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SELECTIONS.

Thoughts for those who Think.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

The seven attributes of christian character are given us in the first verses of the Sermon on the Mount. It is here, that "wisdom" has most beautifully "hewn out her seven pillars." Here, we have in their order, the seven gracious exercises of the heart and mind, which are inseparably connected in every case of genuine conviction, sound conversion and complete salvation. Another such arrangement and beautiful presentation of the several successive exercises of a gracious mind, cannot be found in human language. No one can add to them, or take from them, or in any way transpose them, and not mar the beauty, and render the character deficient. These are divine thoughts for those who love to think of divine things. They are thoughts of the way by which God translates a soul out of darkness into his marvelous light, and show that, in this way, it is but seven steps from nature to glory, and that whoever walks in this way enjoys seven fold happiness in the possession of such character, and in the hope of eternal life.

POVERTY OF SPIRIT.

The first gracious exercise of a human heart or mind is a consciousness of its poverty. To this there are no exceptions. In our fallen state, we are "wretched, miserable, poor, blind and naked," but we do not know it. In a gracious state we know it, and our consciousness of it is, or was, our first gracious exercise. Previous to this, we knew nothing of grace. And our wise master builder, the architect of all christian character, has named this first, because it is always the first pillar that is set up in the soul towards the superstructure of a christian character—the first gracious exercise of the mind—the first step on the highway from nature to glory; and whoever has not taken this step, has not yet started for the kingdom. This is "the broken and contrite spirit," that God will not despise, and for the very good reason, that it is of his own producing. He dwells with it wherever it prevails, and its language in all ages, and in all persons, has been: "If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me; if I say I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse. Though I were perfect, yet would I know my soul; I would despise my life." "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto me." "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." "God be merciful to me a sinner." There is not a christian in heaven that has not felt this consciousness of unworthiness, and of personal feeling. No, nor is there one on earth, in this their strength, for when they are weak then are they strong.

MOURNING.

This invariably follows a consciousness of one's poverty of spirit. No one can feel it and know that he has brought it upon himself, and not mourn. Nor will one ever mourn in spirit who has never felt his poverty. They shall look on him whom they have pierced, and mourn." No sooner are one's eyes open to see the character of Christ, as a suffering friend, and his own conduct toward Him, together with his own wickedness, and weakness, than he is filled with lamentation and mourning. Rivers of water run down his eyes. It is in this spirit, and for these things, the pious have ever mourned; and for them, as for no others, there is comfort.

CHRISTIAN MEENESS.

This never precedes, but always follows, a consciousness of poverty and heartfelt sorrow, or mourning because of it. Whoever feels his poverty of spirit, and mourns over his own sins, will have in him a heart to endure patiently, or meekly, whatever his own sins have brought upon him, together with all that his Heavenly Father may see fit to put upon him. In all his trials, and under all his burdens, he will be still, and know it is God. Moses was a man of such meekness of spirit, that he replied not when God complained to him, and murmured in him, but one there was, infinitely more meek than he; who endured greater "contradiction of sinners against himself," and who, when "smitten of God and afflicted, opened not his mouth." He it is of whom we are to learn; who is of a meek and lowly mind, and in whom we may find rest to our souls, but never until we have first been troubled with a consciousness of guilt, and afflicted—to mourn over it. We cannot reverse the order of God's arrangement, but must conform to it, and look for, and justify, the attributes of christian character, in the several and successive relations, as He has given them.

HOLY DESIRES.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." This is the next link in the golden chain; the

fourth step towards heaven; half way from nature to glory. The soul, "poor in spirit," less than nothing in his own estimation, and justly condemned, mourns over his own sins, and longs to be holy, so as no hungry man ever longed for food, or thirsty one for water. By three steps, graciously taken, he has come where sin distresses him and holiness pleases him. Where he is well pleased with Christ, but ill pleased with himself. Where he can never be satisfied until he can awake in the likeness of Christ. Happy soul! he shall be filled. The desires of the righteous, because they are righteous desires, shall be granted.

A MERCIFUL SPIRIT.

"Blessed are the merciful." This follows the others, as the stream flows from the fountain. Whoever has the four previous graces named will manifest this. God, who has been rich in mercy towards him, has given him a merciful spirit, which moves his heart and hands in acts of mercy. An unmerciful spirit is an unchristian spirit, wherever you find it, and it is found everywhere in this world, except in christian character.

PURITY.

"Blessed are the pure in heart." As the first, or poverty of spirit, is the basis of christian character, or first gracious exercise on the way from nature to glory, so this is the crowning grace. To this all previous ones tend. When this is once attained, there is no more "from within—out of the heart of man—evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, or foolishness, to defile the man." The fountain having been made good, the streams are all good. The crowning grace of the whole superstructure of christian character has now been laid with shoutings of grace, grace unto it; from the foundation, or first grace of humility, to the top stone of purity—purity without mixture; purity without defilement; purity without defect, or deficiency; purity without end. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

PEACE MAKERS.

As purity is the crowning grace, so peace-making is the crowning service of a christian. It is that wherein he comes to imitate his Maker, "the God of peace;" and his Master, the "Prince of Peace," whose birth, and life, and toils, and teachings, and tears, and blood, and cross, and crown, all make for peace, and who has taken down, and is taking down, "the walls" of difference between God and sinners, between Jews and Gentiles, between one sinner and another sinner, and between the hearts of sinners and the cross of Christ, and so making peace.—*M. Y. Christian Chronicle.*

Spice Islands.

PASSED IN THE SEA OF READING.

From Mrs. Stephens's "Old Homestead."

The maple-trees shook their golden boughs, as if they had been hoarding up sunshine for months, and poured it in one rich deluge over their billowy and restless waves.

A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

Home is emphatically the poor man's paradise. The rich, with their many resources, too often live away from the heart stone, in poor, domestic ties are the only legitimate and positive source of happiness short of that holier heaven, which is the soul's home.

There are moments in human life when persons, linked together in a series of events, may form tableaux, like stand out from ordinary grouping, like an illustration stamped in strong light and shadow on the book of destiny.

The all-seeing One, who judges the thought as well as the act, will make no distinction between life drained drop by drop from the soul, and that sent forth as at a blow with the red hand.

Neither men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

One night, when it had been raining in the winter, while the great trees were dripping wet—out came the moon and stars bright, with a sharp frost, and then all the branches were hung with ice, in the moonshine, glittering and bending low towards the ground just as if the starlight had all settled on the limbs, and was loading them down with brightness.

A light wind had followed the frost and all the mossy turf was carpeted with leaves, crimson, green, russet, and gold. Sometimes a commingling of all these colors might be found on one leaf; sometimes, as they looked upward, the great branches of an oak stooped over their heads, heavy with leaves of the deepest green, fringed and matted with blood-red, as if the great heart of the tree were broken and bleeding to death, through all the veins of its foliage.

Could you have seen them slumber-

ing beneath the humble roof, smiling tranquility on their pillows, you might have fancied that those little rooms were swarming with invisible angels—spirits from paradise that had come down to make a little heaven of the poor man's home. Indeed I am not quite sure that the idea would have been all fancy—for Charity, that brightest spirit of heaven, was there, and what a glorious troop she has always brings in her train. Talk of flinging your bread upon the waters, waiting for it to be cast up after many days—why, the very joy of casting the bread you have earned with your own strength upon the bright waves of humanity, is reward enough for the true heart.

The barn was a vast rustic bower, that night. One end was heaped with corn, ready for husking; the floor was neatly swept; and, overhead, the rafters were concealed by heavy garlands of white pine, golden maple leaves, and red oak branches, that swept from the roof downwards, like a tent. Butternut leaves wreathed their clustering gold among the dark green hemlock, while sunnyside cones, with flame-colored leaves, shot through the gorgeous forest branches. The rustic chandelier was in full blaze, while, now and then a candle gleamed out through the garlands, starting them to the roof. Still the illumination was neither broad nor bold, but shed a delicious starlight through the barn, that left much to the imagination, and concealed a thousand little signs of love-making, that would have been ventured on more slyly had the light been broader.

Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent! rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of those waters will fertilize the present give birth to the fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellowman.

Good Everywhere.

The following, from Dickens, contains much truth:

Believe me, Eusebius, (to be classical and genteel,) that many more good things exist in this world than are dreamt of in any philosophy—from the most rose-colored optimist to that of the sourest cynic. Don't put any in yonder ragged, morose, shameful old man, who, because he lives in a tub instead of decent lodgings, and neglects through sulky laziness, to trim his hair and beard, and wear clean body linen; calls himself Diogenes, and a philosopher, forsooth. If the old cynic would only take the trouble to clean the horn sides of his lantern; and trim the wick of the candle within it, he would find it not quite so difficult to find an honest man. That all is vanity here below I am perfectly ready to admit; but have no conscience in the philosophy which, with its parrot-prate of the Prince of wisdom's apothem—vanity—turns up its nose at, or pretends to ignore the existence of the hidden good. Poor, naked, hungry; sick, wronged as we may be through long years, snug incomes, well-cut coats, good dinners, sound health, justice and fame will come at last, if we will only wait, and hope, and work.—All have not an equal share, and some men, by a continuous infelicity, which the most submissive are tempted to regard as an adverse and remorseless fate, fall down weary, and die upon the very threshold of mundane reward but let any average man—the medium between Misericord and Felicissimus—look retrospectively into himself, and consider how many good things have happened to him unexpectedly, and unasked for, undeserved; how many happinesses of love, friendship, slight, feeling, have come upon him unawares have "turned up," so to say, familiarly. A great Italian poet has said that there is no greater sorrow than the remembrance in misfortune of the happy time. It can be scarcely so. It is balm rather than anguish for a man when fortune has thrown the shade of a cypress over him, to recall the dear friends, the joyous meetings, the good books, the leafy days of old, for with the remembrance comes hope that these good things (present circumstances looking ever so black) will return again. It is only when we know we have sinned, misused, wasted the jewel led days in the year's rosary, that remembrance becomes sorrow; for remem-

brance is then associated with Monsieur remorse; and we wish—ah how vainly! ah, how bitterly!—those days had never been, or that they might be again, and we use them better.

Premature Matrimony.

Marriage is a Divine and beautiful arrangement. It was designed by Providence, not solely as the means of keeping up population, or as a mere social and economical convenience, but as a blending of two spirits into one—the masculine representing "wisdom," and the feminine "affection." When there is a true spiritual affinity between the two, then the design is accomplished.

Premature marriages are among the greatest evils of the times; and it would not be a bad idea in these days of reforms, if an "anti-marrying-in-a-hurry society" were instituted. Now-a-days people leap into the magic life circle with no more consideration than they would partake of a dinner—little thinking that when once in, they are there till their end comes. There is little, sometimes no mutual analysis of disposition, and comparison of taste and affections. They seem to fancy that if there are any discrepancies, the fatal Gordian knot, which can be seldom cut and never untied, will harmonize all.

The numbers who have felt this truth—the number still feeling it to their heart's core—are incalculable. They recognize it as the great mistake of their lives. The chain is not to them a silken one, but a cable of iron, that tightens around them more and more, crushing all hope and energy, substituting hate for love, and eating out with its rust the very inner life of the soul.

Boys and girls marry now to a greater extent than ever before, instead of waiting till they become full-grown men and women. The young dandy, as soon as he gets out of short jackets and finds a little faze gathered on his upper lip—and the young Miss, as soon as she emerges from the nursery and abbreviated frocks, think they are qualified to assume the most solemn responsibilities of life. And so, "Pa" and "Ma" won't consent, they post off to some Green-Green, and there take obligations they will never cease bitterly to repent.

Marriage should never be the result of fancy. The ball-room and the evening party rarely develop character. Under the exhilarating influence of the dance, the glare of lights, and the merry quip and joke, the dissolute young man may appear amiable, and the slatternly soul lovable. Matches made at such places, or under similar circumstances, are not of the class that originated in heaven. They more generally are conceived in the opposite place, and bring forth only iniquity. The true way to learn each other is at home, in the parlor, in the kitchen, and on occasions that test the temper. We see the result of these unions in the almost daily divorces that are taking place, in the running away of husbands, leaving their wives and children to starve, and the elopement of wives. Not only this, but in the broken-spirited men, made old in the prime of life, struggling on for mere food and clothing, and shelter, and in women—cross, dirty, sluttish and wrinkled.

It would be quite impossible for us to depict faithfully, the multitude of physical and moral evils that result from these sinful alliances—for sinful they are. They ruin the body, corrupt the morals, stultify the mind. And the result does not stop with husband and wife. There are the children; they partake of the feebleness and vices of the parents, both physical and moral, and go out into the busy world stunted and warped. God pity them!

We would not be understood as speaking against the institution of marriage. It is holy, beautiful, and beneficent. But let every one take his mate or none. Let not the brave eagle pair with the stupid owl, nor the gentle dove with the carrion crow. Like should have like. It is a glorious sight to see two old people, who have weathered the storm and basked in the sunshine of life together, go hand in hand lovingly and truthfully down the gentle declivity of time, with no anger, no jealousy, nor hatred garnered up against each other, and looking with hope and joy to the everlasting youth of heaven, where they too shall be one forever. That is true marriage—for it is the marriage of spirit. The love is woven into a woof of gold that neither time nor eternity can sever.—*The Electric.*

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—We know not the author of the following, but it is one of the most beautiful productions that we have ever read:

Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The planet and the pebble goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side; the river, its channels in the soil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern leaf its modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand or stone; not a foot steps into or along the ground,

but prints its character more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself on the memories of its fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sound—the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints that speak to the intelligent.

Religious Practices of the Japanese.

The religious rites of the Japanese like their social usages, are peculiar, though bearing the evidences of corruption seen in every form of pagan worship. Mr. W. C. Reed who recently visited Japan to establish a mercantile house there gives the following account of their days of rest and their temples, in a communication to the journal of Commerce.

"The religion of this country is as strange as the people themselves. Our short stay here has not afforded us much opportunity to become conversant with all their vocations and religious opinions. So far as I know of them, I will write you. First, they have no Sabbath or weeks, but divide the time by moons and half moons.—Hence the first and middle of each month is observed as a day of rest or recreation. On these days no appearance of activity is to be seen. All the houses are closed, and the inmates spend their time in eating and licentious enjoyments, to such an extent, the Russians say, as to become perfectly abhorrent to an enlightened mind. What takes place in their houses on those days I am unable to say, but I have noticed their excluding themselves from the streets on these days. Temples are built all over the country where there is a spot sufficiently picturesque to meet their temple a priest lives, with as many wives as he wishes, and to all appearance leads a life of licentious debauchery. In front of each temple is a large bell, which is sounded at certain hours of the day, or, according to my observation, at any hour it may suit the pleasure of the nuns or priest, and that is a signal that he goes to prayer. None come at the sound of the bell, nor does it appear that the object is to call the people in. The priest sits down in front of the altar, with a small taper burning and with a small mallet in one hand and a string of beads in the other, he begins to hum or half sing a certain number of words—"Am Jam Am," at the same time rapidly striking a wooden bell or tub, and then a copper one, and so alternately for an hour or so, except sometimes he ceases to strike with the mallet, and rubs the beads together with both hands, and renders his voice finer or more slow and plaintive. This appears to be all the worship they have, and their belief is, that the priest can and must do all the praying. There appears to be no solemnity attached to this service by the people or the priest; for, if we go into a temple during prayer, the priest gets up and begins to laugh and ask questions, &c, the same as though we entered a shop. In short, I am informed that the people in general have no respect for their priests, but treat them as we would some outcast from society."

The name of Jesus.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save the people from their sins." The name of Jesus, in the original Hebrew, means a Saviour. It was well known and in common use among the Jews. Originally, it was "Oshen," signifying simply a Saviour we find that Moses, in the case of Oshen, the son of Nun, prefixed to it the syllable of the great Jehovah's name, king it "Jehoshua," salvation of Jehovah, or a divine Saviour. This was soon contracted to "Joshua," and passing through the Greek language to us, it became Jesus.

It is interesting to notice that this name was one of divine appointment. It was given our Lord, not by his parents, or disciples, but by God himself, and this before he was born—first, as Luke tells us, in a message to Mary his mother and afterwards, as Matthew tells us, in another message to Joseph.

When he sends his dear Son into the world, he gives him a name that declares to the world what he is and why he sends him. He comes into the world with a name that proclaims him openly the world's Saviour, "and what I want of you wretched sinners is, that you should welcome him, as perishing men would welcome a deliverer. I have sent him from heaven to earth to save you, and you shall call him a Saviour that you may never forget wherefore he has come."

Vile as we are, "He loved us, and gave himself for us; and when we were so polluted that nothing else could cleanse us, he "washed us from our sins in his own blood." It was this that first touched our hard hearts with love to Jesus, and it is the remembrance of this which revives that love when it is languishing, and often lays us down at his feet weeping that we can never love him enough.—*American Messenger*

Crucifying the Son of God afresh.

The Puritan Recorder, in giving an exposition of what the apostle Paul meant by the expression, "crucifying the Son of God afresh," cites the following as an illustration of the phrase.

"Among the intellectual giants of this country stood Aaron Burr, a grandson of the giant theologian, Jonathan Edwards, nurtured in the bosom of piety and prayer, with choicest privileges for a christian education, with the master minds of the New England church, such as Bellamy and Hopkins, corresponding with him in his youth, and endeavoring to secure him to the cause of Christ. At length all his early impressions of christianity were effaced with violence. He went out an unblushing infidel, scroffer, and blasphemer—gathering thick upon him the guilt of murder and adultery. He gave lessons in profaneness to his holy daughter, who by nature was as gifted as himself. He was accustomed to bring her in to display her acquisitions and show her skill in blasphemy, for the amusement of his visitors, as we should do with performances in music, thus showing to what end he had devoted himself and educated his child. Though elevated to the second civil office in the nation, nothing in the form of a political crime was too mean or wicked for him. In social life he was a very monster. In the betraying of confidence, and in the ruin of families he scrupled nothing. Infidelity and malignity advanced with his years in the form of spite against the religion of Christ.

"At length the judgements of God overtook him. His wealth vanished; his political fortunes were broken; his social position was lost; and he became a vagabond. Society thrust it out from its bosom as its sworn enemy.—His daughter, then the wife of one of the State Governors—the daughter whom he had schooled to blasphemy—was, in a voyage at sea, taken by pirates. She begged for her life, and offered great rewards; but the stern reply was, 'Dead men tell no tales.' She was bidden to walk the plank, she sunk to rise no more. Thus began the recompense on the parent and child—on her for the abuse of the splendid gifts and her defiance of the God above—on him for rearing his child for such an end. Here, too, was a great recompense in kind for the domestic ruin and desolation which he had caused to others. Stricken of God and abhorred by men, well nigh without a friend on earth—a Vice President of the United States went down to an unhonored grave. Such was a beginning to him, of the results of crucifying the Son of God afresh."

To this the editor of the Presbyterian Herald subjoins the following: "There were some facts connected with the closing scenes of Mr. Burr's life, which were told to us soon after they occurred, by one who received them from an eye-witness, which we do not remember to have seen stated anywhere in print. We suppose that we will not be considered as violating the privacy of the domestic circle in referring to them at this remote period after their occurrence.

During Mr. Burr's last illness, he was very restless and impatient toward those who were about his person often indulging in profane and abusive language. His physician, observing that mortification had commenced in the extremities, thought it his duty to inform him of the fact, and to assure him that whatever preparation he might wish to make for death, should be made at once. In as gentle tones as he could command, he breached the subject, assuring him that within twenty-four hours, at the furthest he would be a dead man. Mr. Burr replied, "doctor, I can't die, I won't die. I shan't die." My father, and mother and grand-parents, and uncles, and aunts, were all pious and good people. They prayed for my conversion a thousand times, and if God be a hearer of prayer, he is not going to let me die until their prayers are answered. It is impossible that the child of so many prayers will be lost." The doctor replied, "Mr. Burr, you are already dying." He then went over pretty much the same expressions as given above, and sunk into a stupor, and soon slept the sleep which knows no waking until the morning of the resurrection. We may not have given the precise language used by him, as years have elapsed since it was reported to us. Our informant received the impression that he had run the rounds of his iniquity, all the while indulging the hope that, like the celebrated Augustine, before he died he would be converted, in answer to the prayers of his pious parents and friends. God, in his divine sovereignty, disappointed his expectations, and made him a monument of his wrath, and a beacon to all ungodly children, who are building their hopes of heaven upon their connection with a pious ancestry. When such crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame, they must not be disappointed if he puts them to everlasting shame and contempt before his father, and the holy angels, and assembled universe."

A Beautiful Sentiment.

"The moon looks calmly down when man is dying."

The earth still holds her way; Flowers breathe their perfume, and the winds keep sighing; Naught seems to pause or stay."

Clasp thy hand meekly over the still breast—they've no more work to do; close the weary eyes—they've no more tears to shed; part the damp locks—they've no more pain to bear. Closed is the ear alike to love, kind voice and calumny's stinging whispers.

O, if in that still heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away; if your loving glance and kindly word, and clasp hand have come—all too late—then God forgive you. No frown gathers on the marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the clasped lip—no flush of wounded feeling mounts to the blue-veined temples.

God forgive you! for your feet, too, must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faltering tongue asks: "can this be death?" Your fading eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth; your clanny hands yield its last feeble flutter.

O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless sleepers? No warm welcome from a sister's loving lips? No throb of pleasure from the dear maternal bosom?

Silent all!

O, if these broken limbs were never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there were no eternal shore! If for this struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bright bow of promise!

Alas for love if this be all, And naught beyond—on earth!

As Ye Go, Preach.

Once, while on a missionary tour, on crossing the Cheviot hills from Northumberland to Scotland, I called at a shepherd's house to visit his wife, a christian woman, who was at that time under affliction. Not being acquainted with the hill road from that place, the good woman, on leaving, sent her servant girl with me to direct me on the right way. She was quite a young person, and careless about her soul. As we parted, I thanked her for her kindness in showing me the way to get into Scotland; it behooved me that probably she was ignorant of the way of salvation, and put to her this question, "Have you yet begun to care for your soul?" The poor simple, thoughtless girl looked surprised, and confessed she had not. I simply quoted Isa. 43: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near," and asked her to think seriously about it.

Years passed away, and I heard no more of the girl until, in prosecution of my missionary work, in a hill district in the south of Scotland, I providentially met with her, a grown woman who had been married for some time, and was now a widow. But now her "Maker was her husband," and she, as far as man could judge, was a *new creature* in Christ Jesus. In conversation with her about divine things, I found that that text I had quoted to her, and to which I had called her earnest attention, had never left her, and that by it she was awakened to seek Christ Jesus until she found him as her own Saviour.

Dear Christian reader, be careful never to allow Christless souls to leave your company unarmed and unconverted with regard to their everlasting salvation. Be ever sowing and in due season ye shall reap.—*Missionary Journal.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.—A writer in the Roundell Courier finds a beautiful Spirit in the Lord's Prayer, and presents the many phases of its development in the following. If the same could be said of most public praying, it is highly probable piety would be more general and natural.

The Spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. That form of petition breathes a filial Spirit—"Father."

A catholic Spirit—"Our Father."

A reverential Spirit—"Hallowed be thy name."

A missionary Spirit—"Thy kingdom come."

An obedient Spirit—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

A dependent Spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

A forgiving Spirit—"And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

A cautious Spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

A confidential and adoring Spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

ONE GOD.—A little boy being asked how many gods there were, replied "one."

"How do you know that?" asked his querist.

"Because," he replied, "there is no room for any more for 'He fills every where.'"

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