

Alabama Baptist.

"JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."—EPIPHANUS, 2:20.
MARION, (PERRY COUNTY, ALABAMA,) OCTOBER 9, 1846.

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NUMBER 34.

For the Alabama Baptist:
ELLEN SOMMERS.

At the window of a cottage, overhung with luxuriant vines, sat in the evening twilight, a lady whose countenance seemed saddened by some recent affliction. At her feet, upon a low stool, was her daughter, little Ellen, a pale, ethereal being, who seemed scarcely fit to be an inhabitant of this world.

Ellen had been gazing for some time into the western sky, where masses of brightly burnished clouds lay piled in most imposing grandeur; and still she continued to gaze with an earnestness that indicated a mind absorbed in some delightful contemplation. Her mother, unwilling to break into the sacredness of her childish meditations, had watched her in silence until she had become almost as much absorbed in Ellen, as she was in gazing at the clouds.

A long drawn sigh and a big tear that fell upon the mother's hand, at length gave a partial indication of the tenor of Ellen's thoughts, and her mother was about to enquire the cause of her tears, when the involuntary ejaculation, "There now, I cannot see them after all," burst from her.

Who, Ellen, my dear, of whom are you speaking? exclaimed Mrs. Sommers, evidently disturbed by the strange conduct and stranger exclamation of her daughter.

Ellen, roused as from a slumber, looked around her confusedly, and with evident embarrassment replied, "I—mother, I don't know. I was only thinking of—Never mind mother."

Mrs. Sommers drew her arm around the trembling child, saying: Ellen, my dear, tell me of what you were thinking, and what made that large tear fall from your eye.

Oh, mother, I was thinking of the angels. My Sunday school lesson, a few weeks ago, had this verse: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" Oh, mother, I wonder if there are any of them who care for me! How happy it would make me, if I could only know of a certainty that one of those good angels loved your poor little sick Ellen. And, mother, I wish to say something else, but I am almost afraid to say it. I am almost afraid to think about it. If it is wrong, mother, I wish you to tell me. And you won't be offended, dear mother, will you?

No, my child, said Mrs. Sommers, drawing the tender form of Ellen more closely to her bosom. Tell me, my love, and be not afraid that I will be offended.

Mother, you won't think that I love you or sweet little Willie less, if I tell you that I sometimes feel that I would be willing to leave this world and all, if I could be sure that angels would carry me away to heaven, as they carried the poor beggar Lazarus. But, mother, how can I know that they would care for or love such a poor, sinful child, as I am? Dear mother, continued Ellen, do tell me something about the angels, I wish to know more about them, ever since I studied that verse.

What in particular do you wish to have me tell you of, my dear?

Why, mother, I wish you to tell me whether you think those great and glorious beings would care for or love me? But I suppose we can never know that in this world?

I think we can, my child. It is true, we have nothing mentioned about you or me, yet I will tell you something that is revealed, and let you judge for yourself. We are told distinctly, that Jesus, who is the Lord of all the angels, and who is worshipped as their God and Creator, when he was upon earth, took up little children in his arms and laid his hands upon them and blessed them, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." If, therefore, my poor little Ellen feels herself to be a sinner, and comes to this precious Jesus, I have a hope and confidence that he will receive her as one of the lambs of his fold. And if the Lord and Creator is not ashamed of my poor Ellen, I am well assured the angels themselves, though they be so great and glorious, would not be ashamed to love her too.

Ellen sat for some time evidently struggling with her emotions, and, at length, kissing her mother's hand, let fall another tear and said, mother you know that I love you and sweet, dear little Willie too; but, oh, I would like so much to have one of those good angels come and take me away to heaven.

Mrs. Sommers could make no reply—but, as she held the fragile form of Ellen to her bosom and remembered how she was wasting away, she sighed deeply within and said to herself, "And it will not be long, dear sufferer, before you will have your wishes." But she spoke not, for her heart was too full for utterance. Long, long, did Mrs. Sommers sit meditating on this conversation—and when she was about to retire, going to Ellen's little bed and bending over her, she imprinted a long and affectionate kiss upon the pale forehead of the child, reposing like a cherub in her loveliness.

Oh what struggling then agitated that mother's heart. What she had to surrender—what to endure, and that within a very short time, was clearly revealed to her. But oh, how to submit! She thought until her brain reeled in confusion—she raised her aching eye-balls to heaven imploringly for aid—she clasped her hands in an agony of feeling—she implored the God of mercies to spare her child—she fell upon her knees and wept before the Lord. Suddenly, a spirit of calmness came over her soul. Her tears continued to flow, but they were a relief to her aching heart. Her brain ceased to reel; and a something—what was it?—that whispered to her soul, "May I not do what I will with my own? Calm and collected, she rose from her knees, and said within herself, as Ellen had just before said, "I wish I knew something more of the angels." Then was it that Ellen's verse came over her soul, like a gale from a garden of odours, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." A sweet and subdued smile sat upon her fine countenance, as she pronounced these words audibly to herself.

Ellen's brief story is soon told. A few short weeks rolled on, and there was a vacant seat in Miss Bridgman's class in Sabbath school, and all the pupils were invited to attend the funeral of little Ellen. "A sweet child she was," said her teacher, as she took her last look at the corpse. The children, one by one, stepped up to the coffin to take one more look at Ellen, and as the tears gushed into the eyes of many of them, they whispered to each other, "Ellen was a good girl." "Ellen has gone to heaven."

Mrs. Sommers, ordinarily weak, and as sensitive as the Mimosa, seemed armed with a fortitude actually superhuman—so true it is that "his strength is made perfect in our weakness." With a weak, but steady voice, she sung the closing words of the hymn which the minister had very judiciously selected for the occasion:

"What parent would not cherish be,
To give a child to God."

Perhaps my young readers would like to know more of the history of Ellen. How it was that she was so beloved; and how she came to die so happily. It would make this article too long to undertake to tell them; but this much I will say, Ellen was kind and obliging to every body, and she loved her Sabbath school.

MARCUS.

GEORGE WILSON.

A few years since, as the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a boy, of very ordinary first-sight appearance, but whose fine intelligent eye fixed the gentleman's attention, as the boy inquired, "Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him, and learn to read?" "Whose boy are you, and where do you live?" "I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the work-house because they will not teach me to read." The reverend gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates, by his faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary after a while, that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighborhood. There, the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room finished for him in the upper part of the shop where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in the mathematics, in the French language, and other branches.

After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family, one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France. "Go to France?" said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation—for what? "Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening," continued George, "and I will explain." His Reverend friend was invited accordingly, and at tea-time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France. "In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French government, for the simplest rule for measuring plain surfaces of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered." He then demonstrated his problem to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to Hon. Lewis Cass, then our Minister at the Court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of king, nobles, and plenipotentiaries, the American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits of the court. He received the prize, which he had clearly won, besides valuable presents from the king.

He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the Court of St. James, where he took up a similar prize offered by some royal society, and returned to the United States. Here he was prepared to secure the benefit of his discovery, by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose Ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at St. James, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and

furnishing him with ample means for his outfit. He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Autocrat of all the Russians!

This narrative the writer has never seen published; but the gentleman who related to him the circumstances, attributed the singular success of young Wilson, to his integrity and faithfulness.—N. E. Puritan.

While reading the above interesting narrative, we were reminded of a thrilling fact in the history of our acquaintance, S—B—, who is a native of London or Liverpool. His parents were honest, industrious and quite respectable: yet among that class of people whose fortune seems to be to possess no other "fortune" than a large family of children. When Samuel was about 5 or 6 years of age, one day while at play in the street, he was accosted by the "City Missionary," and requested to join the "Youth's Missionary Society." Being unacquainted with the nature and object of such a relation, he made such enquiries as such a request would naturally suggest to the mind of a sprightly and enquiring child. His questions were answered, and the terms of membership made known. The latter being a penny a week, presented, as he supposed, an insuperable barrier to his becoming a member. "He said he had no pennies, and had no friends to give him any." The missionary told him, if he would join, he could do some little job, or errand, for some one during the week, and thus earn a penny. He gave his consent and had his name enrolled. There a new field was open for the employment of his mind, new objects of contemplation were presented. He was pledged to pay a penny a week, how should he do it? He had no money—no rich papa's pence to draw upon—no friends on whom he could rely. Invention and discovery were actively employed to prepare the scheme by which he could meet his obligations. At length the following plan was adopted, viz: Every morning, after the "shop-boys" had swept the stores, he would go through the streets and pick up all the pins he could find, and by Saturday he found sufficient to sell for a penny: and on Sabbath morning he would go to the appointed place and deposit his money in the missionary box. At an early age, he gave evidence of a work of grace in his heart. He had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, which his untiring industry and energy enabled him, to some extent, to gratify. Some years ago, he came to the United States, where the facilities of education are more easy to those of limited means than in England. Here for sometime he applied himself to study with unwearied diligence, then entered the ministry, for which his soul thirsted, and for which he so much desired knowledge. He is now one of the ablest Baptist ministers in the Mississippi Valley. Indeed, I scarcely know a superior of his age (he is yet a young man) in any part of the United States.

ANOTHER.—I have been informed that an English nobleman, many years ago, discovered some interesting traits of character in a little, ragged, dirty boy, he saw at play in the streets of London. On enquiry, he ascertained that the child was without parents, friends, or money. The generous man took him to his house, clothed and educated him. That poor orphan is the celebrated W. Greenfield, editor of "Bagster's Comprehensive Bible," "The Polymetric Greek Testament," "The Greek Concordance to the New Testament," "The Polymetric Greek Lexicon," &c. &c. and one of England's brightest gems. What a happy reflection to that nobleman, that he had been instrumental in elevating that boy to such distinction and usefulness. How many lads and youths of brilliant minds there are in families of poverty and obscurity, who would be, if educated, ornaments to society and blessings to the world. Ye men possessing the ability, if ye will look out such and educate them, they will, by the divine favor, rise up and call you "blessed."

Reverend.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

Histories and biographies make little account of the power men exert insensibly over each other. They tell how men have led armies, established empires, enacted laws, gained causes, sung, reasoned and taught; always occupied in setting forth what they do with a purpose. But what they do without a purpose, the streams of influence that flow out from their persons unbidden on the world, they cannot trace or compute, and seldom even mention. So also the public laws make men responsible only for what they do with a positive purpose, and take no account of the mischiefs or benefits that are communicated by their noxious or healthful example. The same is true in the discipline of families, churches and schools; they make no account of the things we do, except we will them. What we do insensibly passes for nothing, because no human government can trace such influences with sufficient certainty to make their authors responsible.

But you must not conclude that influences of this kind are insignificant, because they are unnoticed and noiseless. How is it in the natural world? Behind the mere show, the outward noise and stir of the world, nature always conceals her hand of control, and the laws by which she rules. Who ever saw with the eye, for example, or heard with the ear, the exertions of that tremendous astronomic force, which every moment holds the compact of the physical universe together? The lightning is, in fact, but a mere fire-fly spark in comparison; but because it glares on the eye, and rives the tree or the riggle in the ear, and rives the tree or the rock where it falls, many will be ready to think that it is a vastly more potent agent than gravity.

The Bible calls the good-man's life a light, and it is the nature of light to flow out spontaneously in all directions, and

fill the world unconsciously with its beams. So the Christian shines, it would say, not so much because he will, as because he is a luminous object. Not that the active influence of Christians is made of no account in the figure, but only that this symbol of light has its property, in the fact that their unconscious influence is the chief influence, and has the precedence in its power over the world. And yet there are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature. It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man, cities, monuments and temples, are in a moment leveled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire. Little do they think that the light, of every morning, the soft, and genial, and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more, let the hour of morning come and bring with it no dawn; the outcries of a horror-stricken world would fill the air, and make, as it were, the darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder, and yet colder, is the night. The vital blood at length, of all creatures, stops congealed. Down goes the frost towards the earth's centre. The heart of the sea is frozen, nay the earthquakes themselves are frozen in, under their fiery caverns. The very globe itself too, and all the fellow-planets that have lost their sun, are become mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. Such is the light, which re-visits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in his cradle. And it perpetually new creates the world, rescuing it, each morning, as a prey from night and chaos. So the Christian is a light, even 'the light of the world,' and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere luminous object, he is therefore powerless. The greatest powers are ever those which lie back of the little stir and commotions of nature; and I verily believe, that the insensible influences of good men are as much more potent than what I have called their voluntary or active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequences than her little disturbances and tumults. The law of human influence is deeper than many suspect, and they lose sight of it altogether. The outward endeavors made by good men or bad to sway others, they call their influence; whereas it is, in fact but a fraction, and in most cases, but a very small fraction, of the good or evil that flows out of their lives. Nay, I will go farther. How many persons do you meet, the insensible influence of whose manners and character is so decided, as often to thwart their voluntary influence so that whatever they attempt to do, in the way of controlling others they are sure to carry the exact opposite of what they intend! And it will generally be found, that where men undertake by argument or persuasion to exert a power, in the face of qualities that make them odious or detestable, or only not entitled to respect, their insensible influence will be too strong for them. In all such cases, the voluntary influence of men will not even compose a fraction, however small, of what they do.—Dr. Bushnell.

BE CONTENTED WITH LITTLE.—I once knew a man who had thousands and thousands, but the desire to get more hindered him from enjoying what he had; he was discontented and wretched, and if ever he put a prayer to God, it was that his riches might increase.

I knew a poor woman, also who had but half a dollar a week in the whole world to live upon, and yet she was cheerful and happy. She had always a little money by her to assist those in distress, and instead of praying that God would add to her store, she was ever praising him for what he had so graciously bestowed. She had many trials, but she rejoiced through them all; for

"True, true, indeed as cheerful as the day;
Will weep, indeed, and have a pitying groan
For others' woes, but smiles upon her own."

So that you see, a little with God's blessing is better than a good deal without it. Think of this again, and make up your minds to be contented with a little.—Old Humphrey.

THE WORLD UNITED BY MORSE'S TELEGRAPH.—Some have regretted that there is no means of extending Morse's Telegraph to Europe, believing it impracticable. We don't think so. Should it be found impossible to obtain three thousand five hundred miles of wire strong enough to withstand the storms and ice-burges of the Atlantic, another and more feasible expedient will be restored to us in time. The North and South American telegraphs will be extended northwest to the Russian possessions on this continent, uniting at Bhering's Strait with lines from St. Petersburg, and all Europe, as well as Asia and Africa! Look at the map. It is practicable. What a "confusion of tongues" will prevail at the Bhering telegraph office! The Learned Blacksmith could he live so long, would be delighted with the variety of conversation.—N. Y. Sun

THE CAPTIVE MAID.

Many hundred years ago, a fierce tribe of people dwelt in Georgia, Asia. They were wild and ignorant, knowing nothing of the true God, or the way to heaven. These people, who were called Iberians, often made war on the nations round about them. They had not heard the blessed command of the Bible to try and "live peaceably with all men," and so were like all heathen nations, cruel and quarrelsome. On one of these excursions they fought with some Christians; they were victorious, and returned home in joy, bringing with them a little captive maid to be sold as a slave. Poor girl! she must have felt very sad to be separated from all her friends; but she had one great comfort; she loved Jesus. She prayed to him, and he heard her, and he helped her to be useful and happy. She was sold to a respectable master and mistress, and was so obliging and trustworthy that she became a favorite among the Iberians.

It happened one day that a little child was very ill, and its poor parents carried it about from house to house, hoping to find some one able to make it well again. This was the custom of the country. None of the neighbors could do it any good; they said the child must die. The parents were in great sorrow, and were just going to return home with their sick baby, when they remembered the captive maid. They thought that she might know a cure for the disease with which the child was afflicted; so they went to her. Nannia (for that was her name) was much surprised at their request. She said, "I am only a poor girl, quite unable to advise you; but," added she, with a bright smile on her face, "I can tell you of one who is able, not only to restore it to health but if the baby were dead he could give it life again." The poor parents eagerly asked who this person was, and where he might be found. She replied, "He is the great and mighty Lord, who fills the throne of heaven; but he willingly humbles himself to those who seek him, and is all compassion and love." They begged her to go and fetch him. The maid immediately retired to bow her knees before the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom she prayed, "Show thyself, O Lord, for thine own glory; O Lord, grant thy help." She felt assured that the Lord would hear her, and on returning to look at the sick child, it opened its eyes, smiled, and soon recovered. The happy parents were delighted; they carried their treasure home, and told every one whom they met what a wonderful thing had been done: but they did not yet understand who had performed the cure; they did not thank God for it, but the captive girl only.

The news spread very quickly through all the country, and the queen heard it. Not long after, the queen was taken ill, and thought at once of the young slave. She sent messengers to her, asking her to come and see her. Nannia refused to go; for she was much distressed at finding all the people still give her the praise that belonged to God alone. The queen however was determined to see Nannia. She told her servants to take her to the house where the Christian maid lived. Nannia was much affected; but she went and prayed to God; and again God heard her prayer, and the queen was restored to health. Miraculous, the King, was overjoyed when he saw his beloved queen well again, and prepared to send a most costly present to her who, as he believed, had done this miracle; but the queen begged him not to do so, because Nannia would be grieved to receive it; the only reward that would please her would be to worship the same God that she worshipped. The King was surprised, but at that time he did not think any more about the matter.

Shortly afterwards he was out with a hunting party, and whilst riding forward with great ardor, he lost himself in a wood. A very thick fog came on suddenly, and separated him from his companions. Every effort he made to find his way out of the forest only puzzled him the more. The night was coming on, and he grew very anxious. He sounded his horn with the hope of making some of his servants hear him; but it was of no use. The king found he was far distant from them. And now he remembered all that had been told him of the stranger maid; what she had said of the power of the Great King whose throne was above, but who was present everywhere to those who sought him. If this be true, thought Miras, then he will hear and help me; so he knelt down on the grass and prayed, "O thou whom the stranger calls her God, Jesus! thy power dost live, and art almighty, show thy power now, and take me out of this trouble. If thou openest a way of escape for me, my heart, my life, and all that I have shall be thine." This was his prayer; the best he could offer while he knew so little about God. Did God hear him, do you think? Yes, God had "thoughts of mercy towards him," and wished to do him good. Almost immediately the fog cleared off, and the sky became bright and Miras soon found the road to his home.

Did he remember the promise he had made? We shall see. He told the Queen all that had happened to him, and they both agreed that the God of the little slave must be the only living and true God.—The next morning they visited Nannia together. With a great deal of feeling they related the King's adventures, and then they both took her hands, and begged her

to tell them more of Jesus. It must have been a touching and beautiful sight to see the royal pair sitting by the side of the lowly captive, while she, with great simplicity, taught them all she knew about her Saviour and his works! They listened earnestly, their hearts were melted, and they soon loved and served the Saviour too. Do you think they kept this precious news to themselves? No; it had made them happy, and they felt that they must try and make others happy with it too. Perhaps you fancy that you should have liked to have seen the king and queen seated as teachable pupils to the young maid; but I can tell you of a happier picture than this, which was seen soon after. The king collected all the men amongst the Iberians, and the queen gathered all the women, and each of them told to these two companies the joyful news which they had themselves received. God blessed them; the people heard the tidings with gladness, and believed on the Saviour Jesus Christ. And now what a happy nation they were! They soon obtained teachers from a Christian country, their idol altars were pulled down, their idols destroyed, and they built houses in which to worship the one true God.

This story will remind you of the beautiful account of Naaman's captive maid, given us in the Bible. Should it not encourage us, dear children? It shows us that God has been in every age the hearer and the answerer of prayer.—Juvenile Missionary Herald.

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

I remember an incident which took place in a gaol in the West of England many years ago. A desperate criminal, condemned to death, had by some means possessed himself of a knife, and, on the morning appointed for his execution, he placed his back to the dungeon wall, and defied the instruments of law. It seemed certain death to many if the attempt were made to disarm him; and he stood firm; threatened blood and death to all who should approach him, even in the face of a file of soldiers with loaded muskets pointed at his head and breast. There came to the place a white-headed old man; a minister of the gospel, in the Wesleyan connection; and he said, "leave him to me, and we shall see if the lion will not become a lamb!" Many tried to dissuade him from the attempt and some said, "At least take arms into the cell with you," at which the good man smiled: under almost any other circumstances he would have sternly reproved the suggestion. Others said, "Let the soldiers remain with you;" but to this the minister added, "Go all of you from the cell, close the door upon me, and lock it from without." And they all left him, and did so.

For a time, the strangely consorted pair stood looking at each other. The minister mildly contemplating the prisoner; the prisoner gazing wonderfully at his novel visitor, and gradually relaxing his guard. But when the old man simply saying, "you will give me the knife," made a step in advance, the criminal, suddenly resuming his attitude of defiance, repeated his threats as before, affirming his deadly intentions with a terrible oath. "If you kill me," said the minister, "you will do a very wicked thing, for I do not come to do you any harm." But the criminal said, "Stand where thee beist then; for if thee tries to take from I, I'll kill thee, so help me God!" The latent humor, which seems inseparable from greatness of all kinds, played round the mouth of the good man, as he answered, "So help you devil! my good friend, God does not help to commit murder!" and then he added more quietly, "I am not going to take the knife from you; if you give it me, it shall be of your own free will, or not at all." And in this manner he came close to the criminal, and, placing his hands upon his shoulders, spoke to him kindly and solemnly, until the eyes of the reprobate fell; and then he said, "I knew you would not kill me, because I came for your good. Now give me the knife." And the knife was given at the word. A little time; and when the door of the cell was re-opened, the soldiers were quickly removed, for the turnkey found the late desperate culprit on his knees, in tears—a woman—and in weakness a child. Now this is, undoubtedly, what the lawyers call a strong case; but strong or weak in this individual instance, it is a simple fact based on a certain principle in human nature, and as universal as human nature itself.—Weekly Chronicle.

A NOVEL ENTERPRISE.—An expedition which promises the most important results both to science and commerce, is at this moment fitting out in England for the purpose of navigating some of the most important unexplored rivers in South America. It is to be under the command of Lord Ranelagh. Several noblemen and gentlemen have already volunteered to accompany his lordship, and the enterprising and scientific band, it is said, will sail as soon as the necessary arrangements shall be completed.

"I wish the ladies had the privilege of voting," said a politician the other day. "Why," said a bystander, "do you think your party would gain strength thereby?" "Not particularly that," was the reply, "but it would be interesting to electioneer with them."

ALABAMA BAPTIST

Friday, October 9, 1846.

THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.
ARCHIBALD TROLES, Richmond, Virginia,
Treasurer of Foreign Mission Board.
W. H. HONNICKLE, Marion, Perry County, Ala.,
Treasurer, Domestic Mission Board.
M. T. MENDENHALL, Charleston, S. C.,
Treasurer of Southern Baptist Convention.
REV. RUSSEL 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. JESSE A. COLLINS, B. F. NOBLE,
REV. ROBERT S. ADAMS, J. F. HODGES,
REV. J. C. FOSTER, A. H. HARRINGTON.

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.
JAMES H. DE VOTIE, Cor. Sec'y.

ET A general meeting of the Board of Trustees of Howard College, will be held on the day before the Commencement of the Session of the Alabama Baptist Convention, Friday the 13th day of November.
E. D. KING, President.

CAILAWBA ASSOCIATION.
 Our Association will hold its next session at Pisgah Church, Perry county. The meeting will commence on Saturday, before the third Sabbath in October, 1846.

APPOINTMENTS FOR REV. J. LEWIS SHUCK.
 At Providence, Dallas County, at the meeting of the Alabama Association, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, October 10, 11, 12.
 At Oakmulgee on Tuesday, 13th, at 11 o'clock.
JESSE HARTWELL.

ET The Correspondents of Rev. T. D. Armstrong are requested to address him hereafter at Montgomery, Ala.

ET The glorious work still continues in Talladega county. See brother Welch's letter.

REV. J. LEWIS SHUCK.
 Brother Shuck and Young Senear reached Marion on their return from Missouri, last Monday, in good health. The trip was a fatiguing one, and the low stage of water in the Mississippi river occasioned a detention of several days, in consequence of which brother S. failed to fill one or two appointments. He takes final leave of Marion on Friday morning, the 16th inst. for Vicksburg, en route to Richmond, Va. and expects to embark from New York for Canton, with a large reinforcement, about the 25th December.

FAREWELL MEETING.
 On Thursday night, the 15th inst. at the Baptist church, appropriate services will be had in reference to the departure of our Missionaries for China.

INTEREST IN THE CHINA MISSION.—Brother Shuck on his return from Missouri to Marion, held interesting night meetings at Holly Springs & Pontotoc, Mississippi, and at Pikesville in this State.

OPENING OF THE JUDSONS.—The Judsons have closed their first week with ninety-three scholars on the ground, a larger number than it has ever had, with one exception, at the same early period. A large number of others are expected, and the prospects of the institution have never been brighter.

CULPABLE IGNORANCE—OR WORSE.
 "Mr. Shuck will carry back to China thirty thousand dollars, for his own private use!" So said a minister of the gospel, a Baptist minister, a professed friend of Missions.
 There are several reasons which concur to satisfy our minds, that the good brother has made a great mistake in expressing the above opinion.
 First, Mr. Shuck cannot obtain the sum of thirty thousand dollars, if he desired it, to carry to China. He will find great difficulty in securing Ten thousand for the Canton Chapel.

Secondly, leaving out of view the acknowledged piety of Mr. Shuck, as a man of ordinary integrity, a mere honest man of the world, he would not attempt to appropriate to his own use funds given for the specific purpose of erecting a chapel for religious worship.

Thirdly, if our missionary were so base as to attempt such a mal-appropriation of the moneys placed in his hands, the attempt would fail and cover him with infamy. No missionary in the employment of the Board can retain for his private benefit a single dollar of the funds collected by him without instant detection and disgrace. This fact may be known, ought to be known, by every minister and every member of our denomination. If he will but read the religious papers, and particularly the Missionary Journal, the organ of the Mission Boards of the Southern Baptist Convention, he will there find every dollar received by Missionaries and Agents acknowledged; and if he will read the Annual Reports of these Boards, he will learn for what purposes the moneys received have been paid out—when, where, to whom and for what, these sums have been appropriated. All Missionaries and Agents making collections, are obliged to account to the Board by which they are employed, for every dollar they receive, and the Board publishes a monthly statement of its receipts. Consequently, any reservation or misapplication of funds on the part of the Collectors is impossible. Nothing but criminal ignorance or great depravity, will prompt a man to bring charges so groundless, so absurd, so slanderous, as those which open enemies or pretended friends sometimes advance against the cause of missions.

BIBLE SOCIETY FUNDS.
 Funds contributed for foreign distribution, will be transmitted through the Foreign Mission Board at Richmond—and the funds for home distribution will be reported through the Domestic Mission Board at Marion. All funds which Baptists have to give for these objects it would be well to contribute through their own societies, which will entitle those societies to delegates in the Southern Convention. The subscriptions due to the American and Foreign Bible Society, are transferred to our State Society. These, if paid in, will form a noble fund for our future operations.

THE POPE.—The present Pontiff is disposed to more liberal measures than his predecessors.

EXPERIENCE.—NO. II.
 "For when we were in the flesh, the motions of sins, which were by the law, did work in our members to bring forth fruit unto death."—Rom. 7:5.
 This verse represents an unconverted person.—It shows the natural condition of the human heart. The motions of the flesh are sinful, and bring forth fruit unto death. By the expression, "motions of sins," is meant the natural depravity of the heart. The natural heart, i. e. "the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."—Rom. 8:7. The description of the sinner, and the feelings previous to and connected with conversion, are described in the subsequent part of this chapter, from the 7th to the 24th verse. Here we perceive the carelessness of the sinner in those words: "I was alive without the law once."—verse 9. Saul once had no concern about his sins. He was a Jew, observed what he thought to be the dictates of the law, and considered his future happiness secure. Here we learn his first conviction: "The commandment came, sin revived, and I died." The law of God was brought to bear upon his conscience. He was convicted of his sinfulness. This being the case, he did not think that the law was unjust, or unholiness, because it condemned him; but he at once concluded that "the law was holy, and the commandment holy, and just and good." He had before thought that the observance of the law, such as he had given, would ensure life, but he found that it only condemned him. With this sense of guilt, he began to inquire, "What shall I do to be saved?" His first effort was to keep the law. But what was the result? "That which I do, I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." "I find a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me." A very hard struggle was made to obey the law, but all to no purpose. Instead of becoming better he seems to become, in his own estimation, worse and worse. For while he was convinced of the excellency and holiness of the law, and on that account desired to obey its righteous mandates, he "found a law in his members," meaning his depravity, which always would prevail, "bringing him into captivity to the law of sin which was in his members." When he had used every effort, and put forth every exertion, he sunk down in despair, and cried out in anguish, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He had done every thing that he could; he had tried to do good; he had tried to obey the law, now he cries out, like those on the day of Pentecost, "WHAT SHALL I DO?" At that moment the Saviour manifested his pardoning mercy, forgave his sin, and spoke peace to his soul; and in rapturous ecstasy he exclaimed, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." This was the instant of his conversion. This is the moment alluded to, when the Lord said to Ananias, "Behold, he prayeth." This I consider as the time when he was justified; the time when he was turned; was born again; was translated out of the kingdom of Satan, into the kingdom of God's dear Son; at that instant he is made alive. Here then is what we may call "an experience,"—an account of the work of the Spirit on the heart, in conversion. This may be considered as our pattern; and in proportion as our exercises of mind correspond with this, which is here given, may be our evidence of genuine conversion. This is the only connected account of the feelings, thoughts and actions, of a person under conviction, which we have seen in the Bible. In Acts 9, we are told, that Paul was in Damascus "three days without sight, and did neither eat nor drink;" but we are not informed what were his feelings at the time. Here the whole is explicitly and connectedly disclosed. Therefore, I consider this to be PAUL'S EXPERIENCE. *H*

PORTRAIT OF JUDSON ON STEEL.—We have received from Messrs. L. Colby & Co. New York, several copies of this admirable engraving. It is finished in the highest style of the art, and gives a perfect likeness of the original. Dr. Judson himself saw it when nearly finished, before he left the country, and he says of it: "It is indeed a perfect copy of my portrait painted by Mr. Harding." Mr. Peck, one of the Secretaries of the Northern Baptist Board remarks of it: "Whoever sees that, sees Dr. Judson." Rev. William R. Williams of New York, pronounces the engraving a "splendid work of art."
 We advise all our friends who wish to keep in mind the memory of the great Pioneer in modern missions, and who would hold up his virtues and his example before their children; to obtain proof impressions of this Steel Engraving. Single copies, neatly framed, may be had of L. Colby & Co. for \$3.50; not framed \$2.50—neat Lithographic prints, framed, \$2; not framed 50 cents.

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.—This fearful scourge is steadily advancing westward. The city authorities in London are making preparations for its appearance there.

FLOGGING IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—The recent case of a soldier tortured to death by the lash, has caused the Duke of Wellington, as commander-in-chief, to decide that 50 lashes shall be the maximum of punishment, in future. Formerly, as many as 1000 or 1500 lashes were sometimes inflicted.

FLOUR.—The entire failure of the potato crop in Ireland has caused an advance in flour of one dollar and a quarter a barrel.

For the Alabama Baptist.
NOTE FROM BROTHER SHUCK.
MARION, Oct. 7, 1846.

Dear Brother De Votie:—Allow me, through you, to say to those gentlemen and ladies who kindly took charge of subscription papers for the Canton Chapel, that I should feel obliged if the said subscription papers were sent in as soon as possibly convenient, under cover, to Dr. Hartwell.

Permit me here to express my sincere thankfulness to my Alabama friends, who in various ways have manifested such a friendly interest in the Canton Chapel and the China Mission generally. Circumstances lead me to hope from them an increase of sympathy, prayer and effort, in behalf of that great land of heathenism, containing nearly one-half of the entire population of the globe, and who, notwithstanding their advanced state of civilization and extensive literature, are living in awful estrangement from the true God, deeply sunk in superstitions, idolatry and in idolatry the most abominable. Believe me faithfully yours,
J. LEWIS SHUCK.

FROM THE ARMY.

Monterey taken—Loss of our troops 500—Killed, 300.

From the Picayune of the 4th inst. we learn that Monterey has capitulated after three days of desperate fighting. General Taylor arrived before the city on the 18th, with 6000 men. The attack was commenced by General Worth with his division, on the 21st. The 1st division of Regulars under General Twiggs, and the Volunteers under General Butler, supported General Worth. These troops were followed up by the Mississippi and Tennessee and 1st Ohio regiments. After a most desperate fight in the streets, in which the batteries of the enemy, and the cross fire from all the houses produced an awful carnage among our troops, our troops retired under cover, in good order, retaining a fort and battery which they took.

On the 22d, Gen. Worth took the heights above the Bishop's palace, capturing four pieces of artillery.

On the morning of the 23d, he took possession of two forts and defences, abandoned by the enemy during the previous night. During the evening of this day, 2 companies of Mississippi and 2 of Tennessee troops, were thrown into the streets to reconnoitre, and soon became hotly engaged with the enemy. These were soon supported by Col. Wood's regiment of Texas Rangers, dismounted, by Bragg's Light Battery and the 3rd Infantry—the enemy's fire was constant and unintermitted from the streets, house tops, barricades, &c. in the vicinity of the plaza. The pieces of Bragg's battery were also used with much effect far into the heart of the city—this engagement lasted the best part of the day, our troops having driven the scattered parties of the enemy, and penetrated quite to the defences of the main plaza. Early in the afternoon (same day) Gen. Worth assaulted from the Bishop's Palace, the west side of the city, and succeeded in driving the enemy and maintaining his position within a short distance of the main plaza on that side of the city.

Early on the 24th, Gen. Ampudia sent to General Taylor a flag of truce offering terms of capitulation. These were not accepted, but about 5 o'clock p. m. terms were agreed upon as follows:

"The Mexican soldiers shall be permitted to march out of town with their arms and six small field pieces, leaving all their munitions of war behind, with all their artillery and public stores. They are to retire to Linares, 60 miles hence, and about 30 miles north of Saltillo, and are not to approach nearer than that to this place within 60 days, or until each party can hear from its respective government."

The number of the Mexicans engaged is supposed to be 11,000. They lost but few of their men, being protected by barricades, stone houses, &c.

The Mississippi and Tennessee troops have suffered most severely. The troops under Gen. Worth and Hays' Texans, distinguished themselves.

Some idea of the conflict may be had from the following extract:

"Three companies were thrown forward as skirmishers and advanced rapidly towards the works, followed by the Brigade in line of battle, under a cross fire of artillery from the citadel and fort, and a heavy fire of musketry. The column charged into a street about 200 yards to the right of the battery, passed the works entirely, and effected an entrance into the tower. After advancing rapidly about 400 yards beyond the battery they came immediately in front of a masked battery of artillery and musketry, which swept the streets at sixty yards distance from the head of the attacking column. The Mexicans troops, who were entirely covered themselves, opened a murderous discharge of grape and musketry upon the advancing column. Every house in the street was pierced for musketry and enfiladed the street in every direction. Under this fire the following officers were killed or mortally wounded: Major Barber, 3d Infantry, by grape shot in the abdomen; Capt. Williams, Topographical Engineers, shot through the body by musket ball, fell in the street and was dragged into the doorway of a house by Lieut. Pope, amidst a shower of balls that covered him with dust. The gallantry of this young officer, now in his first battle, spoken of in admiration by the Army. Capt. Williams died the next day and was buried with the honors of war by the Mexican troops, into whose hands he had fallen. Lieut. Merrett, 1st Infantry, shot through the body, died the next day.

Such is war!—such military glory!—Hundreds of families in the Southern States clad in mourning. It is to be hoped, that during the armistice of eight weeks the two governments may come to an honorable adjustment of the matters in dispute, and peace may again smile on all our borders.

THE MORMON WAR ENDED.—The army of mobocrats who attacked Nauvoo with arms in hand, with the determination to drive the Mormons from the country, have accomplished their purpose. After killing a number of the men who tried to defend their own families and fire-sides, and losing several on their side, they compelled the Mormons to surrender and agree to leave their homes forever.

Fanatical, insane or criminal even, as the deluded followers of Joe Smith may be, we regard the success of their assailants as the triumph of misrule, anarchy and mobocracy, entirely at war with the well-being of society.

ALPACAS.—The Worcester Transcript states that a small flock of alpaca sheep has been recently imported by a gentleman in New York, and sent to be pastured in Ashfield, in Berkshire county. They are flourishing finely, and promise to fulfil the highest expectations of those interested.

Domestic Mission Department.

Received of J. C. Kony, \$100 00
 Wm. HONNICKLE, Treasurer.
 Sept. 30, 1846.

MINUTES.
 Our brethren will confer a favor by sending Minutes of Associations and Reports of Religious Bodies, to the Board for Domestic Missions, Marion, Alabama.
 Will the exchange papers of the Alabama Baptist, please make known our request.
RUSSEL HOLMAN, Cor. Sec'y.

From the Presbyterian.
THE BOX OPENED.

Mr. Editor:—Will you permit the writer to introduce you and your readers to a scene in the family of a domestic missionary? A box arrives, directed to the head of the family. Great curiosity is excited to know the nature of its contents. Little—thinks it contains news; and while the rest are taking their tea, is at work with his hammer, and succeeds in taking out two or three nails. The meal being despatched, the box is opened by the missionary himself, while the wife, children, and hired girl, are all standing around, eager to catch the first glimpse at what is within. It proves to be a box of clothing forwarded from the mission rooms, containing many plain articles of necessity or convenience, of which the family were destitute, and likely to remain so, for money to purchase them was wanting. Article after article is taken out and surveyed. "Here" exclaims the wife, "is something for me, and here is something for you, husband. Here is a work bag slightly worn, filled with useful little articles for —. Here is a pair of pants for —, and there is a frock for little —." "Ma," says —, "are not those people kind to send us so many good things?" Little—about three years old, jumps up and down in an ecstasy, and says, "Ma, did our heavenly Father tell those folks to send them to us?" "Well," says the husband, "this box did not come by chance;" supposing that some friend, who knew him and his circumstances, had made it up, or at least suggested the propriety of sending it to him. "No," says the wife, "a kind Providence sent it to us, and I do feel as if we ought to kneel down and give thanks to God for it." And truly, at the offering up of the evening sacrifice, thanksgiving from grateful hearts ascended to Him who feeds the fowls of the air, arrays the lilies of the field, and cares for his own children.

Could those friends of the missionary cause, who contribute articles of clothing, witness the joy produced, as in this instance, by a timely supply furnished to some ministers of Jesus Christ, struggling with poverty, and almost disheartened by privations real, or justly apprehended, they would feel encouraged to persevere in their generous work. And if this article should stir up some to go and do likewise, its design will be accomplished.

With the box of clothing, a box of second-hand Sabbath school books also arrived. I need not say how gladly they were received. Many a child in this missionary field, while reading these books, will feel thankful to the children of the Sabbath school in —, by whom they were contributed.

A DOMESTIC MISSIONARY.

We copy the above for the purpose of directing the attention of our brethren to the wants of some of our missionaries. We have some under appointment who have families of children, in whose midst equal joy would be excited by the opening of such a box. We commend this particularly to our sisters. Let them form "Sewing Societies," meet as often as they can, say once a week or once in two weeks, and make such articles of clothing as will be suitable for our missionaries and their families. We shall gladly receive any boxes or bundles of clothing and forward according to the direction of the donors.

STATISTICS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

From a Table in the Nashville Christian Advocate.
CHURCH NORTH.
 Total number of members May, 1845, 690,651
 Total number of members May, 1846, 651,191
 Decrease the last year, 39,460

CHURCH SOUTH.
 Members in connection May, 1845, 448,936
 Members in connection May, 1846, 461,933
 Increase last year, 12,997

Total decrease in the Episcopal Methodist Church in the United States of America last year, 26,863
 Number of members in Alabama, 40,051
 Whole membership in the U. States (1,112,734)
 one million, one hundred and twelve thousand, seven hundred and twenty-four.

Will our brother of the Advocate, or any other Methodist Editor, please inform us whether baptized infants and probationers are included in this aggregate?

Why is it that all the Churches South are increasing rapidly in members, while the Northern Churches are decreasing in an equal proportion?

REVIVAL INTELLIGENCE.

For the Alabama Baptist.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE AGED.

Brother Editors:—It is always cheering to see or hear of an increase to Zion, if it be but one. Permit me, through your paper, to notice a visit I made to Salem Church, northwest from Tuscaloosa about 20 miles, on Saturday before the second Lord's day in this month. I preached on Saturday, after which the church called me to the Moderator's seat, (their Pastor, J. Walters, not present.) The door was opened for the reception of members, and to my great joy and astonishment, Mrs. Nancy Middleton, an aged lady, came forward and related her experience; the particulars are too tedious to mention; the joy was not little. I was acquainted with her in South Carolina, between thirty and forty years ago, and had not seen her until this time. The church received her as a candidate for baptism. At the request of the church and her desire, I baptised her on the Sabbath, in the 89th year of her age. There were many witnesses. If an aged sinner reads this, O that he would take encouragement, and come to the Lord, I preached on the Sabbath, after baptism; the Lord was in our midst; it was a meeting I cannot forget; and when I left in the evening, I asked our aged sister how she felt, she replied, I feel better satisfied than I have for some time. May God add His blessing.
J. P. THOMSON.
 September 25, 1840.

OAK BOWERY, Sept. 24, 1846.

Dear Brother De Votie:—It is with feelings of gratitude to God that I am still spared; and enabled to comply with my promise made when I last saw you. I left home last week and arrived on Saturday morning last at Conegli Church, Russell county, where I met with our beloved brother Ware, who is the pastor of that church; found the church in a lukewarm state, but after labouring with them, in connection with a few other preachers, the good Lord was pleased to reveal his Spirit to the hearts of his children, and many anxious souls were made to inquire the way of Eternal Life—about twenty were added to the church, and a great many others appeared to be deeply affected. When I left on Wednesday morning last, the meeting was still going on. May the Lord carry on his glorious work until all nations and tongues shall acknowledge to the mild sceptre of King Emanuel.

The Liberty Association convenes with the Bethesda church, Chambers county, on Saturday next. Many of our hearts would have rejoiced to have met with you at that place. May the Lord continue to bless you with his choicest blessings.
 Your brother in Christ,
LEVI PARKS.

For the Alabama Baptist.

KINGSTON, Sept. 24, 1846.

Dear Brother Jewett:—After another campaign of nearly a fortnight, I got home last night in good health, and found my family well. "Goodness and mercy continue to follow us."

As soon as our camp meeting closed, we commenced a meeting at Good Hope church, in Talladega town. As you know brethren Talladega and Henderson have their membership in this church, (brother H. being the pastor,) the exercises were very interesting, though the excitement was not so great as in some other places. There has been a continued meeting (with short intervals) in this town for six weeks, by our Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist brethren; which has resulted in the addition of some thirty members to the above churches. Brother Henderson, at the close of his meeting, baptized 10, and a short time before 3. I suppose about 50 have expressed a hope in Jesus. Those who have not attached themselves to a church as yet, soon will do so. Our Circuit Judge is among the new converts. Indeed, the glorious work is sweeping in its mighty course, the old and the young of the first rank among us; from a Brigadier General, (who graduated at West Point,) to some half dozen soldiers who have returned from Mexico. While this meeting was in progress, the war was waxing hot at two other points. Brethren McCane and Scoggin were at Mount Zion, (respecting which church, I sent a communication, and where you visited us,) at the close of which meeting, brother McCane baptized 16—a nephew of mine among them. This meeting was one of great power and interest: some of the conversions almost miraculous. A number were left crying for mercy. Brethren Acker and Truss had a very successful meeting at the second point, on the west side of the Coosa river. At the close of the meeting at Good Hope, a crowd of brethren started for our Association (the Coosa river), which was held with the Liberty Church, in what is called the Hillabee country, a very mountainous region; and as we travelled on, I never before experienced the meaning of that beautiful passage in Isaiah 40: 4—"Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." Brother Henderson and myself rode in a buggy, and the people told us it would be a hard case—scarcely a possibility of getting along. But we moved on, conversing sweetly upon the glories of the blessed Immanuel and of the harvest which was then being gathered in; also casting our eyes around at the towering hills, where the deer can play his wild freaks, without the fear of any huntsman disturbing or making him afraid; until we insensibly gained the top of Lundy's mountain, (so called from the name of a brother Virginian who conceived the bold project of settling upon it,) where we stopped for a moment and gazed at nature's own confusion, still looking forward for the hills and the rough roads, but we never found them, passing on almost as smoothly as if we had been on a

railroad. We arrived about sunset at the place of meeting, where we found several brethren encamped in wood tents, from a neighboring church, to aid the weak and scattered brethren in supporting the Association; and I would say, to the praise of our Hillabee brethren, that I never saw one sustained with more cheerfulness—having not only enough, but a great deal to spare.—And should they ever have an Association in this region again, if alive and well, they may set me down as being with them. Our meeting was truly a pleasant one; brethren communicating the particulars of the heavenly work progressing in our bounds, and sympathizing with churches, which have not yet been visited in mercy. An addition of 284 by baptism was returned—almost all of them added since the second Sunday in July. Sunday afternoon we had indications of the Divine presence, which was manifested yet more at night, and continued with increasing power until Monday night, during which time about 12 or 15 professed to find the Lord precious to their souls.—On Tuesday morning, at sunrise, we met at the stand and prayed, and sung, and commended each other to God and to the Word of his Grace, and took the parting hand. Brother Henderson remained with the pastor, brother Pace, to keep up the meeting for several days—who will report its further progress. On the same Sabbath, the 3rd in September, brother Peables had a meeting at our church, Talladega, and baptized seven. It is still marvellous in our eyes, that our poor servants have not, as yet, participated in this revival. I am not sensible that there are even ten in the above number. We continue to pray that they may be brought in at the eleventh hour, if not before. It may here be said, that our preaching brethren, who are employed in this work, are nearly all men with families, and in very moderate circumstances as to this world, and some even poor; but the love of God, and the souls of their fellow beings, constrain them to leave houses and lands, wives and children, for weeks together, though in the vicinity of their residence. Their reward is above, and their record on high. As yet this revival is almost exclusively confined to our churches. At several of our meetings, we have had with us our venerable brother Murphy, who is about 90 years old; and the brother of the *Murphy's Boys*, so called in Mr. Temple's history. He is yet active, and enjoys religion very much. He says, two years ago his lineal descendants were about 250. O! that he may be able to present this numerous seed to the Judge of the whole earth, clothed in white robes and palms of victory in their hands.
O. WELCH.
 Religious Herald please copy.

For the Alabama Baptist.

BIBLES IN THE "SHADES OF DEATH."

In company with a good Baptist minister, I last week entered the "Shades of Death." We mounted our horses with saddle-bags filled with books and tracts, and started out after dinner, and by 12 o'clock next day we had found 15 families destitute of Bibles. Nine of these we supplied without money and without price, and promised to send the other six, one each, in a few days.

The minister had been living near these families for sometime, and seemed much surprised to find so many destitute of the sacred volume.

Truly, the Scriptures are being fulfilled, for to those who were sitting in the "valley of the Shadow of Death, light has sprung up."
 Could the friends of Bible Societies, hear these people express their gratitude—could they see their tears of joy on receiving this rich treasure, they would I doubt not, redouble their efforts to supply every family in the United States, and in the world.
H***.**

POPERY IN CANADA, AND ITS EFFECTS.

—The Rev. Mr. Begg, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, who has been recently travelling in this country and in Canada, bears testimony that it is an undeniable fact in Canada and a fact that obtrudes itself on the notice of the traveler, in every country where Popery is paramount, that the people are singularly ignorant of spiritual things, and that this ignorance is not confined to the lower classes. He had occasion to converse in Lower Canada with educated men amongst the Roman Catholics, and he found them as much wraped and entangled by the meshes of Popery as the lowest of the people. He gives the following account of a conversation which took place between a missionary of the French Canadian society, and one of these Canadians.

Missionary. Do you think of the welfare of your soul amidst your care for the body?

Romanist. O yes, I say my *chapélet* (beads) every day, and love God with all my heart, and my neighbor as myself.

M. Then you are a saint and without sin.

R. No, I have sinned.

M. But you know a single sin deserves hell. How do you, who confess yourself sinner, hope to be saved?

R. I tell you I say my *chapélet* every day. I wear the medal of the Holy Virgin, and I go regularly to confession. What more can I do?

M. But there is nothing of Jesus Christ in all this; and the word of God says, that he is the only Saviour.

R. I confess my sins to the priest, and he forgives them. I need nothing more. Such is the practical effect of Romanism, such the religious life learned from its teachers. The French Canadians in Canada East, are represented as sunk in Papal superstitions. Out of a population of 700,000, upwards of 500,000 are French Catholics. The rapidity with which they increase is said to be quite incredible. The revenues of the Popish church in Canada, East, altogether independent of what is raised by the people themselves, are about 175,000 dollars annually.

