

# The Alabama Baptist.

Edited by an Association of Brethren.

Jesus Christ himself being the Chief Corner Stone.—Ephesians ii. 20.

Published weekly, by LOVE & DYKOUS.

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## THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

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### TERMS.

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## THE PITY OF THE LORD.

There is a great deal of the Bible which seems not to be believed, even by those who profess and suppose they believe it all. And this is true, if I mistake not, of what some would call the best parts of the Bible—those parts, e. g. which speak of the kind feelings of God towards his creatures, and especially towards those of them who fear him. I suspect that even Christians read with a sort of incredulity. They seem to them almost too good to be true. But why should not God feel towards us as he says he does? Is he not our Father? Has he not nourished us and brought us up as children? Why should it be thought a thing incredible with us, that God should feel as a father does towards his children? I never read the 103 Psalm, that I do not stop at the 13th verse: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" and I read it a second time, and I find myself asking, not merely in admiration, but with some degree of unbelief, "Can it be the Lord that pities us, and pities us like a father his children? I know the Lord is good to all. How can he who is love be other than benevolent? It were contrary to his nature to be. But pity expresses more than goodness—more than benevolence. There is an unmovableness in mere goodness. But in pity the heart melts, and the eye weeps, and the whole soul is moved from its seat. And this is especially true of a parent's pity. Can it be possible that God pities after that manner?" O yes, it is possible; and it has passed out of the limits of possibilities into the circle of facts. The Lord pitieth them that fear him—pitieth as a father, you fear him. His feelings towards you are fully up to those which you can conceive, or from experience know to be those of the most tender parent toward his children. Yet God pities you. That nature which is love, feels and exercises compassion toward you in your sorrows and trials. That great heart is affected by your misery and griefs, as our hearts are when at the sight of suffering we weep. Yes, Christian, God is sorry for you. O what a thought is for an hour of trial! What a sentiment this to bear suffering with! What if thou dost suffer? Is it not enough that God pities thee? We should be willing to suffer, if he will sympathize. We should never know what divine sympathy is, if we did not suffer. This one consideration—that God pities—is worth more than all philosophy.

There is much that is interesting and lovely in pity, whoever be the object of it. There is, however, a peculiar tenderness which belongs to the pity felt for suffering children. Nothing goes so keenly to the heart as the child's tear and tale of sorrow. And I suppose none can feel even for children, as those who have children of their own. And yet what is the pity they feel toward other children, compared with what they feel toward their own when in sorrow? There is, there can be nothing to surpass this. And is the pity of the Lord like this? Yes. It is not said that He pities as man pities man, or as one pities children; but as a father pities his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. "Like as a father," like as one who most affectionately loves, pities the dear object of his love, his child, his own child, when that child is sick, and he looks upon his altered countenance, and with a weeping eye watches over him day and night, and hears his moans, and is imploringly appealed to by him for relief, which it is not in his power to give, like as he pities, so the Lord pities. So inexpressible feels he towards them that fear him—such deep and undefinable emotions as a parent's heart is occupied with, when he says, "My poor child!" So the Lord pities. Can it be? It is even so. Well, then, come what, come sickness, come sorrow, if such pity may come with it. The relief exceeds the suffering. The support is greater than the burden. It not only bears us up, but lifts up the soul.

But how does a father pity? Does he pity so as never to chastise? O no. "What son is he whom his father chasteneth not?" He chastens out of pity. But he so pities, that he is infinitely far from taking delight in the smallest sufferings of his children, even when it becomes his duty for their good to inflict them, it hurts him more to chastise than to be chastised. In all their affliction he is afflicted, and more afflicted than they. Have you ever corrected a child, and gone away and wept in pure pity for him? Have you never denied him something and found it a greater self-denial? Is such your heart towards your children? Such is God's towards his. "He doth not afflict willingly."

Again, a father pities so that he would spare or relieve his child, if he could, i. e. if he had the power, or having the power, it were proper he should exercise it. A parent sometimes has the power to relieve, and does not exert it. The principle of benevolence within him which proposes the greatest good of his child for the longest period, forbids that he should yield to the impulse of compassion, which calls for the rendering of immediate relief. He pities the child too much to relieve him. So the Lord pities. He has always the power to relieve. And often he exerts it. He would always if it were in view of all considerations proper and benevolent that he should. He, who for the spared not his own son, would spare thee every sorrow thou hast, and would relieve thine every pain, but "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

A father so pities his children, that he would if he could, even suffer in their stead. More than one father has said, "Would God I had died for thee, my son, my son!" And is the pity of the Lord like a father's in this particular too? Yes. So the Lord pities. He could suffer in the stead of those he pities—and he did. Surely he hath born our griefs and carried our sorrows. He has even died for us. O what pity!

A father so pities his children that to promote their comfort and happiness he would spare no pains and no expense. How freely the most covetous parent will spend, if the necessities of the child require it! The wants and sorrows of his child can open even his heart. Such is the pity of the Lord! He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all. Having one son, his only begotten, he gave even him for us.

Let the child of God derive from these considerations inexpressible consolation. O think that He in all thy sorrows, pities thee. Yes, thy God feels for thee. Thy sufferings go to His heart. There is one in heaven, who from that exaltation looks down upon thee, and the eye that watches over you, wept for you once, and would, if it had tears, weep for you again. He knoweth your frame. He remembereth that you are dust. He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax: It was he who, when the disciples had nothing to say for themselves, made that kind apology for them. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." He can be touched with the feeling of all your infirmities. You may cast all your cares on him, for he careth for you. All through this vale of tears you may rest assured of his sympathy, and when the vale of tears declines into the valley of the shadow of death, not his sympathy only will you have, but his inspiring presence and his timely succor. After that what will not his bounty be whose pity has been so great? When there is no longer any occasion for pity—when misery is no more, and sighing has ceased, and God's hand has for the last time passed across your weeping eyes and wiped away the final tear, what then will be the riches of his munificence? What then will he not do for you, having so felt for you? You know a father feels a peculiar affection for his child that has been afflicted, and that has cost him a great deal. How will your compassionate Redeemer cherish and care for those who have come out of great tribulation, for whom he went through so much more himself? What must be the glory of that place to which he will take them, after he shall have made them perfect through sufferings! What exalted honors, what ecstatic joys must he not have in reserve for them, whom he came down here to weep with and now takes up thither to rejoice with himself? And now that they have ceased to sin, and are perfectly conformed to his image, what will not be his complacency in them, when his pity towards them is so great in this imperfect state, in which their suffering is always mingled with sin!

Well, then since we are the objects of such pity, let us be his subjects too. Let us pity, as we are pitied. Cared for ourselves, let us care for others. Let their cases reach our hearts, as ours reached God's. Let us, for whom so many tears have been shed, be not sparing of our tears for other's woes. Nor let us give to misery merely the tear, but speak the word of consolation, and reach out the hand of help.

M. S.

N. Y. Observer.

### A STEWARD OF GOD.

"Let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and good works."—Heb. x. 24.

The following interesting incident occurred during the late missionary meeting in Baltimore, and we trust that its publication may be the means in the hands of God, of stirring up very many of his slothful stewards to love and to good works, in proportion as He has entrusted them with gifts and ability.

In the early part of the meeting a letter was put into brother Kincaid's hands from an entire stranger to him, enclosing one hundred dollars. In presenting it the donor

said:—Dear Brother—In view of the advantages I have received, in various instances during my youth and manhood, from the teachings of members and ministers of your denomination, I feel to render to God a thank offering, and enclose you \$100 for your missionary Society. I admire and rejoice at the zeal your Church manifests in the spread of the Gospel among the heathen; and the longer I am in the service of God, I feel, to adopt the language of the apostle, "Grace be with all them who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity"—my heart and my hand is with you in your efforts to extend the Redeemer's kingdom, both at home and in all nations.

Yours, affectionately,  
A STEWARD OF GOD.

N. B. It may not be amiss to add, to the praise of God's grace, that while a poor orphan boy, I was put an apprentice to a Baptist, and his good example and habits I in a measure attained to; at the same time, another Baptist family, which I occasionally visited, often instructed me on experimental religion, and loaned me pious books. (If all professors would imitate their example, how many would be awakened and converted.) When I first began business, which I did with the savings from my wages, I met with the resolutions of Mr. Cobb of Boston, a Baptist brother, and resolved with him to give one fourth of my profits to God's cause; and though ten years have elapsed, my business has yielded me enough to keep those dependent on me above want, in the event of my death; and now I give not a fourth but all.

Yours, in Christ.

Before the meeting closed, brother Kincaid received another letter from the same individual, enclosing another hundred dollars, and couched in the following language:—

Nov. 20, 1843.

Dear bro. Kincaid—Upon hearing your remarks from the pulpit on Sunday forenoon, in relation to the progress of your mission in Burmah, I have felt it my duty to hand you another donation. Enclosed you will find another \$100.

It is surprising to hear how willing the heathen are to receive the Gospel—what persecutions they endure for its sake—how abundantly God has blessed your labors among them—and yet, how large is the field still to be cultivated. Let us therefore pray more fervently, and give more liberally, so that additional laborers may be sent forth into the vineyard of the Lord.

Yours, affectionately,

A STEWARD OF GOD.

How noble an example—how enlarged the liberality—how rich the reward, viz. an approving conscience in the sight of God.—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; hast thou been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Christian brother, go thou and do likewise.—Phil'a Bap. Adv.

### RESPECT TO PARENTS.

One of the surest marks of a noble mind is a cherished respect to parents. The strong love of parents to children is a natural instinct. It arises not from a sense of obligation for favors conferred, nor an expectation of future benefits; but is implanted deep in the very elements of our being. This strange affection rushes into the young mother's heart the moment she gazes on her first infant, filling all her soul with sensations unknown before. Nor, as in the case of a mere animal instinct, does it subside by familiarity with its object, but on the contrary it grows with its growth, and strengthens with its strength. As a propensity, or feeling, it is not a quality deserving of praise or blame, for it is a part of human nature.

Not so with regard to the affection and respect due from children to parents. The child who sees the parent's eye of love beam upon him day by day, who experiences the tender care of a fond mother, and the protection of a father's strength and providence, knows well from what source his safety and enjoyment springs. And the constant exhibition of parental love and watchfulness wins his young affection, and enlists his confidence. During the dependent years of infancy and childhood, his attachments may be strong, as the promptings of affectionate gratitude. But that deep instinct which takes possession of the parent's soul is not there. The respect and gratitude of children to parents must arise from reason, and a remembrance of obligation.

The wisdom of Holy Writ is illustrious here, for while no Divine command is found enjoining on parents the love of children, the first commandment with promise is, "Honor thy father and thy mother." While parents only need Divine instructions to direct their strong affection for their children to a good and useful result, children are enjoined to the exercise of respect and gratitude to parents.

There is no surer evidence of a depraved heart than indifference to the feelings of parents, and a cold neglect of their age and infirmity. The young man may go forth to seek fortune and distinction in the busy, bustling world, but let him never forget the tender parents who watched over his helpless infancy, formed his ductile childhood, and guided his erring youth. Are these parents in want? Let him never think it a burden to relieve them? Are they lonely? Let him share his last dollar—aye, let him give it all to a parent, sooner than that parent should suffer. Let him remember, who forsakes a parent in need, that he has forsaken the path to distinction and success. If the stork which bears his aged and sickly parent with weary wing upon his back, is an object of interest, much more is that child who ministers with affectionate care to the protector of his infancy.

Are examples needed? When did Washington appear more illustrious than in the moment of triumph and success, his happiness was in the thought of the gratification it would afford his mother? And when did the noble qualities of Legare more truly shine forth, than on receiving the congratulations of friends for his most excellent speech in Congress, he was heard to say that he knew of no happiness which they could afford him equal to the thought that his mother, who was far away, would be gratified?

Let no superiority of intellect or of station, then, no pressure of engagements, nor prospect of usefulness, hinder the young from discharging their duties to their parents. A frequent letter of remembrance and affection, if absent, and a careful attention to their wants and necessities if present, will do much to comfort the hearts of parents, and are but tokens of that heavy obligation under which the kindness of parents has laid us.—*Christian Watchman.*

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### BAPTISTS IN COPENHAGEN.

[Furnished for the Christian Reflector by the Rev. R. H. Neale.]

The Baptist Church in Copenhagen was regularly constituted, Oct. 30, 1839. Mr. Menster, and several others connected with the established church, had previously, for a period of eight years, held meetings by themselves. They were induced to do this for their greater religious enjoyment, and their opposition to an establishment. For several years after they thus met by themselves, their minds were not enlightened on the subject of baptism. Four years ago Br. Kæbner, a member of Br. Oucken's church, in Hamburg, visited his father's family in this neighborhood. His relatives, who are Jews, were opposed to his religious sentiments, called him a fool, and said there were fools, just like him, in Copenhagen, who held meetings by themselves. He accordingly sought them out, and true enough he found them like himself. He explained to them the views of the Baptists on the subject of baptism. Their previous determination to make the Bible their only guide, prepared them to enter at once into his views, and they were accordingly, eleven in number, baptized by Mr. Oucken, six months afterwards. Additions have been since made, nearly every month, and they now number 230, of whom one half are males. Other churches have been raised up through their influence in different parts of Denmark. One in Langeland, consisting of about forty members. Another in Aalborg, consisting of about the same number. And another in the west of Zealand, consisting of nearly fifty members. These churches are subjected to severe oppressions from the government, which is instigated to its intolerant proceedings, by the pastors of the established churches. The ministers are forbidden to preach or to administer the ordinances, and it is contrary to law for the churches ever to assemble for public worship. And for violating the law in these respects, they are fined and imprisoned. Mr. Menster has been stripped of all his property, and imprisoned three several times. A year at one time, three months at another, and two months at another time. The police have often stationed themselves at the door of his house, to prevent people from attending his meetings. But the brethren have persevered in the faith and practice of the saints, notwithstanding these oppressions. When the police broke up the meeting at Menster's house, the brethren and sisters went to their own houses, and had meetings there. The police thought this was only making matters worse, and told them to go to Menster's house altogether, and not be scattering firebrands all over the place. For a time, they allowed only the members of the church to assemble, forbidding all others from being present. Under this rule, Mr. Menster's only daughter was prohibited attending upon her father's ministrations. But this only created in the minds of the unconverted, a greater desire to ascertain what was said, and as the result, conversions constantly occurred, and among the number Mr. M.'s daughter, who is now a member of the church.

I asked the brethren here, how their trials affected them? They replied that they felt sure they were engaged in the cause of God, and so far from being cast down or dismayed, rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus. "Well, Mrs. Menster," said I, "how were you sustained when your husband was torn from his family, and thrown into prison?" Her reply was, "that no one except her husband, and that God who seeth in secret, witnessed the expression of many painful emotions. The support which she derived from the presence of God, in these seasons of trial, was more than a compensation for all her sufferings."

ANECDOTE OF JOHN TRUMBULL. In the Reminiscences of the late Col. Trumbull, we find the record of an occurrence which reflects no little credit upon his moral courage and Christian principle. Col. Trumbull, who at one time lived in habits of intimacy with Thomas Jefferson, was invited by the latter on a certain day to dine at his house, in company with several other gentlemen. The Colonel went, according to invitation, and found himself surrounded by a circle of disciples of the French Atheistic Philosophy of that period, with Mr. Jefferson at their head. Whether by design or not, the conversation was soon directed to religious subjects, and as Trumbull was known to be a believer in Christianity, the gibes and sneers which were freely thrown out against the Christian System, he very properly regarded as insulting to himself, as well as to his Maker. Among those who made themselves disagreeably conspicuous in this ungentlemanly (to call it by no worse name) proceeding, was Mr. Giles, Senator from Virginia. He went at last so far as to say, "It is a miserable delusion and priest craft, I do not believe one word of all they say about a future state of existence, and retribution for actions done here. I do not believe one word of a Supreme Being who takes cognizance of the paltry affairs of this

world, and to whom we are responsible for what we do."

This outburst of naked atheism for a moment shocked and confounded Trumbull, but he soon recovered himself, and turning to the speaker, replied as follows:

"Mr. Giles, I admire your frankness, and it is but just that I should be equally frank in avowing my sentiments. Sir, in my opinion the man who can with sincerity make the declaration which you have just made, is perfectly prepared for the commission of every atrocious act, by which he can promise himself the advancement of his own interest, or the gratification of his impure passions, provided he can commit it secretly, and with a reasonable probability of escaping detection by his fellow men. Sir, I would not trust such a man with the honor of a wife, a sister, or a daughter—with my own purse or reputation, or with any thing which I thought valuable. Our acquaintance, Sir, is at an end." Saying this, he rose and left the company.—*Relig. Herald.*

### FIRST ENGLISH PROTESTANT BIBLE.

In the year 1534, Cranmer persuaded King Henry the Eighth, to order a translation of the Bible to be made. Eight years before this order was issued, Tindal's English version of the New Testament had been printed at Hamburg; but the whole of the impression, with the exception of a single copy, had been bought up and burned by Toustal, Bishop of London, and Sir Thomas More. Tindal, therefore, put forth a new edition in 1527, and a third in 1529; and two years after published his translation of the Pentateuch at Hamburg.

In 1535, the first entire Protestant version of the Bible was published at Zurich, by Miles Coverdale. It was a folio volume, and is usually called "Coverdale's Bible." The title page of this old and curious book is as follows:

"Biblia. The Bible, that is, the holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of the Douche and Latyn into English, M. D. XXXV.

"This translation," says Horne, "is dedicated to King Henry VIII., whom Coverdale in his dedication honestly tells, that the Pope gave him the title of *Defender of the Faith*, 'only because his holiness suffered his bishops to burne God's word; the root of faith, and to persecute the lovers and ministers of it;' but at the same time he intimates, his conviction that this title will prove a prophesy; that, 'by the righteous administration of his Grace the faith shall be so defended, that God's word, the mother of faith, should have its free course thorow all Christendome, but especially in his Grace's realm.'"

As a specimen of this translation the same writer quotes the nineteenth Psalm, which is numbered by Coverdale as the eighteenth, according to the order of the Septuagint and the Latin Vulgate versions. It is a curious relic of the state of the English language in that age.

"The very heaves declare the glory of God, at the very firmament sheweth his hallowe worke. One daye telleth another, and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard amonge thee. Their sounde is gone out into all landes, and their wordes into the endes of the worlde.

In them hath he sett a tabernacle for ye. So he, which cometh forth as a hydegrome out of his chamber, reioysseth as a giunte to runne his course. It goeth forth fro the one ende of the heauen, and runneth about vnto the same ende agayne, and there maye no man byde himselfe fro the heate thereof. The lawe of the Lord is a perfecte lawe, it quickeneth the soule. The testimony of ye Lord is true, and geueth wisdom euen vnto babes. The statutes of the Lord are right; and reioysseth the herte: ye comaundement of ye Lord is pure, and geueth light vnto the eyes.

The feare of the Lord is cleene, and endeth reth for euer; the iudgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More pleasant are they than golde, yee then moche fyne golde: sweter than hony and the hony combe. These thy seruants kepe, and for keepinge of them there is great reuoyce. Who can tell, how oft he offendeth! Ob close thoue me fro my secrete fautes. Kepe thy seruante also from presumptuous synes; let thy wicked dominion ouer me: so shall I be wakened and vncofet fro the grente offence. Yee of the wordes of my mouth, and the meditation of my harte shall be acceptable vnto the, O Lord, my helpe and my redeemer."

### Youth's Department.

#### THE TOLLMAN'S FAMILY.

A TRUE STORY.

In the town of Dessau, in Germany, there was a long wide bridge over the river Elbe. The ends of the bridge were much lower than the middle. The tollman's house was placed upon the highest part of it, in the centre. In the spring of the year, when the ice was breaking up, there arose a great storm, and the river with the broken pieces of ice, came roaring down so violently, that the ends of the bridge were soon carried away, and nothing was left, but the middle arch of the bridge, with the tollman's house upon it, which looked as if it were upon a little island, in the middle of the river. The force of the river was so great that it was impossible that this arch should stand long, and the poor tollman feared that his house would soon be carried away by the waves, and his wife and children all drowned. There were a great many people on the banks, pitying the poor man's fate, and he and his wife and children, and they were all too cowardly to go out in a boat to try to save the poor family from

drowning. Among them was a rich Count who held up a large purse of gold, and offered it to any one, who would go and save the tollman, and his wife and children; but no one would risk his life for money. At last a poor man came along in a wagon, and as soon as he saw the danger the poor people were in, he got off in a little boat, and never minded the storm. He got safely to the toll-house; but he had to go three times, before he brought away the whole family. Just as he was landing the last load, the arch gave way, and the house was carried down the river. The poor father, and mother and their children were too happy to speak, when they found they were safe.

The Count then offered the poor man who saved them, the purse of gold. "No," he said, "my life was worth more than money, and I do not wish to be paid for doing right." The Count urged him to take it; he still refused it for himself, but said to the Count, "I wish you would give it to the poor tollman, who has lost all his clothes and furniture, and who has so many little children to feed."—*Child's Friend.*

### LITTLE ESTHER THE MISSIONARY.

"Mother may I take a little walk down the hill?" asked Esther as she stood before her mother, her hair neatly combed and parted, holding in her hand her new blue crapo bonnet.

"Is it not rather warm, my dear?" asked her mother.

"O no, mother, and I will come back when the great clock strikes six, at supper time; do let me go." And little Esther looked so earnestly, so beseechingly that her mother could not refuse her; so she told Esther that she might go. Then Esther looked very happy, and away she flew to the nursery, and took her little bag, already filled with something that was very heavy, and trudged down the green hill upon which her father's house was situated. She neither looked to the right hand nor to the left. Of the yellow butterflies lighting here and there upon the flowers, or the birds skipping from branch to branch upon the trees, Esther took no notice, as if bird or butterfly never lived; and yet little girls loved to watch them sporting among the green things of earth. She crossed the street at the foot of the hill, and then she disappeared down a very disagreeable lane filled with huts of various sizes, where very slovenly, ugly looking people lived, among black, some white. What had the good and gentle little Esther to do down there? What would her careful mother say, to find her in such company? How surprised would her father be, to see his tenderly educated little daughter playing with the children of the lane!

Precisely at six o'clock, was Esther seen returning up the hill, ready to sit down with her parents and brothers at the evening meal. Her face was certainly flushed, and she looked weary; but she bore a serious expression, as if she had not been in a naughty frolic, and something so calm and placid, too, on her countenance, it would seem as if she could not have been in any mischief, if she did go down among the boys and girls in the lane.

So this did all happen, not only one day, but two and three days and a whole week together. Precisely at a certain time did Esther leave the garden, or play-house, or books, or whatever part of the house she happened to be in, and ask her mother to let her take a little walk down the hill; and precisely at six, did the front gate open to admit the little girl. She was such an obedient, excellent child, that her mother felt that she could trust her any where; neither did she ever wish to refuse her a simple request, like this. At last her mother began to wonder about little Esther's ever-returning walk down the hill.

"Where do you go, my dear?" asked her mother looking at her earnestly.

"Only a little way from the bottom of the hill," replied Esther, blushing deeply.

"I hope you do not go any where, where I should disapprove of your going, Esther," said her mother, soberly.

"Mother, I do not do any thing that you or father disapproves of," answered the child, and a very small tear drop glistened in her mild blue eye.

Mrs. Lovel felt that she would not, and yet there was surely something peculiar in Esther's walks, which she began to think, perhaps, ought to be attended to. And it happened in this wise. One afternoon, Mr. Lovel came in to take his little daughter to walk with him.

"Where is Esther?" asked he. His wife told him Esther had just gone down the hill, and then told him how she had gone daily. He went out, and as he stood at the front door, he caught a glimpse of her turning down the lane. Very quickly then did Mr. Lovel pursue his little Esther, and he thought he should reprove her very sharply for going among the children who lived there. He saw her enter a low, ill looking house, and then she disappeared from his sight. To that house did he direct his hasty and anxious steps.

There was an untidy woman washing near the door.

"Is little Esther Lovel here?" asked the father, looking in at the window. The woman started at the sound of a gentleman's voice; and drew her hands from the suds.

"To be sure she is, she's learning the children to read."

Mr. Lovel inquired a little farther into the matter, and then the woman took him to the back door; and what did Mr. Lovel see? There sat his daughter on a bench, with a small negro boy beside her, to whom she was



pointing out the letters and words of her Testament. Three other children, one white and two colored girls, were seated on a stone step, not far off, attentively bending over their books,—books which Mr. Lovel immediately recognized as belonging to Esther's library.

What was Esther's surprise, too, when she looked up and beheld her father.

"Esther, how came you here, my child?" asked the parent, affected by the sight.

"Why, father, I am a missionary," answered the child with great earnestness.

"A missionary! how so my dear?"

"Why, father, Peleg here and none of them know how to read, and have got no Bibles. I am sure they are the people the minister told us were heathen. So I pitied them and thought I would be a missionary,"—and the young child's face glowed with animation at the task she had undertaken.

"But my child, why did you not tell us about it? you know we should be happy to help you," said the parent,—and he felt as if he wanted to fold the little child to his bosom.

"Father," answered Esther, seriously, "don't you know the Bible says, let not your right hand know what the left hand does?"

And my subaltern school teacher means you must not go and tell every body when you want to do good. God knows it, father, because he sees me; and I told Him of it too, in my prayers."

Then Mr. Lovel sat down on the stone step, and while he attempted to teach the little negro girls, beside him, he felt he had been taught a lesson in "well doing" that he should not soon forget or disregard.

Thus has this child, Esther, of scarce six years, unconsciously rebuked the lukewarm piety of her father; opening his heart and his purse to the heathen wants of his own as well as other lands; and now the good and great missionary cause numbers no two warmer friends than Esther and her father. Can not other children look about them, and become missionaries, too?—S. S. Visiter.

## ALABAMA BAPTIST.

MARION, ALA.

Saturday Morning, January 20, 1844.

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.

Rev. J. H. De VOTIE, General Agent.

Rev. S. HENDERSON, W. C. MORROW, Rev. B. HODGES, Rev. K. HAWTHORN, A. H. VANDERKAM, Special Agents.

Messrs. Wm. H. & W. M. WHEELER, are authorized Travelling Agents to collect subscriptions and procure subscribers for the Alabama Baptist.

All Baptist Ministers are requested to procure subscribers.

Ministerial Changes.—The Rev. Robert Nall, for some years pastor of the Presbyterian church in this place, has taken charge of a new church in Mobile. Mr. Nall leaves Marion, followed by the sincere regrets and affectionate regards, not of his own people only, but of the whole community. His talents and learning, his devoted piety, his uncompromising fidelity, his indefatigable industry, have secured the respect of all good men among us. It is to be regretted that the Presbyterian interest here is so feeble, as to be unable to retain so useful a man. He has now entered on a wide field of usefulness, and we doubt not his labors will be blessed in the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom.

The Rev. William Moores, recently minister in charge of the Methodist church here, is to be stationed on the Spring Hill circuit. His members had become warmly attached to his ministry, and his candor, liberality of sentiment, and courtesy of manner, had gained the esteem of others, not in his connection. We are sure his old friends in Marengo will give him a hearty reception.

The Rev. Mr. Penham succeeds Mr. Moores, in Marion. A more acceptable appointment could not have been made—acceptable to the people of his charge, and to Christians of all denominations. We cordially extend to him the hand of welcome, and trust his labors among us will not be in vain in the Lord.

MARION HOTELS.

Both the public houses of this place have lately passed into new hands. Messrs. Moore & Cuskey succeeded the Messrs. Cockes, and William Hornbuckle, Esq., the late respected and popular Steward at the Howard Institution, has taken the establishment recently managed by Mr. Lyell.

We are gratified to state our belief, that both Hotels, will be kept in such a manner that the lovers of sobriety and order, quiet and comfort, will find in neither of them any thing to offend; and we are informed, that the house of Mr. Hornbuckle will be conducted on strict Temperance principles.

The Weather.—Unless we are greatly deceived, the quantity of rain which has fallen during the last six weeks, has been great beyond former precedent. For weeks the whole country has presented the appearance of a continuous swamp. The rivers and creeks have been impassable, and travelling in the cane brako and prairie out of the question. Of course, the mails have been very irregular, and we are left almost without advice from abroad.

Cannot Prof. Brumby of the University give us some statements from the Meteorological Table kept there, which shall confirm or remove the impression above alluded to, respecting the late rains?

## THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES.

We derive the following notices of this celebrated ecclesiastical convocation from an interesting article in the December number of the Christian Review.

The ordinance of Parliament, summoning the Assembly to meet at Westminster, was issued June 12, 1643, in the 16th year of the reign of the first Charles. They were chosen out of lists brought in by the knights and burgesses from their respective counties, two from each county. Besides these, many of the most learned Episcopal divines were appointed, but refused to attend. The whole number of members was 172. Of these there were generally in attendance only between 60 and 80. The great majority of members were Presbyterians. Parliament had already abolished Episcopacy, and Presbyterianism bore undisputed sway in the nation.

The Westminster Assembly were employed in preparing a Directory for Public Worship, a uniform Confession of Faith, a Form of Church Government, and a Catechism.

The first session was held July 1, 1643, and the last, Feb. 23, 1649. Thus they existed five years, six months, and twenty two days, in which time they held 1163 sessions. The debates of the Assembly were always thorough, often learned and discriminating. They discussed the right of a congregation to ordain its own officers, for ten days; and the first fifteen of the thirty nine articles of the English Church, ten weeks. They were engaged upon the Confession of Faith a year and a half. After the Assembly had transmitted to Parliament the Confession on the 3d of December, 1646, Parliament ordered that 500 copies of it be printed, and that "the Assembly do bring in their marginal notes, to prove every part of it by Scripture;" a task which they employed them three months and twenty two days. How far the Assembly adhered to the Scripture as the only rule of faith and practice, we must judge by comparing the results of their labors with the word of God. In some things, we certainly think they have mistaken "the mind of the Spirit." What say our readers to the following, from "the Directory for Public Worship," being instructions to be given by the officiating minister, on the occasion of the baptism of a child.

"It (baptism) is a seal of the covenant of grace, of our ingrafting into Christ, and of our union with him, of remission of sins, regeneration, adoption, and life eternal." The minister must teach, "that the promise is made to believers and their seed; and that the seed and posterity of the faithful, born within the church, have by their birth, interest in the covenant, and right to the seal of it, and to the outward privileges of the church under the gospel, no less than the children of Abraham in the time of the Old Testament; that children, by baptism, are solemnly received into the bosom of the visible church, distinguished from the world and them that are without, and united with believers; that they are Christians and federally holy before baptism, and therefore they are baptized; that the inward grace and virtue of baptism is not tied to that very moment of time when it is administered, and that the fruit and power thereof reacheth to the whole course of our life."

How the Divines could fancy they were able to find Scripture to support such palpable errors, is to us incomprehensible.

The Assembly were greatly troubled about the mode of baptism. Dr. Lightfoot, one of the leading members of the Assembly has left a Journal in which he speaks of "the work of the day (Aug. 7) which was about the baptizing of the child, whether to dip him or sprinkle." The debate consumed two days, and that it was a warm one is evident from the Doctor's language respecting its progress. He speaks of their "falling on a long and large discourse,"—"a long dispute"—"a great heat upon it." At the close of the first day, he says so many were unwilling to have dipping excluded, that the votes came to an equality within one, 25 against 24. "And when we had done all, we concluded nothing upon it." On the second day "fell we upon our work about dipping." Finally, by the most strenuous efforts, Dr. Lightfoot gained his point, that the manner of baptizing the child is "not only lawful, but sufficient, and most expedient to be by pouring or sprinkling water on the face of the child." "But this," he says, "cost a great deal of time about the wording of it"—"and as to the dispute itself about dipping, it was thought fit and most safe to let it alone."

There are other points besides baptism, in which the Assembly appear to have exceeded the teachings of the New Testament. They forced their forms and creed upon the people by the power of the Parliament, and constituted Parliament a supreme court of appeals in cases of ecclesiastical discipline. All ministers who did not use their Directory were to be heavily fined—so also, if they preached, wrote, or printed any thing against it.

The Shorter Catechism was presented to the House of Commons Nov. 5, 1647, and the Larger, April 14, 1648.

Despite the errors into which they fell, errors of the age in which they lived, the Westminster Assembly of Divines have exerted a mighty influence for good, in England and Scotland, and in our own country. Let us forget their infirmities, and emulate their virtues.

The total expense of the fortifications of Paris will exceed, it is said, fifty millions of dollars.

## THE ATONEMENT.

How shall we define it? Every definition must express especially those properties which distinguish a thing from all other things. The word, atonement, in its general use, denotes something done to make amends, to give satisfaction. This is either something made by the offender himself, or by a third person. But we now speak of the atonement of the gospel. If we say, it is something which obtains forgiveness, the definition is too general. Is it said, the atonement is something which displays the holiness of God, and gives support to his law? This is too indefinite, and is not distinguishable from other things. The deluge displayed the glory of God and supported the divine authority. So also did the destruction of Sodom. But is it alleged, that this is the definition given in Romans III, 25, 26, where the propitiation is made to "declare the righteousness of God." True, but this is only a part of the design of the atonement, for the passage speaks still further of it as made by his blood, and to procure remission of sins, &c. Hence, we must consult all the passages relating to the subject. By thus proceeding, we shall find, that the Scriptures teach, 1. That Christ died for our atonement. 2. He died for our sins. 3. The atonement answered all the ends with respect to the law of God and our salvation, which our punishment would have answered. So that we conclude the atonement was made by Christ's vicarious sufferings. The ends of the atonement were to vindicate God's law and procure forgiveness.

Thus do we arrive at a full, specific, perfect definition of the Atonement, viz: It is Christ's suffering for our sins, in our stead; vindicating God's law, making expiation for sin, and procuring forgiveness to men.

1st Tim. V, 24. Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after.

The meaning of the apostle here is not very obvious. In the chapter he is giving to Timothy directions in regard to the various pastoral and ministerial duties, and in the 22d verse had cautioned him against rashly ordaining any individual to the work of the ministry. "Lay hands suddenly, neither hastily, on no man." Apparently dismissing the subject, he throws out a suggestion in the next verse, relative to Timothy's infirm health, and then in the verse under consideration seems to return to the danger of a hasty reception of candidates into the ministry. Should unworthy individuals present themselves for ordination, in some instances, their unfitness will be apparent; but in other cases, you will experience great difficulty in detecting their real character. This is substantially the view of the passage taken by most commentators. There is another construction sanctioned by the learned author of the Lexicon of the New Testament, which supposes the verse not to be modified by the context, but to contain a general proposition, applicable to many important cases besides the examination of candidates for the holy office. The interpretation is this: The sins of some men lead on condemnation; that is, accuse them, cry for condemnation, and, by implication, are repented of. In other men, their sins also follow after, *breach after breach*, that is, they persevere in them although conscious of present guilt and future condemnation.

The Monthly Baptist Record.—A new periodical published by the American Baptist Publication and Sunday School Society, and edited by the Rev. J. M. Peck, G. B. Ide, and J. L. Burrows; 32 pages royal octavo Price one dollar in advance.

The first number is received, making a very neat little volume of itself, excepting the cover which is not much to our taste.

This work will be the repository of a vast amount of denominational intelligence, the possession of which will be of great importance to our members. A prominent topic will be Ministerial Education and Training. The present number is almost entirely filled with original matter, and will not fail to awaken an interest in all Ministers and private Christians into whose hands it may come.

How many of our readers will send on for it! Six copies sent for five dollars. Let your Post Masters forward your subscriptions to B. R. Loxley, 21 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Saline Regular Baptist Association, Arkansas.—In a late number, we gave some interesting statements from a brother in Arkansas respecting the Association of which he is a member. The above is the name of the association. We derive no additional information of importance from the Minutes, save that we will just add for the information of brother J. M. Peck, that the clerk of the above body is G. Cobb (Post Office not named) and the next meeting is to be held with the Liberty church, Union co., on Saturday before the 4th Sabbath in October, 1844.

The Psalmist.—Orders for this work come in faster than the publishers can meet them. They are now getting another edition through the press. Twenty five thousand have already been sold.

The Editor of Graham's Magazine says, "The Psalmist is, in our opinion, decidedly the best compilation of sacred lyric poetry ever published in this country. Its editors are distinguished clergymen of the Baptist church, and one of them is himself a poet of mean reputation."

## SAMUEL THOMPSON.

The death of the Founder of the Thompsonian or Steam System of Medicine was announced in the public prints, some two or three months since. We use the above caption, not because we intend to pronounce his eulogy, or to discuss the merits of the system which bears his name.

We are not a steamer or the son of a steamer; though we may claim to be a bit of a regular, since we are the son of a regular—one too who despises the quackery of steaming, as he terms it, as cordially as any brother M. D. could desire. A vast deal of contempt and scorn is poured upon the followers of Thompson, with how much justice we do not propose to inquire. In regard to this matter, as well as every other by which the passions and prejudices of men are strongly excited, we have adopted the sentiment of a celebrated writer of apothegms—albeit, he may himself have been a vegetable doctor, for it is recorded of him, that "He spake of trees, from the Cedar tree, that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." His sentiment is this: "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him."—Prov. xviii: 13.

We shall arrive at the practical instruction which we have in view in penning this article, by considering the inquiry. To what are we to attribute the success of Thompson, in propagating his peculiar views? We answer, to concentrated energy. He had no advantages from birth, fortune, or education. Born in the lowest vale of poverty, and nurtured by a father whose stern and rugged temper seemed to know nothing of the tenderness of parental affection, he was doomed at the very threshold of life, to tremble before a tyranny which, in most men would not only have extinguished the fires of genius, but would have ground the spirit to the dust, and bid it grovel there, and die. Nor was his education, subsequently to the event of his escaping from the bondage of his father's iron rule, at all favorable to the development of extraordinary capabilities. He spent but a few years, we may say, but a few months, in obtaining the merest rudiments of knowledge, in a country school. Neither was he aided in introducing his novel doctrines by the patronage of the intelligent, the opulent, or the influential. How, then, was he ever enabled to originate his system—present it to an enlightened public, and finally enlist multitudes in its favor? We reply, by his unyielding will, his indomitable energy. This was the secret of his strength—this the key to his triumphs. By ever inflexibly preserving his will erect, unbending; by pushing his views with an energy that never tired, never flagged, he acquired renown—extending his celebrity to every hamlet in our Union; making his name as familiar as household words, in every village of the Canadas, and throughout Texas and the South American States. It is said, that the whole system is a tissue of ignorance, imposture, and delusion, and harmful in its tendencies! Grant this, and it gives additional force to our reasoning. Few men, even when supporting the cause of truth and the interests of humanity, have gained so signal victories over their opponents; and if Thompson's system is a base imposture and attended with a frightful sacrifice of human life, as the object would urge, how great, how commanding, how transcendent, the energy of that mighty Magician who has achieved such extended conquests! Arrayed against him, were marshalled the hosts of the Medical Faculty, with their patrons and patients, supported by all the talent and learning, the rank and fashion, the wealth and decency, of the whole civilized world. He had also to meet a public opinion which could plead for its mandates an antiquity of centuries on centuries. Formidable foes indeed are these, to be encountered with a tea-spoonful of Lobelia Inflata, a gallon of water, and half a dozen hot bricks!

No, no, we repeat, it is one single, simple, mental quality, *energy*, that has given Thompson's name an influence so widely extended, so absorbing and exclusive, over multitudes of the most intelligent and respectable citizens of the United States and of the neighboring provinces. It was the same energy, which enabled Mohammed to wave the Moslem standard over the fairest regions of the East. It was the same invincible energy, that raised the lieutenant at Toulon, to become the arbiter of the world's destiny, in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte. This it was, which elevated the printer boy, Franklin, to the proudest station among the philosophers of his age. The same unconquerable energy has exalted the Rothschilds from the degradation of blacking their master's boots, to be the princely holders of hundreds of millions of dollars.

In conclusion, we say to every reader, what Thompson has done, whether for good or for evil, you can do. Young man, have you chosen your path in life? Resolve to gain distinction in it. Cultivate the annex of the uneducated, friendless, penniless boy, Samuel Thompson. Will you study the law? You may make yourself a Mansfield, a Marshall, or a Story. Would you devote yourself to the healing art? You may become a Boerhaave, a Hunter, a Good, a Physic, a Dudley, a Drake, or a Thomson. Desire you to preach the everlasting gospel? If you have an energy sanctified by the Holy Ghost, you may emulate the labors and successes of Luther or Fuller, of Carey or Judson. Are you a student panting to deck your brows with the ivy

crown? Without this all conquering energy of will and action, your aspirations will be vain. Propose you to follow the unostentatious course of a planter? Yours, in a mere worldly light, is the most honorable, the noblest calling of all. Devote yourself to the pursuits of agriculture with an energy that never falters, and princes shall sit in your gates, and the blessings of multitudes invoke peace and prosperity, unmeasured and unending. Finally, reader, are you a professed follower of Christ? It is this wonderful working manner of which the Savior speaks, when he says, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate."—Strive, *Agonizetis contend, combat, struggle earnestly.*

INCENDIARISM.—Two deliberate attempts have lately been made to burn down the Sanson street meeting house, Philadelphia. By whom, or for what reason, is unknown. Bro. J. L. Dagg was formerly pastor of the church, worshipping in this house.

GOOD.—A bill was recently introduced into our legislature to release Joseph Allen and George W. Allen, of Cherokee county, from a judgment for retailing spirituous liquors without a license. The House refused to entertain the bill a moment.

NORMAL INSTRUCTION.—The Trustees of the University of Alabama have established a department for the education of teachers of primary and preparatory schools in this State. Each county may send one student to the Normal department, free of charge for tuition. For others, tuition is \$30 per annum. Students will not only be instructed in the subjects of study taught in schools, but also in the best modes of communicating instruction. Lectures will be given on the art of Teaching.

This is an admirable plan. Let it be encouraged.

CHRISTIAN INDEX.—The first number for the new year appears in a new form, much to our satisfaction, and we doubt not to the delight of its patrons, who will no longer be troubled with cutting open leaves, stitching, &c. In its present form, it is a small sheet and may be preserved with great convenience. We presume the change will extend the circulation of this valuable paper, and are glad to learn that the prospect of a large increase of subscribers is already flattering.

MERCER UNIVERSITY.—The last Index remarks, "The prospects of this Institution are believed to be more flattering now than they have ever before been."

The Rev. J. L. Dagg, D. D. has been elected Professor of Theology. The Trustees are still corresponding with the Rev. Dr. Manly, respecting the Presidency. We may be permitted to indulge the belief, that the Doctor will not think of abandoning the conspicuous position he occupies in Alabama.

HASTY SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

HOME.

It was eight years since we had visited our native village, and twenty years had passed since it had been our constant residence. As we approached it, how familiar were the objects that met the eye; and yet how changed. Long years of absence had entirely broken up the associations of childhood, so far as the face of the country was concerned, and a sojourn of about ten years in a level, low country, destitute of rocks, made us feel that never was a region so hilly, and rocky, and stumpy, as the country for twelve or fourteen miles around the place of our nativity. Such was the impression in looking over the face of the country, at large. Yet our ideas of magnitude and distance, when relating to individual objects, had undergone an opposite change. The stream, fifteen feet wide, which our childhood fancy regarded as a mighty flood, is now a mere rill. The hill which we climbed up with labor and toil, is now a gentle acclivity, hardly discernible. The plain on which the town is built, once so extensive, that it was a most fatiguing journey to pass from the lower to the upper end, is now dwindled into a narrow and confined level, half a mile in length.

But we will now linger in the suburbs around the spot we once called, HOME. We enter the village. What change has taken place here! This part of town formerly had but few dwellings; now many handsome houses meet the eye, as soon as we come upon the street. And the house of our Father, we could not distinguish among them. The intelligent gentleman who had brought us in his hack from the adjoining town, thinks he knows the place, but we asked him to inquire. "Does Dr. J. live here?" "Yes, sir," says the servant. In a moment, we are at the door, and in the arms of father, sisters, and brothers, from whom we had been so long separated. But in speaking of the various members of the family who welcomed our return, we omitted the sacred, now sainted name of MOTHER. True, one whom we had never before seen, gave us a maternal and cordial welcome, but she was not our Mother, and not welcome. A sense of propriety bade us repress our tears, but we bitterly felt, that she at those feet we sat in childhood, who had so often folded us to her heart on our return from months or years of absence at school; who had shed over us tears of joy eight years before, she would never greet us again with the voice of love, till she bid us welcome to the skies!

We said, we forbade our tears to flow. Most happy were we in the congratulations of

dear friends whom death had spared to us, and, though our thoughts often wandered to that grave-yard where lay enshrined those sacred relics, yet it was not till we went to church on the following day, that overpowering memories of the departed rushed tumultuously over our heart, and altogether unnerred us. Eight years before, we had gone to the house of God in company, the pale, feeble, fond Mother leaning on the arm of her first-born. He entered the same door, walked down the same aisle, sat down in the same pew, but she was not there! The dreariness and desolation which oppressed us, were insupportable. The tide of grief must flow, or the heart break. We bowed the head, and floods of tears and audible sobs brought relief. Indifferent to the rude stare of strangers, and not restrained by the sympathizing faces of old acquaintance who knew that Mother we freely wept. The morning hymn of praise was sung, it only reminded us of the holy joy, with which she was accustomed to mingle a voice of uncommon sweetness, in the songs of the sanctuary. The man of God offered up the fervent prayer, at the opening of the service. We could not heed it. It was not till the preacher had made considerable progress in his discourse, that we regained our composure, and could reflect calmly and sweetly on the virtues of that angel spirit.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE. It was with a melancholy pleasure, that we afterwards stood beside that little green mound of earth, that covered the mortal remains of Her whom we so highly revered, so tenderly loved. Far, far away, were we, when the body was committed to the dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes; but we felt the sweetness, the preciousness of the sentiment upon the marble tablet over the grave. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord." Thus had she died. Of a meek and gentle spirit, ever distrustful of her own heart, though religion perpetually shed its soft radiance over the benignant countenance, and poured its lustre all along the pathway of life, yet she was accustomed to contemplate the approach of the grim monarch of the grave with apprehension and dread. The last pang, had a gloomy terror associated with it, in her mind, and she was fearful, that in the hour of dissolution, her faith would fail, and her hopes be shrouded in darkness. But how kind is the Savior in preparing his disciples for the summons which calls them to pass through the dark valley. For several days she had been gradually sinking, and at last, the crisis suddenly came, and she was informed that she was dying. In the full possession of her faculties, she received the announcement with calmness, expressed her confidence in the Redeemer, and peacefully resigned her spirit into his hands. In the dying agony, she was able to whisper, "Can this be death, and can I feel so calm and happy in it?"—thus testifying her surprise at the grace which was afforded her, in a moment so long anticipated with anxiety.

In closing this number of the "Sketches," we ought, perhaps, to ask pardon of our readers for intruding upon their notice, a moment of one to them a stranger, and in whose character, history, and fate, they can feel no interest. But surely every reader must feel an interest in a Mother's character, a Mother's death, a Mother's grave. For who has not felt a Mother's love? And who has not been the better, for calling up in review, the thousand instances of that mother's kindness, affection and tenderness?

We write, also, for the especial benefit of the young. And if any thing we have said, shall contribute to inspire a more respectful, more ardent devotion to a living mother, or awaken a profounder veneration for the departed, we shall not have given way to the overflowings of the heart, in vain.

For the Baptist.

JANUARY, 19. "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well; the devils also believe and tremble."

The existence of God is an all-important truth.

Belief in this existence depends on evidence.

Evidence is presented to our rational faculty.

Disbelief, if reasonable, depends on the same faculty.

Belief depends on testimony.

Is there a God? a self-existent, eternal, unchangeable being?

1. The existence of the world is an evidence of his existence.

We must believe our senses and our own consciousness.

We cannot disbelieve them. The effort tried will be in vain.

We are conscious of our own existence; of that which is called I.

Our senses determine the existence of objects around us.

We know we did not create ourselves; we could not.

We know we did not create the objects around us.

We may trace our origin back from father to father to a thousand generations, and we are no nearer a self-made man than at first; we may pursue our march another thousand, and find no resting place; the first is as unable to produce himself as ourselves.

By proceeding in this journey to eternity, we gain nothing, but are compelled to believe the first being to be uncreated, uncreated, undying. The same result will follow when we trace the existence of matter to its source. Wherever our investigation stops, it rests on an uncreated and undying being.

We cannot believe that inanimate matter, even in the depths of eternity would originate itself.



Neither can we believe that inanimate or rational beings could originate themselves. In this process we rest nowhere but in the existence of God.

2. *Motion* is another evidence of the existence of God. Every thing is in motion, from the merest spray that flits in the sunbeam, to the mightiest orb in the heavens. Motion is not the natural state of matter: this is rest. True, inertia will keep a body in motion, if once started, and all obstructions be removed, in a direct line forever. One exertion of power is necessary to create a body, another exertion is necessary to put it in motion, in any direction whatever. Whence this motion? Who first taught the beast to move? Who quickened into action the animalcule in the drop of water, the elephant on the earth, the earth in its orbit, and the immense orbs in the regions of space extended? As existence, so motion, could not be self-caused. We can never bring ourselves to believe the proposition. Neither can we deny that there is motion. Consequently, we must believe the existence of God.

3. The extent of creation proves there is a God. Whether we look down with the microscope on things below—between us and nothing—or look up with the telescope on things above—between us and infinity—we are led to ask with amazement, who made all these?

When we look at animalcule so small that a thousand of them would not exceed the thickness of a hair, and ten thousand not larger than a grain of sand, yet living and moving, we are constrained to admit their Maker.

Whenever we raise our eyes aloft, and look at the mighty and innumerable orbs revolving over our heads—contemplate their size—number—distance, and motion, millions of times larger than the earth—thousands of them in the space of the moon, so distant that their light would not reach us in 12,000 years—some revolving about each other in orbits which would require 190,000 years to complete one revolution—and yet there is no evidence that even this is the limit of creation—for the more perfect the instruments of observation, the more distant stars are observed—all these exist—and more—who made them?

Surely, the atheistic astronomer must be mad.

To believe that either of the least, or the largest of these, is self-existent, self-made, or self-moved, is believing that for which there is no evidence—but belief without evidence is the part of a madman or fool. Indeed it deserves not the name of belief—for belief is founded on evidence.

Here are works so vast—so various—so perfect—so minute—that they can be attributed to nothing else than to a Being who is infinite in all his attributes. Consequently, they prove the existence of God.

4. The harmony of the universe leads to the same conclusion.

We see every thing maintaining its place in the creation.

There is an agreement of the various parts with each other.

This cannot be the work of chance, or blind accident.

If chance should happen to produce harmony, what would continue it? The same chance which arranged it, one moment, would derange it the next.

How chance could have hit on the universal laws, and universal harmony and order is impossible to conceive. Seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, succeed each other in regular order. Every animal and plant propagates its kind, and every thing and creature seeks its proper element. Food nourishes and poison kills by one invariable law. All this proves the existence of God.

5. The adaptation to an end are evidence of the existence of God.

Where there is design, there must be a designer.

There may be appearance, where there is no design.

Accident may have produced such a juxtaposition of things, or events, as to resemble design, when there is none. But where there are ten thousand times ten thousand such events; and when we find few or none, of an opposite character, we cannot attribute it to chance. Look where we will in ocean, earth, air, or sky, and we are met with innumerable things which show the most consummate wisdom, and the fullest manifestation of design. Could there have been accident in one case, there could not have been in the million. If we confine our investigation to our own body, we shall meet with evidence of design sufficient to put to the blush the most skeptical. Surely "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

In the earth we perceive the same argument. In the starry heavens we meet with such demonstrations, that we may adopt the language of Young, and say,

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

If, then, there be design, there must exist a designer. And this designer must be a being of wisdom. Here is the grand distinction between chance and order. The former might exhibit some few cases where the appearance would exist, but these appearances would be so few and far between, that no rule or law could be deduced from them. A few discrepancies may appear to exist, but they are vanishing before the march of science, and we have reason to believe that they will all disappear.

If we admit design we must admit the existence of a designer; or else embrace the absurd idea that there is an act without an actor, that there is an effect without a cause. Therefore the manifestation of design—the adaptation of means to ends prove the existence of God.

6. Miracles prove the same thing.

Every strange work is not a miracle. Many strange things occur. But when things occur, which are contrary to the laws of nature, and under circumstances foretold, the

rejection of the miracle requires a greater stretch of incredulity than belief. It would be impossible to forget fortuitous events. But the miracles were announced, and accomplished according to the announcement. The performer of these miracles must be greater than man, and when we inquire how much greater, we can find no resting place, till we come to the Infinite.

The miracles of Christ, and of the Apostles, are so well authenticated that they challenge investigation. The council said, "For that indeed a notable miracle, hath been performed by them, is evident to all that dwell in Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it."

These miracles were of various kinds, performed by day and night, in public and in private, on inanimate objects, on animals, on man. The performers must have been intelligent, powerful, wise, and endowed with will and choice. Consequently, miracles prove the existence of God.

7. The constitution of the human soul requires that there be a God of infinite perfections, to whom man is accountable. Unenlightened by revelation he will form to himself a superior being, who takes cognizance of all his actions, and who will reward or punish, as actions are good or bad—right or wrong.

Man in the very constitution of his moral nature, is a religious being—he will have a God. If he know not the true God, he will make an idol. It is a doubt whether there can be a sane atheist. If there can be, then that soul must be a miserable one—as there would be "an aching void," which nothing could fill.

Conscience proves that there is a moral government. For he will prescribe to himself rules of conduct, and such is the influence of these rules, that when he examines himself by them, he, even alone, will accuse or excuse himself, just as if arraigned at some visible tribunal.

Man is not conscious of originating those rules; they are in his very nature; he cannot escape them. He is so constituted as to be subject to the control of a higher being, and the mind is never fully satisfied until it fixes on the Infinite. This argument is by no means weak or forced. This seems as legitimately the constitution of man, as any of the laws of nature. It is as natural for man to conceive of God as it is for a stone to fall by the force of gravity, and unbelief here is like "heaving a huge stone up a high hill."

These seven arguments, properly considered, must produce the most unflinching assurance of the existence of God. So that it is with propriety that the Psalmist said, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. He who weighs them well 'must believe that he (God) is,' (exists).—So he can come to him in faith, which is pleasing to him."

When, by the above course of reasoning, we arrive at the conclusion that there is a God, it is easy to conceive that he must be possessed of all perfections in infinity. We have the revelation which he has made of himself, which makes known his character, his nature, his requirements; our relation to him, and the reward which he will give to every one—to the good and to the evil.

Shall we not fear him? Shall we not fall before him in profound humility, and acknowledge that we are dust and ashes; yea, as nothing and unworthy?

But when we are assured that he is as good as great, and that his goodness extends to all his creatures, shall we not put our trust in him? Shall we not "commit our souls to him as a faithful Creator"? Shall we not adopt the language of the Psalmist and say, "I will love the Lord because he is good?"

But when we learn that he is just, shall we not obey him? He that "spoke and it was done," has spoken to us. He that commanded the sea, "Hither, shalt thou come and no farther," hath commanded us; Shall we not obey him? How great must be the guilt of disobedience!

\*H\*

For the Alabama Baptist.

IOWA.

Hard Service for Missionaries—Funds wanted to aid them.

Rev. J. N. Seely, an itinerant missionary, writes from Parkhurst, I. T., November 4th, that great attention to religion was manifested in his field of labor. So great was the desire of the people to hear the gospel that they came from distances of seven to thirteen miles to attend his meetings in succession from a distance of nine miles, riding in a cart drawn by oxen, and bringing some of their neighbors with them. Seventeen persons had been baptized, and many others were anxiously inquiring the way of life.

At the time of writing our brother had no horse, and was under the necessity of proceeding on foot to meet his appointments. On one occasion, while thus journeying, he became nearly exhausted. Of this incident he speaks in the following affecting manner: "I think the divine providence directed me to this territory, and I am in the path of duty, though sometimes my faith is sorely tried. This was the case during a journey to the northern part of my field. I was crossing the long, bleak prairies, logging my valise, receiving a pelting snow storm in my face, my feet slopping wet, no house in sight, and sometimes not knowing whether I was in the road. At length, when I could proceed no farther, I wrapped my cloak around me and cast myself upon the ground; but as my falling tears mingled with the snow I found relief to my aching heart in the thought that I was suffering for Jesus' sake, and then I praised God that I was there."

"I must say, however, that, situated as I am, without a horse or the means of obtaining one, and obliged to go such long distances on foot, my usefulness is much abridged, and my health endangered. I trust something will be done for my relief in this respect."

When this letter was read at the Mission Rooms, such was the sympathy felt for the writer by the Executive Committee that, as

it was inconsistent to increase his appropriation from the treasury, a sum sufficient to purchase a horse and equipments was immediately contributed by the members, and transmitted to him.

In its general features this is not a case of rare occurrence among our missionaries. Many of them are poor men, and often endure much personal hardship and danger, while prosecuting their labors in frontier settlements. But it is the last one reported to us, and it has occurred at a time and under circumstances when we feel warranted in soliciting for it particular attention.

At this moment there are applications for aid before us from many places of importance, in various sections of the country, some of which have been several months under consideration; but the supplies for our treasury are, upon an average, no greater than they have been for years past, and it is, therefore, inconsistent for us to encourage those applications. During the first half of the year we indulged the expectation of receipts from a source on which we had claims to a considerable amount, but in this we are suffering very serious disappointment; in consequence of which we have been compelled, in several instances, to limit our appropriations so much as to cause much inconvenience to the individuals to whom we were able to appropriate but \$100 per annum, in addition to his receipts on the field. Respecting the last item, our brother says, "I have found many warm hearts here, but, as yet, not a cent for my purse."

It is with reluctance we make such statements, but it is our duty to keep our friends advised of the spiritual necessities of our country, and the difficulties we meet in endeavoring to relieve them. Nor can we hesitate, under such circumstances, to invite a more liberal and ready co-operation of the denomination in the great work they have assigned us.

BENJ. M. HILL, Cor. Sec.

P. S. We have, incidentally, heard of money having been paid to the treasurers of associations and missionary societies for our use. We would therefore, respectfully request such treasurers to transmit the amount to us at an early day.

THE MINISTER'S SMALL CHANGE.

It was once remarked of a certain learned divine, that all his funds were in large bank notes; that he had no small change to throw out on common occasions.

After all, it is this small change that frequently does the most good; these weighty and solemn sentences, brief, but direct and personal, dropped into the sinner's ear, as occasion and opportunity present. Not long since, I heard the remark from a young man, recently converted, in reference to one of our most distinguished clergymen—"I admire him as a preacher, but during three or four years' acquaintance, though I was frequently in his family, he never said a word to me, out of the pulpit, upon the subject of religion."

An instance of this successful use of "small change" was recently related to me by an eminent minister of another denomination, who passed a few days under my roof.

"Some years ago," said he, "Mr. B., a worldly business man, who dealt in lottery tickets, was one of the Committee of Supply for a rich Congregational Society in the city of —."

At the request of several individuals, Rev. Dr. L., a faithful evangelical preacher, was invited to supply the pulpit for a Sabbath or two. On their way from the meeting house to the residence of Mr. B., Dr. L., who had discovered that several were opposed to his being invited to preach, remarked—"If I had known that so many were opposed to me, I do not know that I should have preached; but I have one consolation, I preached the truth to them."

"Yes," replied Mr. B., somewhat hesitatingly—"The faithful minister then looked him full in the eye, and said to him, solemnly and emphatically—"Why do you NOT BELIEVE IT THEN?" The inquiry seemed to strike him dumb; he retired to reflect—to weep over his misspent life—to repent and pray. The solemn inquiry, (of which conscience told him the justice), was like "a nail fastened in a sure place." He was soon brought to the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind, and is now one of the most active and useful Christians in the city of —."

Brethren in the ministry! while we spare no pains to add to the value of our pulpit bank notes, do not let us forget, wherever we go, to have ready at hand a good supply of this SMALL CHANGE.—Bap. Adc.

DELTA.

THE MORMON PROPHECY AND THE GREEK PSALTER.

We lately heard a story, which, while it makes us mourn over the depravity of human nature, serves to show, among many similar facts, the low artifices and cunning tricks to which the Mormon Prophet will resort, in order to impose upon the gullibility of his followers. The story is in this wise; and can be substantiated by respectable witnesses.

Some time since, Professor Caswell, late of Kemper College, near St. Louis, an Episcopal clergyman of reputation, being about to leave this country for England, paid a visit to Smith and the Saints, in order that he might be the better able to represent the imposture to the British people. It so happened that the Professor had in his possession a Greek Psalter of great age—one that had been in the family for several hundred years. This book, as a relic of antiquity, was a curiosity to any one—but to some of the Saints who happened to see it, it was a marvel and wonder. Supposing its origin to have been as ancient, at least as the Prophet's Egyptian Mummy, and not knowing but the professor had dug it from the bowels of the same sacred hill in Western New York, whence sprang the holy Book of Mormon, they importuned him to allow "brother Joseph" an opportunity of translating it!

The Professor reluctantly assented to the

proposition, and, accompanied by a number of the anxious brethren, repaired to the residence of the Prophet. The remarkable book was handed to him. Joe took it—examined its old and worn leaves—and turned over its many pages. Expectation was now upon tip-toe. The brethren looked at one another—at the book—then at the Prophet. It was a most interesting scene!

Presently the spirit of prophecy began to arise within him; and he opened his mouth and spoke. That wonderful power, which enables him to see as far through a veil as could Moses or Elijah of old, had already, in the twinkling of an eye, made those rough and uncouth characters as plain to him as the nose on the face of the Professor. "This Book," said he, "I pronounce to be a *Dictionary of ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics*."

The brethren present were greatly astonished at this exhibition of their Prophet's powers of revealing hidden things. After their exultation had somewhat subsided, the Professor coolly told them that their Prophet was a base impostor! and that the book before them was but a plain Greek Psalter!—Joe "stepped out."

Professor Caswell, since his sojourn in England, has published a work entitled "Three Days at Nauvoo," in which this rich scene is represented in an engraving.—*War and Ill.—Signal.*

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers now at the head of the Free Church of Scotland, writes:

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

BY REV DR. CHALMERS.

We never in the whole course of our recollections, met with a christian friend, who bore upon his character every other evidence of the Spirit's operation, who did not remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy. We appeal to the memory of all the worthies who are lying in their graves, that eminent as they were in every other grace and accomplishment of the new creature the religiousness of their Sabbath day shone with equal lustre, amid the fine assemblage of virtues which adorned them. In every Christian household it will be found, that the discipline of a well ordered Sabbath is never forgotten among the old lessons of a christian education; and we appeal to every individual who now hears us, and who carries the remembrance in his bosom of a father's worth and a father's piety, if, on the coming round of the seventh day, an air of peculiar sacredness did not spread itself over that mansion where he drew his first breath, and was taught to repeat his infant hymn, and his infant prayer. Rest assured that the Christian, having the love of God written in his heart, and denying the Sabbath a place in his affections, is an anomaly that is no where to be found. Every Sabbath image, with every Sabbath circumstance, is dear to him. He loves the quietness of that hallowed morn. He loves the church bell sound which summons him to the house of prayer. He loves to join the adores of devotion, and to sit and listen to that voice of persuasion which is lifted in the hearing of an assembled multitude. He loves the retirement of this day from the din of worldly business, and the inroads of worldly men. He loves the leisure it brings along with it; and sweet to his soul is the exercise of that hallowed hour, when there is no eye to witness him but the eye of Heaven, and when, in solemn audience with the Father, who seeth him in secret, he can, on the wings of celestial contemplation, leave all the cares, and all the vexations, and all the secularities of an alienated world behind him.—*Chris. Observer.*

From the Providence Chronicle.

A MOST BOLD AND BLOODY MURDER.

Our citizens were horror-stricken yesterday afternoon, by the news of the murder of one well known among the business men of this city, although a resident of Cranston, the adjoining town.—MR. AMASA SPRAGUE. It seems that he left his house at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of going to a barn about a mile distant, lying in the town of Johnston, in order, as he stated to his family on leaving, to shelter his stock. He took a foot-path, very generally frequented, and in which, at almost any ten minutes in the day, and especially on Sunday, there was passing.

About an hour after he left home, he was found about one mile from his house, lying in the foot-path perfectly dead, with such marks upon his body as left no doubt but he had been most brutally murdered.

An inquest was held on the body in Johnston, after which it was taken up and brought to the residence of the deceased; and the whole neighborhood was of course thrown into the most intense excitement. Another Coroner's Jury was summoned as soon as possible, and physicians sent for.

On examining the body and the place, it would seem that Mr. Sprague was first shot in the right arm just near the wrist, and the blood found sprinkled in a zig-zag course on the ground, showed that he had run a short distance after receiving this wound. He was then probably overtaken by his assassin or assassins, and made way with, with an axe, or as the physician stated, on examination of his wounds, some other sharp instrument. No other bullet wound was found on his person, with the exception of the one first alluded to, in his wrist. His head was most shockingly mangled, the brain being bored in one or two places. It would seem, were told, as if the murderer or murderers had stood over him after he was dead, and pounded his head. The body of Mr. Sprague must have been discovered not more than fifteen or twenty minutes after the murderer or murderers left him.

The verdict of the jury was, that the deceased had come to his death by grounds inflicted upon him by some person or persons to the jury unknown.

A number of our citizens went out to the spot of the murder yesterday afternoon. It would be impossible to describe the scene of horror which so fearful an announcement

produced in the community. The last day of the year 1843 stamped upon the memory in such bloody characters, will not soon be forgotten.

Mr. Sprague was the senior partner of the house of Messrs. A. & W. Sprague, a large manufacturing firm. The other partner is the Hon. Wm. Sprague, one of our Senators in Congress.

No money was taken, hence the object of the assassination was not plunder. The body was found by a workman of Mr. Sprague, who was on his way to the barn where the former left his house to go.

The sheriff passed last night at Mr. Sprague's, but no arrests have as yet been made. The perpetrator or perpetrators of this act cannot escape—they must be detected, sooner or later.

A reward of one thousand dollars has been offered by the friends of the deceased, for the detection of the murderer.

From the Providence Journal, a day later.

We learn that Nicholas S. Gordon and his brother, John Gordon, Irishmen, were arrested yesterday afternoon on suspicion of having been concerned in the late Amasa Sprague, of Cranston. They were brought before Henry L. Bowen, Esq., Justice of the Peace, and committed for examination at a future day. The grounds of suspicion are as follows:

Nicholas S. Gordon has frequently petitioned the town council of Cranston for a license for the sale of ardent spirits, but, through the opposition of Mr. Sprague, his petitions have been refused. At the last time his application was rejected, he threatened Mr. Sprague, and said he "would settle it with him elsewhere." He has been repeatedly, within the last week, with a gun in his hand, near where Mr. S. was found. His premises have been searched, and no gun can be found on them, although it is well known that he had one. A bayonet, cartridge box, and sword, were found. The two persons arrested are, so far as can be learned, the only ones of all the neighborhood who have not visited the house of Mr. Sprague since the murder. It cannot now be ascertained how far these suspicions will be confirmed by testimony.

A reward of one thousand dollars has been offered by the family of the deceased for the apprehension of the murderer. A town meeting was held upon the subject in Cranston, yesterday, at which an additional reward of \$1000 was offered.

The same paper remarks that it is evident that the murder was not consummated without a severe struggle. Mr. Sprague was an uncommonly stout and athletic man, and of determined personal courage. The ground bore traces of an encounter and appearances indicated that there might have been two assailants. The pistol which was found was not discharged, although the percussion cap had been exploded. A piece of a musket stock, with hair clinging to it, was found near the fatal spot, and the marks of blood were visible for a distance of seventy-five feet.

THE SMITHSONIAN LEGACY.

This legacy, says the New York American, now amounts to \$700,000. Yet thus far, no benefit has been derived from it.—The duty of the Government in this matter has been sadly neglected. Mr. Adams made a report on the subject to the last Congress, recommending that a great National Observatory be endowed with this fund. In the course of his Report, he thus referred to the noble blood of the Smithsons and Percys:

"The father of the testator, upon forming his alliance with the heiress of the family of the Percys, assumed, by an act of the British Parliament, that name, and under it became Duke of Northumberland. But, renowned as is the name of Percy in the historical annals of England;—resembling as it does from the summit of the Cheviot Hills to the ears of our children in the ballad of Chevy Chase, with the classical commentary of Addison; freshened and renovated in our memory as it has recently been from the purest fountain of poetical inspiration, in the loftier strain of Alwrick Castle, tuned by a bard of our own native land; doubly immortalized as it is in the deathless dramas of Shakespeare; 'confident against the world in arms,' as it may have been in ages long past, and may still be in the virtues of its present possessors by inheritance—let the trust of James Smithson to the United States of America be faithfully executed by their Representatives in Congress; let the result accomplish his object, 'the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men'; and a wreath of more unfading verdure shall entwine itself in the lapse of future ages around the name of Smithson than the united hands of tradition, history, and poetry have braided around the name of Percy through the long perspective in ages past of a thousand years."

AN AMERICAN LADY IN A HAREM.—

The Marquis Lavalette is now Consul General of France to Mehemet Ali. His presentation took place at Alexandria on the 27th October. "The Marchioness Lavalette, (formerly Mrs. Samuel Welles, a native of Boston,) having expressed a desire to visit the harem, this particular favor was readily granted to her, and his Highness carried her courtesy so far as to go the spartan of his daughter to receive Madame Lavalette in person, where the most cordial welcome was given her, and every kind of oriental luxury displayed. Madame Lavalette asked permission to offer the ladies some pieces of very rich Lyons stuffs, which were joyfully accepted, and in return she received a full dress of the oriental fashion of the richest kind."

Extraordinary Acquisition by a Blind Female.—Among a number of interesting and remarkable anecdotes related at a Bible Society's meeting at Leeds, England, lately, was one of a blind female, Frances, having committed to memory the whole of St. Luke's Gospel, by reading the letter press with her lips.

Hydrophobia.—The Zanesville (Ohio) Gazette, of Saturday week, says—An interesting little daughter of Mr. William Davis, of this place, died of hydrophobia on Sunday evening. She was bitten in August last by a cat, supposed at the time to be rabid, and was treated by one who professed to possess a specific for the case and the "mad stone," in which some professed great confidence, was applied. All seemed well until Friday, 7th inst., when slight indisposition was noticed, which increased, and spasms of the muscles concerned in swallowing were discovered, especially when she attempted to drink, or when the air was agitated before her. During Sunday the symptoms assumed a decided character, and violent convulsions resulted from the sight of fluids, and sleep without any obvious exciting cause; these became more severe and frequent, until 5 in the evening, when death closed the scene of her sufferings. She was entirely rational in the intervals, and recognized her acquaintances promptly.

Fire.—A few minutes after 12 o'clock on Sunday morning, a fire was discovered breaking out in the 5th Baptist Church, in street near 9th, Philadelphia, by a boy who was returning from the Theatre. He gave the alarm, and boldly dashed into the building through the window on the western side, containing in consequence much injury from the broken glass. There was much reason to believe from the appearance that the building had been set on fire, as it was found that a large quantity of wood had been placed in the fire furnace, which taking fire, the flames were carried on the strong current of air upwards, so as to be communicated to a lot of stoves and benches which had been piled over and near the ventilator. The damage was limited to the burning of some of the fixtures and the lathe and plaster wall, which separated the vestibule from the body of the church.—*Pennycuianian.*

Disabilities of Indian Blood.—During the present session of the Legislature, Mr. Moore of Baldwin presented the petition of James T. Blue and other citizens, praying that the right of suffrage be granted to William T. Powell, a large tax payer of Baldwin county, but who labors under the disability of aboriginal blood, as to suffrage and other civil rights. The committee on propositions and grievances to whom the petition was referred, reported unfavorably thereto. Mr. Moore opposed the motion to concur in the report, but was overruled by a large majority. It is said that the individual sought to be relieved, is a worthy, respectable and exemplary citizen, with only the eighth degree of aboriginal descent.—*Mon.*

Finances of the University.—The late annual report of the Trustees of the University of Alabama, estimates the income of the institution for the present year at \$22,200, and its expenses at \$13,650, leaving a balance of \$8,550 to be applied to the debt due the State Bank. Were the interest of this debt remitted, (and we believe both interest and principal ought to be) it would be extinguished by this annual balance, in less than eight years, without touching the capital stock.—*Id.*

Loose Laid in Life.—The following extraordinary statement appears in the Paris Journal of Commerce:

"Two individuals of Paraguay have been remarked for their attention to a lady residing in the same village. On Sunday the 3d Dec., the two rivals happened unfortunately to meet at the house of the lady, Madame N. A quarrel ensued, which would have been attended with unpleasant consequences, had they not been separated. The following day one of the parties was found dead in his bed. The authorities having been informed by public report that the death of the party was the result of the scene of the preceding day, an examination of the corpse was made, which demonstrated that death had been caused by a rupture of a blood-vessel of the heart. The deceased was 80 years of age, his rival 77, and the lady 60."

A poor negro at Ann Arbor, Michigan, was recently convicted of stealing an old pair of stockings, worth 50 cents, and thereupon sentenced by Judge Withersell to five years' hard labor in the State Prison. The N. Y. Tribune says:

In that State the most villainous seduction and adultery are no crimes, and there are men influential and honorable who are well known to have made fortunes by fraudulent banks and other genteel swindling. A hard world this, for little rascals.

TO TEACHERS.

At the recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University of Alabama, an Ordinance was passed, of which the following is a extract:

"Be it further Ordained, That the Faculty be authorized and requested to issue to the teacher or teachers of such of those applicants for admission to each succeeding Freshman class at its formation, as shall upon examination be found to be best prepared for entrance, a testimonial in writing of such superior preparation, and an expression of their approbation."

The next Freshman class will be formed on the first day of January, 1845, on which occasion will be issued testimonials in form, as required by the foregoing ordinance.

The Faculty give notice further, that, owing to the very defective preparation in Arithmetic of many candidates for admission, they have determined upon a more rigid examination on that subject in the formation of succeeding classes; and that, to secure uniformity of preparation, they have adopted Bernard's Arithmetic, as the treatise on which every candidate will be examined.

The Faculty have also adopted Andrew's and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, and candidates will be examined on no other.

By order of the Faculty.

F. A. F. BARNARD, Sec'y.

University of Alabama, January 6, 1844.

Editors of the State of Alabama, friendly to the cause of Education, are requested to give the foregoing a few insertions.

Jan. 20, 1844.

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## THE PSALMIST.

A new collection of Hymns for the use of the Baptist Churches.

BY HARMON OWEN &amp; S. F. SMITH.

This work contains nearly Twelve Hundred Hymns, original and selected, together with a collection of Chants, and Selections for Chanting at the end.

The numerous and urgent calls which have for a long time been made, for various sections of the country, for a new collection of Hymns, that should be adapted to the wants of the Churches generally, is hoped will here be fully met.

Surprising as it may appear to those who are aware of the great diversity of opinion and taste everywhere existing in reference to hymns used in public worship, this new collection meets with almost universal favor. Its rapid introduction into churches in various parts of the country; the numerous testimonials of approval and commendation daily received; in connection with the acknowledged ability of the editors; the uncommon facilities enjoyed by them, of drawing from the best sources in this and other countries; the great care with which the compilation has been made; the new, convenient, and systematic plan of arrangement adopted; give the publishers full confidence in the superior merits of the work.

In addition to the protracted labor of the editors, the proof sheets have all been submitted to a Committee composed of members of high standing in different parts of the Union, by whose critical examination and important suggestions the value of the work has been greatly enhanced.

All of Watts' hymns, possessing lyrical spirit, and suited to the worship of a Christian assembly, are inserted; and a large number of hymns heretofore unknown in this country, have been introduced. The distinction of psalms and hymns, usually made in other collections, it will be perceived, has been avoided in this, and all have been arranged together, under their appropriate heads and numbered in regular, unbroken succession.

There are three valuable indexes—a "General Index" of subjects, a "Psalm Index," and an extended and very valuable "Scripture Index."

Notice of the Am. Bapt. Publication &amp; S. S. Society, Phil.

The Board of Directors of the American Baptist Publication Society, induced by the numerous and urgent calls, which, for a long time, have been made from various sections of the country, for a new collection of Hymns that should be adapted to the wants of the churches generally, resolved, in the year 1841, to take immediate measures for the accomplishment of this object.

With this view, a committee, consisting of Rev. W. T. Brantley, D. D. of South Carolina, Rev. J. L. Dagg, of Alabama, Rev. R. B. H. Smith, of Tennessee, Rev. W. Lynd, D. D. of Ohio, Rev. J. B. Taylor, of Virginia, Rev. S. P. Hill, of Maryland, Rev. G. B. Ide, and W. W. Griswold, of Pennsylvania, and Rev. W. R. Williams, D. D. of New York, was appointed to prepare and superintend the proposed collection.

It was, however, subsequently ascertained that a similar work had been undertaken by Messrs. Gould, Kendall &amp; Lincoln, Publishers, of Boston, and that Rev. R. B. Stowe and Rev. S. F. Smith, whose services they had engaged, had already commenced their labor.

From the well-known ability of these gentlemen, there seemed good reason to expect a valuable collection, and one that would fully meet the end which the Board contemplated. In order, therefore, to avoid the unnecessary multiplication of Hymn Books, it was deemed expedient by the Board, to unite, if possible, with the above named publishers. Accordingly, the manuscript of Messrs. Stowe and Smith having been examined, and found quite satisfactory, arrangements were made to have the sheets as they were issued from the press, submitted to the committee of the Board, with the understanding, that, if, after such alterations and improvements as might be suggested, it should meet their approval, the Board would adopt it as their own.

This approval having been obtained, the Board voted unanimously to adopt and publish the work, and have negotiated with Gould, Kendall &amp; Lincoln, to that effect.

Signed by order and on behalf of the Board J. M. PECK, Cor. Sec. Am. Bapt. Publication S. S. Society, Philadelphia, May 18, 1843.

Certificate of the Committee appointed by the American Baptist Publication and Sunday School Society.

The undersigned having been requested by the Board of Directors of the American Baptist Publication and Sunday School Society, to examine the proof sheets of "THE PSALMIST," edited by the Rev. R. B. Stowe and Rev. S. F. Smith, and to suggest such amendments as might seem expedient to render the work more acceptable to the churches throughout our country, hereby certify that they have performed the service assigned them, and unite in recommending the work as one well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, JAMES B. TAYLOR, GEORGE B. IDE, JOHN L. DAGG, RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, W. T. BRANTLEY, STEPHEN P. HILL, R. B. HOWELL, SAMUEL W. LYND, United Testimony of the Pastors of the Baptist Churches in Boston and vicinity.

Messrs. GOULD, KENDALL &amp; LINCOLN—Permit us to take this method of expressing our great satisfaction with the Collection of Hymns which you have of late published for the use of the Baptist denomination.

As Pastors, we have long felt the need of some book different from any which could be obtained, and we have looked forward with interest to the time when your proposed work should be issued from the press.

This work is now completed, and before the public, and from its attractive and careful examination of its pages, we are prepared to give it a hearty recommendation.

It is clear in its arrangement, sound in doctrine, rich in sentiment, sweet and beautiful in its poetry, and in our opinion, most admirably adapted to the wants of the denomination. We cannot but hope, therefore, that it will soon be adopted by all our churches.

DANIEL SMITH, J. W. PARKER, R. H. NEALE, BRADLEY MINER, W. H. HAGUE, J. W. OLNEY, ROBERT TURNBULL, JOSEPH BARNARD, NATHANIEL COLVER, SILAS B. RANDALL, W. F. CALDWELL, THOMAS DRIVER, W. H. SHILLER, Boston, 1843.

From the Professors of Newton Theological Institution.

Union of judgment in regard to all the principles which should regulate the preparation of a Hymn Book both as to the character of the hymns, and as to the omission and alterations in the case of selected hymns that have long been in use, is not to be expected. We are free, however, to say, that in copiousness of subject in adaptation to the various occasions of worship, in devout and poetic character, and in general excellence, we regard the work as eminently superior to collections now in common use.

BENJAMIN STARR, Prof. and Prof. of Christian Theology. JAMES CHASE, Prof. of Ecclesiastical History.

H. J. RIPLEY, Prof. of Sac. Rhet. and Pastoral Duties. HORATIO B. HACKETT, Prof. of Bib. Literature and Interpretation.

The Price of the 12mo. pulpit size, in splendid binding, at from \$1.50 to 3.00. 18mo. pwp size handsomely bound in sheep, at 75 cts., 32mo. pocket size, handsomely bound in sheep, at 62 1/2 cts. The different sizes are also bound in various extra styles, price corresponding.

A liberal discount to churches introducing it, where a number of copies are purchased. Copies furnished for examination on application to the subscribers.

GOULD, KENDALL &amp; LINCOLN, 59 Washington street, Boston, October 28, 1843.

CUNNINGHAMS &amp; CLOCK, Commission Merchants, No. 60, Commerce Street, MOBILE.

T. &amp; J. Cunningham, Wm. R. Cunningham, D. Clock.

Agents of the Augusta Insurance and Banking Company, Nov. 25, 1843.

RATIAN &amp; GRIFFIN, WHOLESALE GROCERS, 31 Commerce and 31 Front Streets, MOBILE.

MICHAEL RATIAN, ARTHUR M. GRIFFIN, Nov. 15, 1843.

BOARDING IN THE INSTITUTE.

It is desirable, that all young ladies whose friends do not reside in town, should board in the family of the Steward. The highest advantages of the Institution

cannot be realized by those who board elsewhere. Board as cheap in the Institute as in any private family. Young ladies boarding in it are always under the supervision of the Teachers; they have regular hours of study and recreation; habits of order, system, punctuality, neatness and economy are constantly fostered. They also enjoy an amount of moral and religious culture, which cannot be extended to others less favorably situated. All pupils boarding in the Institute are much benefited in their studies, and in every thing that pertains to the formation of a high moral and religious character, than those who board out of it. NOTICE—Board has been announced to commence a year, in the Institute, and that of next month, commencing always with the first of October. On this plan, daughters will be at home with their parents, during the hot and unhealthy months of August and September, while the winter months, the golden season of study, will be spent at school.

The new session will commence on Tuesday, the 1st day of October. It is of great importance to the pupils to be present at the opening of the session. Those who are first on the ground will have the first choice of the arrangements of the Dormitories, Wash Room, and Toilet Cabinet.

CIRCULAR.

The Trustees deem this a fit opportunity to commend the Judean Institute anew to the confidence and patronage of an intelligent public.

The facts and principles brought to view in the foregoing pages clearly show, that the Institution possesses every requisite which can be demanded, to constitute a Female Seminary of the very highest order of excellence. An able FACULTY of Teachers, at the head of Science and Literature, united to the experience of nearly twenty years, spent in teaching, and who has presided five years over the Institute with unequalled success; a Professor of Music, of decidedly superior merit, both in his profession, and as a gentleman of high standing in the community and in the church, aided by LADIES, who yield the palm to none of their sex in that department; a Seminary Edifice, spacious, commodious and elegant; a Library and Apparatus, superior to any found in any Female Seminary in the State; a system of instruction and discipline, which commands the admiration of all intelligent judges; the attention of the Teachers and of the Steward and his Lady to the Health, Manners, and Morals of the Pupils, the number of students, and their proficiency in all that pertains to a useful and ornamental education; these are things which combine to form a Seminary of pre-eminence, and these things are all found existing in the Judean Institute.

The stability and permanency of the Institute will also attract the attention of the patrons of learning. While most of the schools in our towns and villages are changing books and teachers every year, and are often suspended or broken up; while, with one exception, every other Female Seminary in the State, has changed its principal teachers several times, within a few years past, the Judean Institute has been conducted by the same Principal for five successive years, and most of the present Assistant Teachers have been connected with him for three years. Thus it will be seen that in the permanent character of its instruction and government, as well as in its elevated course of study, and in the honors it bestows, it is really a FEMALE COLLEGE, deserving the support of all Parents and Guardians, who would commit to their daughters and wards, a truly liberal education.

E. D. KING, President. L. GOREE, J. L. GOREE, O. G. EILAND, J. LOCKHART, Wm. H. HORNBECK, Wm. W. WYTT, Trustees.

July 4th, 1843.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

It is proposed to publish in the town of Marion, Perry County Alabama, a weekly Religious Paper, with the above title.

To illustrate and support the distinguishing doctrine and usages of the Baptist Denomination, will be prominent objects of this paper.

It will furnish a medium of inter-communication among the Churches, and its readers will constantly have before them intelligence from individual Ministers, from Churches, District Meetings, Associations, and from the Executive Board of the Baptist State Convention.

To render this interchange of opinion frequent, and to have our doctrine intelligently and promptly thrown into circulation, it is obvious that we must have a paper within our own limits—we cannot depend on one issued in another State. The news becomes stale, when it must be forwarded to some distant point for publication; afterwards brought back, and then begin to take its rounds among our families.

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST will contain information respecting the operations of the Bible, Missionary, Tract, Sabbath School and Temperance Societies. It is intended, also, that it shall present such views of Christian Education, General Morality, and Practical Piety, as will make it a valuable FAMILY PAPER.

The paper will be conducted, (for the present) by an Association of BROTHERS, who enjoy the entire confidence of the Churches, and are deeply interested in the prosperity of the Denomination, and in the general progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

TERMS: THE ALABAMA BAPTIST will be published weekly, on an Imperial sheet, with fair type, and furnished to subscribers, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable IN ADVANCE.

Factorage and Commission Business.

THE undersigned have this day entered into co-partnership, and will carry on the Factorage and Commission business, under the firm of Callaway &amp; Parks. They solicit the patronage of their friends and the public, and hope that their united exertions and personal attention to business will enable them to give entire satisfaction to all who may intrust their business to their care. All orders for Groceries, Bagging, Rope, &amp;c., will be promptly filled, and no commission charged when funds are in hand.

LEWEL CALLAWAY, WILLIAM A. PARKS, Mobile, June 1st, 1843. [Oct 14-37.]

Dr. E. R. SHOWALTER

WOULD respectfully inform the public, that in addition to a large and fresh assortment of Drugs, Medicines, &amp;c., he has on hand a splendid stock of

Piano and Guitar Music, embracing Songs, Marches, Waltzes, Variations, Rondes, Duets, Quadrilles, &amp;c., which he offers for sale on very moderate terms.

ALSO A valuable assortment of BOOKS AND STATIONERY. Marion, August 19th, 1843. 29-3m.

NIRAM GRIFING, JOHN A. BATTLE, GRIFFIN &amp; BATTLE, WHOLESALE GROCERS, No. 34, COMMERCE STREET, Mobile, Alabama.

REFER TO Rev. Alexander Travis, Conecuh County. "J. H. DeVoe, Perry. "Wm. H. Linam, Esq. Wilcox. "David Carter, Esq. Butler. "Capt. John Fox, Monroe. "Judge Ringold, Marengo.

THO. CHILTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND Solicitor in Chancery, Marion, Perry Co., Ala. Office in the brick building, south of the Court-house. January 3, 1844. 17

BLANKS of all descriptions just printed and for sale at this Office.

## Miscellaneous Department.

From the Saturday Museum. GEORGE DAMER.

BY ELAZA S. PRATT.

## CHAPTER I. The Horsechipping.

And we—what are we? The creatures of destiny, borne by the tide of the heart, on—on to an ocean of eternity. Can you turn the current of the sea, little back the waves that break with a thunder storm upon the shore? No! nor can mortal man turn the tide of a heart; that links with its mysterious functions, soul, body and mind forever and ever. Born from a God-like essence, it gathers new strength as it recedes from the shore, wave leaps on wave, till the mighty torrent endures all, bears all, but conquers all. Now for the illustration—reader, pause!

'Where's George?' said Mr. Damer—a stout fisted farmer, with a black beard and whiskers, and mused enough in his arm for two common men—as he entered his house one warm summer afternoon, and looked around among his group of sturdy boys and girls, for the one in question. But the boy was missing.

'Where's George, I say,' repeated the man in a louder tone, 'do you know where the young rascal is, any of ye?'

'I guess he's up in his chamber, father,' said a sweet little girl of six years, her eyes filling with tears, and her voice trembling as she spoke. 'I heard somebody going up real easy, about two hours ago; shall I call him, father—I'm sure George wouldn't run away.'

'Go, Mary,' said Mr. Damer, in a slightly softened tone, 'tell him I want him, quick.'

As the child went out, Mrs. Damer laid down her work, glanced at her husband, and after hesitating a moment, evidently uneasy, rose and went after her daughter. But the boy was not to be found. The house was searched from cellar to garret, garden and barn hunted, and 'George! George!' echoed from the youngest to the eldest, from the father's stentorian lungs to the mother's mild, sweet voice—for she would have done anything to save her boy from a thrashing, which she had good reason to expect from the storm that was brewing.

'Always out of the way!' said Mr. Damer, clenching his fist, and rudely pushing Mary aside as he strode from the door, already black in the face with passion, and his eyes flashing fire. 'I'll teach the young rascal a lesson he won't forget very soon, if I can once catch him. Hid away somewhere with a book, I'll warrant ye—that's always his cut, shirking clear of every thing he can, and filching all the old books and newspapers can lay his hand on, from Dan to Beersheba. He's an idle, good-for-nothing rascal, and I'll beat it out of him, or break his bones, yet!'

Mrs. Damer stepped forward, pale as death, and laid her hand on his arm.

'Don't whip him now, I beg of you; remember it was only last week you gave him such a flogging, and—and, all for nothing, as it proved, for he had done his work then; and this morning he brought in all the wood, and water for me, every bit of it—he's more help to me than all the rest of the children together.'

So saying, he shook off the trembling hand that would have detained him, and taking a heavy horsewhip from the wagon at the door, walked off hither and thither, as if impatient to set it to work, and 'all the time muttering curses between his clenched teeth. The mother of the poor boy turned away, and wiped the tears from her face and said nothing. Little Mary cried as if her heart would break, and the two elder boys stood in the door, trying to whistle, and to look careless; but the quivering lip barred all their efforts, and they stole off into the haymow with tears on their cheeks. There they plotted together, in a slow whisper, and had they come to the conclusion soon enough, their brother might have been saved by the united strength of the two, for they grew almost desperate as they thought of the terrible horse whip, and the danger to which he was exposed.

Mr. Damer had suddenly wanted the boy, he needed the assistance of three, was really in a hurry, and when he found one missing, and the one to whom he had always been snappish, if I may be permitted to use the term, and without any conceivable reason—his anger passed all bounds. He was naturally irascible, and now as he went forward, clenching his teeth and shaking his head, his passion rather increased than diminished, and when he reached the skirt of the wood, he felt prepared for almost anything. Had he once turned his head as he passed the turnip field, things might have taken a different course. The whole enclosure was nicely and completely hoed out, large as the task was for a boy of his size, and the hoe was clean, and hung glittering in the sun, from the nook of an apple tree. But all this was lost, for it was unseen by the father of the boy.

The beech woods were a favorite resort of George, when he could get away, with a book or a bit of paper, no matter how old, or worn, or greasy, it was food for him, and there lay his paradise. It was not long before Mr. Damer discovered the child, stretched at full length on a grassy mound beneath a tree. A brook ran purring and laughing at his feet—a thousand birds were singing around and above him—the green turf bespangled with flowers, filling the air with their delicious fragrance, and there, mid all the loveliness of a glorious summer day, lay that young boy feasting over a few worn and dirty leaves of an old Spectator! Tears were standing on his pale but intelligent face, though his lips were wreathed with a smile, and one small hand as it lay on the grass, grasped nervously the flowers, while his large, beautiful eyes turned rapidly and eagerly from side to side of the much loved page. He was wrapped in a world of ideal, but blissful feeling, and the sight might have

moved almost any heart to love, and admiration for the boy, but it only served to increase the father's rage.

'George! George!'—no answer.

'What are you here for, you young, idle, good-for-nothing scape grace, when you ought to be in the turnip field, to work? I'll teach you better, sir, get up quick, and come here!'

'Still there was no answer. The boy was smiling and weeping in ecstasy, and heard not a syllable of his father's words. He approached a step nearer, brandishing the whip.

'Hollo! I say, what are you about sir?—You had better mind your father, I can tell ye!'

Mr. Damer was within a few steps of his son, but so wrapped was the boy in that dirty scrap of book, that one in ten thousand of modern readers would scarcely dare to look upon, much less to read—such a luxury was it to the poor child to have the muse of thought, and feeling laid open to him by the master pen of Addison, which, young as he was, he could comprehend; that the outer world was entirely forgotten, and he continued to read, perfectly unconscious of the approach of his father.

A heavy, setting, terrible blow descended quick as a flash of lightning, on his almost uncovered shoulders, for his jacket was thrown aside from the heat of the day. He leaped to his feet and with horror beheld his father with the horse whip raised aloft him.

'Oh! father!'

'You rascal! you dog!' shouted the man with fury, as if all the demons of hell were let loose in his heart. 'The blows descended thick and fast, upon the shoulders and back of the innocent child, but after the first shriek, after the first exclamation, he was passive and calm as a martyr. His lips were pale and quivering, but not another tear touched his cheek, and those large, black, expressive eyes were raised and fixed with a singular look upon his father. That look was the precursor of the man, the spirit of the man working in the child, and seemed to say: 'do your utmost, I can bear and triumph over all.'

Not an expression of pain, not a murmuring word escaped him, through the whole terrible flagellation, mingled as it was with the oaths and curses of the father, and continued till the blood oozed from the lacerated skin, spotting his shirt and thin trousers, and trickling down upon his naked feet.

Then the whip was thrown aside, half from exhaustion and half from wonder at the singular and manly fortitude of the boy, for even a Spartan mother might have looked with admiration on the brave little fellow.

But as the merciless instrument of torture was thrown to the ground, the boy spoke.

'You will be sorry for this, father!'—then the eyelids closed and the long black lashes drooped over his pale cheeks, he stepped back and fainted. There he lay among the blossoming flowers, his cheek pressed to the cool grass, and the book hugged to his bosom, even in his insensibility.

Poor George did not come home till night fall. Then he stole away very softly to his bed in the garret, for he wished to escape observation, not from any craven fear, but because he would not pain his mother and little sister, whom he loved with all his heart.

But a few moments after the door softly opened, and 'George! George!' repeated in a low, sweet voice. It was his mother, and as the little fellow heard the kind, gentle tones of that affectionate parent, he sat up in the bed, and began to sob for the first time since his father so brutally beat him—Mrs. Damer had brought up his supper, hoping to find him there and yet almost fearing and trembling to see him. She sat down the plate of bread and butter, clasped her poor boy in her arms and wept with him—He was her favorite child, always gentle and affectionate, when he could be so, he was nevertheless ill treated by the father, and of course more doted upon—the more loved by the mother. When he found she was crying the brave little fellow, with a desperate effort, forced back his tears, and winding his lacerated arms around her neck, he kissed her and tried to soothe her.

'Don't cry, mother, dear mother, I am not much hurt,' said he, looking affectionately into her face and trying to smile, but the wet eyelids drooped, and he hid his face in her bosom.

'You did not deserve this, my noble boy!' she murmured, kissing his forehead, 'your father will be sorry for it some day; yes, my child, God will bless you, and when you are a man, such as my heart tells me you will be, then he will think of this, and weep, and tremble, and pray for it, even to his very grave.'

'I know it, mother, I told him so,' said the boy raising his head, his eyes sparkling with an unearthly light—but 'I am glad of it now; it has opened a new world to me—a new light broke upon me, even while I was standing there, with the whip playing like a scorpion about my shoulders; and mother, mother, it almost dazzled me with its brilliancy—the mighty future lay unfolded like a great sea before me, and I launched on its bosom in a flood of gold; I didn't feel the whip, I only thought of that—and then—and then—mother, how old am I?'

'Fourteen, my son,' said she looking on her boy with astonishment, for she had never heard language like that, from his lips before.

'Yes, this morning I was fourteen, but I am much older now, mother,' said he, withdrawing his arms from her neck, and looking strangely beautiful, as he turned his eyes upward, and clasped his hands on his bosom—'I tell you, mother, tis the pulses of the heart, the thoughts of the brain, that make the time, and oh! how fearfully fast have I lived since morning! Your boy is almost a man, in heart, mother—yes, he whispered, 'I will never trouble father to horse whip me again, I can take care of myself, now.'

Mrs. Damer drew back with tears in her eyes, and scarcely dared to answer the child

before her. A mighty change had indeed come over him—the spirit of the poor, abused boy, had suddenly grown into power and might, till he was as much above his oppressor, as the stars are above the earth.

At that moment little Mary crept softly in, in her night gown, with a large piece of apple pie in her hand. She was a beautiful child, with deep, loving blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets playing over an open, laughing brow. The traces of tears were on her rosy cheeks, but she smiled as she saw her brother sitting up, and laying the pie on the plate, she climbed upon the bed, and winding her little arms around his neck, kissed him with the tenderness of a warm hearted child.

'I have brought you some pie, dear George,' said she, 'I didn't wait any supper myself, and saved it for you, because I know you are hungry. Father shan't whip you again, he shan't—he shan't!' she continued, sobbing aloud, while the poor boy pressed her to his heart, and began to cry himself, at this new proof of affection.

'No, no, sis, he won't whip me again, never—never!'

'I knew he wouldn't, I would go between you, and he might beat me to death, I should not care, but he never shall touch you again, dear, good, kind George! I am sure you are ten thousand times better than father ever was, or ever will be.'

'No, not good,' murmured the boy, 'but I will always be kind to you, poor child!—God bless you my sweet sister, good night—go now,' and putting her gently from him, she slipped away, and obeyed him without another word. The mother held a long conference with her son; it was midnight before she left him, and once more he was alone with his heart.

[To be continued.]

## Poetical Department.

'THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.'

Yes, there's no place like home, 'tis at God's holy shrine,

Where high thoughts are kindled, and feelings divine;

Where the anthems of praise so melodiously roll,

There's the home of devotion—the home of the soul.

As weary and sad, through this lone "valley of tears,"

Our steps we pursue, filled with doubts and with fears.

How the Spirit's sweet breathings calm peace can impart,

In this home of devotion—this home of the heart.

Tho' darkness and gloom overshadow our path,

And the world's blighting tempest comes on in its wrath;

Yet on Jesus' kind breast we repose all our care,

In this home of devotion—this sweet home of prayer.

As the Sabbath calm hours we delightfully spend,

In holding sweet converse, with Jesus, our friend;

Though often our thoughts to our absent friends roam,

Yet we feel that God's house is the Christian's own home.

And trusting in Jesus, almighty to save,

We rob death of its sting—of its victory, the grave;

All honor and glory, and praise shall be given,

While we swell the full song in that better home—Heaven.

Anonymous.

The following is the thrilling and effective Song, which was given with such splendid effect by Mr. Russell, during his Concerts in this city last week.—Savannah Republic.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire! Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire! Shivering she watches by the crackling grate! For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

'Hark! 'Tis his footsteps! No!—'Tis past!—'Tis gone!'

'Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on! Why should he leave me thus!—He once was kind.'

And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!—How blind!'

'Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry! Sleep!—For there is no food!—The font is dry! Famine and cold their wearying work have done, My heart must break!—And thou!—The clock strikes one.'

'Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yea! he's there! he's there! For this!—for this he leaves me to despair! Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what!'

The wanton's smile! the villain—and the foe!—'Yet I'll not curse him, Not in this ill-ventured! 'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again! And I could starve and bleed him but for you, My child!—his child! Oh, fend!—The clock strikes two.'

'Hark! How the sign board creaks! The blast how it blows! Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky! Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more! 'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!'

'Can he desert us thus! He knows I stay Night after night in loneliness to pray For his return—and yet he sees no tear! No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!'

'Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart! Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part! Husband! I die!—Father!—It is not he! Oh, God! protect my child!—The clock strikes three.'

BOARDING.

Mrs. LOUISA SCHROEDER, Corner of St. Francis and Franklin streets. MOBILE. December 30, 1843. 48

TO THE FRIENDS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

A YOUNG LADY of undoubted qualifications, wishes a situation in some private family or public school for the present year. Enquire of the subscriber. A. GRAHAM. Jan. 10, 1844—18