

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Edited by an Association of Brethren.

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

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TERMS.

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST will be published every Saturday morning, on an imperial sheet, with fair new type, and furnished to subscribers on the following terms:

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Letters on business connected with the office, must be free of postage, or they will not be attended to.

All Baptist Ministers are requested to act as Agents, and to send in the Names and Post Office of subscribers to an early day.

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TAKE NOTICE.—We repeat, ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS, containing names of subscribers, money, &c., should be directed to Rev. J. H. De Vries, Treasurer of the Alabama Baptist.

Not to be preached, by the pastor of the first church in a village, to his people, but which he would preach, if he could, to all the churches and pastors in the South-West.

Part II, 10.—That ye may approve things that are excellent.

This is the season of which our churches, generally, renew their engagements with their pastors for the year, and the pastors desire, what labors they will undertake; and where they will bestow them. We wish therefore to say a few words to both parties. We are now, brethren, comparatively an old man. We have been in the ministry twenty-three years, and a pastor, eighteen years. We have had ample opportunity for observation and experience. You will, therefore, hear what we have to say kindly, and affectionately.

To the Churches throughout the Southwest.—That ye may approve things that are excellent. Well, what things? I answer, the following excellent things:—

Each of you ought to have entirely the services of your Pastor. He should be required to live in the midst of you; preach to you, at your own house of worship, every Lord's day; and visit, and hold prayer meetings, in your neighborhoods, all the week. You have been satisfied with too little religious instruction, and especially with too little pastoral attention. The cause is suffering, and will, unless more is done, suffer irreparably.

But, perhaps you think you are unable to support your Pastor wholly yourselves, and wish him to take another Church, so that you may have assistance by relinquishing a part of his labors. Then secure him for half his time, if you can do no better, and see that he serves you. No minister can do full justice to even two much less to three or four Churches. This way of preaching, but once a month, and performing almost no pastoral services, will starve out any church. The time was when nothing better could be done, but it is not so now, the practice is continued; we suspect, mostly from mere habit. It ought to be, and, I trust, it soon will be reformed.

In relation to the obligation of supporting ministers, we need say very little. You all admit that it is your duty. Some we know, laymen and preachers too, say that a preacher ought not to be paid. Very well, if he attends to his own business all the week, and just goes and preaches on Sunday, and goes back to his own affairs, as but too many have been in the habit of doing, we agree with them. Such preachers ought not to be paid. If there is any pay in the case, those who hear deserve it as much as those who preach. But, if the minister is really a Pastor, he needs support, and God requires that you shall give it, as you can, with only a little prudence and management, give it much more easily than you have supposed. Do you ask, how? We answer, discard the notion, (we speak of country Churches more particularly) that whatever you subscribe for that purpose, must be in money. Money is difficult to get, and, therefore, your pastor's share of what little comes to you is likely to be very small. Remember that he has a family, and consider that they want many other things besides money. They must have a house to live in, clothes to wear, and food to eat. How will you go to work? Why let each church secure a few acres of land, near the place of worship, and build a house upon it. A plain cheap house will do very well. Put your pastor there. That is, as the Scotch call it, your *Manse*. One important point is now gained. A hundred or two dollars a year for rent is saved. Then subscribe what money you are sure you will, with God's blessing, pay, for he must have some money. The remainder you can make up by subscribing: one, so many barrels of corn another, so many bushels of wheat, or barrels of flour; and another, so many hundred weight of pork, and so on, as respects all the articles required. Then, send them to him at the proper time. You need not put yourselves to the trouble to sell these, and get the money for them. If you do, your pastor must take the money and go and buy, and probably at an advanced price the very same articles. Send them to him directly and you will save both yourself and him a great deal of useless expense and labor. Thus you can handsomely sustain your Pastor, very easily.

You one thing, however, we must insist, and that is, that you never deceive your pastor, by telling him, or otherwise making him believe, that you will pay him money, or otherwise making him believe, that you will pay him money, or anything else, at a certain time, for his support, and then neglect it entirely, or fail to do it promptly. If you are not certain, do not promise it. If you suspect that probably you will do nothing or very little, say so. Be frank. To deceive your pastor as churches often do, in such things, is wrong, it is cruel, it is wicked. It will surely be attended with most disastrous results. It will produce in the bosom of your Pastor a feeling unfavorable to successful preaching; it will lower his opinion of your Christian character, and consequently will cool his love for you, check his desires and exertions for your welfare; will subject him to the mortification of failing to meet his own obligations, into which he has entered upon the faith of your promises; his character and influence will then sink with his creditors, and the community, and in this way his power of usefulness will then be bridged. Thus a miserable condition of things will be brought about, such as no church should voluntarily incur. Again, therefore, we say, brethren, do not we beg you, do not in any thing deceive your pastor. Tell him candidly what he is much or little, he may depend upon; and then meet, to the full, and at the time your obligations.

We will say no more to the Churches in these notes, but leave you to digest this lesson, carefully.

To the Pastors throughout the South-West.—That ye may approve things that are excellent—we will say a few words.

Brethren, if you can in any way be sustained by one church, never take two; and if two are necessary, do not take more. Accept each of you, the pastoral charge of as few Churches as possible. It is wrong for you to undertake what you know you cannot do, and you cannot perform, as it should be, the pastoral office in three or four congregations. It is not necessary that you should try, because there are other ministers, now disengaged, with whom you may share the labor. To you we say, do not deceive the Churches, by promising to be their Pastors and failing; and fail you surely do, if you only preach to them once a month, and scarcely in a whole year, visit five families among them.

We have known neighborhoods in which two or three or more ministers resided, and because one of them was superior in some respects, he was pastor of all the churches, and the others had no regular charge. This we take it, is wrong—decidedly wrong! You ought not to do this, nor allow it to be done. But, perhaps you are told that these unoccupied ministers are incompetent—that they cannot preach, or they are not orthodox, or that their manners are repulsive, or their temper incompatible, or that they are of questionable morals or some such thing. Then we say, they should not be ministers, and the sooner you disrobe them of their official functions the better. You probably, ought not, at first to have ordained them. Ordinations have been lamentably base in our land. A brother, because he wishes to preach, or is zealous, or can pray, or exhort well, must not necessarily, therefore, be ordained. Be certain to ordain no man, who is not competent to be a pastor. If there are preachers enough to supply each church, let every church have its own pastor. What if some one of your number is much superior to the others? If the churches wish to hear him, let the pastors frequently exchange pulpits on the Sabbath. In this way all the people may be benefited, and all the ministers be employed. Brethren, ministers, you can arrange this matter, and it is your duty to do it. Then you will bring fully into the field all the strength you have, and the results will be most happy.

Perturb a few remarks to you, brother ministers, about your support. Do not, we pray you, be so reluctant to speak of this topic in the pulpit. The duty of ministerial support is a part of the Gospel, and if you do not instruct your churches in it as a matter of principle, you are not faithful to them or to God. If you have not carefully taught them this, as well as every other duty, how could you say with Paul—"I have not shunned to declare to you the whole counsel of God"? How can you expect them to be conscientiously careful in this particular? If they fail, and you and they both suffer for it, it is more your fault than it is theirs. You have yourself to blame. You deserve the neglect with which you are visited.

Again, upon this subject. When your people consult you about your annual allowance, be frank and candid. Tell them exactly the state of the case, what your circumstances are, and what you will expect. Have a perfect understanding with them. If you will not do this, and the Churches do not meet your expectations, do not, we pray you, feel bad and complain and all that. Your Churches have probably been expecting one thing and another. You have been so reserved, and dark about the matter, that they do not know what you want or what to do. Understand each other distinctly. Then let the Deacons, the divinely appointed financial officers of the Church, do their duty, and all will be well.

Respecting your office as Bishops, dear brethren, suffer a few suggestions, in regard to two points of duty.

In the first place, to preaching.—Seek to impart a LARGER AMOUNT OF SCRIPTURAL KNOWLEDGE. Our people need more information on nearly all doctrinal subjects. This is necessary in order to their steadfastness, comfort, and usefulness. If you would preserve your Churches from being carried away by Antiism, or the one hand, or Campbellism, or the other; if you would have them vigorous and prosperous, instruct them thoroughly. We are not opposed to feeling, or excitement. We think men must be excited. But in producing feeling you are generally sufficiently successful. Before, however, you seek to excite, thoroughly imbue your people with knowledge. Then—

"If you have whispered truth, Whisper no longer, But speak as the thunder doth, Sterner and stronger."

In the second place, be more sedulous and constant in the performance of your pastoral duties. Here, we apprehend, our ministry generally are most deficient. Visit, dear brethren, as often as possible, every family, any of whose members attend your preaching, in the kindest and most delicate and affectionate manner; find out the spiritual condition of each inmate; converse with them all appropriately; and, if practicable, invariably read the scriptures and pray with them, before you leave them. Repeat this process as frequently as you can. When you go to a house, do not stay too long. We have seen ministers who would remain for hours, lolling about, chatting, and cracking jokes on all subjects! Brethren, this will never do—it is, in a Pastor, disastrous, sinful. Feel, always, the dignity of your calling; be industrious; do what your duty requires at one house, and go on to another. Continue in this work, and you will soon find that you can preach, and pray too, much better, because you will better understand the wants of your people, and feel much more engaged for their salvation; your congregations will be greatly larger and more attentive, and your churches will be more religious and faithful. You will also soon be convinced, whatever may be your preaching abilities, that in all that pertains to the conversion of sinners, attaching Christians to the cause of Christ, and building up your churches, you will do about FIVE TIMES as much OUT OF THE PULPIT, as you CAN DO IN IT.

Softer, brethren, a word on another subject. Cultivate, in the pulpit, and out of it, the warmest feelings of affection for all classes of men. Never withhold any part of what you believe to be the truth. Preach it, pungently, but affectionately, in a tender style, and never denounce any one. Treat, with great forbearance, our anti-missionary brethren, and win them if possible. Most of those who are inimical to us, are good men, but have their judgments misled. Gain their affections, secure their confidence, convince them that you know more of the Bible than they do, and then, and not before, you can enlighten them, and they will instantly be with you. Adopt as your model Cowper's beautiful description of a faithful minister:

"Simple, grave, sincere, In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain; And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste, And natural in gesture—much impressed Himself, as conscious of his awful charge, And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds May feel it too, affectionate in look, And tender in address, as well becomes A messenger of grace to guilty men."

So much we have thought it proper now to say to our Churches, and their Pastors. We deem them necessary, infinitely important, "excellent things." Beloved brethren, do you "approve" them?

It remains only that we offer a few words of APPLICATION.

Churches, Pastors:—Ye are the salt of the earth; ye are the light of the world. Study closely, carefully, the Word of God; be instant, and fervent, in prayer; be faithful, in all things, and faithful unto death. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Honor your own principles, and they will be honored by others. Thus, only, can you make them triumphant.

Beloved Churches and Pastors:—It is time for us to cast aside loitering and indolence, and to be in earnest. Enemies to truth and holiness are multiplying on every side. Dangers are thickening around us. Souls are perishing. Up, then, do your master's work. We have no more time for inglorious ease. "God expects every man to do his duty."

Character of Celebrated Infidels.

But to speak more directly of the morals of leading infidels. Bolingbroke was a libertine, of intemperate habits and unstrained lust. Temple was a corrupter of all that came near him—given up to ease and pleasure. Emerson, an eminent mathematician, was "rude, vulgar, and frequently immoral; intoxication and profane language were familiar to him. Towards the close of life, being afflicted with the stone, he would crawl about the floor on his hands and knees, sometimes praying, sometimes swearing." The morals of the Earl of Rochester are well known. Godwin was a lewd man by his own confession, as well as the unblushing advocate of lewdness. Shaftesbury and Collins, while endeavoring to destroy the Gospel, partook of the Lord's Supper, thus professing the Christian faith, for admission to office; a gross blasphemy. Blount solicited his sister-in-law to marry him, but being refused shot himself. Tindal was originally a protestant, then turned papist, then protestant again, merely to suit the times—and was, at the same time, infamous for vice in general, and total want of principle.—He is said to have died with this prayer in his mouth: "If there is a God, I desire that he may have mercy on me." Hobbes wrote his Leviathan to serve the cause of Charles I.; but finding him likely to fail of success, he turned it to the defence of Cromwell, and made a merit of this fact to the usurper; as Hobbes him-

self unblushingly declared to Lord Clarendon. Need I describe Voltaire—prince of scoffers, as Hume was prince of sceptics—in childhood initiated into infidelity; in youth infamous for daring blasphemy; in manhood distinguished for a malignant and violent temper, for cold-blooded disruptions of all ties and decencies of the family circle, for the ridicule of whatever was affecting, and for the violation of whatever was confidential.—Ever increasing in duplicity and hypocritical management with age and practice—those whom his wit attracted and his buffoonery amused, were either disgusted or polluted by his loathsome views. Lies, and oaths in their support, were nothing to him. Those whom he openly called his friends, he took pains secretly to calumniate; flattering them to their faces, and ridiculing and reviling them behind their backs. Years only added stiffness to the disgusting features of his impiety, coldness to his dark malignity, and tort to his impetuous temper. Throughout life, he was given up "to work all uncleanliness with greediness." Such was the witty Voltaire, who, in the midst of all his levity, had feeling and seriousness enough to wish he had never been born.—[Dwight.]

"I am Nothing but a Drop."

This was the fig-leaf that a disciple tried to hang over his spiritual nakedness, as I was urging him up to duty. It was true once—but both true and false now.

1. True once. When he first enrolled himself among the people of God he was but a drop. But that was all I expected, and was not discouraged. Hope said, with a voice of sweetest music, that drop will be a rivulet, and the rivulet a river. And every blessed influence was put in motion to keep his prophetic character untarnished. And because of such influences I expected that faith's wings would lose their pin-feathers and become like eagles'; and that love would totter and vacillate, through reebleness, for a little period only, and then be as a strong man to run a race; and that zeal would exchange its tattered garment for a cloak; and that the disciple, who was such a cripple at first, would ere long make kindling wood of his crutches, and boldly tread the ways of Zion in the greatness of his strength. "I kept on looking and hoping, getting a glimpse, now and then, as I thought, of the glimmering of a star, and then losing all sight of it in the gloom. The music that hope made began after a while to lose its sweetness, and at last, with a dirge that struck sadness through the soul, she packed up her instruments and left me to my loneliness."

He was a drop once; but I expected it would be only once. I as much expected to see that drop enlarge, till it should fertilize and refresh Zion, as that the sunshine and shower should bring from the precious seed, the flower and the fruit. A drop once—surely that was enough.

2. But he is a drop now. That is both true and false.

1. True—and that fact tells a sad tale of precious influences employed upon him in vain; Sabbaths and privileges misimproved; the Spirit grieved; the Saviour disobeyed; the hopes of saints disappointed! And Satan was glad that he could keep a drop from being anything more than a drop.

2. But it is false. That disciple a drop now! It is not so. Would that the influence for evil, for the long years of inefficient discipleship, had been no more than a drop. It has been vastly greater. When he allied himself with the people of God he brought with him into Zion an honorable name among men. There was previously integrity and uprightness. And when piety was added, what a basis for a noble character! What a point of advantage from which to start on a noble career of usefulness!

And when he confessed Christ before men, he drew the eyes of many upon him. And that profession was a commitment of himself, by a pledge as strong as any that can bind the human spirit, that he would seek the fullness of the stature of Christ, and make it the business and joy of his life to advance his divine kingdom. But connection with Zion seemed as rather the standing than the starting point. The piety that glimmered only, does but glimmer still. The drop remains a drop!

No, I must take that back. He is no longer a drop. His connection with the visible church has made him conspicuous. No less conspicuous than other things, is the fact that Zion's beauty and strength have not been augmented by this accession to her numbers. Sadly true that he is but a drop; or sadly false, in that he cannot but send wide an influence that is hurtful to Zion. It is not indeed the influence of error or vice, but it is the visible and widely seen fact that all the precious influences that combine to raise one to a high and holy devotedness to God have failed. All the graces of piety still languish. They all bear a sickly hue instead of the bloom of health. They totter from weakness instead of being strong to run a race.

He a drop! He might have been a river, rolling onward a deep and broad stream, and fertilizing, in all directions, the souls of men.

He a drop! No! Too many in Zion are gauging their characters by his, and fashioning their spiritual apparel by his, to make that true. Too many youthful disciples have cast their piety by the same mould to certify that he is only a drop. And too many there are of the followers of the world, who are thinking lightly of religion because it shines

so dimly in him—too many such to make the

pled possible that he is nothing but a drop. It is melancholy to think, when the church loses that disciple by his death, she will lose nothing but a drop!—[N. Y. Observer.]

CHRISTIANS DISSIMILAR.—We must not expect that all persons will see the truths of religion with equal distinctness, or feel an equal degree of joy, on being first brought from darkness into God's marvellous light. While some pass in a moment from the deepest anguish to the most rapturous emotions of joy and gratitude, others are introduced so gradually into the kingdom, that they are hardly able to tell when they entered it.—The subject may be illustrated by the different views and emotions which would be excited in three blind persons, of whom one should be restored to sight at midnight, another at dawn, and the third amid the splendors of the meridian sun. The first, whose sight might be as perfectly restored as that of the others, would yet doubt, for some time, whether any change had been effected in him, and tremble, lest the faint outlines of the objects around him, which he so distinctly discovered, should prove to be the creations of his own fancy. The second, whose sight, at first, felt almost assured of the change which had been wrought upon him, would yet experience a gradually-increasing confidence and hope, as the light brightened around him; while the third, upon whose surprised and dazzled vision burst at once the fullness of mid-day, would be transported, bewildered, almost overwhelmed with the excesses of surprise, and joy, and gratitude. [Dr. Payson.]

From the New York Observer.

"The Nights are so Long."

Among the incidents attendant upon my earliest labors in the ministry, were my visits to an aged invalid. The recollection of many others may have faded away; but one of these, in particular, is still fresh before me. Wearisome days and nights of grief had been appointed him, but he had so far recovered as to take his place at the domestic board. He wished to be there, though it must be with his lone invalid dish, "that it might seem as it used to." We were conversing in relation to himself. "Do you rest at night?" he was asked. "But poorly without the aid of opium," he replied; "I take a little—the nights are so long."

The nights are so long! Intervening years have not sufficed to erase those brief words from my mind, though others might not have heeded them, even when they were uttered.

But what was the night that is so long? Not that of eternal despair, for then it were truly long. Not that of the grave, which is to terminate only when earth and sea give up their dead. Not that of the poles where months roll away between sun and sun.—They were our own brief nights, too short, often, for the weary to rest or for wretchedness to forget herself in dreams of pleasure. Yet to the suffering invalid these nights were so long! It was not enough that he had a soft couch to lie upon, and kind friends to soothe his pains. It was not enough that the intercourse of neighbors diverted his mind from his own suffering self till the evening was far spent. The remnant, though but as a shadow that fleeth away, was still so long! He must contrive to kill his tedious hours.—And he was not alone among the sons of men. It may be called the sufferer's wish.

But I thought of the long night of eternity, to which the ungodly hasten. It is long. It is not measured by ascending or descending moons or stars, but by one unbroken forever. It is bereft of every comfort. It has no returning evening twilight or morning dawn to suspend its tedious duration. It knows no friendships that may draw the sufferer away from the contemplation of his pains. There is no opiate that will enable him to kill his tedious duration. Yet how thoughtless rush the multitude on, even without that concern which the invalid takes to alleviate the tedium of a few restless hours!

That night, which is truly so long, has no alleviation; but grace provides an entire escape. O that the wise of this world might become the children of light, before that night cometh upon them, that they might shun its eternal suffering and secure a mansion in the world, of which it is said, "there shall be no night there."

ERUTHROS.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.—The flocks were moving slowly up the slope of the hill, one of them goats, the other sheep. The shepherd was going before the sheep and they followed as he led the way to the Joppa gate; we could not but remember the words of our Saviour, "When he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice."

A traveller asserted to a Syrian shepherd that the sheep knew the dress of their master, not his voice. The shepherd on the other hand maintained that it was the voice they knew. To settle the point he and the traveller changed dresses and went among the sheep. The traveller in the shepherd's dress called on the sheep and tried to lead them; but they "knew not his voice," and never moved. On the other hand, they ran at once at the call of their owner though thus disguised.

CLUSTERED AFFLICTIONS.—The remark is often made that afflictions come in clusters. I believe there is truth in it. It is in accordance with God's mode of instruction. It is but giving us "line upon line, and precept upon precept," as he does in his word.

Awful Effects of the Confessional.

The following is extracted from a pamphlet published in 1838, by L. L. Nolan, once a Romish Priest, now a Clergyman of the Established Church. On Auricular Confession, he says:—

"During the last three years I discharged the duty of a Romish Clergyman, my heart often shuddered at the idea of entering the confessional, the thoughts of the many crimes I had to hear, the growing doubt upon my mind, that confession was an erroneous doctrine, that it tended more to harden than to reclaim the heart, and that through it, I should be rendered instrumental in ministering destruction to souls, were awful considerations to me in the hours of my reflection. The recitals of the murderous acts I had often heard through the iniquitous tribunal, had cost me many a restless night, and are still fixed with horror upon my memory. But the most awful of all considerations is that through the confessional I had been frequently apprised of intended assassinations and diabolical conspiracies, and still from the ungodly injunctions of secrecy in the Romish creed, lest, as Peter de Saizy, 'the confessional should become odious,' I dared not give the slightest intimation to the marked out victims of slaughter. But though my heart now trembles at my recollection of the murderous acts, still duty obliges me to proceed and enumerate one or two instances of the cases alluded to."

"The first is the case of a person who was barbarously murdered, and with whose intended assassination I became acquainted in confession. One of the five conspirators (all of whom were sworn to commit the horrid deed) brought to me the bloody conspiracy in the confessional. I implored him to desist from his intention of becoming an accomplice in so diabolical a design; but still all advice was useless, no discussion could prevail, his determination was fixed, and his only reason for having disclosed the awful machination to his confessor, seemed to have originated from a hope that his wicked design would be hallowed by the previous acknowledgment of it to the priest."

"Finding all my remonstrances unavailing, I then resorted to stratagem; I earnestly besought of him to question the circumstance to me out of the confessional, in order that I might apprise the intended victim of his danger, or caution the conspirators against the commission of so inhuman a deed. But here ingenuity itself failed in arresting the career of his satanic obstinacy. The conspirator's illegal oath, and his apprehension of himself becoming the victim of brutal assassination, should he be known as the revealer of the conspiracy, rendered him inflexible to my entreaties; and awful to relate—yes awful, and the hand that now pens it shudders at the record it makes—a poor, his offensive man, the victim of slaughter, died a most cruel death by the hand of ruthless assassins."

"The second case is that of a female administering poison to her parent. Her first attempt at parricide proved ineffectual, owing to an immediate retching that seized the parent after taking the draught. The perpetrator of this foul deed afterwards came to confession and acknowledged her guilt, but circumstances proved that she only sought for priestly absolution, to ease her mind and prepare her for a speedy repetition of the heinous crime. Again she attempted the act, and it proved successful. I was called on to attend the dying parent."

The unnatural throes and convulsive agonies of the unfortunate man, convinced me that the disease was of no ordinary nature. The previous confession of his daughter, who at this time made her appearance, rushed upon my mind, and suggested that the parent was a second time poisoned. From what I had known through the confessional, I could not well hint at the propriety of sending for medical attendance; for the Romish doctrine impressed an inviolable secrecy upon my lips, and prevented my giving the slightest intimation of the malady; whilst the parent, unconscious of the cause of his death, died in the most excruciating agonies of which humanity can form a conception. Oh! monstrous system of confession! will you dare any longer to ascribe your claims to the great Eternal, and thus afflict to nature's God, the blasphemy of your tenets! Oh! thou iniquitous tribunal—thou slayer of crimes, thou abettor of wickedness!"

Should any man acquainted with Romishism question the veracity of these statements, let him consult history, and he will find many similar facts. Did not the Romish priest, Rev. Mr. Garnet, the Provincial of the Jesuits, justify his concealment of the Gunpowder Plot, on the pretext of its being revealed to him at confession? Did not Father A'Aubigny, the French Jesuit, put forward a similar plea of justification for concealment, when the assassin Ravilliot (that stabbed Henry IV. of France, in 1610) acknowledged to him in the confessional his plan of regicidal murder.—[American Protestant Society.]

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

Do thy part with industry, and leave the event with God. I have seen many fall out unexpectedly, that they have taught me in all affairs neither to despair, nor to presume; not to despair for God can help me, not to presume, for God can cross me. I will never despair, because I have a God. I will never presume, because I am but a man.—Felltham.

One virtue overbalances numerous vices, as it qualifies and atones for, in some measure, vice itself.

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

MARION.

Saturday Morning, February 1, 1845.

NOTICE.

Mr. DAVID GORDON, of Mobile, is authorized to receive any money due the Howard College for Theological purposes.

WM. N. WYATT, Treasurer.
January 18, 1845.

We recommend to our town friends the advertisement of Mr. HARRIS. We have known him for years, and any who need his services may confidently rely on his integrity, skill and fidelity.

Letter of the Rev. Dr. Dagg.

We are happy to present to our readers the letter of brother Dagg, respecting Mercer University. It presents many facts which are new to us, and which must convince every unprejudiced mind, that the institution, in its objects, plans, and ample endowments, is eminently deserving of support and patronage. We rejoice in the opportunity to lay these statements before the public. At the same time, it is to be recollected, that the remarks which called forth the communication of the respected President, were entirely defensive, being a reply to an attack on the plans of the Alabama Convention, by our brother of the Index. And we now insist, that the advantages present or prospective, offered at Penfield, afford no valid reason for claiming, that "the Theological Department in Institutions in other States must eventually be wholly abandoned."

Bells.

The value of the Bells made in the Buckeye Foundry, Cincinnati, in 1844, was \$31,000. One of the bells cast was for the Roman Catholic Church in Mobile, a large share of the raw material being the old bell, which was cast in Toledo, Spain. One eighth part of this was pure silver, fourteen hundred and seventy Spanish dollars being melted down for that purpose.

Moderator.

The Rev. B. M. Sanders of Georgia, President of the Baptist State Convention, states in the Index, that an Agent of the A. B. Home Mission Society recently called on him, requesting an introduction to the Baptists of Georgia, to enable him the more successfully to prosecute his agency in that State. Whether this breach of propriety is to be ascribed to the Home Mission Board, at New York, or whether the Agent acted on his own responsibility, in the case, we are not informed. It was certainly a very inconsiderate and undelicate step, and looks pretty much like adding insult to injury. We should almost as soon expect to see an Agent in Alabama, after the Resolutions passed by our Convention.

Another singular feature in the affair is, that the aforesaid Agent brought with him "a letter of recommendation of his agency and cause, from the South Carolina Convention," he having been at their late session.

Does the S. C. Convention sustain the H. M. Board in refusing to appoint Mr. Reeve? Will that body adhere to the Society, if it should expressly avow its determination not to appoint a slave holder as a missionary?

When the Alabama Board of Directors shall receive and act on the replies of the Northern Boards to the Resolutions of our Convention, we shall see what course South Carolina Baptists will take.

American and Foreign Bible Society.

Our brethren the officers of this Society, are making another effort before the New York Legislature, to obtain a charter. But as on former occasions, they met with serious opposition from the friends of the American Bible Society. The Pseudo-baptist papers contain appeals urging their readers to oppose our application, and it is more than probable, the efforts of sectarian jealousy will be successful in defeating our object. On our opponents, be the responsibility of hindering the spread of the Gospel. May God forgive them and bestow on them a better mind!

The Lynx.

This is the title of a handsome sheet sent out weekly from Panola, Mississippi, Keith & Rock, Editors.

It displays the colors of the Native American Party, and professes to have a keen eye for the best interests of the country, and the whole country. Among the things it would "keep before the people," is the celebrated sentiment of DeCatur: "My Country!—May she always be in the right—but, right or wrong, my country!" Now, to this sentiment, no intelligent patriot, in our humble opinion, can fully respond. Our country, right or wrong? Never—never, will we say amen to that. When the country is right, let us follow her call, though it be to pour forth our heart's blood, in her cause. But, if she be wrong, let us obey God rather than man. Let us adhere to the great principles of moral rectitude; let us abide by the dictates of justice and equity, both as individuals and as a nation, and then shall we gain the approbation of the Ruler of nations, and we shall prosper.—"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

To Emigrants.

A writer in the Lynx, makes a very favorable representation of the inducements which should direct the attention of emigrants to Panola county. The climate is mild, the soil fertile, and well adapted to the culture of cotton, corn, wheat &c. The Tallahatchie river runs through the county, and admits of steam boat navigation in the winter. Good land may be obtained on a credit of from one to three years, for from three to five dollars an acre. The town of Panola, 15 miles south of Memphis, is flourishing. Emigrants had better go to this region than to Texas.

The late Duel.

Another "affair of honor" has occurred between two members of Congress, and we blush to record, that one of them was Mr. Yancy, the Representative from this District. The political papers loudly applaud his conduct. One of them, a paper conducted with ability and dignity, and usually found on the side of law and morality, contends that he was bound to the course he took by "the respect due to himself and the constituency he so ably represents."

Now, against these views we enter our solemn protest. Knowing no party in politics, though warmly admiring the transcendent genius of Mr. Y.—caring nothing for the opinions of men; recognizing no law in morals but the Bible, we fearlessly maintain, that when Mr. Yancy left his duties on the floor of Congress to imbrue his hands in the blood of his fellow man, he committed a high handed outrage against the law of God, trampled on the laws of the State of Alabama, and betrayed his trust as the representative of the people of this District.

All duelling is murder. We say all duelling, because God looks on the heart, and judges according to the motive and intention, not according to the result of the act. In every duel, the combatants violate the command, *Thou shalt not kill*. If one falls, the survivor lives, a branded murderer before God; but the fallen was no less a murderer, for it was his intention to kill his antagonist. If neither party is injured, the moral character of the act remains unchanged. In all cases, the challenger and the challenged both form a deliberate determination to commit murder. It is no justification in the sight of Heaven, if this determination fails to be carried into effect.

But our Representative has not only broken the law of God; he has wantonly violated the laws of his own State.

The following sections from the Penal Code of Alabama relate to Duelling.

"If any person shall, within this State, kill another in fight, by single combat, commonly called a duel, with deadly weapons, such killing shall be deemed murder in the second degree.

"Every person who shall hereafter, in this State, or any other State, of the United States, or in any territory or district thereof, give or accept a challenge to fight with any deadly weapon in single combat, shall be disqualified from holding or being eligible to be elected or appointed to any office whatever, under the Constitution and Laws of this State." Clay's Digest, page 414.

From the above it is manifest, that it is a high crime against the laws of Alabama, for any citizen of this State to accept a challenge, either in this State, or any other of the United States, or in any District thereof. In engaging in this affair, then, our Representative to Congress has treated with contempt the laws under which he was elected; laws which are heartily approved by nineteen twentieths of our citizens; laws, which, perhaps, he himself, as a member of our Legislature, assisted to enact!

There is another point of view from which the conduct of Mr. Yancy must be contemplated with profound regret. He has prostituted the influence of his splendid talents, of his brilliant reputation as "a star of the first magnitude," of his power as "the leader of the younger part of the Democratic party in the House," to the support of a practice which no man dare defend; which every enlightened citizen deems a relic of barbarism, and all religious people regard as a gross violation of the law of Almighty God. This single act of his, by investing the duellist with a meretricious splendor, will inflict an injury on the public morals, which years of honorable toil as a Legislator and statesman, can neither repair nor expiate.

It is a cause of devout gratitude to God, that the late conflict was not attended with fatal results. We rejoice that the life of Mr. Yancy is spared—spared to his young wife, the mother of his children—spared to the State and to the country. We hope he may live to spend many years in the service of the nation; to repent of the aggravated sin he has committed against his country and his God; to bear public testimony against the enormous evil and wickedness of a custom to which he might have fallen a victim.

Human Legislators versus the Divine Lawgiver.
The following bill has recently passed the Alabama House of Representatives.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted* &c. That hereafter habitual drunkenness in a husband shall constitute a good cause for divorce from bed and board.

2. That in all applications under this act, it shall be sufficient to prove, in behalf of the complainant, that the husband was at the time of filing the bill and for six months previous thereto, an habitual drunkard, without regard to his habits afterwards.

3. That on the final decree being had in favor of a wife on the ground set forth in the preceding sections, the chancellor or other person hearing the cause, may grant alimony or decree such equitable division of the property as to him may seem just and reasonable; and if there are children of the parties under twenty-one years of age, their custody shall be decreed to the wife, on the

equitable allowance from the property of the husband for the education and maintenance of such children.

4. That if, at the end of two years after a decree as above, such husband still continues in habits of intemperance, it shall constitute cause for divorce from bonds of matrimony.

Now read the subjoined precepts of the Savior, on the subject of divorce. He declares, that there shall be but one cause for separation of man and wife; and it a man or his wife separate for any other cause whatever, and marry again, the party so doing is guilty of a high crime against God.

Matthew 19: 3-9. The Pharisees also came unto him, tempting him, and saying unto him, Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? And he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning, made them male and female, and said, for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore, they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. They say unto him, Why did Moses then command to give a writing of divorcement and to put her away? He saith unto them, Moses because of the hardness of your hearts, suffered you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so. And I say unto you, Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it shall be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery.

Biblical Literature.

Divisions of the Scriptures into Chapters and Verses.

Originally, the sacred writings had no division into chapters and verses or even into words. Letter was strung on to letter, and so continued, that every line was like a single word. Even so late as the 5th century, the New Testament had none of the ordinary marks of distinction. The following passage will give some idea, though an inadequate one, of the manner in which the scriptures were originally written.

NOW WHEN HE HAD ENDED ALL HIS SAYINGS IN THE AUDIENCE OF ALL THE PEOPLE.

The reader was obliged to separate and recombine the letters in order to form words and ascertain the sense. The difficulty of doing this led to the *Masoretic* punctuation of the Hebrew, by some dated as far back as Ezra. The Masoretes, the inventors of this punctuation, were the first who distinguished the books and sections of books, into verses. Euthalius in the fifth century, made a division of the New Testament into portions consisting of just so many words in each line, as were to be read uninterruptedly. The following may serve as a specimen of the Euthalian arrangement:

That the aged men be Sober

grave

temperate

sound in faith

in love

the aged woman likewise

in behavior as becometh holiness

not false accusers

not given to much wine

teachers of good things

Copyists finding this method took up too much space, soon ran these lines together, separating them by points, and grammarians soon after began to divide them by fixed rules. But there was no perfection in the system, till long after the invention of printing.

The inventor of our present chapters was Cardinal Hugo, A. D. 1240. The division of the chapters of the old Testament into verses was made by Rabbi Nathan towards the middle of the fifth century. The modern division of the New Testament into verses was made by Robert Stephens, about 1550.

All these divisions and distinctions above noted are of mere human contrivance, forming no part of the original inspired text. They are of great utility in facilitating reference to particular portions of scripture, but are also attended with serious inconveniences and evils. Some of these we notice:

(a) The punctuation is often faulty. The misplacing of a comma will sometimes entirely change the sense.

(b) By the division into chapters and verses the sense is often interrupted or destroyed, things being separated that should be united; or matters being connected that ought to be disjointed. The divisions are not unfrequently wrong, breaking up the sense, interrupting the train of argument, &c.

(c) By these divisions, persons reading the bible are led to attach an indirect idea of completeness to parts that are left incomplete. One reads a chapter, and imagines he has finished the subject, while that subject may be continued through several chapters. These evils may be avoided by using such an edition as Townsend's Arrangement.

The following analysis may be interesting.

In the Old Testament, there are Books 39; Chapters, 929; Verses, 23,214; Words, 592,430; Letters, 2,725,500.

In the New Testament, there are Books, 27; Chapters 260; Verses 7959; Words 181,253; Letters, 638,380.

Total in the Bible: Books, 66; Chapters, 1189; Verses, 31,173; Words 773,682; Letters, 3,566,480.

The middle chapter, and the first in the Bible, is Psalms 117.

The middle verse is the 113th of Psalms.

The middle time, 2 Chron. 4; 16.

The word, And, occurs in the Old Testa-

ment, 35,543 times; in the New Testament, 10,684 times. The word *Jehovah*, occurs 6855 times.

Ezra 7: 21 has all the letters of the alphabet except j. 2 Kings 19: and Is. 37: are alike.

These calculations were made by a writer in the 17th century, and are said to have occupied his time three years. He could not value his time very highly.

The Rev. Mr. Torrey.

This gentleman has been placed in the wearing room of the Maryland Penitentiary.

Large Bell.

The bell recently hung in the cupola of the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, Boston, weighs 4,000 pounds. It is said to be the largest in the city.

Letter from Brazil.

We are permitted to make the following extracts of a letter from a young gentleman of Philadelphia, now engaged in business in Brazil.—We hope to favor our readers with interesting items from future communications from the same hand.

"PARA, Dec. 10, 1844.

I sailed from Salem on the evening of October 25th, and after a continuation of calms, squalls, and head-winds, reached the Tripic; where we took the trade wind (s.e.) which brought us to latitude 23° north, when we had the s. e. trade, which brought us to land. We were fortunate in falling in with the trade winds, as they are not always to be met with. A vessel from New York had a passage of 42 days out, with southerly weather from the tropic clime. Our passage was 28 days, the shortest the Zaine has made out, and the shortest that has been made for some time. We made slow work from Salem to latitude 23, being 18 days in making that distance; but from that parallel we had a fine run of nine days to the coast. We first saw land on the morning of 22d November, and next morning were in Para;—after having been visited by certain public functionaries, I was allowed to land. I have now been here 17 days, in which time I have been able to form my opinion in regard to the place and the people.

The place is mean enough, but the people are worse—being, perhaps, as immoral a race as I have the honor to know anything about. They are proverbially regardless of truth, and know nothing of mercantile integrity.

Para is situated on a mouth of the Amazon, called Para river, the Indian name meaning, I believe, "Father of Seas." It is well named; for if the Mississippi is Father of Rivers, the mighty Amazon is certainly entitled to the other appellation. Its breadth at the mouth, that is from the northwest side of one branch to the southeast side of the other, is about 180 miles; and in this immense bay is the island of Marazo, called upon most of our maps Joannes, which is about 120 miles across. The breadth of the Para branch, at its mouth, is about 40 miles, and opposite the city it is about 10 miles wide; but as there are several large islands opposite the town, the river appears (the other shore not being visible) to be about 2 miles.

The city is perhaps a mile in length by half a mile in breadth, and not badly built, though there are few houses which we should call fine. The churches, however, are numerous, (13 or 14,) and some of them splendid internally. The city was settled in 1816, and since that time to 1835, has been a scene of insurrection and violence. The Indians (Tapoyas, or Cabanos,) had possession of the town that year, and are ready, probably, for another outbreak, in case the military and naval force should be removed. There are 4 or 5 small vessels of war constantly stationed here, to overawe the Indians and in case of disturbance to afford a refuge to the inhabitants—that is, to the more wealthy ones. The lower classes are amused by frequent holidays, festivals, &c., some of which I shall describe in my next. The inhabitants are extremely ignorant; most of the ladies, I am told, entirely without education—ignorant even of the first rudiments of knowledge. It is said that many even in the higher classes, can scarcely write their own names.

Although the province of Para is the most extensive and most fertile in the empire, watered by rivers boundless in extent, covered with forests which alone would be of incalculable value in the possession of industrious people, the soil capable of producing all the productions of the tropics, and even now producing perhaps a greater variety of merchantable articles than any other region within the tropics; it is now one of the poorest countries in the world.

The climate, for a hot one, is unequalled in salubrity, being subject to none of the changes in temperature so common in regions farther removed from the equator. The mercury, since my arrival here, has not been above 90°, or below 85°, at noon, in the shade: nor below 70°, or above 80°, at daylight. The rainy season has just commenced, and instead of the deluge common in the West Indies, we have gentle showers, which are of short duration.

On the other hand, look at the disadvantages.

There is no country in the world where all sorts of noxious vermin are so common; such as centipedes, tarantulas, vampire bats, flying cockroaches, snakes of all sorts and sizes, scorpions, and the whole catalogue of tropical vermin. Then the woods in the interior abound with wild beasts, such as Brazilian tigers, oncas, &c., of whose skins hundreds are brought here for sale. One may see lizards crawling upon every wall; but they are perfectly harmless, and perform the same work as toads with us, snapping up all the insects within their reach. As to mosquitoes, I have become accustomed to them, and though they bite, I don't mind it. Two of my neighbors have each a box-conspirator, 11 or 12 feet long, running at large about their houses. They are quite harmless and are kept for rat catching.

The Corner Stone.

Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation.—Isaiah 28: 17.

In offering a few thoughts on the foregoing passage of scripture, we shall notice, 1st, what we are to understand by this stone. 2d, the purpose for which it was laid, 3d, that it is a tried stone, 4th, that it is a precious stone.

1st. *What we are to understand by this stone.*—In the text, the prophet unquestionably used the term stone, in reference to Jesus Christ. The apostle Peter quotes this text and expressly applies it to Christ: "Wherefore also it is contained in scripture, 'Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect precious, and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded.'—1st Peter, 2: 6. The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner."—Ps. 118: 22. The builders referred to in this passage are the Jews; they rejected Christ, refused to receive him as their Messiah; nevertheless he is become the head stone of the corner. Our Savior when conversing with the Jews, quoted this passage from the Psalms, Jesus said unto them, did ye never read in the scripture:—"The stone which the builders refused, the same is become head of the corner?"—Matt. 21: 41. When the Apostles were questioned in regard to the impotent man which they had healed at the gate of the temple which is called beautiful, they answered:—"Be it known unto you all, and unto all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole." This is the stone. What?—why, Christ, unquestionably. "This is the stone which is set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner."—Acts 4: 10, 11. The reason why Israel did not attain to the law of righteousness, is because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law, for they stumbled at that stumbling stone. What stumbling stone? Why Christ, unquestionably, as it is written, "Behold I lay in Zion a stumbling stone and rock of offence, and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed."—Rom. 9: 32, 33. Other passages might be quoted on this head but our space forbids us to proceed, and the foregoing is amply sufficient and ought to satisfy any unbiased mind that by this stone we are to understand nothing more nor less than Jesus Christ himself. We proceed.

2d. *To notice the purpose for which this stone was laid.* We are told in the text that it was laid for a foundation: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation," &c. A foundation is the groundwork of a building and that upon which the whole superstructure rests, thus we speak of the foundation of a house, of a castle, of a fort or town, &c. But of what is this stone a foundation? We answer of the church or kingdom of Jesus Christ. Jesus said unto Peter, Upon this rock will I build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.—Matt. 16: 18. This Church or kingdom began to be formed soon after the fall, and has been going forward ever since and will continue to go forward world without end. This foundation was laid as the basis of the whole superstructure of the christian church. When man had sinned and brought himself into that state in which all are by nature—a state of utter friendlessness and ruin—God had mercy when there was no eye that could pity but his own—when there was no arm that could save but his own Almighty arm—he determined to help—a great salvation was provided—a wonderful arrangement had from the beginning been made in Heaven to recover the lost. The eternal son of God engaged to become a sacrifice for their guilt, and the father consented to receive once more into favor by his spirit, to restore to holiness as many as should be willing to accept the atonement thus wonderfully secured. The method by which fallen sinners are restored to the family of God, has always been one and the same. Men were saved before the coming of Christ as well as since that time, only by his death. There is no other name under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus.—Acts 4: 12. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 3: 19. "He was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification."—Rom. 4: 25. "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."—2 Cor. 5: 21. All the sacrificial offerings that were made from the time of the fall down to the coming of Christ, had in themselves no saving efficacy, for it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin.—Heb. 10: 4. These offerings together with all the observances of the ceremonial law were intended to shadow forth the great propitiatory sacrifice of Christ which he offered up himself upon the cross.—Heb. 6: 28. Christ is the chief corner stone of the Church, which united the whole building and all its several parts. In him there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, but "Christ is all in all."—Col. 3: 11. He hath broken down the middle wall of partition, which formerly separated between Jews and Gentiles, destroyed the enmity which had so long subsisted between them, and now in every nation "He that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."—Acts 10: 35. All true believers are lively stones in this great building, which is erected upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."—Eph. 2: 20. Christ is the sure foundation of all them that put their trust in him, but he is the above ground of hope to guilty men: The only true ground of peace, comfort, wisdom and holiness. All the great and precious promises which God hath made to man centre, in him: for they are all, yea and amen, in Christ, sure and stable, being ratified by his blood and their accomplishment—infallibly secured to the heirs of promise.—2 Cor. 1: 20. This stone was laid in Zion for the sure foundation of

sinning man to bear him up from the fiery billows that roll beneath him—to raise him to those celestial joys which are in the presence of God and those unknown pleasures which are at his right hand forevermore. We pass on to the

3d Proposition, *To show that this is a tried stone.* No sooner was the birth of the Redeemer announced to Herod, the King, than he determined to destroy him, and although he resorted to the most cruel means in order to accomplish his selfish purpose, they proved altogether abortive.—Matt. 2. Before the Redeemer entered upon his public ministry, he was led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, and there maintained a personal warfare with the adversary, forty days and forty nights in which he repelled every attack of the enemy in a Godlike manner.—Matt. 4. On one occasion we hear him exclaiming "the foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head."—Luke 9: 58. We will now request the reader to go with us to the garden of Gethsemane, and there contemplate some of the trials of the Redeemer when the sins of the whole world pressed upon him and caused him to sweat as it were, great drops of blood, falling to the ground. Hear him exclaim "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death! Oh, my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."—Luke 22: 44, Matt. 26: 38, 39. From the Garden of Gethsemane, we pass to the Judgment Hall. There see the kind Redeemer smote upon the face, spit upon, scourged, crowned with thorns, &c. From the Judgment Hall see him bearing his own cross to Calvary, there crucified; reviled by his enemies, forsaken by friends, even the countenance of the Father hidden from him, for he exclaims, my God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?—Matt. 27: 46. If the above with much more, constitutes trial and suffering, this is a tried stone. But the Redeemer yields up the ghost, is laid in the silent tomb. Roman soldiers are placed as a guard around it. Behold the dawn of the third morn arrives; an angel descends from heaven and rolls back the stone and sits upon it. The guard sleep and become as dead men, and the Savior of the world rises from the dead, and after appearing on several occasions to his disciples, and instructing them in regard to their duty, and giving them the Commission, Matt. 28: 18, 20, Mark 16: 15, 16, he ascends to his native heaven as a mighty conqueror; where he ever liveth to bestow the salvation he wrought out. We come now to the

4th Proposition, *To show that this is a precious stone.* We fear that we have already overreached our limits, but the only apology we can offer, is the transporting theme upon which we are dwelling. Reader, are you a disciple of Jesus? If you are, you know how to value your salvation. Though now you see him not, (but by the eye of faith) yet believing, you rejoice with unspeakable joy and full of glory.—1 Peter 1: 8. Though your trials and sufferings may be grievous, yet your spiritual joys are greater, and enable you to suffer cheerfully; for though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day; for our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—2 Cor. 4: 16, 17. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—2 Cor. 5: 1. The preciousness of this stone (the Savior) enables you to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.—Phil. 3: 8.

If we are a follower of the blessed Savior, we may triumphantly exclaim, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us: for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Rom. 8: 35-39. And now, dear reader, whenever you are, let me exhort you to ponder these things in your heart. Examine the foundation upon which your prospects are built, and if you have never yet felt the precious love of Christ in your heart, Oh, he now persuaded to choose that good part which shall never be taken away from you. A. B. COUCH.

Tensaw, Ala, Jan. 17, 1845.

REV. THEODORE PARKER.—The last Thursday lecture at Chaucery Place was delivered by Mr. Parker, whose ordination sermon at South Boston excited so much attention some two years ago. A report of it appeared next morning in the Post and if that report was correct, we cannot see now even Unitarians can withhold expressions of grief and indignation. He preached on the character of Jesus and conveyed the impression that his followers esteemed him even too highly. He was a good man—indeed a better man than the world had seen before, but not so good as some who may come after him. Mr. P. believes that God has yet other Christ in store for the world, who will yet for surpass Jesus, or all our ideas of Jesus!—Think of such blasphemy uttered in the pulpit of the church planted in tears and prayers by the puritan fathers of New England—the first church founded in Boston!—Christian Reflector.

Solitary Workshop.—At Cantwell's Bridge a little village on the main peninsular road, about ten miles this side of Smyrna, Del, is a Friends' meeting-house, built of brick, only about twelve feet square. Small as it is, it has all the appliances, outside and in, that are usually found in those of larger dimensions. The congregation consists of but one man, a respectable Quaker farmer, living some four hours of distance, who attends regularly twice a week and sings out the usual time, alone.

From the Christian Index.

Dear Bro. Baker—In the last received number of the Alabama Baptist, I observed, under the head, "Furman Theological Institution," some remarks tending, I think, to produce an incorrect impression respecting the success and prospects of our University in the promotion of ministerial education. To give more accurate information on the subject, I will thank you to publish in your communication, which, I am well persuaded, brother Jewett will take pleasure in copying.

It is true, that we have "four professors and one tutor;" and, it is equally true, that we have "but one theological student," if, to constitute a theological student, it be necessary that he have graduated at College, and that he devote himself exclusively to theological studies. But, in the last year, during which I have been connected with this Institution, we have had twelve young brethren studying with a view to the gospel ministry. The studies of three of these have been directed, in great part, and of two of them, during the last session, wholly to Theology. We have, in our College classes, young brethren of talent and promise, who, design, after having finished their College course, to go through a regular course of theological study. These we have not thought it best to divert from their object—but to those who have had a different aim, we have endeavored to impart such instruction as would most promote their usefulness. The number of our students and our success in the theological department, have doubtless been much below what is desirable, yet they have been sufficient to encourage us in our labors, and to justify the hope that greater prosperity awaits us. We are called upon to prepare for giving instruction in a full course of Theology; and, as our Trustees will have the ability, we trust they will have the disposition, also, to make the necessary provision.

I know well, and from my heart honor the nobly enterprising spirit of those who are engaged in sustaining the institutions at Marion. Under their patronage and management, I cannot but believe that the Howard College, as well as the Judson Institute, will be eminently useful. If any one doubts whether they deserve high commendation, I need only refer him to the liberality and promptitude with which they recently, in a few days, raised the funds necessary to replace their college building that had been consumed by fire. Two years ago, our University suffered a similar loss in the burning of its principal edifice, and its place was soon occupied by a beautiful Chapel, which will be put up next spring; but a similar display of liberality and promptitude was not required here, because sufficient funds had been previously provided, and there were buildings remaining which served for present purposes.

We have, at Penfield, some advantages which our brethren at Marion do not possess. As to health, and moral and religious influence, we are highly favored, and so are they. As to expenses, the difference, though not very great, is in our favor—our price of board and washing being from two and a half to five dollars less per month, and that of tuition fifteen dollars less per annum in the College classes. Our Convention has a fund of above \$25,000, the interest of which may be appropriated for the support of beneficiaries. Although the extensive farm of our Institution will not hereafter be needed for the manual labor of the students, as that department of our operations has been abolished, it will be a source of revenue, by rent, the sale of town lots, &c.

Without equal advantages to these, the untiring perseverance and unflinching liberality which our brethren at Marion have shown, cannot but render the Howard College respectable and useful. But if, in addition to such advantages, they had a fund of \$117,000 for the endowment of professorships and other purposes, and a population of about 60,000 Baptists around them, on whom they could call for aid when needed, I know them too well to suppose they would be content that the Institution of their affections and prayers, should be inferior, in respectability and usefulness, to others in less favorable circumstances. How far we of this State will act worthily of the means which God has put in our power, I cannot predict; but glad shall I be, if any Alabama brethren will, by their example, provoke us to love and good works. I am aware that confidence in our acquired resources may have a pernicious tendency; and that a lax liberality, and humble dependence on God, are worth more than any endowments; but if, with all these united, the superstructure shall be reared on the foundation which the brethren of this State have so well laid, Mercer University will fulfill their largest expectations.

Yours, J. L. DAGG.

From the Index.

A New Translation of the Bible.—The remarks of our correspondent, touching the operations of our Bible Societies, are certainly entitled to serious consideration. At the same time, it is due to ourselves, and to the cause, for us to say, that the expediency (we use the word in the good sense of it) of any new translation by the Baptists, is very questionable. That the translation in common use is perfect, no one contends. That it was made by Podo-Baptists, and sectarians too, whose circumstances rendered impartiality next to impossible, will scarcely be disputed. And that the results are prejudicial to the progress of truth, respecting those points especially, in which the Baptists are at issue with all Podo-Baptists; and that those who maintain ministerial parity, stand on unequal grounds with the defenders of Episcopacy, it is not necessary for any Baptist to assert. Baptist writers, in defence of their views, seldom, if ever, quote Baptist authorities. It is not necessary. The ablest Podo-Baptist critics are on our side, generally; and when favorably circumstanced for the manifestation of candor, and freedom from prejudice, always.

For ourselves, personally, if we were engaged in a theological dispute with a Podo-Baptist, we should prefer the use of our common version to any version which could be made by Baptists in

any country, though they were the best, and the most learned men in the whole world: for this simple reason—that we should be charged with using a Bible prejudicial to his views. Whenever a new translation is to be made, we should prefer that those passages to which we refer, be translated by men of known ability and integrity, and who would, at the same time, be free—absolutely free—from the possibility of suspicion that they were pre-possessed towards the Baptists. We should prefer, on those passages, we mean, critics of the Germanic schools.

In one important particular, a new translation of the Scriptures, made for the purpose of supplanting that in common use, is like a new constitution, and new laws, for the government of a country. When a State has lived and flourished for centuries under a system of laws, it is better to suffer under some inconveniences, even though they may be very considerable, than to attempt any fundamental change—because, in changing what is objectionable, something else may also be changed, which ought not to be touched. It is better not to meddle with the architecture of a building which has stood for ages, and is enshrined in the affections of all, because in the judgment of some, there appear to be, or even are, defects in the details of the edifice.

As regards our foreign translations, made by our missionaries, let them be faithful. Let no word be transferred, let every word be translated faithfully. Wherever the English language is read and spoken, the truth is in less danger. Our servants are generally unlettered, though many of them can read, and they almost universally know the meaning of the word baptism. When Alexander Campbell went off from the Baptists, teaching the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, (in which the venerable Bishop, of the Episcopal Church of Virginia, told us he was right,) many intelligent Baptists went with him; of our servants, scarcely a man. The fact is, that men of sound common sense, and who really desire to know the whole truth, will not be apt to err very materially, in this country, for the want of a better translation. An unprejudiced man, of common sense, reading the Bible only, would be almost sure to be a Baptist. It requires some learning, or an unusual degree of acumen, to understand the argument in favor of Podo-Baptism or of Episcopacy. H. K.

From the Episcopal Re-order.

The two Bishops Onderdonk.

Another of our bishops has fallen into deep disgrace, and our two largest, wealthiest, most populous, and most influential bishoprics—the "Keystone" and the "Empire" dioceses—have witnessed a strange sight, as their chief officers have been one after another seized by the iron grasp of the law, and hurried from the seat of the Apostles into the depths of infamy and degradation.

Alas! what a lesson do these transactions teach us concerning the instability of human fortune, and the transitory nature of all earthly greatness. A few months ago, and these two men were seated in, by far, the most splendid and commanding positions, which were ever occupied by ecclesiastics in this country. Their dioceses were overgrown in wealth, in power, in territory, and contained the two great cities of the Union; the maelstrom of American life, the Vortices of Commerce, fashion and worldly splendor, and if recent influences continue to prevail, destined to become the Scylla and Charybdis of the Church. As these two brothers—brothers in office, in consanguinity, and, as it now appears, in character—moved along their dangerous path, every head was prepared to do them homage, and a thousand hands were ready to scatter flowers in their way, for Episcopalians looked upon them as the successors of the apostles, and by other denominations they were regarded as the leading representatives of a church, which was confessedly entitled to respect. But as we behold them, in quick succession, falling from their giddy height, let neither the church nor the world look upon them with too unqualified abhorrence. They are men like ourselves—poor worms of the dust—prone to evil as the sparks to fly upwards; and although consigned to indelible disgrace, yet entitled to our sympathies and prayers. Let not those who greeted them with smiles while they glittered in the sunshine, forget them now that the shadows of the evening are thickly gathering around them. Let them be often thought of, where, as ministers of the gospel, they always most needed to be remembered, at a throne of grace; and let Christians recollect that if they had done their duty in this respect, perhaps these "mighty" would not have fallen. But in mercy to them, let not the work of personal repentance and reformation be hindered by holding out from any quarter the hope of future restoration.

CONSPIRACY AMONG SLAVES AND SINGULAR DISCLOSURE.—In this city last week a colored man named George D. Morse, of No. 241 Houston street, who lives by working in stores in the lower part of the city, having received information, as he states, that an insurrection of the colored population was to be carried into effect about Christmas and New Year, to murder indiscriminately the white men, women and children of Princess Anne county, Virginia, including Norfolk, and also all the colored people who would not join them; and having near relations there, wrote on to a Justice of the Peace, in that county, named Corprew, informing him of what he had heard. He also informed him that a colored man named Willis Hodges, who had been the correspondent in this city of the colored conspirators of Princess Anne, and had encouraged the proceeding, had gone on to Virginia, to aid in maturing the plot and to carry it into execution; who was thereupon arrested and lodged in prison where he still remains, and until the matter can be fully investigated will be retained in custody. Others were also arrested, but had been discharged. The colored people here, who were neighbors and acquaintances of Morse, having heard of his having given information to the authorities of the South, that had led to the arrest of Willis Hodges, swore to be revenged upon him, and threatened to put him to death. They also swore that he should not come down town to his work, and if he did he should not be suffered to labor any more. Under these threats, Morse, who is an intelligent colored man, went to the upper Police Office and preferred his complaint against Jeremiah Simmons, Samuel Tonney, Jeffrey

Overton and William Wales, all colored, who were arrested by officers Bush, Lawrence and Strong, and to day held to unexceptionable bail for \$300 each, by Justice Taylor, to keep the peace towards G. D. Morse, and be of good behavior.—J. of Com.

From the Philadelphia Christian Observer.

Great Temperance Movement.

The popular mind of our city has been deeply roused, the last week, by Mr. Gough's addresses. The interest awakened pervades the great mass of this community. Thousands have crowded the houses in which the meetings have been held, and thousands more have endeavored to gain access to them, for whom there was not even room to stand. On Tuesday evening of last week, Mr. Gough addressed an immense assemblage in the Rev. Mr. Barnes' Church. He was heard with deep interest. Many who were not able to find seats, stood listening, for two hours, to his thrilling appeals in behalf of temperance principles. On Wednesday evening the Rev. Dr. Ely's Church was thronged "to overflowing," and hundreds more, if not thousands, were assembled at the door, for whom there was no place. On Thursday evening again he addressed a crowded house in the Rev. Dr. Wyle's Church.

His address to the children in the Rev. Mr. Barnes' Church last Sabbath afternoon, is well described in the Sun. The body of the Church, as that paper remarks, was densely filled by the children attached to the Rev. Mr. Brainerd's Church, the Rev. Dr. Parker's, (Clinton Street Church), Rev. Mr. Richards' Church, the Rev. Mr. Chambers' Church, and the Rev. Mr. Barnes'. The scene presented by this large collection of girls and boys, was most beautiful and touching, and the strong interest awakened in their little bosoms, must have been peculiarly gratifying to the speaker, who poured into their young minds sentiments that may influence and bless them through life. The services of the afternoon were throughout of a peculiarly interesting character. The beautiful hymn, (167) by Cowper, was sung, commencing—

"Gracious Lord, our children see;
By thy mercy we are free;
But shall these, alas! remain;
Subjects still of Satan's reign," &c.

"And after a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Marsh, Mr. Gough addressed himself to the children, thrilling the large concourse, and exciting a degree of interest which we have never seen exceeded. All eyes were fixed with an intense gaze upon the speaker, and the hushed stillness which pervaded the thronged building, manifested the interest taken by the little folks in every word that dropped from the lips of their eloquent friend. The incidents related by the speaker, were, as all his illustrations are, well chosen, and introduced with the happiest effect."

Mr. Gough's Address on Monday evening in the large Saloon of the Museum, was listened to with most intense interest. The spacious room was crowded long before the hour—and while waiting for Mr. Gough, a loud call was made and repeated for the Rev. Mr. Chambers, as soon as he appeared on the platform. In compliance with a call thus urged by continued cheers, Mr. C. addressed the meeting with great force, and happy effect, for nearly twenty minutes. The Temperance Songs by the Boston Quartette Club were admirably adapted to the occasion. Their excellent singing called forth bursts of applause. Mr. Gough's address was a masterly performance, exhibiting the ridiculous positions held by those who countenance the use of alcoholic drinks with great effect, followed with solemn appeals to the understanding and conscience of his immense audience.

At the close of the meeting, it was announced that the Boston Quartette Club would give a Concert at the Assembly Building on Wednesday evening, at which Mr. Gough would make an address. The question was then put to the house, shall we have another meeting in the upper Saloon of the Museum, on Thursday evening for Mr. Gough's benefit, and answered by acclamation in the affirmative. (Tickets at 25 cents each—same as on Monday evening.) The Quartette Club will enliven the exercises of the evening by some of their finest melodies.

THE WEST THREATENED.—The Boston Pilot, one of the Principal organs of the Roman Catholics in this country, makes the following bold avowal:

"Catholics should control and sway the destinies of the far West. The (Roman) Church has a right to claim the immense valley of the Mississippi," &c.—Presbyterian.

Yes, and the spirit of popery would control and sway the destinies of these United States as well in the East as in the West, and would claim a right and title to the whole territory—if its ambitious head could once gain the supremacy.

Might makes right with his inflexible majesty the Pope, and whenever the iron crown of the Romanist faith which he is now, with all his power endeavoring to throw around this Protestant land, shall be complete, he will usurp authority over every heretic and compel them to renounce their faith and embrace the errors of the "Man of Sin," or be prepared for bonds, imprisonment and death, as the consequence of their disobedience.—Bap. Record.

CASE OF CHOKING.—A very remarkable and uncommon case of choking occurred in this city on the evening of 23rd inst. It was a child about 3 years old, a son of Mr. Charles Smith.

It seems, as we have been informed, that a little before night he ate an apple and a crust of bread, and very soon went to sleep. All at once he was heard to breathe as though he was strangled or choked. Dr. Carry was immediately sent for, also Drs. Beresford and Russell. On the arrival of Dr. C. it was found that the boy was choked, and in about two minutes the breathing entirely ceased, and the face turned black, and to all human appearance it would never breathe again. In this most trying and critical moment, Dr. C. with a common lancet, opened the breath pipe just below the chin, and in a few moments respiration commenced again, by the passing of the breath through the opening, and so continued some time, until the blood in the throat was removed. We are happy to hear that the little fellow is doing well and likely to recover.

The probability is, that the difficulty arose

from a spasmodic contraction of the throat, arising from an irritation of the stomach or organs of the throat.—Hartford Times.

From the New York Observer.

The Taste of Passivism.

The Passivist Episcopalians in this country are quite as ultra as those of England, and they and their brethren over the water discover such miserable taste, in their carnal compositions, that it is an offence to read some of their productions. We have been looking at a small volume entitled "Hymns on the Catechism," published by Mr. A. V. Blake, of New York, which might serve to confirm our fears. It is a reprint of an English edition, and is introduced by two advertisements, the one Anglican, by the author, and the other American.

Behold some specimens, selected by the Episcopal Recorder and condemned.

Q. Who gave you this name?
A. My Godfathers and my Godmothers in my baptism.

My name—it is my Christian name.
And as a pledge is given
That I am now enrolled and made
A citizen of Heaven.

It is a name by which I am
Wilt "in the book of life,"
And here below a charm to keep
Unharm'd by sin and strife.

The Efficacy of Baptism is set forth in the following lines:

Thus Lord, in the baptismal wave
At sin within me dies,
And all that's holy from that grave
Must to new life arise.

Efficacy of Repentance:—
Lord, within my spirit aught
Of former sin remains,
O grant me tears of thought
To wash away the stains.

Efficacy of Ministers:—
And holy pastors too, there are,
By whom we're born again,
The Church our mother is, whose care
Doth us with life sustain.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is shrouded with mystery, and strong intimations given of what Archbishop Tillotson calls the "hocus pocus" of transubstantiation under the wonder-working power of a priest. "This is my body."

Mysterious words! like priests of old
We eat the sacrifice,
But half the meaning is not told,
Unfold the countless price.

We hear and do thy least command,
Our hearts adore thy words but cannot understand.

I eat thy flesh, I drink thy blood,
I cannot tell the rest;
But this I know, 'tis very good,
And I therein am blest.

Thy priest, Thy word bring down the same:
From their hands receive, and take it in Thy name.

From the Baptist Record.

More about the Prayer-meetings.

Much is said about the Prayer-meetings. We preach about it, and talk and write about it. We reprove the neglect of it, and exhort to attend it. But do our brethren and sisters understand this matter? Have they any sense of duty in relation to it?—or any sense of wrong in the neglect of it? Or do our words seem to them as "idle tales?" For, after all that is said and written the prayer meeting is still sadly shamefully neglected! Evening parties—gossiping interviews; concerts and lectures can be attended at any expense and labor; and in all sorts of weather; but the prayer-meeting; the social prayer meeting, where Christians might hold fellowship with each other and with God, is neglected!—So much is this the case that one might be tempted to ask: Is there any religion in the churches?—Is there any communion with God or any fellowship of saints? If there be, why is there this general complaint?—OUR PRAYER-MEETINGS ARE NEGLECTED! When religion is alive in the church, praise and prayer are the very breath of the soul. The Christian can no more do without it, than without his daily bread. And where religion is languid, prayer is the best means to revive it. Social prayer draws the hearts of Christians in closer union with each other. It lifts the heart to God; and brings down his blessings on us.

"Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Frigs every wing from above."

And no Christian church can truly prosper where the social prayer-meeting is neglected. They may have the preaching of a Paul or an Apollos; they may have admiring and enthusiastic crowds—but as a Christian church they will not—cannot prosper without social prayer. But this will ensure them prosperity even with a feeble ministry! Such a ministry will then be strong in the power of God brought in by the prayers of the church.

Do our brethren understand this?—Do they believe this? Then why this chilling apathy? Why are the hearts of so many worthy pastors crushed who know this—while they are left almost alone at the appointed hour of prayer? May God lead delinquents to repentance and, forgive their sin in this matter! May the churches awake to the importance of united, and fervent, and persevering prayer. Let those who are now guilty settle it down in their hearts, that they have no warrant to hope for the blessing of God till they do their duty. You want to see a revival? You want to see converts multiplying? You want to see joy in the Holy Ghost. At least you say you do. But God says, "For all these things will I be inquired of by the House of Israel to do it for them: I will increase them with men as a flock." What reason—what more have you as churches or as individuals to expect these blessings, while you forbear to pray to God for them?

Brethren and sisters of our churches, whether in the city or in the country, awake to the importance of the prayer-meeting. If you would see religious prosper—the word of the Lord glorified—sinners converted, and the church united and happy, hasten with faith and earnestness to the prayer-meeting. "Continue instant in prayer." And then, very soon—instead of murmurs and complaints—such as now sadden the heart—we should hear songs of exultation. "O come magnify the Lord with me, and let us extol his name together. I sought the Lord and

he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." GOD IS WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS. And those who seek, SHALL find. And those that forsake the Lord shall be desolate. My design was to notice some of the reasons why prayer-meetings are neglected. But this must now be reserved for a future number.

Trial of Bishop Onderdonk.

This important trial has at length been closed, and the Bishop, have passed the following sentence:

"The Court of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, convened under the authority of Canon III., of 1844 of the General Convention of said Church for the trial of the presentment of the Right Reverend Benjamin Tredwell Onderdonk, Bishop of the Diocese of New York, by the Right Reverend William Meade, Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia, the Right Reverend James Hervey Otey, Bishop of the Diocese of Georgia, upon certain charges and specifications in said presentment set forth; having fully heard the allegations and testimonies of the parties, and deliberately considered the same, and a majority of the said Court having declared, that in their opinion the accused is guilty of certain of the charges and specifications contained in the Presentment; which declaration of a majority of the Court has been reduced to writing and signed by those who assented thereto; and has been pronounced in the presence of the parties; and the Court having proceeded, after hearing the accused to pass sentence upon the accused in conformity with the provisions of said Canon, and having determined that the penalty to be affixed and pronounced in said case shall be that of suspension.

It is hereby ordered and declared, that the sentence of this Court upon the respondent, is suspension from the office of a Bishop in the Church of God, and from the functions of the Sacred Ministry; and this Court do hereby solemnly pronounce and declare, that the Right Rev'd Benjamin Tredwell Onderdonk is suspended from all exercise of his Episcopal and Ministerial functions;—and do order that the notice of this sentence, required by said Canon, be communicated by the presiding Bishop, under his hand and seal, to the Ecclesiastical Authority of every Diocese of this Church.

Given under my hand and seal, this 3d day of January, A.D. 1845. [Seal.] PHILIP CHASE, Sen'r Bishop, and President of the Court.

Wool Growing and Cotton Manufacturing in Mississippi.—The following is from the Natchez Courier of the 11th ult:

"We were yesterday shown, by our valued friend, Samuel T. McAllister, Esq., a couple of samples of Wool sent to him by Mr. James Brown of Yazoo county. The Wool was of the finest texture, far surpassing any we have ever seen. We were surprised when told that such an article had been raised in Mississippi; where until a few years past, but little attention had been given to such products, the cultivation of Cotton having occupied the entire time of our farmers. Mr. Brown sends Mr. McAllister a bale of Wool weighing 400 lbs. of excellent quality, which he desires to exchange for Cotton, Goods, of Mr. M.'s manufacture, and writes that he will be able in a few months to send him another bale of Wool of superior quality.

"It is certainly pleasing to see that our planters are beginning to take an interest in Mr. McAllister's enterprise of manufacturing and to see what advantage patronizing him will be to them. Mr. H. is progressing finely with his factory, having as much employment as his force can despatch, and making various articles of a quality inferior to none in the Union."

POST OFFICE BILL.—We have a copy of Mr. Hardin's new Post-office bill. According to it, the rates of postage are thus defined. Five cents for prepaid letters, for a distance not exceeding five hundred miles, and for a greater distance ten cents; for double letters, double postage; for treble letters, treble postage; for quadruple letters, or one ounce weight, quadruple postage; and an additional single postage for each half ounce. And double these rates if the postage be not prepaid. Newspapers to be sent in the county in which they are published free of postage; and if not more than 1250 square inches to be charged half cent, sent not over 100 miles, or to any post-office in the State wherein printed; and over 100 miles, or if out the State, one cent, with an additional 1 cent for each additional 250 or part of 250 sq. inches. Publishers to send their papers if they wish, by other than mail conveyances. Double these rates for papers sent to other than subscribers or to news-vendors. A pamphlet of 16 pages, 10 by 6, or 80 sq. inches, in the State wherein published, one cent; for 100 miles, or more out of it, two cents; with a proportional decrease of postage on the size. The President and Ex-President, members of both Houses, &c., free correspondence. \$750, 000 to be appropriated for sustaining the present mails, and increasing them as required. After five years, all the departmental correspondence, except the Post-office Department to be charged with ordinary postage. These are the main provisions of the bill.

(The convicted murderers of Mr. Sprague (John and Nicholas Gordon) made an attempt to escape from the Providence jail on New Year's night, with tools furnished by a brother, but were reasonably detected.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Died, of scarlet fever, at the residence of Mr. Samuel Bennett, Wilcox county, Alabama, on the 19th December, 1844, Miss CATHERINE AMELIA BATHUR, aged 18 years and 12 days.

The subject of this notice, cut off in the bloom of youth, after only one week's painful illness, had endeavored herself to her relatives and many friends, by the cheerfulness, vivacity and sweetness of her disposition, her goodness of heart, and her nobleness and elevation of character. But these virtues, which had entwined themselves with the strongest ties around the hearts of a widowed mother, an affectionate sister and brothers, and with the idol of her affection, the loved Amelia, laid low in the grave, to which all are hastening. Amidst their grief and affliction they are consoled with the happy fact, that the deceased, a short time previous to her death, professed religion, connected herself with the Baptist church, and died in the triumph of faith, in hopes of a blessed and never-ending eternity.

P. S.—The Edgeland Advertiser, S. C., will please copy.

Concert of Music.

ON Friday, 7 o'clock, P. M. the last day of February, the young Ladies of the Judson Female Institute will give a Public CONCERT of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at the Baptist Church.

The Patrons and Friends of the Institute, and the Public generally, are respectfully invited to attend.

M. P. JEWETT, Principal.

Feb. 1, 1845.

NOTICE.—The Board of Directors of the Baptist State Convention of Alabama, is hereby notified of a meeting to be held in Marion, Perry County, Ala. on Saturday 1st day of March next.

J. HARTWELL, Pres.

Jan. 16, 1845.

of B. S. Convention.

Watches and Silver Ware.

The subscriber, having made an arrangement with Messrs. W. Huntington & Son, respectfully offers for sale at their Shop, a choice selection of Gold and Silver Pl. Lever, L. Spring, Cylinder, Alarm and common Watches; also an assortment of fine Jewelry, consisting of Gold Pencil Cases and Ever pointed Pens—Gold Spectacles and Thimbles—Gold fol. guard and vest Chains and Keys—Gold and Stone Keys, Pins and Bracelets; also Silver table, dessert, Salt and Mustard Spoons and Ladles—Sugar Tongs and Butter Knives—

Ladies and Gentlemen, wishing to obtain any of the above mentioned articles, will have a better choice of selection by calling soon—Terms, Cash, at low prices, having recently arrived with well goods from Boston and New York markets. If desired, he will attend to the repairing of Clocks and Watches of a complicated Mechanism; also of Music Boxes and Accordions.

J. A. HARDY.

Refer to Messrs. Huntington & Son
Feb. 1st 1845.

TO PURCHASERS OF PIANOS.—The Subscriber will furnish to purchasers the **MOORE** PIANO in beautiful Mahogany or Rosewood, from the celebrated Manufactory of T. Gilbert & Co. Boston, for four hundred dollars each, delivered in Mobile.

The Pianos from this House are used in the Judson Female Institute, and the undersigned will warrant all instruments furnished by him to be of superior excellence.

Orders must be accompanied by the cash, or a draft on Mobile.

M. P. JEWETT.

BAKERY.

G. F. MERKLE, would inform the citizens of Marion and vicinity, that he has opened a Bakery in the house lately occupied by Mr. A. Y. Yarrington. Having been regularly trained to the business, he will furnish all articles in his line, and hopes to give entire satisfaction. Refer to Professor Hartwell.

Marion, Jan. 19, 1845.

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post office at Perry Court House, Ala. quarter ending 31st December, 1844.

Ayres, Samuel	Moore, Dr G C
Aycock, Seaborn	Massa, Antonio
Adair, Leroy J	Miss Emily
Booth, Wm N	McCullough, Wm
Bryant, J L	McDaniel, Arch'd
Brown, Dr J D	McKee, Daniel
Buckhouse, G H A	Martin, Shadrack
Brown, J D	Massey, Jas
Brown, Robt	Middleton, Messrs J & H
Bradford, John J	Macon, Thos W
Hamburg, Chas J	Olin, N L
Burt, Wm H	Palmer, Jno
Burt, Miss M	Pugh, Mrs Mary
Cunningham, Col Jno	Pitts, E D
Cox, Miss Jane E	Primin, R A
Carlisle, Elisha	Page, Mrs Jane
Coleman, Miss Martha	Pool, Jas L
Cowan, James M	Parish Richard
Cole, Jesse G	Phillips, Rev
Coleman, Jesse A	Powdies, Reuben
Downey, Wm	Parry, Shelby
Davy, Plasterer	Pannell, David
Duke, Wm	Potter, Jackson
Dorough, John	Roberts, Willie
Davis, relative of the	Rosier, H T
Glenn's	Rind, Walter R
Douglass, Thos	Russell, W J (a. r.)
Evans, J	Rutledge S B
Evans, Joseph	Sarabough, J R
Edwards, Miss Susan	Sarabough, J R
Edwards, N W Esq	S. Somon, Mrs A
Fellows, Thos A	Sater, A
Fillert, H	Sprague, E
Fikes, M	Smith, D H
Ford, John	Saunders, Wm A
Foyd, Wm	Swink, Alex
Green, Wm	Swort, Jas C
Gayle, Miles	Saunders Wm Dr
Grasson, George W	Scott, John
Harris, David	Seck John C
Hargrove, Jas E	Scott, James
Hume, J H	Stephens, Rosetta
Holman, Wm	Sugler, Geo
Holkins, Miss E	Stuart, A J
Howard, Claiborne	Stewart, Miss Elend B
Hill, Jas	Tabb, Wm
Henson, Asa	Taylor, Hugh
Hopkins, Jas	Tubb, James B
Hobert, Jos	Tooke, Jas J
James, David	Taylor, L L
Jackson, John T	Tilney, Wm
Johnson, Mrs E	Walker, Mrs Sarah A
Jones, T J	Wade, Miss Amelia
Kent, Mrs Eliza	Watson, L G
Kennedy, W G	Weissinger, L A
Kimball, Robt B	Williams, D R
Leve, R J	Washburn, Wm

Poetical Department.

Who stole the Bird's Nest?

To what! To what! To what!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nest I made?

Not I, said the cow, Moo oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I, said the cow, Moo oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.

To what, To what, To what!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nest I made!

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?

Not I, said the dog, Bow wow,
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.
I gave him the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I, said the dog, Bow wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.

To what! To what! To what!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nest I made!

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?

Coo coo! Coo coo! Coo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest,
From little yellow breast?

Not I, said the sheep; oh no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave you the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa baa! said the sheep; oh no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

To what! To what! To what!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nest I made!

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?

Coo coo! Coo coo! Coo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest,
From little yellow breast?

Caw! Caw! cried the crow,
I should like to know,
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?

Cluck, cluck, said the hen,
Don't ask me again.
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd seem to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck, cluck, said the hen,
Don't ask me again.

Chir-a-whirr! Chir-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry for shame!

I would not rob a bird.
Said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard
Of any thing so mean.

'Tis very cruel, too,
Said little Alice Neal,
I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?

A little boy hung down his head
And went and hid behind the hed;
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name. [Tribune.

Miscellaneous.

The Forget-me-not.

Translated from the French, by Robert B. Baird.

In the year 1839, in the 12th regiment of the line, then stationed at Strasburg, there was a sergeant by the name of Pierre Pitois, who was a native of that half savage, half civilized part of Burgundy, known by the name of Morvan, who was called by his comrades Pierre scallow-ran. He was a brave fellow, in every sense of the word, and his comrades said, a fellow hard to be cocked. Always the first on the field of battle and the last to leave it, he was supposed to care for only two things: the smell of powder and the whistling of balls. Those who had seen him on the field of battle, when with ardent eyes, disheveled nostrils and bristling moustache, he plunged into the thickest of the fight, were accustomed to say that slaughter was the pastime of Pierre scallow-ran.

But one fine day, our friend Pierre sent a letter to his colonel, in which he requested permission to leave for a short time, that he might go and nurse his old mother, who was dangerously ill. He asked that his poor father, seventy-eight years old, had received a paralytic stroke and was utterly incapable of taking care of his poor wife. He promised to return as soon as his mother's health was restored.

The colonel sent word to Pierre Pitois that he hourly expected the regiment to be ordered away, and that he could expect no furlough.

Pierre Pitois did not appeal from this decision. About a fortnight elapsed, a second letter found its way to the colonel. Pierre announced that his mother had died of sorrow on account of not having seen him once more; she had wished, like a kind and affectionate parent, to give him her last blessing. Pierre solicited earnestly this time for leave of absence for a single month. It was a family secret. He begged his colonel not to refuse him this favor.

Pierre's second letter was not more successful than the first, only the captain said to him, "Pierre, the colonel has received your letter; he is very sorry that your poor mother is dead; but he cannot give the furlough you have asked for, our regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow."

"Indeed! the regiment leaves Strasburg, and where is it going, if you please?"

"To Austria. We are going to Vienna, my brave Pitois. We are going to fight with the Austrians. . . don't that please you? There you'll have fun my fine fellow!"

Pierre Pitois answered nothing to all this. He seemed plunged into deep thought. The captain took his hand and shaking it vigorously, said: "Come wake up! are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that before a week we will have the pleasure of fighting with the Austrians, and you don't even thank me for the good news! Why, you are not listening to me!"

"Yes captain," replied Pitois, "I have heard every word, I am much obliged to you for your news; it is very good."

"Ah! so you have recovered your senses at last."

"And so, captain, there is no means of obtaining that furlough?"

"Are you really mad!—furlough, indeed, on the very day before a battle?"

"Oh, I was not thinking; so we are on the eve of a battle, are we? . . . At such a time, of course, absence is not permitted."

"It should not even be asked for!"

"True, it should not be asked for,—one would seem to be a coward. Besides, the one that I was requesting, I no longer want, I will do without it."

"And you will do well," replied the captain. The following day the 12th regiment of the line entered Germany. On the same day, Pierre Pitois, surnamed scallow-ran, deserted.

Three months afterwards, while the 12th regiment, after having gathered in a full harvest of glory and honor on the field of Wagram, was making its triumphant entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged before his colonel by a brigade of gendarmes.

Ever long a council of war was assembled. Pierre Pitois was accused of having deserted just before his regiment was to have been brought to face the enemy.

This council of war presented a singular spectacle. On one side there was the accuser, who was saying, "Pierre Pitois, you one of the bravest soldiers of the army, you, on whose breast shines the cross of honor; you, who have never deserved either punishment or reproach from your superiors, you could not have left your regiment, and especially have left it on the eve of battle, without having had a powerful inducement. The council wishes to know your motive, for it desires, not to acquit you, for it neither can nor ought to; but at least to recommend you to the clemency of the emperor." On the other hand, the accused replied: "I have deserted without any motive, without any reason, but I do not regret having done so; if it was to be repeated, I would do it again. I have merited death, condemn me!" Then witnesses came forward, and said, "Pierre Pitois has deserted, we know it." Others again, "Pierre Pitois is mad; the council cannot condemn a madman; it is not to the gallows, it is to the hospital he should be sent."

Little was wanting for this plan to be adopted, for there was nobody in the whole council, who did not consider the desertion of "Arde-bout-cra" as one of those human impossibilities which every body acknowledges, but nobody understands. Yet the accused appeared to be simple and logical in his perseverance in claiming the sentence of death; he proclaimed his crime with such bold frankness, repeating continually that he did not regret it, the firmness which he showed looked so much like a bravado, that clemency could not be exercised towards him. Sentence of death was pronounced. When his sentence was read to him, Pierre Pitois did not tremble. He was advised to plead for mercy—he refused.

As every body saw plainly that beneath all this indifference was concealed some strange mystery, it was decided that the execution of Pierre Pitois should be deferred. The condemned man was led to the military prison, and was told that by a special favor, he had four days to think on the subject and ask for pardon; he shrugged his shoulders and did not answer.

In the dead of the night which preceded his execution, the door of his prison swung on its hinges, an officer of the imperial guard advanced to the side of his bed on which the condemned man was sleeping, and having examined him attentively by the light of the lantern which he held in his hand, awoke him. Pierre opened his eyes, and looking around, "Ah," said he, "the hour has come at last!"

"No, Pierre," replied the officer, the hour has not yet come, but it will come ere long."

"And what do you want with me?"

Pierre Pitois, you do not know me," said the officer, "but I know you; I saw you at Asteritz, where you acted like a brave man. From that day I always esteemed you and respected you. Arriving but yesterday in Strasburg, I have learned of your crime and your condemnation. As the jailer is one of my relations, I obtained permission to come and tell you, Pierre, he who is about to die, often regrets that he has not a friend to whom he can open his heart, and confide some duty to be fulfilled. Pierre, if you wish, I will be that friend."

"Thank you, comrade," replied Pierre, in a dry tone.

"Have you nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"What! not one adieu for your betrothed or your sister?"

"A betrothed!—a sister!—I never had either."

"Not your father?"

"My father is no more; he died in my arms two months ago."

"Not even your mother?"

"For my mother!" exclaimed Pierre, whose tones suddenly altered,—for my mother! Ah, comrade, do not pronounce that name, for, can you believe me, I never heard it, I never said it in my heart without being moved like a child. Even now, it seems to me, if I were to speak of her—"

"Well!"

"I would shed tears, and it is not manly to weep! To weep," continued he in animation, "to weep when I have but a few hours to live. Ah! I would be without courage!"

"You are too severe, comrade," said the officer. "I have as much courage as other men, and yet I would not be ashamed to weep when speaking of my mother."

"Indeed!" said Pierre, seizing the officer's hand with eagerness, you are a soldier, and you would not be ashamed to weep?"

"When I think of my mother! no, indeed!—She is so good; she loves me so much, and I love her."

"She loves you! you love her!—O, then I will tell you every thing for my heart is full of overflowing; and however strange may appear the thoughts that fill my mind, you will not laugh at them, I am sure. Listen, then, for you were saying a little while ago, he who is dying is happy to have a friend, in whose bosom he can pour out his feelings, his secrets; will you then listen to me—will you not laugh at me?"

"I am listening, Pierre—he who is about to die can excite nothing but sympathy."

"Well then," said Pierre, "you must know that from the time I came into the world, I have never loved but one person, and that was my mother! But I loved her as no one else can love, with all the energy and spirit that was in me. When I was but a little boy, I could read in her eyes, and she in mine. I knew her thoughts, she knew mine. To my heart she was a part of myself; I was the same to her. I never had a wife or sweetheart, I never had a friend; my mother was my only friend; therefore when I was called upon to become a soldier, when I knew that I was to leave her, I was overcome with despair; and I declared that even if force was employed, I would not leave my mother. With one word, she who was a good and courageous woman, changed all my resolutions. "Pierre," said she, "you must go, I wish it. I fell on my knees before her and said, 'I will go.' "Pierre," added she, "you have always been a good son, and I thank God; but the duties of a son are not the only ones to be attended to; your country calls you—obey! You are going to become a soldier; henceforth your life is not your own, but your country's. If God chooses that you should die before me, I will weep for you with all my heart, but will say 'God gave him to me, God took him away, blessed be His name.' Adieu, then, and if you love me, do your duty! Oh the words of that saint, I know them by heart. 'Do your duty,' said she; well, the duty of a soldier is to obey everywhere and always, always and everywhere have I obeyed; it is also to go forward, to face danger and peril without reflection or hesitation. Those who have seen me thus rushing in the midst of balls and bayonets said, 'there is a brave fellow!' They would have said with more truth, 'There is one who loves his mother!'"

"One day a letter came which told me that my poor mother was sick; I wanted to go and see her. I asked leave of absence; it was refused! I remembered her last words; 'if you love me, do your duty.' I was resigned. A short time afterwards I learned that she was dead. . . Oh, then I lost all command over myself. Let it cost what it might, in spite of everything, I wished to return to the village in which I was born. Whence came this desire so ardent so irresistible, of seeing again the place where my mother had died? I will confess it to you, and as you have a mother whom you love and who loves you, you will understand me.

"We country people of Morvan are simple hearted and credulous; we have not the dom or education of the dwellers in cities, but we have our creeds which folks call our superstition. Superstition, or whatever it be, we have it, and skillful would be he who could take them from us. Well, one of our opinions which we cling most to, is that which attributes to the first flower which grows on a grave a virtue, such that he who plucks it is certain never to forget the dead, and never to be forgotten of them. This is indeed a precious and consoling belief. With it death is no longer dreadful, it is but a gentle sleep, a repose after a long fatigue."

"I wanted to see this flower rise out of the ground; I wanted to pluck it, and to do this I deserted. After a weary walk of ten days I arrived at my mother's grave. The ground seemed still freshly dug; no flower had yet grown there. I waited—six weeks passed, and at the dawn of a beautiful day, I perceived a little flower opening of a sky blue. It was one of those flowers which we country people call, 'Forget-me-nots.' When I plucked it, I shed tears of joy, for it seemed to me as though that little flower was the spirit of my mother, and that she had felt my presence, and that in the form of the Forget-me-not, she had returned to cheer me."

"As nothing now bound me to my native village, for my poor father had not long been laid following my mother to the tomb, and besides I had got my precious flower, what more did I want? I came to the army and said, 'I have deserted, arrest me!'"

"I am now going to die, and if, as you have assured me, I have a friend in you, I will die without regret, for you will do me the service which I ask of you. This flower, for which I left the army, for which I risked my life, is in this pocket which you see on my breast. Promise me that you will take care that it is not separated from me. It is the tie which unites me to my mother, and if I supposed that it was broken, oh! I would die without courage. Say, do you promise to do what I ask?"

"I promise you."

"O, give me your hand that I may press it to my heart. O, you who are so kind to me, I love you, and if God, by his all-powerful goodness, was to give me a second life, I would consecrate it to your service."

The friends bade each other farewell.

On the morrow, when Pierre had arrived at the place of execution, and the sentence of death had already been read, dull murmurs, and then loud cries, arose along the lines: "The Emperor!—it is the Emperor!—God save the Emperor!"

The Emperor appeared, dismounted from his horse, and with short and rapid steps, walked straight to the condemned man. Pierre! said he.

Pierre looked at him; one would have said that he wished to speak, but he was struck with a strange stupor.

"Pierre," continued the Emperor, "think of the words of last night. God gives you a second life, consecrate it, not to me, but to France!—France is also a good and worthy mother!—Love her as you loved the other!" He remounted his horse, and left, accompanied by shouts of a few days afterwards Pierre, who had become captain of the old guard, fell on the field of Waterloo, and mortally wounded, found strength enough to cry out with a firm voice: "God save the Emperor!—God save my country!—God save my mother!"

A white man add some powder to an Indian telling him if he sowed it in the ground, he might raise his own powder. The Indian watched his ground for a long time with great patience, but at length began to suspect that he had been imposed upon. He said nothing, however, but went to the trader who had forgotten the trick, and obtained credit for a quantity of goods. When the time of payment came, the trader requested the money, but the Indian with great complaisance, only replied, "My pay you when my powder grow!"—Dr. Drake.

A Word of Good Advice.—When your character is assailed by the tongue or the pen of calumny, and your plans for doing good are opposed and thwarted, instead of spending your time in fretting about your enemies, spend it in praying for yourself and examining your own heart. When the inner man is kept right, God always sends to the right direction of outward circumstances."

There is no capital so secure against reverses as personal perseverance.

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2. Localities of a Baptist Typographical Establishment—representing the old and dilapidated cabin where was commenced the publication of the Baptist Library, the romantic mountain scenery adjacent, and the subsequent position in the village of Prattsville, with a street view of that pleasant and thriving village. (Copperplate.) This picture is furnished at the expense of Hon. Zaddock Pratt.

3. Portrait of John Bunyan, (copperplate), with a sketch of his life.

4. Bunyan's Localities,—his residence, meeting house, &c.—(a fine wood engraving.)

5. A Fac simile of Bunyan's Handwriting, (engraved on wood.)

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Terms.—The BAPTIST PICTORIAL will be published the 1st Tuesday in every month and each number will contain 32 royal octavo pages and 10 engravings—\$2 per annum—five to one postage for \$9. All subscriptions to be paid on the reception of the first number.

The subscription books will be open till the 1st of March next, when if a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained the first number of the work will be issued. If the number of subscribers necessary to sustain the work should not be obtained, we shall not proceed.

All Baptist ministers and members reading this are earnestly requested to act as our agents. Subscriptions should be forwarded immediately to L. L. Hill, Westkill, Greene county, New York.

It is believed that no work on a plan like the foregoing was ever attempted either in this or any other country. Pædobaptists it is true have done much both with the pen and pencil to disseminate their peculiar views, and to render attractive their external circumstances. With this we would not find fault, but would fain believe that by the plan here presented we shall be able to "excel" them, with all their far-sighted ingenuity and industry. We claim, however, in this undertaking a higher and stronger motive. It is our desire to spread information respecting one of the largest denominations in Christendom—to furnish the members of that denomination with a view of the "great family" to which they belong—to exhibit both to their bodily and mental eyes, the whereabouts of their Father's household. In doing this, we shall spare neither pains nor expense, but shall use our best energies to furnish a vast fund of instruction and entertainment, in exhibiting the more prominent institutions and characters of our denomination. Thus we hope to secure a number of objects, and among them the following:—

1. To bring to the light many gems of worth and beauty, now enveloped in obscurity.

2. To exhibit, as far as comports with our plan, the Baptist denomination as it is.

3. To fill a chasm which now exists in our literature.

4. To provide a beautiful and useful periodical—something to adorn both the centres of the wealthy and the more humble abodes of the poor.

5. To rear a monument for the benefit of posterity.

6. To gain access to Pædobaptists—for we hereby apprise them that we mean to circulate this prospectus in their ranks with this identical view, at the same time that they will perceive our main design to be the use of the pencil, and not the disputatious pen.

In the performance of our task, we shall ransack, or cause to be ransacked, every part of the United States and other countries, which may afford materials for this work. Aside from the meeting houses, colleges, universities and distinguished characters of our own land, we are making arrangements to obtain the portraits of John Foster, Alexander Carson, Dr. Ryland, Samuel Pearce, Abraham Booth, and other departed worthies in Europe, with views of many objects of interest, such as missionary stations, autographs of eminent Baptists, &c. The Localities of the persecuted Ocken, in Hamburg, Germany, even to the very walls that imprisoned him, will be forthcoming for our first volume.

Baptist, and other editors, who insert this prospectus for any length of time not exceeding three months, will be entitled to their usual fee, and paid either in copies of the Baptist Pictorial, or bound volumes of the Baptist Library, subject in their order at L. Colby's Bookstore, 122 North street, New York.

Every article of clothing must be marked with the owner's name.

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