

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Edited by JAMES W. HOSKINS.

"JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF SEEN THE CORNER STONE."—Ephesians ii. 20.

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TERMS.

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For the Baptist.

A Sermon,

Delivered by Rev. J. Q. Prescott, at Gaston, Sumter County, Alabama, on the Close of the Year 1844.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapour which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."—James 4: 14.

The last Sabbath of 1844, suggests to the reflecting mind many thoughts relative to the rapid flight of time—reminds us of the shortness of life and the rapidity with which it is hastening to its close.

The Earth, in obedience to the law of nature, has again pursued its wondrous way among the planetary hosts and performed its annual journey around its system's common centre. It has again experienced the agreeable vicissitudes of the seasons, been again watered by soft showers, reanimated by genial suns, clad in the leafy foliage of spring, adorned with the varied odorous flowers of summer, loaded with the abundant fruits of autumn, and now again exhibiting the nakedness of winter. Rapidly have rolled the resistless wheels of time, and now, as the old charioteer in the olympic games when the goal was nearly obtained, animated with more speed their fiery coursers, so hastes to the grave the fast dying year, and life is preparing for the espousal of death.

What is our life? It is even a vapour which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. It is but a transient passage from the cradle to the grave. It is compared to the arrow's rapid flight, which is scarcely seen ere it disappears. Man's time on this terrestrial ball is short—"his days are few and full of trouble."

"What is his life?—Its tinselled toys Are but the mock of real joys— A play, where gaudy games are seen, And death presides, to close the scene."

What is his life? A shower of tears; A short, short round of mis-spent years; A dream that's broken ere it closes; A little scene, 'mid hosts of foes."

How many moments since the last Sabbath of the past year have winged their noiseless flight to the throne of God! What have they reported there? Much that will influence the destiny of each immortal soul—much that will be revealed to an astonished universe, in that day when "the books will be opened, and the dead, small and great, stand before God,"—much that will enkindle, in that solemn hour, emotions of everlasting joy or sorrow.

Will our deeds this year cause the high arches of heaven to resound with acclamations of joy at our reception, or shall we hear the triumph of infernal spirits that another lost, wicked soul, is about to be added to their number? To which of us does conscience now whisper "you know your duty, but ye did it not." Let memory now open an avenue to the past, and let us on this holy Sabbath pause and reflect upon our present condition, our past sinfulness and our future destiny. Let the tear of penitence fall, let the flame of gratitude and love be enkindled within each breast, and let our hearts arise in thankfulness to the giver of every good and perfect gift, for the many unmerited mercies we have received.

Twenty-five millions of immortal spirits, at least, have departed from the theatre of earthly transactions and entered upon the untiring scenes of eternity, since the commencement of 1844. Some, with glory beaming on their faces, reflected from the Jasper walls of heaven, have gone to an eternal, hallowed rest. Others, with dark despair depicted on their features, emanating from the dark domains of the second death, have plunged into those regions of sorrow which are said to rise and meet the wicked at their coming. The ties of friendship have been sundered—loved ones have been snatched from the embrace of affection—tears have fallen from the eyes of bereaved, heart-broken mourners, and we have been daily and hourly convinced that this is not our home—that we have no abiding city here. Friends have readily conceded to the grave the aged and infirm, though they have reluctantly parted with those in the prime and robustness of life; but the king of terror makes no distinction—he takes the young and beautiful, as well as the aged and infirm. None can stay his hand or prevent his approach. "He finds strange beauty on the infant's brow and dashes it away." He bows the head of royalty and makes the neck of kings submissive to his yoke.

He does not pause in his onward march, but is even now walking to and fro through the earth, and ere long we shall feel his approach.

"Let us so live"

That when the summons comes for us to join 'The innumerable caravan, which moves To the pale realms of death, we go not As the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon;

But sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust In heaven—may we die like one who wraps The drapery of his couch about him and lies down To pleasant dreams."

During the 365 days now almost numbered, every thing has been busy. We have all done something—we have all exerted an influence. Dark deeds have been transacted upon the land, unnatural crimes have been committed upon the sea; wicked spirits have been busy in seducing men to crime and misery, while angels and spirits of the just have watched around the faithful. Though error has been extending her sphere, yet the cross of Christ has won its humble votaries. The humble christian has gone forth, unobtrusively, to seek out the abode of suffering and wretchedness, and has supplied the wants of poverty. The tear of sorrow has been wiped from the eye, the sigh of anguish has been repressed and pain mitigated, by the soothing word of sympathy and the lavish hand of care.—The pious, devoted, consecrated missionary, "has given up friends and idol hopes, and every tie that binds the heart to home and country, to declare the true God to benighted idolaters, to erect the standard of Immanuel, to preach Christ and him crucified, and has seen the fruits of his labors in the Lord. The ministers of the holy religion of our Saviour have gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, and have returned with joy. The priceless tear of repentance hath shone in the eyes of those whose souls had become sick of sin. The electric chain which binds men to angels, has been struck by the deep contrition of the returning prodigal. Archangels and seraphs have seized their harps of gold and made the domes of the celestial city reverberate with their loud songs of joy and triumph, over sincere hearts, seeking, about the consecrated altar of his church, the salvation of their immortal spirits.

The present occasion is appropriate for serious and solemn reflection. If self-examination is ever profitable—if the soul should ever solemnly enter the recesses of its own being—if with the most rigid scrutiny we should survey our state and analyze our feelings to ascertain its progress or retrograde—the present is certainly a proper time.

1. Because a specified period of time has elapsed. Time, properly speaking, "is our own consciousness of successive existence, measured by the revolutions of the heavenly bodies." A complete revolution of the earth around the sun, the centre and life of our system, constitutes its year—the passing away of a specific period.—The vicissitudes of the seasons have come and gone. Successive months have deposited their predecessors, taking into their own hands the sceptre of control; week after week has mounted in succession the rapid car of time and hastened westward to the sea of the mighty past.—Day after day has risen up, as if in haste to hurry its predecessor from the stage of existence—itsself to dispense its joys and sorrows. Hours and minutes have rushed onward with the lightning's velocity, till the year is completed. And as they went they sowed the seeds of care and sorrow, and spread abroad the light of love and hope. The same series of general events have taken place; the rounds of annual business have been made; old accounts are to be settled; ledgers to be posted up, new books to be opened, and the order of things to be begun anew. These things should make such impressions upon our minds as to lead us to serious contemplation and sober thought.

2. The present is a favorable season for reflection, because the past year has either been improved or misimproved. If improved, 'tis well to refresh memory by recurring to the means employed, for the remembrance will be pleasing, and pleasing remembrances will stir up pure hearts to aspirations after greater good, and wise minds will be led to employ the same means to more extensive profit. If the past year has been misimproved, it is of the highest importance that we should know and feel it. We must know wherein we have specifically failed in our duty, in order to improve the year that is to come.—We must feel our misimprovement in order "so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Serious reflection will produce these results. Conscience will awake to accuse us of our faults, or sweetly whisper her approbation of our virtuous actions. Let none, then, who feel themselves immortal and responsible to the bar of God, carelessly waste this day, so auspicious to profitable thought.

3. Because we are older; hence our responsibilities are increased and we are nearer to eternity. The moments of the year past have carried an exact account of their usage as they flew up to heaven. What have they reported concerning you and me? Our feelings, motives, thoughts, words and actions, have been recorded on the great tablet of eternity. Let every soul think what have been the reports concerning him or her, and remember with deep seriousness that his responsibilities are increased. Happy are they, of whom the moments as they passed to heaven have said, "behold they pray." Unhappy they to whom it hath been said, "let

them alone, they are joined to their idols, they have stiffened their necks, they have hardened their hearts, they believe a lie, they must be damned."

A year older! solemn thought!—gone, irrevocably gone!—lost, lost forever!—buried in the oblivion of the past. Can I, in view of that eternity to which I am hastening, now rejoice over the influence the past year has exerted upon my soul? Eternity! what finite mind can have just conceptions of it? How many of us are apt to chide the wheels of time, because they roll off the weeks so lowly! How slowly does the machinery of the universe sometimes seem to wheel the months and years around! If time be long, what is eternity! Tell the swift bird that flies, to carry this ponderous earth to the sun.—Bid it carry one grain at every journey. Allow a thousand years to each excursion. The task would be accomplished; but how much duration must have then elapsed! Still eternity is just begun. Eternity is without end, to make perpetual the happiness or bliss of those who may be the honored guests of heaven—to make forever wretched those who may be unrelenting persons to the broken law of God.

4. Because of the mercies received. God has been good to us, while we have been bad to him. He has not afflicted us with pestilence or death, he has not multiplied our sorrows, he has not reduced us to want; but he has blessed us with health, peace and plenty. Spiritual mercies have been continued. The light of the Bible shines about our path—its power alarms the conscience—its truths rectify the understanding. The Holy Spirit still lingers with us, still convincing the world of sin, of righteousness and of a judgment to come; successfully striving with sinners and leading them to the Lamb of God. The great sacrifice Jesus the Saviour, Christ the anointed, the giver of all mercies, has been with us. The comfortable religion of the Gospel has infused into many hearts the balm of peace—supported the christian under the severest trials—made him triumphant in the conflict with death, and rescued in the ark of safety some of this congregation—the young, the middle aged, and some that were tottering on the grave's dark verge. We have seen them as the happy subjects of transforming grace, scholars in the school of Christ, arising in their old age from the baptismal waters to newness of life. We bid you God speed—and as you ripen for the grave, seek to be fully ripe for glory in the skies. Numerous mercies have we received during the year now gone. Are we grateful for the same? Do the fires of gratitude and love towards our God, burn upon the altar of our hearts? What shall we render unto God for all his benefits? We can give him the homage of our hearts, the praise of our tongues, the service of our bodies and spirits, which are his. Let us examine ourselves to-day, to see if we exercise due gratitude and give thanks in all things. Let us seek God for forgiveness for our fretfulness and fipings, our murmuring and despondency over the present unfavorable aspect of our temporal affairs, and remember that we are placed daily under renewed obligation to his service, by reason of his goodness to us.

5. This period is emblematical of death.—Human life has been compared, in its various stages, to the seasons of the year. The spring is childhood—summer is manhood—autumn is the decline of life, and winter is old age. The year's last day is the grave. How short the year! So short and precarious is life. How recently did we behold the opening beauties of spring, the varied luxuriance of summer, the matured harvest of autumn, and now the dull decay of winter. So quickly opens the bud of childhood into the flower of youth, soon to possess the maturity of manhood, and soon to be shorn of strength and fade away from life. "Our life is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

The close of the year tells the knell of departed time. Each annual circuit of the heavens teaches an important lesson. We are reminded of mortality. That is inscribed upon all material things. From the delicate petals of the sweet spring rose, up to the lofty oak, that for a while would defy the tempest. From the butterfly that flutters for a few hours in the sunbeam, to the lion, who in the greatness of his strength is king of beasts. There is no age exempt from death. As the meteor is seen sometimes to pass just on the verge of the horizon, discovering only a few faint tokens of its presence, so some just touch upon this orb and bound away to heaven. As the morning star, just before the chariot of the sun, gleams but for an interval on the astronomer's eye and then fades away amid the mellow light of morning's burnished skies, so others linger till the disquiet of their earliest hours is changed to the innocent, prattling glee of childhood, and then, as if too bright for earth, are taken to a holier world above the sun. As the moon is sometimes eclipsed "when walking in her brightness," so the cold hand of death sometimes takes from our vision, those who possess all the beauty and freshness of youth. As the presence of the sun, obscured by a cloudy sky, is discovered by the halo which surrounds it, which grows fainter and fainter till extinguished entirely, so sometimes the soul lingers long in its earthly tenement, till decay and old age eclipses its brightness. Here let us reflect upon the shortness, as well as uncertainty, of life and death.—"Man is of few days and full of trouble."—He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down—like

fleeth as a shadow and continueth not."—"Man dieth and wasteth away, he giveth up the ghost and where is he?"—"Behold, thou hast made many days, as it were, a span long—and mine age is even as nothing to thee, and verily every man living is altogether vanity."—"For man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain—he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them."—"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—"The days of our years are three-score years and ten, though by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away."—"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," was the prayer of the Psalmist and should be our prayer.

Think what it is to die! To leave the earth and all its scenes, no more to listen to the soothing voice of friendship and love, no more to look upon nature's loveliness or dreariness; but to close all the avenues of sense to all terrestrial things. The last farewell must go and come—the coffin, the pall, the winding sheet and the open grave, must come—the last mysterious tie that binds the soul to its tenement of clay, must be broken—perhaps in case, perhaps in agony. The immortal spark, the deathless spirit, flies into the unveiled presence of God—becomes introduced to the unknown scenes of eternity!—How do you chose to die? Like those who, frantic with distemper, rise up in wild despair, declaring they will not die; or like those who, calmly waiting the summons, look eagerly up for the seraph pinion kindly sent to bear them to the blessed spirit-land, the bosom of love and joy. Look around, my hearers, doubtless you observe to be wanting, the faces of some who assembled a year since with you. They lie in the grave yonder. Go, survey their tombs—there let the tear of humanity fall over mouldering dust and sundered ties—over the once prattling babe, blooming youth and strong manhood—and weep over the degradation of death! But still rejoice that reason, lit up with the light of revelation, can look upward and whisper immortality and eternal life. Let Faith and Hope bear the glorious Redeemer say, "I will ransom them from death. O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law—but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

If we hope to have a part in the first resurrection, to arise to immortal glory, so now let us, while the new year rises from the ashes of the old, rise in our hearts to newness of life—form new resolutions for future usefulness, strive to live nearer the Saviour, to imitate more of his spirit, to ripen for glory in heaven whilst our locks are whitening for the tomb, and to lay up treasure in heaven.

To some who now listen to me, this will probably be the last year on earth. May this solemn thought sink deep into each heart—may it induce the worldly mind to elevate its thoughts and remember its endless destiny—may it influence the christian to do whatsoever he finds to do with all his might.

Let us seek, during the approaching year, to have our "souls bathed in a purer atmosphere"—let us invoke the presence of some guardian angel, whose "wings shall fan aside the shadows which fall from earthly things" and cause the beauty of holiness to glow within our breasts. Should any of this attentive congregation, during the new year, be called to meet the king of terror, may they have the presence of the Saviour as they walk through the dark valley, may he make their dying bed "as soft as downy pillows are," and may they when sinking in death have the "parting tear brightened by the prospect of a glorious resurrection morning."

The Prayer Book laid aside. It is related of John Whiting of New York, that while his heart was warm with gratitude and love, and before he made a public profession of his faith, he made a written covenant with God. This covenant he and his wife signed, while on their knees. It is still in preservation, and we believe, was never broken. One of the first promises made was to set up family prayers. This, to him, was a great trial. He had lived without prayer until they had a number of children, and a large family of workmen and domestics, who had witnessed his irreligious life, and he could not pray before them. He could charge a jury or address a public assembly; but he had never learned to pray. He could not go back without violating his covenant. He called his family together; read a chapter in the Bible, and then kneeling down, read from a book which lay open before him, a morning prayer. He pursued this course for some time, until his little daughter who had been taught to kneel beside him, rose from her posture one morning, and leaning upon his knee, said with the simplicity of a child, "Pa, I wish you would learn some other prayer. You have read that so often, that I don't want to hear it any more." From that time he laid by the prayer-book, and he never afterwards wanted words to express in prayer "the soul's sincere desire."

In truth, he became a man of prayer, and having used the office of a deacon with for nearly thirty years, he "purchased to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith." There may have been a want of method in his prayers, but there was so much simplicity and pathos in them, that the hearer was always convinced that they came from the heart, and they often reached the heart.—*Dap. Record.*

Tyre was built 240 years before the building of the temple of Jerusalem, by the Sidonians; for this reason it is called by Isaiah, the daughter of Sidoe.

LAYING UP TREASURES. Get by heart a single verse: "Thou hast gold within your purse."

From the Christiana Reflector. Relation of the Christian's Property to the Cause of Christ. (Concluded from our last.) Again, there are times when the property of the Christian should be reduced by making direct appropriations to the cause of God. It becomes Christian people to sell portions of their goods, and give the price into the treasury of the Lord. The crisis which the missionary enterprise has reached, and the law of the blessed Redeemer, the same ever since it was uttered, demand of the disciples of Jesus to take out of their property sums that will make them less rich in worldly goods, and give to the work which will glorify God. "Sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor," was the order of Christ. The demand for property for the cause of the church in the opening of the gospel dispensation was urgent. The primitive Christians could not go on without the wealth of the world. Then did Christians, by the relation of their property to the glorious cause begun, sell their effects, and lay the price at the apostles' feet, for a prominent object before the church. They had freely received, and freely did they give. No less necessary is money for the advancement of the church at this day. In apostolic days, property was essential to begin the church; now it is required to give progress to the kingdom of Christ. If the pressing circumstances of the church when limited to Jerusalem called for Christians to sell lands for the support of the weak and indigent, are the wants of the church any the less, burdened as she now is with the responsibility of sending the gospel to the whole world? The church is not only to aid her poor, but she is to cross the lines of Gentile nations, and pour out the treasures of her love on the Indian of the American wilds, on Africa's injured sons in bondage, and upon their native soil, on Asia's millions, on Europe's anti-christian multitudes, and upon the tribes in the islands of the sea. Christians of the Jerusalem church gave their possessions that all might be in common. We are not at this day directed to live in common with the people of God, yet our holy religion requires us to live in common with the world, through sympathy and love, for the high aim of bringing hosts of relief men back to God. Example and precept demand of the Christian at this day the practice of selling property for the cause of Christ. Let that brother who has in his possession a house which brings him in rental, sell the tenement or part of it, and give the purchase money for the distribution of the Bible, or for the support of God's servants in benighted lands. Let the Christian with a note in his hand valued by scores or hundreds, ask, how can I hold this, while there are only two or three missionaries among eight or ten million Telegos, and multitudes of them are raising hand and voice to the missionaries, give us the Bible? Let the Christian with his bank-stock, his factory, his rail road stock, affording him an income from the leering myriads of Chinamen, let him remember that by an average rate of deaths, more than a thousand of our race in the Chinese branch of the human family have within the last hour gone to an idolater's eternity, to an idolater's hell. Let the Christian look upon his landed estate, upon his pasture lands, that bear him profit, and reflect concerning the increasing multitude in the vast West, destined to become Romanists or infidels, unless the preacher and the Bible be quickly sent them. Jesus, surnamed Barnabas, owned land in the rich and beautiful island of Cyprus; but the land was not too rich to give to the Lord. It was called, for the cause was in want of it; he sold it, and laid the price in the treasury of the Redeemer. If Barnabas must sell his land in Cyprus, does not every consideration touching the Saviour's cause now make it incumbent on many of our beloved brethren to sell some of their land, though it be the most fertile that lies on the Merrimack, on the Connecticut, or on the little Souhegan, or on the hill sides throughout New Hampshire? Let that brother and another measure a parcel of their land, and turn it over to some of the objects before the church to bless the world. We cannot presume it would be more than what Heaven dictated. It would be in obedience to a very explicit command of the great Teacher, "Sell and give alms." Let the brother of one thousand reduce his property fifty or one hundred, the brother of five thousand reduce his five hundred or more, and it would be plain property was employed in some degree according to its relation to the Redeemer's kingdom. Soon would it be said of these brethren, by the effects of their benevolence, as was said of Barnabas, "they are good men, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Should our brethren in the churches of this State lessen their property ten or twenty per cent, and give the amount reduced to those great schemes of beneficence blessed of Heaven, would the churches be ennobled. In five or ten years, the inventory of the New Hampshire Baptists would equal the inventory they will now have by the old practice of giving. How long must it be before we shall understand the political economy of the Bible. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth. There is more real speculation in one of John Bunyan's riddles than in all the plans of accumulating in this age of growing rich by magic.

A man there was, though none did count him mad, The more he gave away the more he had.

These principles, briefly stated, must guide the church before she becomes what God designs of her. And we rejoice that in some, these principles in the relation of the Christian's property to the cause of Christ,

are coming into practice. If they be considered too self denying, and occasion too much sacrifice, let us remember that our God and Father, in seeking for redeeming power to save ungrateful sinners, did not look into his domains. He turned to the treasure of his bosom, he laid his hand, not on the wealth of the universe, but took him who was his delight before creation rose to being, and through the fulness of his benignant grace his Beloved Son.

From the N. Y. Observer. "Do I Love God?" Mr. B. I have often thought with tremor, bling on this passage of Scripture, "Lovest thou me?" Pastor. It is a most important question; one which is addressed to each individual by the most interesting Being in the universe. It is a question which I trust you can answer without hesitation in the affirmative.

Mr. B. I don't know, my experience is not like that of many persons. They speak of the joys of a love which I have never felt. They seem to know that they love Christ. Mr. S. says it is as easy to know whether we love Christ as it is to know whether we love our children, now I know that I love my children; I feel that I do, but I am not conscious of the same strong feelings of love to God.

Pastor. The fact that you are not conscious of precisely the same feelings; does not prove that you do not love Him. The love which we owe to God is not the same as that which we owe to a child. The principal of love will be modified in its manifestations according to the character of the object. I cannot approve of the language which represents the emotions of love as may feel towards God as the same or precisely similar to those we may feel towards a fellow mortal. There is a difference though it may be difficult to describe it. I believe we may be conscious of the direct exercise of love to God but it has not the palpableness of that which we feel towards a friend. I think we are to judge of the state of our mind towards God not by the intensity of direct emotions as by reference to the effects. Now what is the habitual state of your will as compared with God's?

Mr. B. O I think I can say that I am willing that God's will should be done; I don't know as I can really say that I feel so at all times. I'm sure I wish to feel so.

P. How was it with you when your child lay sick?

Mr. B. Oh, I wanted her to get well as much as any body ever did, but I wanted God to have his way in the matter?

P. Why?

Mr. B. Because He knows what is best and always does what is right.

P. How do you feel when your will is crossed?

Mr. B. I don't know as it ever is crossed—when things don't turn out as I expected, I know it was God's will to have them turn out so—so I'm satisfied as it is.

P. Were you satisfied when you buried your first born?

Mr. B. Perfectly. God wanted her, and I had nothing to say.

P. You always find good reason for submitting to God's will?

Mr. B. Oh, there are reasons enough, but I'm done looking for them, I used to try to see why God did so and so that I might be the more reconciled to it, but I've done with that, I leave it all to Him. When God does a thing I know it is right, I'm just as sure of it as I could see all the reasons in the world.

P. Well if all things go as you wish to have them I don't see as you can have much to trouble you?

Mr. B. Oh I'm not troubled about any thing that happens—any thing that God does or permits to be done—I'm only afraid sometimes that I don't love him, I don't feel as many engaged christians say they feel. I shouldn't dare to express myself about my love to God as they do.

P. Probably they would not express themselves so if they had the same view of the Divine character which you have been favored with. I would lay aside all trouble about this matter so long as strength is given you to do the will of God. He that loveth me keepeth my word. Note but those who love him keep his word.

The Little Boy That felt right towards the dying Heathen In that beautiful juvenile paper, the Well-Spring, we find a very interesting account of a little Connecticut boy eleven years of age. He was one day busily engaged in play being employed in making himself a kite. But, while his hands were actively engaged in his play, his thoughts were towards the benighted heathen, and he was studying ways to send them relief. By and by he looked up to his father and said, very seriously "Father, I wish I had a string to my kite that would reach clear to the heathen."

"Why, my son," said the father, "what would you do with it if you had?" "I would send the gospel to them," quickly replied the boy.

"I would make a great kite," said he, and then I would tie a little Testament to it, and if I only had a string long enough, I would send it away to the heathen."

That is the proper feeling—so deep and sincere, as to be unperpetrated even while engaged in play. Who of our readers would like to "sail such a kite?" The Missionary Society is that long string, your cents and "four pences" will buy the Testaments and any of you that please may raise a good kite thus freighted, and let it sink down on the bosom of dark and heathen Africa or Oregon.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

AGENTS for the sale of BULLOCK'S COTTON
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