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# Alabama Baptist.

"JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."—EPIPHANUS, 2: 20.

MARION, (PERRY COUNTY, ALABAMA,) SEPTEMBER 18, 1846.

NUMBER 31.

From the New York Observer.  
THE SACRED MOUNTAINS—MT. ARARAT.  
BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

There are some mountains standing on this sphere of ours that seem almost conscious beings, and if they could but speak, and tell what they have seen and felt, the traveller who pauses at their base, would tremble with awe and alarm.

For some good reason, the Deity has usually chosen mountain summits, and those which are isolated, as the theatre where he made the grandest exhibitions of himself. It may be because those grand and striking features in nature fix the locality of events so that they never can fade from the memory of man. The giving of the law needs no lofty column of stone to commemorate it. Mount Ararat lifts its awful form towards the clouds, a perpetual, unwasting monument. God's exhibition of himself to the awe-struck prophet, as he passed by him heralded by the storm, the earthquake and the flame, needs no pyramid to fix the locality in history. Mount Horeb tells where the Almighty dimmed his glory and covered the human face with his fearful hand, so that his brightness might not destroy the being that would gaze on him. The transfiguration of the God-man requires no pillar of brass to arrest the eye and aid the senses as man contemplates the spot where the wondrous scene transpired. Mount Tabor is its everlasting memorial. Thus do mountain summits stand the silent yet most eloquent historians of heaven and earth.

Another reason why mountains have been chosen by the Deity for his most solemn revelations, may be that their solitude and far removal from human interruption and the sounds of busy life, render them better fitted for such communications than the plain and the city.

The first in the list of Sacred Mountains is Mount Ararat. The first named summit in human history, it emerges from the flood and lifts its head over the water to look down on all coming generations to the end of time. Whether it was changed in that mighty convulsion which drowned the world, or whether its lofty peak which saw the swelling waters and marked their steady rise remained the same, we know not. At all events, the mountain looked down on the swaying world at its feet, as cities floated from their foundations and came dashing against its sides, and beheld a wilder scene than ever covered a battle field, as it heard and saw six generations shriek and sink together. But whatever may have been its former history, it now stands as the only memorial of the flood. Rising like a sugar loaf from the plain, its top is covered with perpetual snow, and has seldom been profaned by human feet. But there was a time when the sea rolled over it, and mightier waves than ever swept the sea, thundered high above its crown.

Though the immediate appearance of a flood that should submerge the world was an event that staggered human belief, yet Noah, obedient to the voice of heaven, began his ark of safety. There is no one who does not lament that there is not a fuller antediluvian history. We merely catch the summits of events, and are told of some half a dozen things that happened, while all the rest is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. We are told that the world was drowned, but the particulars of that terrible scene are left entirely to the imagination. It is only by the declaration of the apostle, that men were busy at their usual occupations, "eating and drinking, and marrying and given in marriage, till the flood came and swept them all away," that we get any data by which we can form any true conception of the catastrophe. Yet this short statement is worth everything, and with it before me, I have sometimes thought I could almost paint the scene. Noah, whose head was whitened by the frosts of six centuries, laid the foundation of his huge vessel on a pleasant day, when all was serene and tranquil. The fields were smiling in verdure before his eyes; the perfumed breezes floated by, and the music of birds and sounds of busy life were about him, when he, by faith alone, laid the first beam of that structure that was to sail over a buried planet. When men, on inquiring the design of that huge edifice, were told its purpose, they could hardly credit their senses, and Noah, though accounted by all a very upright and respectable man, became a jest for children. As the farmer returned at evening from the fields, and the gay citizen of the town drove past, they christened it "Noah's folly." Those more aged and sober shook their heads wisely, saying, "The old man is mad." Even the workmen engaged upon it laughed as they drove the nails and hewed the plank, yet declared they cared not as long as the foolish old man was able to pay. Still the ark went up, and the day's wonder ceased to be talked about. When it was dismissed from the mind as a passing folly.

Yet I have sometimes wondered what people thought when they saw the beasts of the field and the forest, and fowls of the air, even the venomous serpent and the strong-limbed lion coming in pairs to that ark. This must have staggered them amazingly, and made the ark for a while a fresh topic of conversation. At length the patriarch with his family entered—the door was shut upon the face of the

world, and he sat down on the strength of a single promise to await the issue. That night the sun went down over the green hills beautiful as ever, and the stars came out in the blue sky, and nature breathed long and peacefully. In the morning the sun rose in undimmed splendor and mounted the heavens. Deep within the huge structure, Noah could hear the muffled sound of life without. The lowing of herds came to his ear, and the song of the husbandman going to his toil, and the rapid roll of carriage wheels as they hurried past, and perhaps the ribald shout and laugh of those without, as they revolved their wit on him and his ark together. To say nothing of the improbability of the event, the idea was preposterous that such a helpless, helpless affair could outlive a wrecked world. Thus day after day passed on until a week had gone by, but still the faith of that old man never shook. At length the sky became overcast, and the gentle rain descended—to Noah the beginning of the flood, to the world a welcome shower. The farmer as he housed his cattle, rejoiced in the refreshing moisture, while the city never checked its gaiety or the man of wealth his plans. But as the rain continued day after day, and fell faster and fiercer on the drenched earth, and the swollen streams were surging by, men cursed the storm that seemed determined never to break up. The lowlands were deluged; the streams broke over their banks bearing houses and cattle away on their maddened bosoms. Wealth was destroyed and lives lost, till men talked of ruined fortunes, famine and general desolation; but still it rained on. Week after week it came pouring from the clouds till it was like one falling sheet of water, and the inhabitants could no longer stir from their doors. The rich valleys that lay along the rivers were flooded, and the peasants had sought the eminence around for safety. Yet still the water rose around them, till all through the valley nothing but little black islands of human beings were seen on the surface. O, then what fierce struggles there were for life among them. The mother lifted her infant above her head, while she strove to maintain her uncertain footing in the sweeping waters; the strong crowded off the weak as each sought the highest point; while the living mass slowly crumbled away till the water swept smooth and noiselessly above them all. Men were heard talking of the number of lives lost and the amount of wealth destroyed, and that such a flood had not happened in the remembrance of the oldest man. No one yet dreamed of the high grounds being covered, least of all the mountains. To drown the world it must rain till the ocean itself was filled above its level for miles, and so men feared it not, and sought for amusement within doors till the storm should abate. O, what scenes of vice and shame and brutality and revelry did that storm witness in the thronged city, and what unhallowed songs mingled in the pauses of the blast that swept by.

But at length another sound was heard that sent paleness to every cheek, and chained every tongue in mute terror. It was a far distant roar, faint but fearful, yet sounding more distinct and ominous every moment, till it filled the air. The earth trembled and groaned under it as if an earthquake was on its march, and ever and anon came a crash as if the "ribs of nature" were breaking. Nearer and louder and more terrible it grew, till men, forgetting alike their pleasure and their anger, rushed out in the storm whispering "The flood! the flood!"—and lo, a new sea, the like of which no man had ever seen before, came rolling over the crouching earth. Stretching from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could reach, losing itself like a limitless wall in the clouds above, it came pouring its green and massive waters onward, while the continual and rapid crash of falling forests and crushed cities and upturn mountains, that fell one after another in its passage, and the successive shrieks that pierced the heavens, rising even above the deafening roar of the on-rushing ocean, as city after city and kingdom after kingdom disappeared, made a scene of terror and horror inconceivable. "The fountains of the great deep were broken up."

But the last cry of human agony was at length hushed—ocean met ocean in its flow, and the waves swept on without a shore. O, what a wreck was there! the wreck of two thousand years, with its cities, its cultivated fields and mighty population. Not shivered masts and broken timbers, the wreck of some gallant vessel, were seen on that turbulent surface, but the fragments of a crushed and broken world. It was a noble wreck—splendid cities and towers, gorgeous palaces, gay apparel, the accumulated wealth and luxury of twenty centuries, strewn the bosom of the deluge, like autumn leaves the surface of some forest stream.

But amid the sudden midnight that had wrapped the earth, and the frenzy of the elements and utter overthrow and chaos of all things, there was one heart that beat as calmly as in sleep; one brow over which no breath of passion or of fear passed; for in the solitary ark that lifted to the heaving billows, the aged patriarch knelt in prayer. Amid the surging of that fierce ocean his voice may not have been heard by mortal ear, but the light of faith shone round his aged form, and the moving lip spoke a repose

as tranquil as childhood's on the bosom of maternal love. The patriarch's God ruled that wild scene, and Noah felt his frail vessel quiver in every timber, without one tremor himself. Upborne on the flood, the heaven-protected ark rose over the buried cities and mountains, and floated away on a shoreless deep. Like a single drop of dew this round sphere of ours hung and trembled—a globe of water in mid heaven. I have often wondered what the conversations were during the long days and nights that lonely ark was riding on the deep. As it rose and fell on the long-protracted swell, massive ruins would go thundering by, whole forests sink and rise with the billows, while ever and anon an upturn hill, as borne along by the resistless tide it struck a buried mountain, would loom for a moment like some black monster over the waves, then plunge again to the fathomless bottom. Amid this wreck and these sights, the ark sailed on in safety. How often in imagination have I pictured it in the deluge at midnight. To a spectator what an object of interest it would have been. Round the wide earth the light from its solitary window was the only indication of life that remained. One moment it would be seen far upon the crest of the billow, a mere speck of flame amid the limitless darkness that environed it, and then disappear in the gulfs below as if extinguished forever. Thus that gentle light would sink and rise on the breast of the deluge, the last, the only hope of the human race. Helmsless, and apparently guideless, its wreck seemed inevitable, but the sea never rolled that could extinguish that star-like beam that told where the ark still floated. Not even the strong wind the Almighty sent over the water to dry it up, driving it into billows that stormed the heavens, could sink it. Though it shook like a reed in their strong grasp, and floundered through the deep gulfs, it passed unerringly on to the summit of that mountain on which it was to rest; and at length struck ground and ceased its turbulent motion. Noah waited a week, and then sent forth a raven to explore the deep. Though the waters still swept from mountain to mountain, the myriad carcasses that floated on the surface furnished both food and resting place, and he returned no more. He then sent forth a dove. It darted away from the place of its long confinement, and sped on rapid wing over the flood, now turning this way and now that, looking in vain with its gentle eye for the green earth, and at last turned back towards the ark of rest. The tap of its snowy wing was heard on the window, and the patriarch reached forth his hand and took it in. The fierce pantings of its mottled breast, and its drooping pinions, told too well that the earth gave no place of repose. But the second time it was sent abroad it returned with an olive leaf in its mouth, showing that the earth had risen from its burden, and was sprouting again in verdure. Then the patriarch went forth with his family and stood on Mount Ararat, and lo, the earth was at his feet, but how changed. Cut into gorges which showed where strong currents swept, and piled into ridges, it bore in every part marks of the power that had ravaged it. Noah and his family were alone in the world, and he built an altar there on the top of the solitary mountain, and lifted his voice in prayer, and the Almighty talked with him as "friend talketh with friend," bidding him go forth and occupy the earth. And as the flame of sacrifice rose from the mountain top bearing the patriarch's prayer heavenward, the promise was given that the earth should never again be swept by a deluge, and lo, God's signet-ring appeared in the clouds, arching the man of God, and shown as a warrant that the covenant should never be broken.

Baptized by the flood—consecrated by the altar—illuminated by the first fresh rainbow, Mount Ararat stood a sacred mountain on the earth.

NUMBER OF LANGUAGES.—The researches made by Balbi, for the construction of his Atlas Ethnographique, have led him to set down the number of known languages at 2,000 at least; but the imperfect state of the ethnography, he states, has allowed him to class only 860 languages, and about 5,000 dialects; of which number 143 languages belong to Asia, 53 to Europe, 115 to Africa, 117 to Gretnica, and 125 to America.—Organ.

A SINGULAR FACT. In less than seven years, France had succeeded so entirely in obliterating all traces of the Scriptures in and about Paris; numerous as Bibles were in that city at a period preceding the reign of Terror, some fifty or more years ago; that for many weeks the Committee of the Bible Society could not find a single copy, from which they might print a new edition.

A KIND WORD.—"If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a French King, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him." Such a disposition is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains.

If all mankind possessed this feeling, how much happier would the world be than it now is.

Resist the devil and flee from him.

From the Canada Baptist Register.  
WHAT WILL BE YOUR OBITUARY.

Suppose you die, no matter in what month of the year, what will be the nature of the obituary which will be read at your funeral, and to all eternity? You may startle at this question, but it is an important one, and should be seasonably and candidly answered by you. You may ask, how can I tell what my obituary will be? Somebody will write it after I am dead;—I shall never see it or read it! Oh, here is your mistake. Another may reduce it to paper, but you only can furnish the material. You alone can write it upon the heart and memory. None but yourself can so write it that it will be eternally read and remembered. You have been writing for years, you may have "one sentence more to complete the work. Think a moment; look over the manuscript. How does it read? Is it well written? Is it what it ought to have been?

Are you a minister? What is the nature of the paragraph you have added to your obituary notice during the last year? You may have delivered one hundred and four sermons; but how were they studied and delivered, and what has been the result? Have any sinners been awakened, converted to Christ, and added to the church through your instrumentality? Have you, like Paul, wept night and day for lost men? Have you been grieved for the affliction of Joseph? Have you done all you might have done for the immediate salvation of sinners? Have you raised the standard of piety higher in the church? Have you fed the flock, over which you have been placed, with the word of God? Have you led them into green pastures, and by the side of still waters? Have you carried the lambs in your bosom, and accustomed the more aged and experienced of the flock to go alone; in other words, to exercise themselves in the word of God? Have you so lived, that should you die this year, it will be said, "he was indeed a good man, a faithful shepherd, and his death is deeply regretted by all who knew him. He was highly esteemed among us. In his death he was deeply lamented, and his praise is in all the churches. Though now removed from us by death, yet he still lives in our affections; though dead he yet speaks to us by the influence of his labors and examples."

We ask, are you a private member in the church? What have you added to your obituary? Read it; "He made during the year four hundred pounds increased his stock one-half—and added one house to his fixed property—but he neglected family worship—was irregular at church—indifferent to the word spoken—did not stay up his pastor's hands—was difficult to please—exerting a blighting influence upon his family—and finally died as he had lived. He is gone, but the church has lost nothing—he is not missed except by his own family. He is dead, but society is none the poorer." Reader, "be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap; if he sows to the flesh, he must reap corruption."

Impenitent reader, what have you written? Read it: "He had good instruction. Christ, as revealed in the gospel, was kindly, freely, and repeatedly offered to him; Christians prayed for him, the spirit strove, but he despised every offer, made light of religion and religious people, lived a life of impiety, died without mercy, and is lost."

Dear friends, let us feel that every act of ours is but a line in our obituary. If you are a minister, preach for eternity. Every sermon enters into your obituary notice; you will read it in eternity. Preach for eternity—time is short! If you are an editor, write well, for you are writing for eternity. You have, perhaps, written several notices the past year; yours may be written ere this year closes. Every sheet you submit to the press is but matured for your own obituary, which some kind friend may soon reduce to paper. Edit well; you will read your proofs in eternity. Write well, though brief; time is short!

Christian parents, christian friends, what you write must be briefly written, but write it well, and re-write as much as possible of what you have already written, and write it better! I repeat, write well, you will read it millions of years hence.

Are you a Sabbath-school teacher? You are writing your lessons upon the minds and hearts of your scholars. Write them with faith, prayer, earnestness, and affection.

Impenitent sinner, write your consecration to Christ to-day. Begin your heavenly journey without delay. You may have Christ to-day, "mercy's free, mercy's free!" You may reject Christ to-day, perfect your obituary, and die and go to hell, for time is short.

DANGEROUS DISEASE. We have learned from the very best sources of information that a certain disease is becoming, if it be not already, alarmingly prevalent throughout this country. It is not yellow fever nor small pox; it has more sympathy with the moral condition of the patient. It is intermittent, and attacks the patient most violently on Sunday morning about church-time. It is called "Sunday Sickness." We would advise all our readers to provide themselves with effectual antidotes.—New York Recorder.

WASHINGTON'S PSALM.

The Rev. Mr. Waldo, an old revolutionary veteran from Connecticut, who attended the celebration at Westfield, on the 4th of July, made himself quite interesting at the dinner table. He is now nearly 90 years old, but is in the vigor of a green old age, and was able to preach two sermons last Sabbath.

In his remarks he referred to the allusion made by the orator to Washington, and observed that he never heard even the name of that glorious chieftain and good man, "without feeling the cold chills through his whole system."

He remarked that there was a single incident that came within his personal knowledge, which he believed was not generally known. It was that Washington, on the day that he assumed the command of the American army at Cambridge, read and caused to be sung the 101st Psalm, a portion of which we publish:

If I am raised to bear the sword,  
I'll take my counsel from thy word;  
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace  
Shall be the pattern of my ways.  
No sons of slander, rage and strife,  
Shall be companions of my life;  
The haughty look, the heart of pride,  
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.  
I'll search the land and raise the just  
To posts of honor, wealth, and trust;  
The men that work thy holy will,  
Shall be my friends and favorites still.  
In vain shall sinners hope to rise,  
By flattering or malicious lies;  
Nor while the innocent I guard,  
Shall bold offenders e'er be spared.  
The impious crew, (that factious band)  
Shall hide their heads or quit the land,  
And all that break the public rest,  
Where I have power, shall be suppressed.

This psalm the reverend worthy deacon read off to the company in true primitive style, a line at a time, which was sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," that tune being, as the old veteran said, "just the thing for it."

Modern "improvements" in Psalmody have almost obliterated the good old Psalms and Hymns, with many of the tunes that the fathers sang with so much spirit and understanding. Such a psalm as the one quoted above, would be deemed a political one now-a-days, and sorry are we to say it, very many ministers would hardly deem it a proper one to be sung on public occasions.

EFFICACY OF IMPRISONMENT.—Considerable notice has been taken of a remark which fell from our postmaster, Mr. Morris, the other day, in the convention at Albany. Speaking of state prisons and their management, he said:

"During the time he was Recorder of New York, there was scarce a prisoner convicted of a higher grade of crime who had not previously been in the state prison. And where a new one was caught, the commission of the crime was traced directly to his association with a previous convict. The present state prison system was nothing but a school to educate villains. A convict who should leave there, determined to reform, would be traced out by some brother convict, preyed upon and again led into the commission of crime. He trusted the time was not far distant when there would be a thorough reform, and when the person convicted a second time would be banished."

The opinion here expressed is very generally entertained—but it is in direct conflict with the testimony of the Prison Association, for in the second report of that body, page 47, published last winter, the following passage may be read:

"The greater part of the world, at least the unthinking part of it, are apt to look upon all convicted criminals in the same light, as utterly depraved—as hopelessly fallen. This is a sad mistake, as is demonstrated by the well ascertained fact that more than half the convicts discharged from our state prisons go and sin no more—repent of the crimes they have committed; and, in despite of all obstacles, persevere in leading honest lives."

"At this moment, of the 790 convicts in the state prison at Sing Sing, there have been convicted for the first time 676, second time 90, third time 23, fourth time 1, or only about one-seventh of the whole number who have been in prison before."

"Those who unreflectingly take this view of the case, overlook the fact that innocent persons are sometimes convicted, and suffer the fate of the criminal, while they are deeply imbued with a greater abhorrence of the crime, even than of its consequences. They overlook too, the important fact that very many owe their fall to the overpowering influence of sudden temptation, against which the degradation which they suffer will, in all-time to come, be an adequate protection; that others sink by reason of mental imbecility, which renders them powerless to resist the control of the stronger minds with which they come in contact; while there are some who tenant our prisons, who are more properly objects of compassion, by reason of the insanity, both mental and moral, with which they are afflicted."

"Most of these may be reclaimed, and be led back into the paths of rectitude by proper treatment; by kind and judicious encouragement; or they may, by a harsh and unrelenting world, be plunged irrevocably into the stream of crime."

A Siamese newspaper is now printed at Bangkok, under the direction of the American missionaries.

LEARNERS' CHALLENGE TO GOD.—A mother, sitting at her work in her parlor overheard her child, whom an elder sister was dressing in an adjoining bedroom, say repeatedly as if in answer to his sister, 'No, I don't want to say my prayers.'

'How many church members in good standing,' thought the mother to herself, 'often say the same thing, in their hearts, though they conceal even from themselves the feeling.'

'Mother,' said the child appearing in a minute or two, at the parlor door, the tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

'Good morning, my child.'

'I am going to get my breakfast.'

'Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first.'

The mother laid down her work in the next chair as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backwards and forwards.

'Are you well this morning?' said she, in a kind, gentle tone.

'Yes, mother, I am very well.'

'I am glad you are well. I am very well too; and when I waked up this morning and found that I was very well, I thanked God for taking care of me.'

'Did you?' said the boy, in a low tone—half whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.

'Did you ever feel my pulse?' asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and sitting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

'No, but I have felt mine.'

'Well, don't you feel mine now—how it goes, beating.'

'Yes,' said the child.

'If it should stop beating, I should die.'

'Should you?'

'Yes, and I can't keep it beating.'

'Who can?'

'God.'

A silent pause.

'You have a pulse too; which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. No body can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?'

'I don't know,' said the child with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

'So when I walked this morning, I thought I'd ask God to take care of us?'

'Did you ask him to take care of me?'

'Why not?'

'Because I thought you would ask him yourself.'

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance showed that his heart was reached.

'Don't you think you had better ask him for yourself?'

'Yes,' said the boy readily.

He knelt again in his mother's lap and uttered in his simple and unbroken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of Heaven.—Caledonian.

FORESTS AND STREAMS.—That remarkable man Humboldt, has reduced it to almost a demonstration, that the streams of a country fall in proportion to the destruction of its timber. And of course, if the streams fail, our season will be worse; it must get drier and drier in proportion.

Every body knows, who can number twenty years back, that the seasons have been getting drier every year. Humboldt, speaking of the valley of Aragua in Venezuela, says that the lake receded as agriculture advanced, until beautiful plantations of sugar-cane, banana and cotton trees were established on its banks, which (banks) year after year were farther from them. After the separation of that Province from Spain, and the decline of agriculture amid the desolating wars which swept over this beautiful region, the process of clearing was arrested, the old lands grew up in trees with that rapidity common to the tropics, and in a few years the inhabitants were alarmed by a rise of the waters and an inundation of their choicest plantations.—South Carolinian.

COLONY WITH A BISHOP.—We learn that a colony of sixty German Baptists are about to emigrate from their fatherland, with the intention of settling some where in our great Western Valley; and that they will bring with them the preached Word.

Thus the tide of immigration bids fair to flow in, swelling and increasing in rapidity, until the population of this Continent shall be as dense as that of England or the Emerald Isle. And while Catholic immigrants, with their Jesuitical priests, are pouring into the heart of our happy country, it is cheering to witness such a church of evangelical Christians from a foreign land settling in their midst. This, for aught we know, is to be our only salvation from the blights of Divine displeasure.

PRESERVATION OF BIBLES.—How careful are the sacred writers never to leave out the essential attribute, in any of their descriptions! If it be life, it is "eternal" life. If it be salvation, it is "everlasting" salvation. If it be a kingdom, it is a kingdom that "cannot be moved if it be a crown of glory that fadeth not away."





**Friday, September 12, 1846.**

**THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.**

ARCHIBALD THOMAS, Richmond, Virginia,  
Treasurer of Foreign Mission Board.

W. H. HONNICKELL, Marion, Perry County, Ala.,  
Treasurer, Domestic Mission Board.

M. T. MENDENHALL, Charleston, S. C.,  
Treasurer of Southern Baptist Convention.

Rev. RUSSELL HOLMAN, Marion, Perry County, Ala.,  
Corresponding Secretary Domestic Mission Board.

Rev. JAMES B. TAYLOR, Richmond, Virginia,  
Corresponding Secretary of the Southern Foreign Mission Board.

**AGENTS FOR ALABAMA BAPTIST.**

Rev. JAMES A. COLLINS and brother A. H. YARBOROUGH have been appointed Travelling Agents. They are authorized to obtain new subscriptions and to collect all arrears.

Rev. RUSSELL HOLMAN is also authorized to receive subscriptions and monies due the Alabama Baptist.

Rev. ROBERT ADAMS is authorized to act as agent at North Port, Tuscaloosa county.

Rev. JOHN C. FOWLER is requested to continue to act as agent for the Alabama Baptist.

Rev. W. H. HOOD is an authorized agent of the Alabama Baptist.

Brother THOMAS T. MAY is also an authorized agent.

B. F. NOBLE of Montgomery is authorized to receive for the Alabama Baptist.

JOHN F. HODGES, our agent, has accounts in Tuscaloosa and other places for collection.

**CHANGE OF PUBLICATION DAY.**

Henceforth the "Alabama Baptist" will be issued on Friday. This change is made for the benefit of a large number of our subscribers, who do not receive their paper, by one of the weekly cross mails, until a week after its publication, but who will receive it under this arrangement the same day upon which it comes from the press.

**EDITORS.**

Professor Jewett and Dr. Hartwell have been absent most of the vacation; and the editorial labor has mostly devolved on Rev. J. H. De Votie. This week he is too much indisposed to perform this work; as a sort of "Hobson's choice," it has been turned over to me. The absence of some of the editors, the sickness of the others, my want of experience in this department, and the press of my own business will, I trust, furnish a sufficient apology for a lean paper this week.

**R. HOLMAN.**

**ALABAMA BAPTIST CONVENTION.**

The session of the Twenty-Second Anniversary of the Alabama Baptist Convention, will commence on Saturday, the 14th day of November, 1846, at Marion, Perry county.

**REVIVALS IN ALABAMA.**

Nearly every mail brings cheering intelligence of precious revivals. God is performing a great work for many of the churches in this State. Within the last three months we have received accounts of the baptism of over seven hundred persons—many others have doubtless followed their Redeemer, in obedience to his command, of whom we have not heard.

**THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PRAYER MEETING.**

Is the meeting for prayer necessary to promote any valuable interest in the church? The indifference which not infrequently appears on the part of Christian professors would seem to suggest that no important good is expected from their attendance upon it.

The teachings of our Divine Master, the practice of the Apostles and primitive Christians, the blessings which he promised, and which they received, evidently gave a prominent importance to the meeting for prayer in the infant church.

Invincible blessings are promised still, to even two or three who assemble together in the Redeemer's name—they have his pledge that he will be in the midst. Multitudes in every age who have availed themselves of the privilege of this meeting with fellow Christians, have testified that Jesus was there indeed. The spirituality and piety of such as forsake not the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is, sufficiently proves that they frequently meet their Lord. He promises the conversion of men, in answer to their supplications. Their employment is sublime—they have found the lever which moves the universe—they wrestle with the Infinite, and prevail—men are blessed, God is glorified.

Minister, your habitual absence, unless under special affliction, is unpardonable.

Deacons, the prayer-meetings of the annual revival are not enough, your office demands a voluntary sacrifice of at least one evening in the week, to invoke the favor of God.

Members of the Church, the Minister and Deacons would make but a small prayer meeting, some of you must be there. If it is the duty of one it is the duty of all, unless providentially hindered.

A continued revival would be the result of a weekly prayer meeting, attended by all the members anxious for a blessing.

Minister, Deacons, Members, all, forget not to approach in a body to the glorious Mercy Seat, at least once in every week.

**"BAPTIST LIBRARY."**

A Republication of Standard Baptist Works.

The enterprising publishers, Lewis Coby & Co. New York, are sending forth a re-issue of this valuable work, in Twelve Monthly Parts, consisting of more than 1300 pages. Edited by Dr. Williams, Rev. C. G. Somers and Rev. L. L. Hill, New York. It will be remembered that the above editors gave to the denomination, some years ago, a republication of many standard works of Baptist authors in America and Europe, in three octavo volumes; designed, in part, for those who had not the means of procuring, or the time for reading the huge volumes of church history.

The present publication is a "re-issue" of the same work, the "first part" of which is now before us. It is of the same size and in the same style of the former work.

Contents:—Westlake's General View of Baptism. Wilson's Scripture Manual. Booth's vindication of the Baptists from the charge of bigotry, in refusing Communion at the Lord's table to Pseudo-Baptists. Biographies of Eminent Baptist Ministers. Backus' Church History.

The complete work, of the re-issue, in pamphlet form, can be had for \$3, or three copies for \$8.—This is a most valuable work, and every Baptist family ought to possess it.

Of the new Baptist church in Wheeling, Virginia, was opened for Divine worship on Lord's day, September 6th.

**MORMON TROUBLES.**

From the "Pica-yune" of Sept. 10, it appears the anti-Mormons are making well concerted preparations to enter Nauvoo. Five hundred men were encamped at Carthage, and expecting reinforcements from the country of the "right sort of men." They have six pieces of cannon and abundant supply of ammunition. They intend entering the city at all hazards, and as they intend this to be "the last struggle," they will do what to them appears necessary.

The Mormons have sent a committee to the Governor for protection, who has sent ten men into the country to watch the movements of both parties, with instructions to call out assistance in case either party should violate the law.

It is truly desirable these troubles should soon terminate. The manner in which these poor deluded fanatics have been treated is barbarous beyond description. It belongs not to the age and country in which we live—it better suits the reign of infidelity in France, or the dark ages of papal superstition. Persecution is a blind, infuriated, cruel monster; the most unreasonable and unphilosophical instrument imaginable to accomplish the contemplated end. It never has, it never can hinder the progress of truth nor suppress error. We have no sympathy for Mormonism; but we have a regard for the principles of common sense and christian philanthropy. Persecution always makes more friends than enemies to any cause. It often makes advocates of those who would otherwise be opponents. There is a disposition in man to sympathize with the persecuted party, whether right or wrong. This is a fact any one will be convinced of who will watch the operations of his own mind, or notice facts that have occurred in his own knowledge, or in the history of the past. Yet persecutors act as though such a principle had never been developed.

**WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP NEW YORK.**

EIGHTEEN LIVES LOST.

This vessel, under command of Capt. Philips, left Galveston, Texas, September 5th. That night she encountered a severe gale, and the next day became a total wreck. The following is a list of the passengers and crew lost.

**Passengers Lost.**—Mrs. Wilson and two children, Miss Follett, three children of Mrs. Follett, A. H. McCormack, William Armstrong, one cabin passenger name unknown, two deck ditto.

**Crew Lost.**—Jas. Wilson, 2d steward; P. Marsh, 2d engineer; Charles Watson, seaman; J. Grogan, William McKee, firemen; one seaman, name unknown.

The slip below from the Pica-yune gives some of the particulars of this distressing affair:

"Steamship Galveston, Wright, left Galveston 7th inst. at 11 o'clock, A. M. She reports that on the same day, at half-past 3 o'clock, P. M. and about fifty miles from Galveston, observed several small pieces of a wreck, and immediately after saw several objects with signals, which were supposed to be small boats; but on approaching found them to be the remaining crew and passengers of the steamship New York, in a most perilous situation, some holding on to pieces of planks, some to spars, and others on small sections of the wreck. One of the small boats was immediately lowered away, and notwithstanding the heavy sea on at the time, all were saved that could be seen at the time, and brought to this city.

The gale was also very destructive at Galveston on Sunday night, in which a Bremen brig, name unknown, was blown ashore on the island, the flood damaging the wharves and a number of the buildings, and overflowing the business part of the town.

The ship Tom Jack broke her fasts and drifted against McKinney & Williams' wharf, where she stove and filled, with a full cargo on board, which will be saved in a damaged condition.

**GOOD NEWS FROM THE KARENS.**—Extract of a letter, published in the Baptist Missionary Magazine for September, from Miss Vinton, dated Maulmain, March 23, 1846:

"We have cause for rejoicing, and at the same time for weeping. For rejoicing, in that the converts to the truth are being multiplied; and for weeping, that there are so few to watch over these converts, and teach them the way of God more perfectly. . . . The number of Karens baptized within the present year in the regions of Sandoway, Rangoon, Tavoy, Mergui, Amherst, and Maulmain, is about twelve hundred. What hath God wrought!"

☞ The Death of the Rev. Dr. Abel, late missionary to China, is announced in an exchange paper. This faithful servant of Christ died in Albany—and entered into rest, according to the promise.

The Southern Cultivator, published at Augusta, Georgia, is well worthy of the patronage of any of our readers who wish to take an agricultural paper.

**REVIVALS IN MISSISSIPPI.**—Several extensive revivals are reported in the Mississippi Baptist.

**DEATH OF F. G. McCONNELL.**—An endorsement on Way Bill from Montgomery, states that F. G. McConnell committed suicide in Washington City a few days ago. No particulars are mentioned.—Marion Review.

**For the Alabama Baptist.**

**EUFULA, ALA., Sept. 12, 1846.**

Dear Brethren: You say in your last Baptist, that the subscriptions due to the American and Foreign Bible Society, are transferred to our State Society. Now I wish to know how transferred? Is an agreement made to that effect with the American and Foreign Bible Society?—If so, well—I have no objection. But as others beside myself are interested, I hope you will let us know about it soon, thro' the Baptist. Some few subscriptions were made to brother Wm. B. Johnson, while agent for the American and Foreign Bible Society, to be paid through our Bible Society at different periods—some in three years, and some, I think, for a longer period. One instalment only may have been paid, and so the second must be due this fall. If I make a contribution for any particular body, for a specified object, I expect it to go that way, unless good reason directs differently. You see my difficulty—please explain. I am a southern man, and southern in feeling, but what little I do for the cause of the Saviour on earth, I wish done for the best, and so as to please Him.

Please state also in the Baptist, what amounts are necessary from individuals, associations and other societies, to give seats in the Convention next November. I have forgotten if I ever knew.

Yours in christian bonds,

**CULLEN BATTLE.**

\*We answer, the claims are placed in the possession of the Alabama Baptist Bible Society to be collected by our agent, the funds thus collected to be appropriated according to the direction of the donor. This is the understanding we have of the matter, and upon which the Society has acted for a long time.

☞ We give the 9th, 15th and 16th articles of the Constitution in answer:

"Art. 9. The business of this Convention shall be to encourage and promote, by all lawful means, the following objects, viz: Foreign and Domestic Missions; the education of such Ministers as may have been licensed by the Churches to which they may respectively belong; Bible Translation and Distribution; Sunday Schools, Religious Periodicals, Tract and Temperance Societies, as well as all other objects warranted by Christ in the Gospel; Provided, That such persons only as are in indigent circumstances, shall be received as beneficiaries, under the patronage of the Convention: Provided, further, That all applicants for aid shall undergo an examination as to their hope in Christ, and call to the ministry, by the committee of examination, before they are named as beneficiaries.

"Art. 15. Any Church, Association or Society, as prescribed in the first article, contributing any sum toward the Convention, to one or more of the objects specified in the ninth article, may be represented in this body as follows: Each Association may have ten delegates, and each Church or Benevolent Society, five.

"Art. 16. The provisions of this Constitution shall not prevent the Convention from voting a liberal donor, being a member of a Baptist Church in good standing, a Life Member of the Convention, whenever the same shall be deemed expedient."

**For the Alabama Baptist.**

**MINISTERS' AND DEACONS' MEETING.**

The Ministers' and Deacons' meeting of the Salem Association, convened at the Baptist Church, Elam, Macon county, Alabama, on Thursday, the sixth of August, 1846. The ministers and deacons present were as follows:

From Elam—A. N. Worthy, minister; J. B. Wooten, W. W. Battle, deacons.

From Sardis—Uriah W. Parker, minister; J. H. Cranby, Isaac Kirksey, deacons.

From Liberty—Thomas S. Youngblood, minister; John Barnett, Benjamin Grier, deacons.

From Mt. Zion—James Harris, minister; T. A. Thornton, George Haggard, deacons.

From Lydia—James Harris, minister; Wm. Baker, G. F. Thomas, sr., deacons.

The meeting was organized by electing brother Uriah W. Parker, Moderator, and W. W. Battle, Clerk.

The Moderator proceeded to appoint the following committees:

On Business—A. N. Worthy, Youngblood and Thomas, and upon motion, the Moderator was added to the committee.

On Preaching—J. B. Wooten, Cranby, Barnett, Baker and Thomas.

Adjourned till to-morrow morning, 9 o'clock.

Owing to an incessant rain on Friday, the meeting was prevented till Saturday. Brethren Samuel Stanton and Benjamin Stuart, ministers from Mount Zion, came forward and enrolled their names, and also William Stanton, deacon, from Mt. Zion, and John Beverly, from Enon.

Called for the Report of the committee on business, which was read and adopted.

Took up the first query for discussion, which is as follows:

Is it the duty of deacons to examine the standing and credentials of strange ministers who may want to preach among us, and what is the duty of deacons?

To the first part we answer, It is; and the duties of the deacons were defined as in the scriptures.

Query 2. Is it consistent with gospel order to invite unbaptized persons to preach in our churches?

Voted this query to lay on the table the balance of the meeting.

Query 3. Should baptist churches receive members by a confession of faith only, who have been immersed by other denominations?

We answer, they should not.

Query 4. Is the sinner of himself able to keep the commandments of God?

We answer, he is not.

Query 5. Were the twelve brethren at Ephesus, 19th chap. of Acts, re-baptized?

We answer, they were not.

Appointed the next Ministers' and Deacons' meeting to be held at Lydia church, Macon county, on Thursday before the third Sabbath in August next.

The motion was carried to have these proceedings published in the Alabama Baptist and Christian Index.

**U. H. PARKER, Moderator.**  
**W. W. BATTLE, Clerk.**

**CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.**—Let Sunday schools, and Bible societies, and Tract societies, &c. share in your contributions and your prayers; and if God has blessed you with ability, let some drops of the oil of your benevolence fall on every wheel and every spring in the vast machine of Christian charity.—Dr. Rafles.

**COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.**—A saint may be brought very low, but he can never fall below a promise. He may lose estate, friends and health, and much of the presence of God; but if once in covenant with God, he can never lose the promise; the word of the Lord endures forever. There is my comfort.—An Old Divine.

**THE BEST BOOK.**—I have many books that I cannot sit down to read: they are, indeed, good and sound; but like halfpence, there goes a great quantity to a little amount. There are silver books, and a very few golden books; but I have one book worth more than all, called the Bible, and that is a book of bank notes.—Newton.

**SAYINGS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH ON THE SCRIPTURES.**—I walk many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodly herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together.

**The Richmond Christian Advocate of 20th Aug. reports 220 conversions at 4 or 5 meetings in Virginia and N. Carolina.**

**Domestic Mission Department.**

**For the Alabama Baptist.**

**EXTRACT OF A LETTER.**

"Among other matters of interest, I have recently made the acquaintance of three young men of promising talents, and I should judge, of ardent piety, who have a desire for usefulness, and who would doubtless rejoice to have the opportunity afforded them of taking a regular course of studies, preparatory to entering into the gospel ministry. I am surprised to see so little interest manifested by the churches in relation to the rising ministry. It is a subject that well might fill an angel's hand with delightful employment, and it did fill a Saviour's heart. And who is sufficient for these things?"

Since my last quarterly Report, I have obtained two responsible names, each for \$100; five, for \$50 each; four, for \$40 each; seven, each for \$25, and twenty-two, for \$20 each, and numerous fifteen, tens, &c., amounting, to \$1842 25, on the plan of four years' subscriptions.—In cash, \$247.

Your brother in Christ,  
**J. C. KEENEY."**

**HOME MISSIONS—THE AGGRESSIVE PRINCIPLE.**

Build a church without any respect to the territorial principle, and the people who have a value and love for religion will come and fill it: but those who have no value for religion will not come. It was a prodigious oversight, to grant a million of money merely to build churches in London and other great towns in England. The Legislature thought nothing was necessary but to build churches, and the people would flow into them. Now, I must say there is no disposition of this kind on the part of the general population. The movement won't begin with our alienated population who have fallen away from the habits and decencies of a Christian land; but in order to bring them to Christianity, the movement must begin somewhere. The movement will not be on the side of the people themselves, it must be on the side of those who have themselves felt the power of christianity, and wish to communicate its benefits to others. The movement will not be on the side of those whom they wish to become the recipients of Christianity. It must on the side of those who come forward to be the dispensers of Christianity to them. The dispensers of Christianity, then, are called to act on what I call the aggressive principle. I hope there is nothing too scholastic in that term, as it is exceedingly convenient to express what I am enforcing, and avoids circumlocution in the way of explaining what I mean. The aggressive principle, then, is that in virtue of which I do not hold myself acquitted of the Christian duty which I owe to my fellow-creatures merely by raising an apparatus of churches and schools, and saying, "Come in, if you will, here, and I am at my post, if you choose to come to me; and if you won't come to this post, you are yourselves to blame." This is very much what is done for the population in general; but unless you bring the aggressive principle to bear upon them, you need not expect them to come to you. There is something more necessary than stationary apparatus. You must go forth to the people.

You are to understand, therefore, that the first principle in my scheme is, that you must take a slice of territory, small enough for a single man to overtake; and that the second principle is, that you must go forth to the population inhabiting this territory, and that you must not expect them to come to you for the good thing of which you are the dispenser. If you were the dispenser of physical good things—such as bread, butcher meat, and other things of the same nature—there would be no necessity for your setting up the aggressive principle, the attractive principle would be sufficient to insure a demand for them; but I say that you are the dispenser of that which has no charm for man, who is morally and spiritually dead; and, therefore you must go forth to him with the benefits of which you are the dispenser; and this is missionary work at a short distance. Don't you think that it is necessary that you should travel thousands of miles, or that you have immense oceans to traverse, before you can engage in a missionary work. There are wretched creatures in many parts of this town who are at as great a moral distance from the gospel, and from all its lessons, as if they had been born and lived all their days in the wilds of Tartary.

Now, this is what I call a home mission which essentially requires all which constitutes the virtue of self-denial in the missionary work.—Dr. Chalmers.

**ORIGIN OF THE WORD "LADY."**—In olden times, when the English farmer was content to pass the entire year at his country mansion, in the enjoyment of ease and affluence, the good lady of the manor was accustomed to distribute, once a week, to her neighbors, a quantity of bread, which gained to her the title of *bread giver*; that is, in the Saxon tongue, *bread giver*, or a giver of bread. These two words, in the process of time, were contracted and compounded, till they formed "*lady*." Hence according to the origin of the word, the true definition of "a lady," is one who gives bread to the poor. How the times have changed and therewith the use of words! In the vocabulary of a certain tribe in the fashionable world, a lady is one who lives to be seen; contributing about as much to the stock of human happiness as the paintings in a drawing room.

**EARLY IMPRESSIONS.**—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

I returned last evening from Greenwood Church, Monroe county, where our brethren have just closed a meeting of great interest. Brother W. H. Holcomb, the pastor, invited several brethren to his assistance, through whose united efforts the Lord was pleased to pour out of his Spirit upon the people. A deep solemnity pervaded the congregation, and pungent convictions fastened on the consciences of sinners. Contending parties, who had long maintained deep rooted prejudices, were constrained publicly to confess their faults to God and to one another, and to pledge themselves hereafter to maintain the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. I need not attempt to describe the thrill of joy experienced by the church on witnessing these manifestations of "the fruit of the Spirit." The meeting was protracted nine days, at the conclusion of which, a large concourse of people assembled at the water side, where our beloved brother Holcomb, after giving an appropriate and impressive address, baptized twenty-eight persons—twenty-five of whom were whites.

Yours in Christ,  
**J. C. KEENEY.**

**REVIVAL INTELLIGENCE.**

**For the Alabama Baptist.**

**Montic, September 7, 1846.**

Brother De Votie: I noticed, a week or two since, in the Alabama Baptist, a very interesting account, given, I presume, by you, of an extensive work of grace now in progress among the colored members of your church and congregation. Almost every fact, stated by you, relative to them, was entirely applicable to our colored congregations. Our Sabbath afternoon meetings are among the most interesting that I have ever attended: The room which we occupy will not accommodate the half that attempt to crowd into it; and all these meetings are characterized by the deepest solemnity and interest. From thirty to forty persons present themselves at the anxious seat every Sabbath evening, and the work of grace seems to be deepening and spreading. Several have already professed hope in the Redeemer, and, judging from the overwhelming interest and feeling manifested among the mourners yesterday, we have every reason to believe that there will soon be many more rejoicing in Christ.

The interest of these meetings is greatly heightened by the frequent visits of our esteemed brethren, the Rev. Mr. Nall, C. B. Sanford, and the Rev. Mr. McGlashan—the first the pastor and the second an elder of the Second Presbyterian Church, and the third the pastor of the Bethel Church, of this city. These brethren come and lay hold of these meetings with as much earnestness and interest as they would if held in their own houses of worship. It is delightful indeed to co-operate in this holy work with such brethren—men whose hearts are so filled with the love of the Saviour, and so fired with zeal for the conversion of sinners, as to forget all party and denominational distinctions, and to think of naught but the salvation of immortal souls. But I have no need to write to you upon the merits of brother Nall. You know him of old, for in many a lovely meeting in Marion, have you stood and tugged together. It is a noble trait of his character, that wherever good can be effected, there, if welcome, he will go and labor. Though as staunch a Presbyterian as ever breathed, yet he evidently feels that he is the servant of Christ, the herald of salvation to a perishing world. This is the true spirit of the gospel—the spirit of the Redeemer himself. The labors of these brethren among us are invaluable, and may God crown them with the richest blessings of heaven.

Our church is doing well. Several members have been added to our number since my last, and several more will soon unite with us—some by baptism, and some by baptism. Our congregations, Sabbath prayer meetings, and Sabbath School, have kept up remarkably well thus far during the season. We have a very interesting prayer meeting every Sabbath morning at sun rise. From one to two hundred persons, white and colored, are always present. These meetings are productive of much good.

Pray for us, that God may bless and prosper his cause in this city.

Respectfully, yours in Christ,  
**S. LINDSLEY.**

**STARKVILLE, MISS., Sept. 1, 1846.**

Dear Brethren: During the last month I have been executing the plan before suggested, of attending protracted meetings, and of bearing a part in the public service, while I would privately solicit aid for Domestic Missions. I have been, however, so much afflicted with hoarseness, that I have been unable to perform as much labor as the brethren desired me.

I was present at a protracted meeting at Hopewell Church, Chickasaw county, which proved quite interesting, and I trust the happy results will be felt after many days. Ten persons were added to the Church.

I spent two days at Zion Church, Pontotoc county, where different denominations had agreed to unite in a protracted meeting, and on the second day of the service, there were pleasing indications of a revival. I could not remain to see the result.

A delightful work of divine grace has been in progress for several weeks past, at Cherry Creek Church, Pontotoc county, which has been greatly blessed to the spiritual growth of her members, and in the conversion of about twenty-five souls.

A still more copious shower of divine grace has, however, been shed down upon a union meeting at Ripley, Tippa county, held by different denominations of which upwards of eighty persons gave evidence of a gracious work upon their hearts.

I returned last evening from Greenwood Church, Monroe county, where our brethren have just closed a meeting of great interest. Brother W. H. Holcomb, the pastor, invited several brethren to his assistance, through whose united efforts the Lord was pleased to pour out of his Spirit upon the people. A deep solemnity pervaded the congregation, and pungent convictions fastened on the consciences of sinners. Contending parties, who had long maintained deep rooted prejudices, were constrained publicly to confess their faults to God and to one another, and to pledge themselves hereafter to maintain the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. I need not attempt to describe the thrill of joy experienced by the church on witnessing these manifestations of "the fruit of the Spirit." The meeting was protracted nine days, at the conclusion of which, a large concourse of people assembled at the water side, where our beloved brother Holcomb, after giving an appropriate and impressive address, baptized twenty-eight persons—twenty-five of whom were whites.

Yours in Christ,  
**J. C. KEENEY.**

**MACON, MISS., Sept. 2, 1846.**

Brother De Votie: As I have attended several meetings, and some of considerable interest, it might, perhaps, not be improper to give a brief account of the same through the Alabama Baptist. I left Marion on the fifth of August, and on the evening of the fourth, I got to Tuscaloosa, where I remained until Friday the seventh. I preached twice in Northport, once in the baptist church, and once in the Methodist. From there, I came into Pickens, and on Sabbath the first, I preached at Big Creek church. Wednesday, the twelfth, I attended bro. Shuck's appointment at the Garden church.—There was a very large congregation; though at his approach, not a very well behaved one, but we must excuse them for they were about to catch the sight of a living Chinaman. Brother Shuck took these words, "Beginning at Jerusalem," for his text. His sermon was eloquent, pathetic and well adapted, as I thought, to effect the object he had in view; but in this I was very much mistaken; for when the collection was taken up, it was very small. On Thursday and Friday, I attended a very interesting meeting at Hopewell church. The good Lord seemed to be reviving his work in the hearts of his children; while his Spirit was manifesting its power in convicting sinners. When I left on Friday evening, there had not been many conversions, but indications were flattering. I have not learned the result of this meeting. I presume brother Hanks, the pastor of the church, will give you the particulars. On Saturday, the fourteenth, I came to Macon, Mississippi, where a meeting had commenced on the day before. On account of the unfavorable weather, the congregations were small, and it closed on Tuesday evening without much apparent good. On Saturday, the twenty-second, I attended a meeting at Providence, Sumter county, Alabama, which lasted until Sunday evening, the thirtieth. At this meeting ministerial aid was scarce, the most of the time consisting only of brother Latimore and myself. There was no great excitement at any time. It was a still time, and all things were done in decency and in order, and while the power of divine grace was infused into every christian heart, the emotions of the soul were to be seen only, in the expression of the countenance, a hearty shake of each others' hand, and the quick and quivering voice as it sounded forth the praises of God. No christian visited the place but seemed to share in the heavenly manna, which was showered down in the congregation. All backsliders who attended, desiring to again taste of the goodness of God, were reclaimed. And all sinners, no difference for what purpose they had come, felt solemn.

During the meeting there were seven baptisms, two united to the church by letter, and I trust seed was sown which will bring forth, some thirty, some sixty and some an hundred fold.

I am now on my way to another meeting to be held at New Bethel, the result of which I hope to be able to give to you hereafter.

**A. VAN HOOSE.**

**PLEASANT PLANE, ALA., Sept. 10, 1846.**

Dear Brother Jewett: Believing that most of the readers of the Alabama Baptist take a deep interest in the prosperity of Zion, I proceed to give you, for publication, a brief account of our Union meeting of the third district of the Union Association, which commenced on Friday before the second Lord's day in August, and continued ten days, except one which we skipped for the purpose of meeting brethren Shuck and Yong at the Garden. This we think, had a tendency to strengthen and encourage us in our work, and are sure that it excited many prayers among the brethren in behalf of the millions of immortal beings who are daily perishing for lack of the bread of life in the Celestial Empire.

The above meeting was held with the Church at Hopewell, under the pastoral charge of brother A. M. Hanks. As no other minister was present until brother Morris arrived the eighth day, we felt humbled under a sense of our insufficiency; but in answer to the prayers and supplications of the dear brethren of that church, and of sister churches, together with some of the Methodist brethren, the Lord poured out his Spirit on us abundantly. Many of the saints shouted for joy, and several, as we humbly trust, were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

During this meeting, our dear brother Hanks buried with Christ in baptism, five willing converts; three others professed, and three or four joined by letter. The cause of truth was much strengthened, and we pray and hope, that this may be the beginning of better times among us.

If this communication is too long, shorten it to suit your own convenience.

Yours in christian bonds,  
**J. H. TAYLOR.**

**EUFULA, ALA., Sept. 12, 1846.**

Dear Brethren: I rejoice to have it in my power to state to you, that a great change has taken place for the better in a great part of our county (Barbour) very recently. Many have been added to our small churches in this new county. Some two hundred or more to some four or five churches, I suppose. At a new meeting house some five or six miles from Eufula, within a week, brother Reuben E. Brown has baptized, I hear, twenty-six or twenty-seven persons—and the meeting is yet going on—some others are expected daily. The Lord be praised for this great favor towards Barbour county.

Pray for us, dear brethren, that the Lord would visit us too in Eufula, and bring our neighbors into his fold—that great grace may be upon us, now but a little band.

Many of the most wealthy and respectable of our citizens have followed the Lord in baptism, and we hope will follow him in all good work to his glory and the salvation of many more precious souls.



We see that the Lord has been gracious to many sections of our State, and added many to our Zion. O that he would come upon all our churches, and consume all dross and error from our land, and then we would have but one Lord, one faith and one baptism. Then we should be as a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot, all pulling the same way. What a mighty band our Zion would then be. May the Lord hasten this wished-for period. "O Lord, let thy kingdom come," let all say. The gospel has been preached in its simplicity, and the Lord has blessed it. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." How long will it be before all our preachers learn the true art of preaching, stick close to the order and trust to the Lord, and expect his blessings. But my brethren, I have scribbled on much more than I expected when I commenced, but you will excuse me.

Yours in the best of bonds,  
CULLEN BATTLE.

PICKENS COUNTY, ALA., Sept. 11, 1846.

Dear Brethren, I have just returned from a protracted meeting of fifteen days' continuance, at Providence Church and vicinity. It first commenced at a school house by the Cumberland brethren, and continued until our appointment came on, and suffice it to say, it was truly a time of rejoicing to the church. As far as could be ascertained, there were about one hundred and five professed to have found the Saviour in a pardon of their sins. Backsliders were reclaimed, and Christians, without regard to name, were revived. I baptized twenty-seven yesterday; others are waiting until next meeting, when I trust we shall receive many more. Many were left weeping on account of their sins. Truly the Lord hath done great things whereof we are glad. Yours in gospel bonds,

WILLIAM W. NASH.

Extract from a letter describing a Baptismal Scene at Greensborough, Alabama, August 20, 1846.

"The next day, Wednesday, towards the cool of the day, I witnessed a baptism, the most beautiful scene I ever beheld. Have you noticed this passage in the Reminiscences of Robert Hall?—It was a fine evening about the latter end of May; the sun was setting in the waters of the Severn in all its majesty and glory. Mr. Hall (standing in Lord Clifford's park) was in raptures. Only look, sir, on that mild silvery light shed upon the 'expanse of waters,' how inviting. Why, sir, it looks as if they were preparing for a magnificent public baptism, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand described in the Revelations, were about to step into the waves, sir." I could think of nothing but that.

It was in a valley; or rather a kind of natural amphitheatre surrounded by hills, and shaded by some magnificent oaks. At the bottom is a circular pond, supplied by three or four noble springs of clear, cool water on one side, while on the other a small rivulet carried off the surplus. In the centre of this pond is a circular island, the sides of which, as well as the outer edge of the pond, are covered with a fine turf, as nice as a carpet. On the summit of it a summer house was found, just large enough comfortably to contain the ministers and singers. A bridge connected the island with the shore, where stands a nicely furnished house, built for the candidates to change their dresses. From the middle of the bridge on one side, descends a flight of steps to the bottom of the pond. The whole of this magnificent baptistery, including about thirty feet all round the water, is enclosed by a neat board fence, inside of which, comfortable seats with backs, and capable of holding some 700 or 800 persons, were placed. This is the arrangement of a noble-spirited brother of this Church, John May, Esq. on his own ground.

Fifty or sixty carriages of all kinds were to be seen near by, and from six to seven hundred persons were assembled. The stillness of death seemed to hover over the scene. Not a breath of wind disturbed the glassy surface of the little lake; not a leaf nor a speck rested on its beautiful surface; but like a mirror is reflected to the eye of those on the island, now the expectant countenances of the children who sat on the banks, and now the clear, blue vault of heaven or the red scarfs and dresses of those who sat round, and at last the candidates stepping forward to seats prepared in front. The pastor seemed made for the occasion. You know brother Chilton's tall, manly and commanding figure—and his voice of extraordinary power, spoke truths which were echoed back by the everlasting hills around. And you know how music sounds upon the water, but you cannot conceive how the singing sounded that afternoon from the centre and sides of that little lake. A gentleman of the town, studying medicine, and four young ladies were the candidates. All the arrangements were perfect. There was no confusion. The afternoon was sultry, so that the water looked delightfully cool and refreshing, and reminded one of those passages in the Revelations, where it is promised that the righteous, clothed in white raiment, shall be led by the Lamb to the fountains of living water, or that part of the twenty-third Psalm, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." In the early Christian Church, and indeed so late as the eighth century before sprinkling had been substituted for immersion, the candidates and congregation used to walk in procession down to the baptistries, chanting the 42d Psalm, "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God," &c. I could but think of it and long for the restoration of such beautiful and scriptural customs through the whole church of Christ. The candidates seemed as calm and as composed

while stepping down with their beloved pastor into the water, as they would enter a drawing-room; and when over each, he pronounced the baptismal words, "I baptize thee in the name, &c. they laid themselves back serenely on the elastic wave which curled over them with solemn gracefulness. The most fastidious critic could have found nothing but propriety and beauty in the whole scene. It was as if St. Paul had risen from the tomb, and repeated those words, "We are buried with Christ by baptism into death, that like as he was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we also should walk in newness of life."

As I gazed on this scene, it occurred to me how much it would silence the mouths of objectors, if the baptists generally, particularly in the intelligent and wealthy portions of the country, would take pains in always making suitable arrangements as to their places of baptism, the dresses of the candidates, &c. I have often wished to suggest to some of the sisters of our churches, that in their sewing circles they should prepare a number of suitable baptizing gowns for the candidates, if only to secure that uniformity of appearance among them, that makes all such scenes so much more impressive. Some ministers would, perhaps, feel some delicacy in introducing such customs—at least so far as their own example is concerned. I fancied this was the case with brother Chilton, as I noticed he was dressed in his usual black dress. I felt inclined to hint to some of the ladies, that they should present their pastor with such a handsome black gown for this purpose as their sisters of the Church did recently. Coming from such a source it would do away all scruples, and any tight dress looks and must be very embarrassing in the administration of this ordinance.

On the Sabbath, baptism was again administered in the afternoon to two whites and upwards of twenty colored persons. The spectators were much more numerous—certainly over 1000 persons. There were a husband and wife baptized together, and another husband and wife and three of their children, a real household baptism. The singing of the colored people resounded from the hills and made the woods ring again.

Indeed this whole meeting, up to the time my duties carried me away, was very solemn. The congregations were large and very attentive. It was plain that the church and congregation were much engaged. Several came forward and covenanted to keep up family worship. In one family I was requested to converse with a remarkably interesting and intelligent little girl ten years of age, who has been indulging a hope for near a year. She has not yet professed religion. So decided and clear was her testimony that I said to myself, and at last to her, "who can forbid water that these should not be baptized that have received the Holy Ghost as well as we." The father, I am told, was converted when about fifteen—the mother when ten or eleven—the eldest sister at about the same age, and now this next of the family, mainly through the conversation of that sister, as the father thought, at the same tender age.

I heard several excellent discourses from brethren McCraw, Chilton, Holman and Connella. The Methodist minister took a most earnest and active part in this meeting, and the Presbyterian minister was often present of an evening. "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

SABBATH THOUGHTS.—Many and thrilling are the associations which the weekly recurrence of the Sabbath brings. The sun of the Sabbath morn first shed light on a finished creation. When the ball we tread on stood a complete and lovely thing before its Maker, and when Eden bloomed a little heaven below, and man with his pure and lofty spirit, lived in its bowers, ere yet the trial of the serpent was over all, "God blessed the Sabbath day, and sanctified it." The beams of a Sabbath morning first shed light on a ransomed creation. Then it was the captain of our salvation, having battled with death in his own dark domain, shivered his fetters, rose a victor from the tomb, led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men; so that now, instead of the wo and sin and shame that had been entailed upon the fallen, there is proffered to the beauty, and the brightness of a purchased immortality.

The Sabbath is a type, and tells us of that rest which remaineth to the people of God, of an hour when the Christian pilgrim shall terminate his long and toilsome march through the wilderness, and cross the threshold of his Father's home—when the Christian mariner shall leave over the last ocean billow, and enter the desired haven—when the soldier of the cross shall lay off his panoply, wear the rich robe and the bright crown. Independently, too, of these grander associations, there is much—much of piety, much of poetry, to make the Sabbath day to a Christian's soul the very "best of all the seven." The image of a gray haired sire, the family shrine, the domestic Sunday-school, the "big ha Bible, once his father's pride," the music of the church bell, the house girl round with the graves of his kindred, devotion's lofty peal. Oh! it cannot be that man is on his way to heaven who loves not as his life, this atom of heaven dropped on earth, it cannot be that he is of the "peculiar people," who calls not the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, that has any claim to the character of a religious being, who allows its golden hours to glide away, without some thoughts about the inheritance to which it points.—*Christian Observer.*

Life is too short to be employed in selfish acts; and he whose highest ambition is to gratify self, makes life wretched, and dies unlamented, with none to rise up and call him blessed.

## MORAL OF THE TELEGRAPH.

It is a mystery to the present day to the vast majority of our population, how an individual in Washington can instantaneously communicate his thoughts to one in New York through the medium of a copper wire. A great measure is proposed, a great speech delivered, or a great man dies in the national metropolis, and before a horse can be gear-d for the fast mail coach, or steam raised in the locomotive, the intelligence has run along the aerial wire to the distant commercial capital. Many a curious eye has watched those mysterious wires, to detect, if possible, some tokens of the flying message; but in vain. It passes silently and invisibly. In good old times, if a communication could be made between New York and Philadelphia once a week, the simple hearts of our fore-fathers were perfectly satisfied with the expedition with which it was done. Twice in the week was a great innovation on old habits, and once a day was regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of speed. There is, however, no limit to the inventive faculties of that restless creature, man. The horse, with his ten miles an hour, suddenly lost his reputation, and his fleshly muscles were superseded by the iron horse with his hot breath of fire and steam. Here, at last, thought the simple multitude, is the limit to improvement; human invention is taxed to the utmost; the migratory birds may save their energies, and make their future journeyings by taking their passage in a locomotive. But the engine may puff and shriek, and struggle in vain, to maintain its newly acquired empire. Like some successful hero, it has enjoyed the days of its laurels, but must now retire into the shade before a rival aspirant. It may be useful as a drudge, to bear heavy burdens but for the more delicate and honorable task of conveying thought from place to place, it is to be discarded for its sluggishness. Thought is quick in its motions as it passes from its chamber in the human brain; and why should it not be equally quick in passing from mind to mind? Light, spiritual, aerial-like, it is often impatient at the sluggishness of human speech, its usual medium of communication, where two minds are brought into close proximity; and for distant travel it has successively tried the wing of the carrier pigeon, the fleetness of the horse, the power of the press, the rapidity of the wind, the terrible energy of steam, and has dismissed them all, and employed the lightning as its courier. How is distance thus annihilated! Admirable courier! He waits not for a full packet of despatches before his start, but carries them in small parcels, so that the thought which is bursting from one mind just in its inception, is in a distant part of the globe beginning its operation on another mind. The philosopher exults; no prophet ventures to predict the discovery of a velocity greater than this, for what power in nature can outstrip the lightning? We know of but one, and one we do know—it is thought itself; and novel as this last invention may appear, it has an incomparable rival. Reader, have you ever heard of the *Spiritual Telegraph*? Surely, you must have heard of it, although you may not have understood its operation. It is as old as the world. It was familiar to the first man. It was employed for a series of centuries by ancient patriarchs, kings, and prophets. More than eighteen hundred years ago, it received its perfecting improvements, and since then it has been in constant operation. One terminus is in heaven, the other on the earth. This medium of communication is the most perfect imaginable. No accident can disarrange it; no malevolence can sever it. Its virtues may be disbelieved by the many, but comparatively few who have been induced to try it, speak of it with rapture, as the most certain and unfailing method of communicating between distant places. It operates with a celerity unknown to the clumsy machinery of earth. It can convey a thought, a wish, a groan, or a tear from the most dismal cavern of earth, instantaneously into the ear of God. Its charm is that it transmits impressions, emotions, feelings, as unerringly as it does merely intellectual thoughts. The desire which is conceived in the heart of man, through this medium, is instantly known to God. Unlike the earthly invention, it does not require correspondents to wait their turn, but conveys thousands of messages in the same instant of time. It has its ramifications to every spot of earth, where there is a friend of God. The Hot-tentot, the Esquimaux, the Indian, the European, the American, may, at the same time, be in communication with the high and mighty Ruler of the Universe, who, without confusion, hears every request, every complaint, every confession. Nay more, gracious messages are returned, now in the way of advice, then as an encouragement, often as a promise. The means of relief are often simultaneously sent with the cry for relief; joy is often the quick response to a plaint of sorrow; darkness is dissipated by an instantaneous transmission of light. It is said by those who have had most experience, that the greatest advantage results from keeping oneself in constant communication on this line of telegraph. If a break occurs, it must be through negligence at the earthly terminus, and the loss falls on those who are at least able to bear it. The earthly invention is often employed by those who have some scheme of self-aggrandizement in view, and we speak with positive certainty when we say, that we have known many who, by a proper use of the spiritual telegraph, have attained to the highest honours and the greatest riches. Besides all this it is free, perfectly free; no fees are to be paid; whoever will, may use it, and enjoy all the advantages it confers. It is not for the rich rather than the poor, for the politician more than the humble citizen; indeed, if there be any preference, the poor seem to have

it. We could say much more in commendation of this wonderful, this divine invention, but we forbear, merely advising our readers to try the spiritual telegraph, and as there are base imitations of it, we caution them to see to it, that they get the right MEDIUM of communication with heaven.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.—The United Service Journal for May, in a very interesting and laudatory article on the Emperor of Russia, gives the following among anecdotes illustrative of his character and habits.

He is frequently met on foot in the streets, absolutely alone, and the immediate contact with which he then comes with his subjects of every degree, is sometimes the occasion of drawing forth his affability, and proving the kindness of his nature. The etiquette on meeting him, is for women to curtsy. He returns all salutations, not excepting those of the meanest peasants.

It happened, that as he was thus walking alone a Frenchman newly arrived in St. Petersburg, who, ignorant of the reciprocal consideration there deemed due from man to man, was smoking his cigar. The Emperor, dressed as usual, in his officer's cap and cloak, passed him, and bowing, said—

"Sir, it is not permitted here to smoke in the public streets."

"Why?" said the Frenchman.

"It is not considered polite to those who walk there also; therefore it is forbidden."

"I respect authority—obey," He threw away his cigar, continued walking by the side of the supposed officer, and with French facility entered into conversation, which he turned chiefly upon the country and the government; the Emperor giving him much information.

He soon perceived that many persons saluted his companion.

"You appear, Monsieur," he said, "to possess a large acquaintance here."

"That is a fact," said the Emperor.

They walked on, the Frenchman talking, the Emperor replying.

More salutations, uncapped heads, and low reverences, raised the curiosity of the stranger.

"You appear, Monsieur," said he, "to be a person of consequence here; I fear I have been most unceremoniously intruding upon your time and patience; surely, you must be the Governor-General."

"I have been happy to afford information to a stranger; but you are mistaken in supposing me to be the Governor-General."

"Why, then, do all persons whom we meet salute you?"

"Because I am their Emperor."

The astonished foreigner, gratified by his adventure, paid his willing homage also.

THE HEART AND THE SWORD.—It is recorded of the Duke of Luxembourg, that on his death-bed, he declared that he would have cherished more deeply the memory of having given a cup of cold water to one of his fellow-creatures in poverty and distress, than all the victories he had achieved, with their scenes of blood, desolation and death. An admirable lesson is conveyed in this brief expression of opinion.

Heart-work is better than head-work; and it is a better temper to be fervent in charity than in disputes.

SOMETHING TO BOAST OF.—There is not a single licensed grocery in Marshall county, nor has there been one since the passage of the late law. If there is any place in the county where spirits are sold contrary to law we are not advised of the fact. We have something else to boast of: It is well known that we have a most excellent county police, yet there has not been an individual confined in our county jail on a charge of crime of any sort more than two years—nor has our State Docket occupied the Court six hours on an average in getting it for two years past.—*Lewisburg Disseminator.*

A TAILOR'S OPINION.—A tailor, following an army, was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient, that as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no doubt of his recovery.

The tailor said, "If I had possessed any brains I should not have here."

TO EXTRACT PAINT FROM COTTON, SILK AND WOOLLEN GOODS.—Saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine, and let it remain several hours, then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring either the color or texture of the article.

THE THINGS THAT MAKE DEATH TERRIBLE.—When Garrick, with great self-gratulation, showed Johnson his fine house, gardens, and paintings, expecting some flattering compliment, the only reply was, "Ah! David, David, these are the things that make death terrible."

CANTON.—The brethren at Canton have sent home a letter in which they request that thirty-five missionaries may be obtained for China without delay. Who will go?—*Day Spring.*

If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace with God and man, it is the man who has brought that bread out of the earth. It is caked by no fraud; it is wet by no tears; it is stained by no blood.

SUSPICION.—Suspicion is a heavy armor, and with its own weight impedes more than protects.—*Byron.*

A Doctor in England advertises in the papers that he has removed to a residence near the grave-yard, for the greater convenience of his patients.

## DRUNKARD'S LOOKING-GLASS.

BY HOS. T. B. O'NEILL.

Chapter II.

This glass like Banquo's has many a figure yet to be reflected; it may be dimmed, obscured, or broken, and thus prevented from shadowing the past, the present, and the future. But if it be spared these misfortunes, it will hang pretty steadily, in the high-way, the by-ways, the courts, the lanes, the streets, the alleys, the halls or the colleges of those threatened with intemperance. Let us take a peep at it to-day. Who is before it? I know him well! A man who from boyhood to manhood labored incessantly in the farm of his father. After full maturity he is seen pouring over books, and toiling manfully to win the slippery heights of science. Once and a while, his dishevelled hair, blood-shot eyes, and suffering face, as reflected from the mirror, lead us to suspect that the fountain of strong drink has poured its Lethean waters upon the student's vigils. In a few years, he is seen, passing from the college to the shop of some medical practitioner, in the country. Here the glass shadows him forth in the day, as sitting book in hand, the very image of diligence: at night, as heading the noisy revels, and as a leader confessed, in all the rites and mysteries of the god of drunkenness! In a brief space, he is seen far from home to procure that diploma which is to make him an M. D., legally authorized to kill or cure.—Here the glass is literally covered all over with the disgraceful scenes of midnight riot and drunken debauchery. A sick bed, a darkened chamber, and a bursting eye, are shadowed forth as the consequences of the young doctor's career of drunkenness. He is recovered and stands before the glass, with one eye, not like Polyphemus, in the centre of his broad forehead, but on one side. Returned home, the glass shadows him forth, as caressed by all his old friends, who crowd to employ him; practice and usefulness seem to be before him, yet the faithful glass ever and anon exhibits him, on horseback, his loose rein dangling about his horse's neck, both hands locked in the mane, his legs dangling in the stirrups more like those of a puppet, than they which belong to a man, and his head bowing to every step of his horse. Drunken insensibility is the doctor's companion! Sometimes the glass represents him as laying comfortably on mother earth, enjoying a comfortable snooze in the mid-day sun, while his steed crops the grass around him. The glass again represents a bridal. Who is the bridegroom? It is the doctor! The bride is young, almost too young to be a wife and a mother. How is their after life? It is a fearful display of drunken debauchery, on the part of the husband: he holds, too, a drunkard's rod of oppression over the woman who is committed to his charge. Children appear on the face of the never erring glass: the careless rashness of drunkenness sends one to an early grave. In cherubic innocence, it mounts to heaven, waving its hands, and beckoning its parents to its heavenly home.—The father never, oh, never can be there! The glass represents his closing moments. He dies! He dies a drunkard!

Stop, reader! pause and think! Does not the wailing of the spirit, as it cries, lost, lost, lost forever, sicken your ear!—Can you not see it as it is, plunging down forever and ever, into everlasting night? there to be kept "in everlasting chains and darkness unto the judgment of the great day."

Of all men, physicians, who understand more perfectly the constitution of the body, and the destructive tendencies of strong drink, ought to be the last who give way to this depraved indulgence. Can any one among the medical faculty of the present day, point to a case like that shadowed forth by to-day's looking glass? If so, let the awful example enter like an iron into your very soul. Remember, that your case may be that of your deceased brother, if you indulge at all in strong drink. Between one drink and the drunkard's lot, is indeed but a small space. The unfortunate picture set before you to-day cannot speak, else it would say, "I once drank only a single drink each day, but it increased upon me until it made me what I am." My young friends, physicians throughout the land, remember that you drink, knowing the consequences. If you are drunkards, "your blood be upon your own heads." When tempted to drink, remember that it is poison—and when companion insist, remember also, that "evil communications corrupt good manners."

CONVENTION OF RUMSELLERS.—During a recent sitting of the Court of Common Pleas, at Concord, Mass., some eighty persons who had been indicted for violating the license laws, met in convention and resolved that Judge Cushing, who had charged a jury in support of the law, "ought to be held in utter disapprobation"—that Judge Washburn on the Worcester Circuit, in his charge, "merits severe rebuke,"—that "temperance societies, clergymen, lecturers and townsmen who attempt to obtrude their dictation upon the keepers of public houses, is a shame to every pretension of moral decency,"—that "all forswearing or pledges in regard to meats and drinks, is a plain violation of the New Testament," and that "clergymen and others, who by special construction, seek to abrogate the human family from this injunction, ought to be regarded as impostors and hypocrites!"—*Boston Gazette.*

ANOTHER RUM TRAGEDY.—A man by the name of Barlow, of Louisville, Ky., for many years a drunkard, without provocation, shot his wife on the 27th of August. She is represented to have been a very estimable woman. Such is the danger to which every woman exposes herself who marries a dram drinker.

His inmate or house-mate, "Mother dear," said a mother to her little daughter, "why are you not polite to the gentleman? he treats you kindly." "Mother," said the little girl, drawing down her mother's ear, "Mother, he smells of Rum!" And nothing could induce her to go near him again. Was she to be blamed, children?

GOOD AS FAR AS IT GOES.—The public dinner at Harvard University was given this year for the first time without wine; the only drinks used on the occasion consisting of lemonade and water. We are happy to see this advance under the administration of its new President. May we not look for that thorough reform in the University itself, which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to which the Institution belongs, demand.

It is said of Dr. Johnson, "that this celebrated individual, in 1737, abstained entirely from fermented liquors—a practice to which he rigidly conformed for many years together, at different periods of his life."

TEMPERANCE FABLE.—The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bate from a small steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said, "It is my opinion that, if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats present loudly assented, and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes; but the devastations of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another "convention." The elders had just assembled, and had commenced the deliberation, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak. All were instantly silent, when stretching out the bleeding remains of his leg, he said, "My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap—Do not touch it!"

THE WAY TO GET ALONG.—The Rev. Dr. Yates, missionary to India, who accomplished an almost incredible amount of labor, in preaching, and translating, and other missionary labors, being asked by a friend what plan he adopted to enable him to accomplish so much, replied, in his own quiet, unassuming manner, "I have no particular plan, only when I have any thing to do, I GO AND DO IT, that is all."

## Miscellaneous Intelligence.

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE FROM CARELESS USE OF FIREARMS.—At Georgetown, D. C., on Monday, a young man named Goodyear, entered a tavern, and taking up a loaded fowling piece, jocularly observed that he was going to shoot, pulled the trigger and discharged the contents of shot into the bodies of two young men who were in the room. One of them, named Crown, was horribly wounded in the head and face, his eyes and nose were torn to pieces, and his face dreadfully mangled. It was supposed that he would not recover. Mr. Hillary, another young man, was badly injured in his arm, breast and shoulder. The foolish author of so much misery, observed that he "thought the gun was not loaded."

HON. LOUIS McLANE.—This distinguished gentleman, late our Minister to the Court of St. James, having returned to this country, has been addressed by the Chamber of Commerce of this City, in terms of high respect, for his valuable services in settling the Oregon question. He replied in a grateful and characteristic letter.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—During a severe storm in Wilton, Saratoga county, on the 3rd instant, the wife of Rev. D. H. Jackson was struck dead instantly by lightning, while standing near a window. Her husband was away upon an agency, and the sad news can reach him only through public journals, as no one but his wife knew his intended course.—*Ibid.*

PORTIN MISSIORS.—A Roman Catholic Society in France has, the past year, dedicated three ships for conveying missionaries to the Pacific and to other parts of the globe. The London Record states that one is now building in England for the same purpose.

NOVEL OBSTRUCTION TO A RAIL ROAD.—A street-night on the trains on the Erie Rail Road were stopped by grasshoppers—there being such numbers of them on the track as to groove it so effectively as though laid had been placed on the rails.

EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT OF BUTTERFLIES.—One of the largest flights of butterflies ever seen in this country, crossed the Channel from France to England lately. Such was the number and extent of the cloud formed by the living mass, that it completely obscured the sun from the people on board our continental steamers, on their passage, for many hundreds of yards, while the insects stirred the decks in all directions.—*Cambridge Journal.*

Robert Dale Owen, the notorious infidel and champion of concubinage has been appointed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives one of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington city. Is it to be an infidel institution? Is it to be a place where the gods are taught?

A complete Ponton, equipped has been despatched from New York to Point Isabel, by the steamboat Neptune. The Ponton equipment consists of a number of India-rubber bags of suitable shape to be inflated with air, and fastened together across any stream too deep to be forded, over which planks are laid and made fast, the whole being capable of supporting any number of men, horses, wagons, gun carriages, &c.

THE ARMY.—The field books show at present an army of 17,000 men on its march to Monterey, and over as fine roads as can be imagined. The army sets out at 5 o'clock in the morning and halts at 4, making 16 miles per day. It has been found, as in India, that marching by night during hot weather, is the least fatiguing to the soldier.

THE SING SING PRISON IN NEW YORK, is now altogether under the control of a woman, and the results of her management are looked for with interest, as deciding whether her sex are not better fitted for this trust than men. In point of economy the State gains several thousand dollars a year in salaries, her compensation being only about \$500 per annum and food. Her system of management dispenses with the services of inspectors, officers, courts of enquiry, &c.

BLACK SWAN.—A beautiful specimen of this bird was shot by Mr. Philip Kincaid, on the river Eden in the latter end of last month. After following it for several miles up the river, he got sight of it in a creek near Nidary Mill, and stalked it in a sportsmanlike manner. We believe this to be the first black swan shot in a wild state in Great Britain, if not in Europe. The bird in question is a female, and weighed 9 lbs. 8 oz.; measured 3 feet 6 inches in length, and 6 feet in extent of wing.—*Scotsman.*



