day travellers, had arrived in time to take the only boat, which was to depart for many days for Cincinnati. After a long delay here, he obtained means of conveyance to Cincinnati, and on his arrival, he found no boat ready to depart for New Orleans. The water being very low, the departure of steamboats was not a daily occurrence, as is the case under other circumstances. But my friend's faith held out, notwithstanding his acquaintance of the stage coach had taken their departure from Cincinnati for N. Orleans several days before.

At last a boat was prepared to sail, and my friend had no interruption to his progress during the remainder of his journey. On his arrival at the point of his destination, he found the brig had arrived before him; that the stipulated time for keeping his freight on board had expired, and that his goods were already stored, and that seemed more unfortunate than all—the residue of the cargo of the brig, was all sold to one man, who took it from the vessel and who wanted that part of it, which belonged to my friend, at a handsome advance upon the cost and charges, but as the owner was not present, nothing could be done about it.

Such was the situation of affairs, when my friend arrived at New Orleans. So far every thing had been adverse, since he left the regular line of conveyance in Pennsylvania; he had been subjected to frequent and expensive delays—and to heavy extra travelling charges; had lost an opportunity to sell his adventure from the vessel, at a handsome profit, which he would have done, had he kept on with his stage companions, and in addition to these disadvantages, his property was burdened with additional charges for drayage and storage, which in New Orleans are considerable. But the catalogue of misfortunes ends here. In a short time there was a large advance on the articles which he had—and which he sold to great advantage—and the purchaser of the cargo of the brig in which the freight came, failed before his notes for it became due, and the cargo was a total loss. Had my friend not been delayed upon the road in an extraordinary manner, he would have arrived before the vessel discharged her cargo—would have sold his adventure, consisting of all his property, to the purchaser of the rest of the cargo, and on the same time, and of course would have lost the whole. Had he travelled on the Sabbath, this would have been the result—and my friend takes pleasure in considering the circumstances connected with this affair, as an earnest that there is great reward in keeping the commandments of God—either directly or indirectly—and often in this world, as well as in that which is to come.—*A Mother's Plea for the Sabbath, by Lucy K. Wells.*

MUSIC AS A PART OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

Rev. Edward W. Hooker has just issued a most excellent tract on this subject, urging the importance of this delightful science as a part of female education. To the question "Shall I give my daughter an education in the art of music?" he, after setting forth the common but unwarrantable objections raised by parents against such an education, and showing that it is something more than an ornamental accomplishment without producing any beneficial results or tendencies, says:

"Is it not a mistake, that music is simply and only an accomplishment? Is it not more than an ornamental appendage of education? We commonly attach to the terms accomplishment, and ornament, the idea of something which adorns without being particularly useful or important to that with which it is connected. But is music without utility? Does it simply accomplish a young lady, like dancing, calisthenics, or embroidery? Very truly, it may be made and kept a mere accomplishment, through the neglect of the parent, the daughter, the teacher, or all of them together, to give a musical education a right direction, and to ensure a right use of it.—But if music be regarded as a science also, and not merely as a performance, affording employment for the intellect as well as the hands, which it certainly does when carefully studied,—as an art giving exercise to the taste, for which it is highly adapted,—and as opening sources for domestic and social enjoyment, and furnishing agreeable relaxation from the cares and labors of life; especially, when connected with religion in the family, if it be contemplated as a means for aiding devotion, as a solace in trouble, as a sweet spotter of the anguish which the heart feels in the days and months of affliction and sorrow;—if regarded in these points of light, music is, certainly, an art of high utility.—Careful and candid consideration of each of these points cannot fail to lead to the conclusion, that music is more than an accomplishment; that music is done to it, if it be set down at so low an estimate. Let music, as a part of female education and attainment, be released from the restriction to fashionable

life, in which it has too long been held; let it be cultivated by young ladies of Christian families with an eye to its use; let it live, move, and breathe freely, wherever there is taste for it, and love for its sweet, inspiring, elevating sounds; and let it have its rightful advantages for working on the mind and the heart in connection with just moral sentiments, and especially with religion; and it will be seen that it is more than a mere accomplishment for a light-hearted and gay girl, in the drawing-room of a wealthy father, or in the fashionable evening party."

To the objection that the poetry set to music is of a silly and frivolous kind, and improper to occupy the mind, he observes:

"The objection already stated, to the character and tendency of much of the poetry, connected with music for the piano-forte, is one which any virtuous and Christian parent can obviate for himself. There it, it must be acknowledged, a vast amount of trash among the productions of the musical as well as the reading press. This, however, is not an argument against the cultivation of music, any more than the multiplicity of novels and other light and pernicious works is an argument against learning to read.—We select books for the reading of our daughters, and we can as well select their music also. It is not necessary to buy music at random, any more than books; to begin at the top of a catalogue, and take every thing written for the piano-forte, in alphabetical order, any more than for the library or the centre-table. There is a choice of music, and of poetry connected with it. Let fathers and daughters use their best judgment in the work of selection, and purchase such pieces only as unite good music with just sentiment in the poetry and the objection vanishes. Let go three quarters of the common catalogue of a music shop, as not worth buying. Lay out no money upon such trash as 'The lords of creation,' 'Sit on a rail,' 'Cat's grand concert,' 'A bumper of Burgundy,' 'Monkey's wedding,' 'Steam Pills,' 'I'll be no submissive wife,' and hundreds of others, which is almost a profanation of music to bring into association with it. Neither buy pieces, (except it be for the sake of the music alone,) the poetry of which is flavored, to absolute insipidity, with the declarations of sighing and groanings of love. Such music belongs with nine-tenths of the novels of our day, in one vast pile, with torches applied on all sides of it. By no means is it a reason for buying any piece of music, that it is written or set for the piano-forte; when the character of the poetry may be such as to excite vulgar emotions, common sense, and good taste. Select with the same care and judgment which you use in making other purchases. You thus protect the mind, taste and heart of your daughter against all that is objectionable, in these true, which is associated with very worthless words; as a lovely female is sometimes found wedded to a husband greatly her inferior, if not worthless. Good poetry can always be found, which can be substituted for such stuff and which will be worthy of the music.—And then, there is, after all, much good music set to poetry which is elevated in sentiment; chaste and pure in its moral character—descriptive of some of the best and noblest emotions of the soul; and, better still, breathing the spirit of Christian piety. It needs but to be patiently and carefully sought for, and chosen from among the rubbish with which it is mingled; and carefully studied and practised."

We hope this pamphlet will receive the attention it deserves, and will be the means of leading religious parents to take just and correct views of this pleasing and delightful study.

TOO LATE! I AM LOST!

A Methodist clergyman, met a young gentleman at one of the appointed places where he held service, and seriously expostulated with him, in relation to his neglecting the great interests of eternity. The clergyman remarks:

"I spent half an hour in reasoning with him. He treated me with great respect, acknowledged his necessity of religion, but suggested a thousand difficulties. I left him with a painful conviction, that amidst all the wonderful influence of this occasion, he had succeeded in keeping his conscience asleep."

"The meeting closed on Sunday night.—On Monday morning as I passed to my next appointment, I found the road alive with horses and vehicles of the returning multitude. After riding about four miles, I perceived a throng about a farm house before me. I rode rapidly to it, and learned that a young man had been thrown from his horse and dangerously injured. On pressing through the crowd to the chamber where they had placed the sufferer, I found the young man whom I had warned so emphatically the day before. He was shockingly injured, and as I passed into the room, a thrill of dismay seemed to pass over him. A physician soon arrived; he pronounced the case hopeless; and declared that he could not survive two hours. Never shall I forget the agonized countenance of the wretched youth when he learned his fate."

"Must I die?" he exclaimed. "Is there no hope? O! I cannot die, I cannot die!" I endeavored to direct him to the cross and reminded him of the crucified thief.

"Alas!" he replied, "the never-sinced against such light as I have abused. What shall I do? Pray for me, O pray for me."

"We knelt down about the chamber, but his agonizing groans struck all with horror and confusion. I rose and endeavored again to direct him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world."

"It is too late," he exclaimed. "Oh, what would I not give, if I had heeded your warning yesterday; but it is now too late, I am lost! I am lost!"

"His parents and sisters soon arrived, but the scene which followed, I will not and cannot describe. The groans of the poor sufferer ceased only with his life. He seemed stunned by the sudden and terrible summons, and unable to command his thoughts sufficiently to pray. Who can describe the feelings of that poor dying youth? Who can imagine them? His body in agony, life reduced to two hours, and no preparation for eternity."

"Reader, be ye ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the summons may come."

Zion's Herald.

ELOQUENT PORTRAIT OF THE SAVIOUR.

The following is a description of Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Mentulus, President of Judea, to the Roman Senate:

"There lives at this place in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God.—He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped, his aspect amiable, reverent. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no painted curls below his ear, agreeably coupling on his shoulders and parting on the crown of his head, like the dress of the sect of the Nazarenes. His forehead is smooth and large; the cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red, his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry, his beard is thick, and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes are bright, clear, and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of so great a being! No man has seen him laugh, the whole world behold him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold theirs from joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate, and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out to be, he seems to present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection; every way surpassing the children of men."

OVERWHELMING ARGUMENT.—Dr. Lathrop in one of his sermons says, "if it were true that there is no God, what evidence can the Atheist have, that he shall not exist and be miserable after death? How came he to exist at all? Whatever was the cause of his existence here, may be the cause of his existence hereafter. Or, if there is no cause, he may exist without a cause in another state as well as in this. And if his wicked and corrupt heart and abominable works make him so unhappy here, that he had rather be annihilated, than run the hazard of a future existence, what hinders but what he may be unhappy forever? The man then, is a fool, who wishes there were no God, hoping thus to be secure from future misery, for admitting there were no God, still he may exist hereafter as well as here: if he does exist, his corruptions and vices may render him miserable eternally as well as for the present."

From the London Baptist Reporter.

A CHURCH IN A SHIP.

[Mr. Thompson, Baptist minister of Salt-house Lane chapel, Hull, has kindly favored us with a copy of a cheap pamphlet—"A Narrative of the Ship Ramsay," &c.—published by Hunter, Hull; and Dyer, London; from which we have extracted the following very interesting facts.]

The Ramsay, Captain T. Hamlin, juror, sailed from the Clyde for Bombay in Aug. 1840. The Captain being a man who feared God, aimed to promote temperance and piety among the crew. During their stay at Bombay the Bethel flag was hoisted every Sabbath, and worship conducted on board by various ministers belonging to the place. The attendance of seamen from other ships was pleasing, and highly encouraging.—After remaining about four weeks in Bombay, the "Ramsay" sailed for Maulanang, in Burmah; and from thence to Calcutta. During these passages some favorable impressions seemed to have been produced in the minds of the crew; and on their arrival at Calcutta they conducted themselves with greater propriety than at any of the former ports: here they regularly attended the Floating Chapel. Whilst the ship was at Calcutta, the Captain paid a visit to the Baptist missionary establishment at Serampore. There he fell in with the indefatigable missionary, Dr. Judson, from Barmah, who was at Serampore with his family for the improvement of their health. As the Ramsay was shortly to sail for the island of Mauritius, and from thence to Maulanang, Dr. Judson's residence, Captain Hamlin kindly offered them a passage, in the hope that it would be conducive to the object they had in view. Having accepted of the offer, thus generously made to him and his family, Dr. Judson felt a strong desire to be useful to the seamen in whose dangers he was about to share. He made it a matter of prayer to God, that he might be instrumental in turn-

ing some of them from the error of their ways; and before going on board, expressed a conviction, that God had heard him, and that he would answer him, in communicating his grace to some, if not to all, of the crew. After putting to sea, worship was conducted by Dr. Judson and the Captain alternately; only on the Sabbath, the whole of the services were conducted by the missionary.—Possessing all his mental vigor, and his ardent love for souls having suffered no abatement, the man of God availed himself of these opportunities, in addition to private instruction, to promote the great end he had in view, and for which he had so earnestly prayed prior to his embarking on board the Ramsay. His manner of address was of the most touching description, and seldom failed in making the big tear roll down the weather-beaten cheeks of his hardy auditory. It soon became apparent that he was not laboring in vain, nor spending his strength for nought. Before their arrival at the Mauritius, three of the seamen gave pleasing evidence of being converted to God. One of these men—who was characterized by his boldness in iniquity, his drunkenness, and his profanity—often wonders, that so meek a man as Dr. Judson should have succeeded in moving him; but as he states, he felt the power irresistible: this he did doubtless, because it was the power of the Almighty speaking through his servant. During their stay at the Mauritius, public worship was held on board every Sabbath, and was well attended, both by seamen and landmen.—Religion was in a languid state amongst the inhabitants generally. There were, however, a few who seemed concerned for the advancement of the kingdom of Immanuel; and by them it had been in contemplation to fit up a seaman's chapel. They had even gone so far as to make application to the Governor for the use of an old ship lying there belonging to government. The application had been favorably received, still nothing had been done towards effecting the object they had in view, till the Captain of the Ramsay, hearing how matters stood, set about raising subscriptions towards fitting up the said vessel as a Bethel; he likewise presented another memorial to the Governor, but was obliged to leave at this time without seeing the work accomplished.

Leaving the island of Mauritius, their next port of destination was Maulanang, in Burmah. On the passage the religious services were attended to, and in addition to the usual meetings, an extra one for prayer and exhortation was held every Wednesday evening, and conducted by the seamen who had professed the name of Christ. This meeting was the means of effecting much good. Amongst other things which came before their minds, was the subject of baptism. By a diligent perusal of the Word of God, and the instructions of Dr. Judson, the new converts were convinced that baptism by immersion was the scriptural mode, and that it was their duty, as believers in Christ, to be baptized in his name. Hence, they determined, with the Captain, (who had doubts regarding the truth of infant baptism prior to his leaving home, and who was convinced of its being an error before he saw Dr. Judson,) to be baptized on the first convenient opportunity after reaching Maulanang. Accordingly, on the first Sabbath after their arrival, the Captain, Mate, and two of the seamen, together with a Burmese female, were "buried with Christ by baptism." The ordinance was administered by Dr. Judson.

At Maulanang, there are two Baptist churches; one for the natives, which is supplied by Dr. Judson—the other for Europeans, which is supplied by assistant missionaries: both churches are in a healthy and flourishing condition. Whilst at Maulanang, the Captain and mate paid a visit to one of the Karen villages, (the Karens are a people among whom the preaching of the Gospel has been eminently successful,) and on their arrival they found the chief, (who acts in the double capacity of Governor and spiritual teacher,) with nearly the whole of the villagers, busily engaged in their rice fields. On the going being sounded, which was the signal for announcing the arrival of the missionaries, they flocked into the native chapel, and after greeting affectionately their teachers, they turned to the Captain and mate, and on being assured (in answer to a question to that effect) that they loved Jesus, they received them with much cordiality, and on their departure, loaded their boat with fruit, &c. Oh! how blessed is that Gospel, which teaches its disciples to regard all—whatever be their country, whatever be their language, whatever be their color—who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, as one with him, and one with each other!

The Ramsay remained at Maulanang eight weeks, during which time the intercourse of the crew with the Christians on shore was of the most pleasing description. The evening before they sailed from Maulanang, Dr. Judson delivered a farewell address on board the Ramsay, which produced a deep and solemn impression; all were melted into tears, as was the case with Dr. Judson himself; and the remembrance of that hour will not, it is thought, be soon forgotten by those who were privileged to hear the melting and pathetic appeals of the man of God. While on their return passage to the island of Mauritius, to which place they again sailed about the latter part of February, 1842, three more of the crew gave pleasing evidence of having experienced a change of heart; and on arriving at the island this time, the Captain found out a small body of Christians, about twenty in number, who had succeeded from what was called a Congrega-

tional church. The reason of their secession was, the liberty of discipline that prevailed in the church, combined with minor grievances. They all spoke the French language, and had two decidedly pious men appointed over them as their pastors. One of the pastors had for some time been thinking about the subject of believers' baptism, but had not become decided as to what was his duty. Through intercourse with Captain Hamlin, however, and their attending the meetings on board the Ramsay, he and four of his members, became thoroughly convinced that it was their duty to be baptized, and requested to have the ordinance administered to them. Here, however, a difficulty presented itself to the Captain, viz., as to whether he had a right to administer the ordinance. This difficulty was submitted to the consideration of the brethren on board, and by them, as well as by the missionaries, it was made a matter of earnest prayer. After seeking direction from on high, and a careful perusal of the New Testament, the conclusion to which they all came, was to form themselves into a church, and to invest the Captain with the pastoral office. This they did. The "two of three" became one body.

The Captain became their under shepherd; and thus they constituted probably the first church composed exclusively of seamen, and formed under such peculiarly pleasing circumstances—an indication, surely this, that the period is drawing nigh when the "abundance of the seas will be converted unto God." Having put in order the things which they conceived to be wanting, the Captain forthwith administered the ordinance of baptism to the French pastor, four of his members, and three seamen of the Ramsay. The ordinance was administered near the Grande river. As might have been expected, the subject of baptism began now to occupy the attention of the French church; and before the Ramsay left, their newly-baptized pastor was about to administer the sacred rite to a godly number of his flock.—"Truth is mighty, and it will prevail."—May the period soon arrive, when the inquiry with every Christian will be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and when every disciple will evince a readiness "to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth!" Before leaving the island this time, the Captain, by great exertion, got the government ship fitted up as a Bethel, and had the happiness of seeing it opened for the special benefit of seamen. May it prove the spiritual birthplace of many, who shall in their turn become the heralds of salvation to the ends of the earth!

Sometime previous to the Ramsay sailing to her next place of destination, (Bombay, to which she was returning,) a young seaman made application to the Captain for a berth, and gave the following account of himself, which is worthy of notice, as illustrative of the adage, that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." He had sailed from the Clyde for Calcutta, and on the passage from thence to the Mauritius, the Captain, under the influence of liquor, made an assault upon him, to the injury of his person, and the endangering of his life. The young man defended himself with considerable effect; and threatened to do so, with still greater, if another attack were made upon him. It was likewise his determination, on arriving at port, to make his case known to the proper authorities. Hearing of his intention, the Captain caused him to be apprehended, on a charge of mutiny, immediately on their arrival and on the evidence of the Captain, mate, and steward, (none of the real witnesses of what took place being suffered to appear on behalf of the defendant,) he was found guilty, and sentenced to six months imprisonment, during which period he was to be fed on bread and water. This punishment he endured; and was now anxious to obtain a berth on board the Ramsay. The ingenuousness of the young man, and his assigned reason for wishing to sail with a master who feared God, led Captain Hamlin at once to engage him. On board the Ramsay, he found the contrast in his circumstances to be very great. When in prison, the only books he possessed were a Bible—a mother's gift—and a volume of the Baptist Magazine for 1810, which he had purchased in a frolic from a native boy in Calcutta. By means of these, his mind had frequently been impressed with the importance of religion, and before obtaining his liberty, he had resolved to pay more attention (which we shall find he did) to the concerns of his soul. But to return to the narrative.

On the passage from the Mauritius to Bombay, zealous efforts were made by the Captain and his Christian brethren, to effect the conversion of those on board who had not yet submitted their hearts to the Savior. Their efforts were not in vain in the Lord. The young man already referred to, and another of the seamen, gave satisfactory evidence of a change of heart. After remaining at Bombay for a few weeks, during which time worship was regularly attended on board, they set sail for England, with the prospect of a prosperous voyage, and a happy return to their families and friends, after an absence of about two years.

Every thing went on comfortably till they were rounding the Cape of Good Hope, when one of the men fell overboard, and was within a hair's breadth of being consigned to a watery grave. After being in the water about twenty minutes, he was picked up in a state of insensibility, but speedily recovered. The day following was set apart for thanksgiving and prayer, that the event might be sanctified to all on board, and especially to the rescued. Shortly after this another man

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all overboard, but being an expert swimmer, was rescued without much difficulty. This providence was followed by similar services, and for the time a salutary impression seemed to be produced upon all.

On arriving at St. Helena, it was found that the ship was in a leaky condition. After caulking, and taking in water, they proceeded upon their voyage, all well and happy, till, near the island of Ascension, when suddenly, and at dark, the ship struck on a sunken reef, but immediately heeled off, making at the rate of seven and a half feet of water per hour. At this critical moment all hands were ordered to the pumps; there were no stowing in of mud punches; there were none of the maddening effects of drunkenness—every man was at his post; the captain's commands were instantly obeyed; the pumps, (which fortunately were of the very best description, and in the very best condition, as indeed was every thing else on board,) were applied to with all the energy and strength the men could command; and by the blessing of God on their endeavors, they succeeded in keeping the water under till the following morning, when assistance was got from the shore, and the ship brought to anchor close by the island.

After a legal inspection, the ship was condemned, and sold for behoof of the underwriters. The crew, thirty in number, remained on board six weeks after putting into St. Helena, and were afterwards sent out as usual. The two men already referred to, as having been converted on the passage to Bombay, were now desirous of putting on Christ by baptism. Their desire was gratified by the captain pastor, who administered to them the ordinance in a place called "Comfort Cove," being a narrow inlet from the ocean to the island. About this time, too, the small church, now numbering ten individuals, attended for the first time (the want of suitable elements at sea having prevented them from doing so sooner) to the ordinance of the Lord's supper. The little band, in obedience to the command, of their Savior and Redeemer, gathered around the sacramental board, and felt, whilst they were partaking of his broken body, and his shed blood, that it was to their souls a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.

As the ship was about to be hoisted down, a tent was erected for the crew on shore, with materials from the vessel. The most miserable part of the island was allotted to them, and their wants were but sparingly attended to by the Governor. On the first Sabbath after occupying the tent, public worship was attended to; but not without the Governor sending a messenger to call the captain to account for presuming to worship God without his special authority. Such conduct may be accounted for from the fact, that there is an Episcopal church upon the island, and that the Governor is deeply imbued with the persecuting spirit of the sect to which he belongs. The captain met with but one devout christian upon the island (by a singular coincidence, he was a Baptist); and he, it appears, was not permitted to open his lips in public to advance the cause of Christ, nor did he consider it safe to attend a prayer-meeting on board the Ramsay before she was condemned. The Governor here (as in most places where they have opportunity) rules with absolute despotism; and like all despots, seeks to exercise his petty tyranny over the consciences of his fellow-men.

After remaining at this miserable island about three months, the ship's company was sent home in different vessels. All reached their ports in safety, and were received with a hearty welcome by christian friends in this country, who had heard of the grace of God conferred upon them. The captain, and four of his christian brethren, being residents of Greenock, united themselves with the Baptist church in that place; and the others, it is hoped, have acted in like manner as opportunity has been afforded them.

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

We do not unduly exalt our office, when we declare the religious newspaper to be one of the mightiest agencies employed by the church to enlighten and bless the world. Its influence cannot be measured, for its operation is silent and unseen. No eye follows it, as it flies abroad, multiplied into thousands—enters the domestic circle, to be read by the father, the mother, the daughter, the son, and to leave on all their minds impressions as lasting as life. How frequently does the devoted minister, when more calls press upon him than he can possibly meet, sigh out the vain wish that he could "multiply himself"—labor in different spheres at the same moment. What he would gain do, the religious newspaper is actually and literally constituted to accomplish. Simultaneously it speaks to fifty families, perhaps, in the same parish, and to many hundred parishes, at once. Assemble its readers together, and what a mass meeting would it be! Who would not deem it an object to address such a vast gathering of immortal beings, on subjects of infinite importance to them and to the whole world? The most important truths and duties of Christ's religion are expounded and urged by the good religious newspaper. The most interesting and valuable intelligence with reference to the condition of the heathen—the progress of missions—the triumphs of redeeming grace at home and abroad—the prevailing sins, and the influences operating and capable of being brought to operate against these sins—is furnished by the religious paper. It defends the truth, and the friends of truth, against those who misrepresent them. Every week it informs, arouses, and directs. Every week it exerts its moulding, purifying, elevating influence on thousands of minds; which will themselves be mediums of extending and increasing it on the minds of others. And yet its operation is as silent as that of the fixed laws of nature. It is in thousands of places at once, doing its work—producing its mighty and lasting effects—still it makes no noise, is attended with no trumpet blast, no vocal acclamations. We suppose it to be on this account that

its importance is not more generally appreciated. Will our readers think of this influence? We appeal to the pastor. Are your people deficient in scriptural knowledge—in just and enlarged views of Christian duty—in attention to your ministry—in sympathy for the oppressed and for the perishing heathen? Persuade them to take a religious paper. See that it is read in every family of your parish. Refer your people frequently to interesting articles in its columns. Regard it as your friend and ally—for such it is, and with your assistance such it will continue to be. We believe that in this day of novelties and impostures, of strange innovations and "damnable heresies," the permanency and prosperity of no church can be preserved without the aid of a well conducted religious newspaper. The people need this silent, simultaneous operation of religious influence; the pastor needs it; the Cause of Christ needs it; the interests of humanity need it. In saying these things we are not pleading in our own behalf, more than in behalf of those we address. A religious newspaper like our own, although we have the responsibility of its care and character, is not altogether ours. It belongs to the denomination—the Christian community—the brotherhood of pastors. It is their medium of communication with each other and to the churches at large. It is their engine of usefulness. We hope they will not be negligent to improve its character or its circulation. We ask them to assist us in giving it interest, and especially in giving it access to the minds of the hundreds over whom they are appointed to watch.—*Christian Reflector.*

ALABAMA BAPTIST.

MARION, ALA.

Saturday Morning, November 11, 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.

Special Agents for the Baptist.

Rev. J. H. DE VOTIE.
Rev. S. HENDERSON.
Mr. A. H. VARRINGTON.
W. C. MORROW.
Rev. B. HODGES.
Rev. LEMUEL CALLAWAY.

All Baptist Ministers are requested to procure subscribers.

BRETHREN ATTENDING THE CONVENTION will find a Committee in waiting at the Baptist Church, to direct them to families who will gladly entertain them.

Hasty Admissions into the Churches.

It is a common practice, in our Churches, to admit persons to the ordinance of baptism, during the same week, and, occasionally, on the same day, in which they profess to experience a change of heart. To support this, reference is made to the practice of the Apostles, as recorded in the Acts. It is by no means perfectly certain, that this reference is pertinent to the case in hand. And since it is granted, that much evil results to the cause of Christ, from the numerous apostacies which occur, where this course prevails, to us it seems proper that inquiry should be made, whether churches may not feel at liberty to prescribe certain periods of probation for individuals desirous to connect themselves with their number, in order that the real character of their feelings may have time for development, and the church may be able to form an intelligent judgment in the matter. Different periods may be adopted for different applicants, according to circumstances. There comes before the church a man of mature judgment, of irreproachable morals, not easily wrought upon by sympathy, well informed in the scriptures, for years a constant attendant on the means of grace. He gives a clear account of the work of grace upon his heart; let him be admitted without hesitation, and without delay. Another presents himself—He is young. He has been a drunkard, a horse-racer, a gambler, notoriously profane, and a scoundrel at religion. He has seldom been seen in the house of God, and is almost totally ignorant of the gospel scheme of salvation. He is a man of strong passions, a creature of impulses, a victim of excitability. He attends a protracted meeting; his attention is arrested; he is convicted of sin; a terrible retribution for his guilt threatens him; his soul is filled with dismay at the awful prospect; he is urged to the anxious seat, escape from hell is promised on easy terms; he is surrounded by weeping friends, and dragged forward to the spot where the angel of mercy dispenses salvation; he feels that he has done the deed; hell has no terrors, and he becomes calm, and fancies himself happy in the enjoyment of the christian's hope. He desires to follow Christ in baptism, without delay. Shall the church receive him? Receive him on the same examination and in just as short a time, as she receives the judicious, intelligent, moral man? Verily, it does seem to us, there can be neither scripture nor common sense to warrant his reception. He may be a true christian; but he may be self-deceived, or may possibly be a conscious hypocrite, influenced by some base design. Shall the church cut itself off from all time, from all opportunity, to form a sober estimate of his claims?

All will concede, that no church should permit an individual to profess his faith in Christ till it have satisfactory evidence of the regeneration of that individual, but all do not agree

to the kind and amount of evidence to be required. If the views of the great Pres. Edwards, in his incomparable treatise on the Affections, be correct, then both churches and candidates have reason for proceeding with caution. May not a man exercise affections, apparently in a high degree religious, while they are not of a spiritual and saving character? May not bodily strength be exhausted by vehement protestations of love to the Savior, by rapturous expressions of praise and thanksgiving, by earnest exhortations and warnings addressed to impenitent sinners, and yet all be prompted by false affections? May not the terrors of hell overawe and subdue an individual, the horrors of a guilty conscience overwhelm his spirit, or some invincible, irresistible agency plunge him into the deepest distress, while he shall yet have no real, scriptural conviction of sin and of the depravity of the heart? May not one be melted into apparent penitence and tenderness by lively views of the love and goodness of God, and still have no adequate conception of his infinite kindness, no evangelical view of his goodness as modified by his holiness? May not convictions of sin occur in a certain order, supposed to be consecrated by the experience of eminent saints, while they may be counterfeit and base affection for every one that is genuine and scriptural, so that, though the young convert may enumerate in his experience the whole catalogue of religious affections, yet every one of these shall be false and vile, and destined to be of no account in the day of trial? If there be a possibility, that the teachings of the Word of God, and a thorough knowledge of the human heart, may compel an affirmative answer to these queries, how can a church, anxious for the soul's salvation, desirous to preserve its own purity and to secure to itself a solid and lasting prosperity, receive any to its communion, without giving itself an opportunity to test the character of these affections? Would it not accord with that wisdom which the Savior himself inculcates, to wait till men may try the spirits they are of, and see whether they be of God, or not?

POPEY.

We propose in two or three numbers, to present some views on the subject placed at the head of this article. We will thank our readers to notice the connection between the different parts, that the ultimate bearing of the whole may be perceived.

And, first, we will notice some of the prominent doctrines and practices of Popery—and that we may not be supposed to misapprehend these subjects, or to be wanting in charity, most of our statements shall be made in the words of Roman Catholic writers themselves.

1. *Infallibility of the Pope.* It is maintained in the decretals, that "the Pope can be judged by none; that his judgment, whether respecting matters, or faith, or discipline, ought to be preferred to all things; that nothing is true, except what he approves, and every thing which he condemns is false." "He cannot err," says one; "he cannot be deceived; it must be seen concerning him, that he knows all things." Bellarmine, a standard Catholic writer says: "it may be affirmed in a good sense, that Christ gave to the Pope the power of making sin to be no sin." Popish writers also frequently address the Pope as a God. Says one writing to Pope Alexander VI.—"We rejoice to see you raised above all human things, and exalted even to Divinity itself." Pope Clement VII, writing to a king of France, says: "As there is but one God in the heavens, so there cannot, nor ought to be of right, but one God on earth." Such is the impiety, the blasphemy of men, who claim to be the only church. They arrogate to the Pope a degree of power which exalts him above the Almighty, for Jehovah himself cannot change the essential nature of right and wrong; he cannot make sin, to be no sin.

2. *The Pope's supremacy.* This doctrine maintains, that the Pope is not only the head and ruler of the church, but that he is supreme Lord over every land, in temporal affairs. Says a certain writer: "The Pope's empire is over all the world, Pagan and Christian, Kings ought to be under the Pope, and must bow down their necks to him; he is Prince and Lord of all, whom all Emperors, Kings, and Potentates are subject to and must humbly obey."

3. Another prominent feature of Popery is that it makes religion consist in mere rites and ceremonies, while the heart remains unaffected—it is a system, having the form of godliness without the power. That man is a good Catholic who confesses his sins to the priest pays his dues to the church, receives the sacraments, and at his death leaves his estate to the clergy, that his soul may be prayed out of purgatory. A sincere love to God is never insisted on as necessary to salvation, and a want of this is never mentioned as sinful. Indeed, many Romish writers of high repute in the church, speak of this fundamental principle of true religion as of very little consequence. One of the famous authors has collected the opinions of the Catholic fathers on this subject. The question is asked, "When, or at what time, is a man obliged to have an actual love or affection for God?" Suarez says, it is enough to love him a little before we die: Vasquez, it is enough to love him at the point of death: others, at confession, others, at baptism; others, at festivals. Mendoza pretends to say, we are obliged to love him once every year, and that we are well off in not being

obliged to love him oftener! But Father Conk believes we are bound to love him only once in three or four years; Henriquez, every five years; and Flutius says it is probable we are not rigorously obliged to love him even once every five years! In short, the sum of the doctrine on this subject is, that an exemption from loving God is the "great benefit or advantage" which Jesus Christ has brought down upon the earth by his sufferings and death. What! will the blood of Jesus procure us an exemption from loving him? Before Christ came, mankind were under obligations to love God, but since God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, shall the world, thus mercifully redeemed by him, be discharged from loving him?

ASSOCIATIONS.

We are desirous to receive Minutes from the Clerks of every Association, in the State. The Index requests us to state the same desire on its part.

LIBERTY ASSOCIATION.—Met with the church at Good Hope, Russell county, Sept. 22—26. Number baptized, 302. Total number, 2702. Contributed for Domestic Missions, \$69 40; for Foreign do \$18 30.

Among the resolutions passed was one recommending to the churches the Alabama Baptist, and the Christian Index.

The following indicates the energy with which this body prosecutes its plans:

21st. Appointed Brethren Callaway, Aldridge, Gunn, Bussy and Stamps, Executive Committee for the ensuing year. And it is therefore Resolved, that the Executive Committee is hereby instructed to have all the destitute places supplied with preaching regularly, so far as their means will justify, having the glory of God and the general prosperity of the cause in view; and that the persons employed to preach, be requested to preach as often as practicable to our black population, when they have the liberty of so doing by their owners, and that our Missionaries be authorized to receive any contributions for Missionary purposes, which they shall account for in their annual report.

THE BARN OF GILEAD, a Universalist paper published in New Hampshire, states that a Mr. J. C. Kindrick of Merrimack county, Ala. for many years a Baptist preacher, has recently become a Universalist minister.

We know of no county, of the above name, in this State. We believe there is such an one in Georgia, and perhaps our brother of the Index may know something of this "Baptist preacher."

ORGANS IN CHURCHES.—The Trinity church New York, has appropriated ten thousand dollars, for an organ. It is to be 45 feet high.

The Churchman, the organ of the Puseyite party, in the Episcopal church, says, "The church regards all those who are brought into the fold by baptism, as christians; as regenerate, children of God, members of Christ, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven." This is carrying out pedo-baptist views to their legitimate results.

HASTY SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

Leaving Auburn, the next point of much interest, is Syracuse. Here are the SALT WORKS, which supply half the continent.—We had visited similar establishments on the Great Kanawha river, in Western Virginia, but these at Syracuse throw those entirely into the shade. Two or three villages have grown up around the wells, and every thing indicates the lucrative character of the manufacture. The salt here made is of snowy whiteness, and cannot be surpassed. There are about two millions of barrels produced annually. It finds a market all the world over. The salt is made, either by boiling down the water in large chaldrons, or by passing steam pipes through vats of the salt water, and thus effecting evaporation.—The machinery for raising the water into vast reservoirs is interesting from its massive construction and its great power.

After examining the works, we took passage on a pleasant canal packet, for Oswego. The transition from the lightning speed of the rattling car on the rail road, to the gentle, uniform, noiseless movements of the boat, was very agreeable. A pleasant ride of five or six hours brought us to the end of our canal travelling, where we took a steamer for Kingston, U. C. A beautiful afternoon sufficed to bring us to this important town, in the Provinces, and before sunset, we had taken up our quarters at the Globe Hotel, kept by the Head Cook of Sir Charles Bagot, late Governor General of the Canadas. We went to this house, at the instance of Capt. Dixon, of the Royal Artillery, who had been our fellow traveller on the Upper Lakes, and who recommended this as the best Hotel in North America. Alas! alas! The house might be congenial to the tastes and habits of a British Captain of Artillery, but it was by no means suited to the notions of plain republicans like ourselves. It was kept on the plan of the great houses in London and Paris, and if you chose to sit up till four o'clock in the morning, and lie in bed till noon, all would be well. But this changing of day into night and night into day, by no means accorded with our views of comfort. And here, I may as well say, once for all, that the hotels in the British Provinces, generally, are vastly inferior to houses of the same class in the United States. The aristocratic establishments of Montreal and Quebec are not to be excepted from this remark.

Montgomery Hall, in this State, is decidedly preferable to Rasco's, the best house in all Canada. But, to proceed. We were anxious to remain a day in Kingston, to witness a review of a Highland regiment, that was to take place on the morning after our arrival. But we could not be admitted to the parade ground without an order from the Town Major. So, as soon as we had despatched our breakfast, the writer sought out the palace of this official, where he was told by a servant in livery, that the Major would not be up till ten o'clock! And, then, it would be doubtful whether we could obtain the desired order, as the gentleman was very jealous of strangers, since the rebellion. Not caring to dance attendance on petty officers who could not get out of bed till ten o'clock, and who dreaded the approach of strangers, we just returned to the Hotel, paid off the Head Cook, or rather the young Lady bar-keeper, in pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings, and ordered the porter to have our baggage on the boat for Montreal, in less than no time. As we passed to the wharf, we saw sentinels pacing before the doors of the officers, and while our boat was leaving the town, we heard the beating of drums, and the sound of trumpets, calling to arms, and could distinguish at a distance, the waving plumes of the cavalry, their swords flashing in the beams of the morning sun, and the measured tread of the infantry, as the various detachments marched to the place of rendezvous.

Crossing the Lake from Kingston, now the fourth time, we proceeded down the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburg, N. Y. This is a town of considerable importance. Opposite, on the Canada side, stands Prescott, famous for the fight at the Stone Mill, during the late rebellion. The boat merely touching at these places, we pursued our course down the noble river. It is truly a majestic stream, bearing on its ample bosom to the ocean, the tribute paid by the Great Lakes. The portion which most interested us, was the Thousand Islands, where lurked the renowned pirate, or pirate, as you choose, yeckle Bill Johnson. But the beauty of the region is profaned by such associations as that name suggests. It is a glorious succession of the beautiful and the picturesque, the grand and the sublime, for thirty miles, as you glide swiftly on among the twelve hundred islets and islands of that enchanted stream. The expanse of the river, stretching away, from bank to bank, a distance of five or six miles, is completely broken up with the multitude of rocky isles, of every shape and size. Before you, behind, and all around, they meet the eye in every direction. To dodge them with the boat as the united force of the engine and of the current drives you onward, seems impossible. All of them are covered with the pine, the hemlock, the fir and the spruce, even when they are so small as to have room for only three or four trees on each. The scenery reminded us of our entrance into Lake George, as we were passing from Huron to Superior, but the number and variety of the Thousand Islands give the St. Lawrence a decided superiority in romantic interest.

It may not be inappropriate, in this connection, to state the fact, that boats now pass the entire distance from Kingston to Montreal, by the river, not entering the canal around the Rapids. The kind of vessel employed is the Ericson Propellers, whose paddles are of a spiral form and placed in the stern. They draw but little water, and during the past summer have carried down a considerable number of passengers without accident. We did not like to venture our necks in them, for in some places they shoot through the water at the rate of a mile in a minute. At one spot, where they fly with this arrow-like velocity, a deviation of six feet on either side, from the middle of the channel, would dash them on the rocks.—How the channel through these rapids could be surveyed and marked out, I leave to more skillful engineers than myself to decide.

The Missouri General Association met at Jefferson City, Aug. 24. Three hundred dollars were sent up for Home Missions, and five missionaries appointed for the ensuing year.

A Board of Trustees was appointed to receive Dr. Jewell's donation of \$10,000, for a Collegiate and Theological Institution. The donation is to be paid in five years, on condition, that Dr. J. be permitted to name the Institution, and that the Association raise \$25,000 more from other sources. A General Agent is appointed to raise this sum.

LIBERALITY.—The citizens of Chillicothe, Ohio, have raised \$25,000 for religious purposes, in the last two years.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.—The Trustees of the New Hampton Institution, N. H. were to meet delegates on the 7th inst. from the Baptists of Maine and Vermont, to confer on the uniting the brethren, in building expediency of up a common Institution, at New Hampton.

ATROCIOUS.—The assassination of Tutor Dwight of Yale College, is the second instance in the U. States of the murder of a College officer, by a student. The first was the case

of Prof. Davis, of the University of Va. In that instance, Symmes, the culprit, was hanged out, for \$20,000, on the plea of ill health, soon got well, and now lives to murder others.—In the recent case, the friends of Fassit, residing in Philadelphia, have employed the ablest counsel in Pennsylvania, and the author of this horrible outrage will probably escape the penalty of the law.

The law prohibiting the having of weapons by students in College, should be rigidly enforced, and any youngster instantly expelled, if arms are ever found in his possession. If teachers in our public institutions may be shot down or butchered when in the discharge of their official duties, there is an end to sound education.

ELDER KNAPP.—This distinguished revivalist has recently published a letter contradicting the statement, that he received, last year some \$8,000, in cash, for his services, besides many valuable presents. During the period referred to, fourteen months, he received only \$3,000. In this time he preached 506 sermons, attended 300 prayer meetings, and conducted 250 anxious meetings. His salary for twelve years, he says, has averaged less than \$1,000 per annum. For this he has preached nearly 600 sermons, a year, and has been absent from his family, thereby incurring great expense. He has labored the whole year round, night and day, studying to please, and preaching to faintness, and sleeping but five or six hours in the twenty-four.

In view of these facts, the enemy should cease to blaspheme.

Mr. Knapp's recent labors at Norwich, Conn. have been much blessed. He is now at home, in New York, taking needful repose.

Wives and maidens should read the admirable article from the Index, "My Neighbors' Wives." And every husband must be a churl, who does not read old Humphrey on Chubb's business.

For the Baptist.

JEFFERSON Co., Ala., Oct. 23, 1843. Brethren Editors: Feeling fully persuaded it is always interesting to every child of grace, to hear of the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, I now take up my pen to inform you, that after some years of coldness and almost barrenness in the cause of the Redeemer in the Rehoboth Church, Jefferson county, Ala., at the Conference, 16th of September last, we received for baptism three, and agreed to commence a camp-meeting on the 13th of October following. At that time, they met and continued on the ground until the 18th. At this meeting there were sixteen received by experience, and baptized. Many requested the prayers of the saints, during the meeting, especially on the last evening. There were but three or four left, as was remarked by one present while a new-born convert was giving God the glory for the goodness he had manifested to him in the pardon of his sins, to advocate the cause of the Devil. The meeting was conducted in a more orderly manner than is common for such meetings; and we hope that the gospel preached will be as broad as upon the waters, that may be gathered many days hence. We think that there will be others baptized at our next meeting.

There was also a campmeeting held at the Cahawba church, embracing the 4th Sabbath in September last, at which 30 or 40 professed a hope in Christ in the pardon of their sins.

Also, about the same number at a campmeeting held at the Hebron Church, at the meeting of the Association, embracing the 2d Sabbath in same month.

All of said churches belong to the Canaan Association.

Yours, truly,
C. W. WOOD.

For the Baptist.

N. C., CHATHAM Co., Oct. 20, 1844. Bre. Editors: It affords me much pleasure to make known through your valuable paper, the happy state of things which we are enjoying in this, the land of my nativity.

A Campmeeting commenced with the Baptist Church at Rives and Chapel, on Friday before the second Sunday in this month, and continued until the Friday following; the result of which was the conversion of some forty or fifty souls (as was supposed) to the belief that Jesus is the Son of God. The church met on Sunday morning of the meeting, and held a prayer and conversation meeting; and the Lord verified his promise and also met with us. We had a most melting and glorious season, almost a Pentecostal feast. The good cause is gaining ground in old North Carolina. We have learned from respectable sources recently, of most interesting and extensive revivals. The cause of religion has claims upon us all: even the man who does not profess it, should rejoice as a patriot in its extension; for upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, depend the liberties of the country.

Yours in gospel bonds,
J. HEADEN.

A LENTION TO LITTLE THINGS.

It is more important than a good many suppose it to be, to pay a proper regard to what may be called little things; more important to regard them, because these "little things" often imply "great principle." I'll send a letter to a friend under such circumstances that I ought to pay my postage, and do not do it, why, the saving to myself 6 or 10 cents is a little thing indeed, but here is a great principle trampled on, that of politeness, or rather of justice; and I lose more in my character than I gain in my pocket.

This may be a little thing for a newspaper article, but if a great many little things make a great one, since there are so frequent abuses of a great principle, under the form here spoken of, if we can in something of a number of our readers set them right here, our little article may do considerable good after all. It is not because we have been bitten

July 4th, 1843. *Wm. N. WATTS.*
Trustee.

PRIVATE BOARDING.
MRS. R. STEVENS could accommodate several young Ladies with board for the present session; also, one or two DAY BOARDERS.
Marion, Sept. 13, 1843.

Poetical Department.

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway rear,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant spot,
Some valley in the West,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind divided to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No!"

Tell me, thou night deep,
Whose hollows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary, man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No!"

And thou, serene moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man,
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a sweet voice, but sad, responded, "No!"

Tell me, my sacred soul,
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best buns to mortals given
Waved their bright wings, and answered, "Yes, in Heaven."

Miscellaneous Department.

From the Christian Index.

MY NEIGHBORS' WIVES.

MR. EDITOR—I am, as you may possibly infer from my name, a bachelor. I will not deny that I had sometimes serious thoughts of marrying, for I have not found the thing called "single blessedness" all that it has been represented to be. Indeed I think it very probable that I should have been a married man long before this, were it not for my neighbors' wives. Do you ask what they have to do in the matter? I will tell you—

is a short tale and may be soon told. I have four neighbors, and each of them has taken to himself a wife. In my intercourse with them, I have been a strict observer of the department of their wives, hoping thereby to be enabled to form a correct opinion relative to the propriety or impropriety of entering myself into a matrimonial alliance, but as the conduct of no two of them is alike, I know not how to draw my conclusions. I find that they all differ in their treatment of their husbands under similar circumstances.

You know, I presume, Mr. Editor—for I learn that you are married and have a family—you know that a man who has a family for which to provide, will often return home, after attending to the business of the day, fatigued in body and oppressed in spirits. Now I have noted carefully the conduct of my neighbors' wives to their husbands under such circumstances, and find that no two of them act alike. Caroline, if her husband is serious, thoughtful and silent on his return home, immediately assails him reproachfully. "Why, Mr. Dumbey, what's the matter with you, man? You don't notice a body any more than if one was a dead dog. I think you might have a word or so to say to your wife when you come home, who has been worrying herself to death to take care of the house and children, and fretting herself into a fever with the servants all day long. Well, I guess you'll get a young wife one of these days, when my poor old bones are in the grave; and I reckon you'll make up for it then—you'll have enough to say to her, I warrant you; but I'll be bound you'll never find another one that will do for you what I've done, though I say it myself, who should not say it."

Laura does not meet her husband under such circumstances with railing and reproaches, but she returns silence for silence and gloom for gloom. She concludes that her husband is silent because he is displeased with her or with something she has done. "I never can please him," says she to her confidant. "Well, as he got into an ill humor for nothing he may get out of it the best way he can. I'll let him see that I'm not going to truckle to him and court his favor. If he doesn't talk to me, I'll warrant you I don't talk to him, if it's till doomsday. I'll let him see that I am made of as stern materials as he is."

Emma does not seem to notice the expressions of thoughtfulness and oppression in her husband's features. She meets him with apparent hilarity, asks a thousand foolish questions—a thousand more in one hour than she would have asked during the whole day if he had remained at home. The responses are short and indicate very clearly that he would esteem it a special favor if she would desist from her inquiries; but she heeds not the indications. She continues incessantly to ply him with her interrogatories until, at length, her oppressive inquisitiveness supercedes all his fatigue, or cares, or anxieties, forces on some hasty, peevish or fretful word. She then bursts into tears and falls into hysterics, and the poor man, though both his mental and physical powers may have been exhausted by the labors of the day, is compelled to call to requisition both his tongue and his hands to recover her from her fit of hysteria.

Lovelina is the very opposite of the others, in almost every respect. She seems, with affectionate earnestness, the varying expressions of her husband's eye. If they indicate care or anxiety, instead of indulging in an idle curiosity to discover the cause and annoying him with her inquiries, she seeks to divert his mind to objects of a cheering character. She tells him of the generous act, or the smart repartee of their darling boy, that is so much like his father; of the kind-

ness received from their neighbors, while he was absent; of the handsome commendation Mr. Such-an-one bestowed on his talents or his integrity, during a short call he had made; of the warm approbation Mr. Wiseman gave to some favorite plan of his, that had occupied much of his time and thoughts. Thus instead of annoying him with her inquiries, she seeks, by her agreeable conversation, to divert his mind from the source of its anxieties. It is not necessary that she should acquaint herself with the particular cause of his oppression; she has carefully studied his character, and knows well enough what kind of conversation is most likely to prove agreeable to him—and, I must say, she makes a good use of her knowledge. If he appears to require rest, the means of procuring repose are provided, without solicitation, and he is tenderly invited, but not indiscreetly importuned to avail himself of them. She does not harass him with childish caresses; nor does she suffer him to want for any kind attentions. She seems to have acquired the happy art of reading his will, and by her prompt attentions, she is careful to supersede the necessity of expressing it. If ever she says or does anything which elicits an unkind word, which very rarely happens, she does not reproach him for it, but takes the blame to herself. "I ought to have known better," she says, "than to ask that question, (or do that act.) For I know you are fatigued (or have much to perplex you)—I confess, my dear, I am wrong; and am sorry for it—but I do not ask you to forgive me; for I know you are not angry with me—here is a drink of good cold water, fresh from the fountain—will you have some?—a very nice peach—a mellow apple that I have been saving for you—I think it will help to revive you."

Now, Mr. Editor, I never go home with Mr. Felicissimus, Lovelina's husband, but what I find serious thoughts of marriage involuntarily arising in my mind; but I confess, when I visit the abode of Mr. Dumbey, or that of either of the others, to whom I have alluded, there steals over me a dread of matrimony. I knew my neighbors well in the halcyon days of my boyhood. The three first alluded to were good-natured, well-disposed lads—Felix Felicissimus, the fourth, was esteemed rather ill-natured and peevish. But what a transformation has taken place in their characters! The three good-natured lads have become morose, fretful and irritable men; while the ill-natured Felix has a sweetness of temper, that is surpassed only by that of his bosom companion, the angelic Lovelina. My friend Peerwell says, "They are all just what their wives have made them." Now if this be so—if wives have the power to mould the character of the man whom they take to their embrace, matrimony must be a solemn thing, and one should look well before he leaps into the noose of Hymen. Moreover, judging from what I have observed in the conduct of my neighbors' wives—and "How can we reason," asks Pope, "but from what we know."—I should conclude that there were at least three chances to one—and how many more I know not—against a man's ameliorating his condition by marriage.

Now, Mr. Editor, as you editors are supposed to know a thing or two more than other people; and are accustomed to give counsel gratis, I thought I would just write these few lines to ask a bit of your advice. Do you think it would be safe for me to marry? I'm rather fretful now.

COELEBS.

We must decline answering the query of our old friend Coelebs, whom we have known from the first day we knew any thing; for were we to answer it affirmatively, some one would probably think that we were disposed to praise our own partner in the joint concern of life; and were we to answer it negatively, many would be ready to affirm that we had taken a Caroline, or a Laura, or at best an Emma to wife. We would suggest to our friend Coelebs; that the lady whom he has had thoughts of marrying would be the most competent to answer his question; and probably Major Jones of Pineville could give some information that would help him to solve the doubtful case.

EDITOR.

CHURLISHNESS.

Of all the evils I ever met with, farmer Grumley was the very worst. A kind hearted, gentle, and forbearing disposition is one of the sweetest cordials of domestic happiness; and a churlish, overbearing spirit is one of the bitterest ingredients in the cup of worldly care. In carrying on our intercourse with the world, we are apt to fancy ourselves called upon to exercise a shrewdness, a suspicion, a tartness, to defend ourselves from the selfish designs of those with whom we have to do; and we sometimes fall back for justification on the text of Scripture which says; "Be ye, therefore, wise as serpents and harmless as doves;" but, too often we attach to the former part of the text a meaning which does not belong to it, and lose sight of the latter part altogether, because the practice of it would be inconvenient. But whatever we may say to justify shrewdness abroad, it can never sanction churlishness at home. In domestic life churlishness is a deadly poison, to which happiness is sure to fall a victim.

Now, it was in his own house, in the bosom of his own family, that farmer Grumley was the greatest churl; and against his wife, who had the strongest claim to his kindness and affection, his churlishness appeared particularly to be directed. Never, sure, did any man manifest a more captious disposition. He was a bunch of stinging nettles, a bundle of thorns, a moving fang of bush in his own habitation.

Such was farmer Grumley in health; how, then, shall I describe him when his temper was soured by sickness?

I visited him one night when confined to his bed, and from the next room heard the following dialogue between him and Mrs. Grumley, who was a tender hearted, affectionate creature.

Mrs. Grumley. And how do you feel now, love?

Farmer. Never mind how I feel.

Mrs. Grumley. Let me shake up your pillow, and put your head a little higher.

Farmer. Let the pillow alone, and be off with yourself; I don't want you here.

Mrs. Grumley. It is time to take your medicine, my dear; shall I pour it out for you?

Farmer. I won't take my medicine, and you shan't pour it out. I wish you and the medicine were a hundred miles off, plaguing me for everlastingly.

Mrs. Grumley. Well, my love, then I will not pour out the medicine. Will you take a little of the calves' foot jelly?

Farmer. No, I won't. I hate calves' foot jelly, and should like to see it thrown out of the window, and you after it.

Mrs. Grumley. Will you try the soothing syrup? I will put a little in the spoon.

Farmer. I wish the spoon was stuck in your throat! I won't touch one of your messes, you torment, you.

Mrs. Grumley. Don't put yourself in a passion, love; you will only make yourself worse.

Farmer. I will put myself in a passion, whether I am worse or not. You are enough to drive a man out of his senses. Chatter, chatter, chatter, all the day long, and no peace from morning to night. Get away, or I'll throw the candlestick at your head, I will.

Mrs. Grumley left the room, seeing that her husband was so agitated; and in a short time the farmer took his medicine himself, ate a large portion of calves' foot jelly, and asked me, when I joined him, to pour him out a spoonful of soothing syrup.

Now, farmer Grumley manifested this churlishness of disposition towards his wife for more than twenty years, and the more tractably and affectionately she behaved, the more brutal and overbearing he became. The wild boar of the woods was never more ready to rend his enemy, nor the wolf to rush upon the helpless lamb, than he was to upbraid and afflict his unoffending wife. His remains now lie under the churchyard sod, where I saw them deposited, but his wife is living still.

Oh, what discomfort, uneasiness and unhappiness, does churlishness produce! and yet how many farmer Grumleys are there to be found, who instead of obeying the Divine injunction, "Husbands, love your wives," Eph. 5:25, are ruling them with an iron rod and going through the world grumbling, growling, and spreading discord around, instead of increasing in affection, and dwelling in domestic joy.—Old Humphrey.

COUNSELS TO THE YOUNG.

BY HORACE GREELY.

Three millions of youth, between the ages of six and of twenty-one, are now coming forward to take the rank as the future husbands, fathers, legislators and divines, instructors and governors, politicians and writers, capitalists and laborers, artisans and cultivators, of this vast country, whose destinies are even yet so faintly imagined, much less developed. Not one is so humble, that he will not certainly exert an influence—it may be an immense and imperishable influence on the happiness and elevation of his countrymen and his race. The humblest cottage maiden, now toiling thankfully as the household servant of some proud family by whom she is regarded as nobody, may yet be the mother of a future President—or, nobler still, of some uninspiring but God-directed man, as a teacher of righteousness, and meliorator of human suffering, a successful prover of wrong, sensuality or selfishness, may leave his high impress on the annals of the world as a lover and savior of his race. Nearly all our eminent men, politically, Jackson, Clay, Van Buren, etc., were not merely of poor and humble parentage, but left orphans in early life, and thus deprived of the support and counsel which seems most eminently necessary to success in the world's rugged ways. In the higher walks of genuine usefulness, the proportion of those enjoying no advantages of family influence and hereditary wealth, who attain the loftiest eminences is very great. Call to mind the first twenty names that occur to you, as men distinguished for ability, energy, philanthropy, or lofty achievement, and generally three-fourths of them will be those of men born in obscurity and dependence.

All literature is full of anecdote illustrative of these encouraging truths. A single fact now occurs to me, which I have never seen recorded. I have often worshipped in a Baptist meeting house in Vermont, where, at its construction some thirty years since, a studious and exemplary young man was for some time employed as a carpenter, who afterwards qualified himself, and entered upon the responsibilities of the Christian Ministry. That young man was Jared Sparks, Editor of the North American Review, of Washington's voluminous Writings, &c. and now recognized as one of the foremost scholars, historians and critics in America.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

Few things in this world are so delightful as keepsakes. Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, nor to my eyes, lose their tender, powerful charms. How slight, how small, how tiny a memorial, saves a beloved one from oblivion—worn on the finger, or close to the heart, especially if she be dead. No thought is so inexpressible as that of entire, total, blind forgetfulness—when the creature that once laughed and sung, and wept to us close by our side, or in our arms, as if her smiles, her voice, her tears, her kisses, had never been. She and them all swallowed up in the dark nothingness of the dust.

Of all keepsakes, memorials, relics—most dearly, most devotedly do I love a little lock of hair; and oh! when the head it beautified is long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining ringlet! All else gone to nothing, save and except that soft, smooth, burnished and glorious fragment of the appalling

that once hung to clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow.

Aye, a lock of hair is far better than any picture; it is part of the beloved object herself; it belongs to the tresses that often, long ago, may have been dishevelled, like a shower of sunbeams, over your beating breast! But now solemn thoughts sadden the beauty once so bright—so refulgent; the longer you gaze on it the more and more it seems to say upbraidingly, "Weep'st thou no more for me?" and indeed, a tear, true to the imperishable affections in which all nature seems to rejoice, bears witness, that the object to which it yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for many, many long weary days, months, years, than she was forgotten during one hour of absence that came like a passing sound between us and the sunshine of her living—her loving smiles.

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IN OFFERING SUCH A MISCELLANY as the above Periodical to the Public, we wish to make it clearly understood, that the object proposed to be accomplished by its publication, and what will invariably be the character of its contents, and by no species of disguise, or gain favor, without possessing a legitimate claim to their enjoyment.

"SEARS' FAMILY MAGAZINE," is a periodical whose object is to collect, condense, and systematize the great mass of standard general knowledge, contained in works so numerous and voluminous as to be altogether beyond the reach of mankind in general, and thus collected and prepared, to place it, by its cheapness and comprehensiveness, within the acquisition of ALL.

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