## Soutb) dilestern Saptist.

Lhanis, chilton \& ECHOLS, Proprietors

## uth- Uw $_{\text {cstern }}$ Baptist,



A Frightened Disciple.B
muelh impression in the pulpitas Andrew
Fuller, and yet it would be alnost diffi-
cult to say exactly how this impression[From the Watchman and Reflector.]
Can you wonder why I Weep?
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One day, a young lady living in $\mathrm{C}-$
reet, in P --, desired to see my pas-

Shall I do nothing for the Heathen

| was to him but a di ly seen star, and in fay not uflen ill his hazon at all. Hence he war ithensy if a collector or н cmatributien box was on a piggrimage in his vicinity: <br> "Shall I do nothing for the Heathen?" <br> Look at their condition and decide.I passed through one of their villages in India. The houses were made of mud and thatch-staall, without partitions, floors, or windows, and no bedstead, chair, stool, bench, or table was there.The streets were filthy. The people were dressed, except the children, who had no clothing, with each a piece of dirty cloth. Their food was poor, inferior to bread and water. Their conversation was often vile and corrupting. Many of their habits were foolish, degrading and cruel. <br> I went to see their worship. In one place a tree was their god, the only god they worshipped. At znother, a misguided man, who had sat for many years as stupid as possible, was declared to have become like God, and to be God, and was worshipped as God. At a third, they presented offerings before a broken idol of coarsest clay, that had lost part of its head, and one arm and hand, and decked with consecrated flowers images still more derestable. <br> Again on going to see their worship, 1 found a bed of hotly burning coals, about fiitieen feet long and four or five inches deep, and men ran through it with their feet bare. At a limle distance was a man swinging on two hooks fixed deeply in his back, and another was moving back and forth two iron rods inserted in the flesh of his sides. <br> Not all torture themselves thus, but they are generally degraded, vile, and wretched. They know not God that made them, nor Christ that died for them. No Sabbath morning dawns on their villages; no Bible gives its light in their dwellings; they hear no glad tidings of salcation; to them, it i as if un Suviour had died for man; they grope their dark way down to death and wope, for they are | to an hour in lengti, aud no one ever romplained of his heing tedions. The impression produced on the mind of the hearer by any single sermon would selthom be effaced. His arguments appeared irresistible, so that a pious lady, who heard him for the first time in his own church, asked whether it was possible that there could be any unconverted persons among his regular hearers. <br> Maria, the Maiden Martyr. <br> At Lisbon, in the early days of the In quisition, a young lady, Maria de Coceicao, was seized and brought before the judges of that blood-thirsly court. Their steps took hold on death, and few who went into their presence came forth alive. The Jarkest chapter in the history of the world is the history of the Roman Catholic Church, and the blackest page in the annals of that church is the record of the Inquisition. Yet the half of its horrors will never be revealed till the trump of the archangel breaks the silence of its deeprest dungeons. <br> Maria was charged with being faithless to the Church of Rome. Giffed with an inquiring wind, and availing herself of the means to arquire a knowledge of the foundation on which true religion is based, she was not long in learning that the Roman Catholic religion is a cheat and a lie, and her pure nind rejected it with disgust. But she was a tinid girl.Gentle as she was pure, and nursed in the arms of laxury, she was not filled for the conflict of faith and patience through which she was called to pass. When brought into the presence of tie cruel judges, she trembled from head to foot, the cold sweat stood on her pale brow, as she was ready to sink to the earth with fear. She had heard of this terrible Inquisition. In her hours of secret study and prayer, the thought of it had ofien come, and slie had asked God to give her strength, if the day of trial which had come to many should at last reach her.And now it had come, and she alone and undefended, (alas! who could defend against surb arcusers?) was slanding | ly, she told them of her weakness under suffeing, how she had hoped to bear all and die raiher than deny the faith she loved, but the anguish was awful. and she, a poor, weak girl had been tempted to confess. But now she would retract all she bad said in the moments of ber misery. Slie abjured the Church of Rome, and denied its power. "Twice," she added, "I have given way to the fiailty of the flesh, and perhaps while 1 am ou the rack, I may be weak enough to do it again ; but depend upon it, if you torture me a hundred times, as soon as I am released from the rack, I shall deny what was extorted from me by pain." <br> And then the wretches racked the brave girl again. She was strong now. Her strength was made perfect in suffering. The more severe the agony, the braver was her heart, and woman like she rose above the present, and was a hero in her mattyrdom. Her constancy triumphed. $-N^{*}$ Y. Observer. <br> The little Girl's Eeart. <br> "PA," said Marin s ddenly, one day after she had been minhing for anne tim, "Pa what does heat mean? II hen you talk about my heart. 1 can's think of any thing but those gingerbread hearts that we eat." <br> "You know, dear, that your heart is not aury thing which you car see." <br> "O yes, pa, I know that. I know my heart is not like those, but I want to know what it is like." <br> " You know there is something within you, which loves and hates; this something is your heart. So when God says, 'Give ne your heart,' he means, 'Love me.'" <br> - Pa, it seems as if I wanted to love God, but I don't know how." <br> "You know how to love me, don't you?" <br> "O yes, papa." <br> "But I never told you how to love me." <br> " O , but that is very different." <br> " Different-how?" <br> "Why, papa, 1 see you and know all |
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Assoclational Record



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