

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

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H. E. TALIAFERRO, EDITORS.

Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, Judge ye.—Acts iv., 19.

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Communications.

An Appeal for the Indians, BY H. F. BUCKNER.

"COME OVER AND HELP US."
Arg. D. I predicate an other argument in favor of Christian missions upon the ground that, *Christ has transferred to the world our indebtedness to himself, in such a way that we cannot better serve him than by doing good to others.* Paul believed this, no doubt, when he said; "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians, both to the wise, and to the unwise," &c. What do we not owe to Christ by whom "we live, and move, and have our being?" and by whose vicarious death we are saved from the wrath of God, and made partakers of an everlasting inheritance? But we have no price to give for our salvation; we merit it not before our conversion, neither can we give a compensation afterwards. Besides, Christ needs nothing of ours, for all that we have is nothing in his sight. Yet we are as truly debtors to him as if we possessed all things; for a man's inability to pay, does not absolve him from debt. Then what shall we do? You, that is the first question with every new-born soul. Paul said; "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" No doubt he was overwhelmed with a sense of his indebtedness, and of his inability and unworthiness. The inquiring Christian need not long remain in doubt upon this subject. Christ has instructed us by example, and by command. He lived not for himself, neither did he die for himself; but he both lived and died for the good of others; and though he need not our service, yet he has ordained that the world shall be benefited by our lives. Hence no man liveth or dieth to himself, that hath the Spirit of Christ. How vain! to think we are serving Christ, when we live not for the good of others. How vain! to suppose we will be blessed by praying to Christ, when we keep not his commandments.

It is foolish to go into a cloister, and repeat *ave marys* and *paternosters*, when Christ has commanded us to "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." We must bless, if we would be blessed. How like Christ! to forget ourselves in our efforts to bless the needy; and yet there is no other road to happiness. Christ and his disciples spent their whole lives in doing good to others, and none shared more largely of their self-sacrificing labors than the poor and afflicted. Christ preached the Gospel to the poor, and Paul was debtor to the Barbarians.—John preached in the wilderness.—Christ went about doing good,—and "they that were scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the word." There were missionaries in those days;—men who regarded themselves as not their own, but as having been "bought with a price." If we had but half their ardent zeal, and devotedness to the cause of Christ; every kindred on earth would soon learn the way of life. We cannot reasonably expect that God will bless us or our children, unless we are engaged in sending the Gospel to the heathens; neither can we expect that he will signify his blessing upon our efforts abroad, until we preach to the heathens in our own land. The foregoing remark reminds me of the forcible reply of John Randolph to a wealthy lady of Virginia, who was preparing raiment for the ragged poor of Greece, when her own half-naked servants were shivering with cold—"Madam, the Greeks are at your door." Thus, while many of our wealthy brethren and sisters are contributing largely for Foreign missions, (which is their reasonable duty). "The Greeks are at our door"—The Indians are perishing for lack of the crumbs which fall from our tables. They are the "Barbarians" of America, or the "unwise, to whom we are as much indebted, as we are to the "Greeks." I verily believe that if John the Baptist were risen from the dead, he would pass by the fashionable and gay of the present generation, and preach to the Indians, in the wilderness of America; or that, if Barnabas and Paul were sent as missionaries to this continent, they would not pass by its Aboriginal inhabitants.

The adage that "we should be just, before we are liberal," applies with force to the cause of Indian missions.—If we are "debtors" to the heathen abroad, how much more are we "debtors" to the Indians at home. There are no people from whom we have received so much; and there are none whom we have so badly treated: but this shall be the theme for another article. I will again state my argument, and conclude with an illustration.—Christ has so transferred

our indebtedness to himself, that we cannot serve him in a more acceptable way, than to live and labor for the good of others.

There was once a poor blind Indian, who had no money, and but few friends; and there was also in the city of New Orleans a celebrated oculist, of whom this Indian had heard that, in certain cases, by a surgical operation, he could restore sight to the blind. Now New Orleans was a great way off, and the Indian had not money enough to bear his expenses, much less to pay the oculist. But he greatly desired to see the light once more, and to be entirely cured; so he applied to benevolent people for assistance that he might get to New Orleans to see the oculist. Upon his arrival in the city, he went to the oculist, and freely stated his condition and poverty; but begged that he might be restored to sight.—The oculist, moved with pity, restored him to sight. The Indian was filled with gratitude for the kindness, and wished to know if he could do anything for his benefactor in return. The physician replied, I make no charge, only take these hand-bills which speak of my skill as an oculist, and circulate them among the people of your tribe, so that all in your condition, may come and be healed. The Indian gratefully acknowledged his indebtedness, and returned to his people with joy; everywhere proclaiming the merits of the good physician.—Christ, the great Physician, restored you to sight freely, for you had nothing to give.—But he enjoins upon you one duty which you can perform if you will.

The Bible speaks of his skill as the Physician of souls. All men are as you were—blind and poor.—He requires you to send the Bible to all lands,—to "preach the Gospel to every creature."—Will you do it? If you have any gratitude, any love for Christ or the souls of men, you will try.

Mico, Creek Nation, West of Ark
April 3d, 1856.

[To be continued in our next.]

For the South Western Baptist.

The Examiner Examined.

To the Editors of the N York Examiner:
I cut from your paper, and send to the South Western Baptist for publication, the Report of the Committee of the Legislature of New York, in reference to the condition of inmates, &c., &c., of tenement houses in your city. I have done so in order that Southerners may have a slight understanding of the elevating tendencies of free-soilism, physically, morally, intellectually, and socially.

In calling your attention to it, I cannot refrain from asking you one question, in all kindness. Suppose instead of the Legislature of New York it had been the Legislature of Alabama—and instead of the rich and opulent city of New York, with its thousands of wealthy Christians and its Merchant princes, ready to lavish their funds to enable Southern slaves to escape from their masters—suppose it had been the plantations of Southern planters that had been the subject of investigation, and such developments had been the result, what do you think the Editor of the New York Examiner, and many other such papers, would have said?

ONE OF YOUR OWN SUBSCRIBERS.

Tenant Houses in New York.

Some time in the early part of last month, a Committee was appointed by the Legislature of the State to visit and examine the condition of tenement houses in New York city. They accordingly made two visits to the city, one on the 15th of March, when the remained three days, and again on the 22d, staying four days. On the 4th inst., they submitted their Report to the Assembly. Some of the disclosures made, and sights seen by this Committee, were both startling and painful. We make the following brief extract from their Report, that our friends who live in the country may see the frightful straits to which poor people are reduced to find homes and places to sleep in this metropolis:

girls, just springing into womanhood, living indiscriminately in the same apartment with men of all ages and of all colors; babes left so destitute of care and nourishment as to be fitted only for a jail or hospital in after years, if they escape the blessing of an early grave. Indeed, no language could faithfully depict the suffering and misery witnessed even in the hurried visits paid by the Committee to these hotbeds of immorality, drunkenness, debauchery and disease.

"In many of the houses visited by the Committee, whites and blacks were living indiscriminately together, negro men with white women, and white men with negro women. Young faces, haggard with want and beating that peculiar look of premature age imparted by early sin, peered at them from every corner; misery and vice, in their most repulsive features, met them at every step. Scarcely an apartment was free from sickness and disease, and the blighting curse of drunkenness had fallen upon almost every family. Here and there might be found it true, some attempt at cleanliness, some display of a love of home, some evidence of industry and sobriety, with their internal accompaniments, cleanliness, and good health. But these the Committee found, were in most instances families that had not long been inhabitants of the neighborhood in which they lived. The demoralization and ruin apparent all around had not had time to do their work on them. It is to be feared that too soon the miasma will creep into their systems, undermining the sturdy constitution, and prostrating its victims on a bed of sickness. Health failing them, want will follow; and then must come crowding rapidly upon them neglect of home, neglect of children, uncleanness, drunkenness and sin. This is no fancy sketch—a picture of the imagination. It is stern reality—enacted every day in the midst of luxury and wealth—the natural and fearful result of the rapacity and greed of an over-crowded city, unregulated by conscience, and wholly unchecked by legislation.

Many of the buildings that are rented to the poor, realize to their owners larger annual incomes than the first class dwelling-houses in the best part of the city. And yet they are tenanted by the Assosors as almost, and escape anything like a taxation, notwithstanding they are the principle cause of the heavy burden imposed upon the citizens of New York for the support of the criminal and the poor. This is of itself a forcible argument in favor of some active legislation upon the subject of tenement house reform.

In these buildings, thus crowded with human beings, there is, with scarcely an exception, but one narrow stairway, and egress to the multitude inside, and egress to the multitude outside, in case of fire, is an impossibility. Common humanity demands some law to prevent against this evil.

The Report concludes with some valuable suggestions as to how reforms could be enacted through legislative action, and the Committee offer a resolution that they have power to extend their operations during the recess of the Legislature, sufficiently to enable them to draw up a plan of reform, and to prepare a bill for the consideration of the next Legislature.

True Prayer.

Would you see true prayer—would you know what prayer really is? Step into the Egyptian palace where Benjamin stands bound,—his amazed and trembling brothers grouped around the lad. Judah advances. He bows himself before Joseph. His heart is full. His lip trembles. The tear glistens in his manly eye, and now with tenderness thrilling in every tone, he pours forth this plea of surpassing pathos: "Oh, my Lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my Lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant. My Lord asked his servant, saying, have ye a father or a brother? And we said unto my Lord, We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age a little one; and his brother is dead; and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him." Thus on he goes, and every sentence goes like a knife into Joseph's heart. And then he closes and crowns his appeal with this most brave and generous proposal:

"Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad, as bondsman to my lord, for how shall I go to my father, and the lad not with me, lest I see the evil that shall come upon my father?" Joseph's heart which has been swelling with emotion, is now ready to burst. He can stand it no longer: nor any wonder. That is prayer; and could we bring such earnestness to Jesus, oh, how would his tender, much more tender heart melt like wax before it. Did we approach him with the fervor that glowed and burned in Judah's speech? Did we plead for our own souls or those of others, with such tears in such tones, as Judah's when he pleaded for Benjamin, how would a divine brother discover himself to us? Now turn from that Egyptian to this Hebrew pal-

ace. There also a prayer. Two women stand before King Solomon. In the darkness of the night, one has crept with noiseless step, to her neighbor's bed, and while her mother slept, and the babe slept in her bosom, softly, cautiously, she steals the living child, and leaves her own dead infant in its place. They carry the dispute to Solomon,—each claiming the living and each repudiating the dead. With a skill that earned him his world-wide fame, the wise monarch summons nature as a witness. Horrible to hear, he orders the living child to be divided. The sword is raised,—another moment and each mother gets a quivering half,—another moment, and interference comes too late. One stands calm, firm, collected, looking on with a cruel eye. With a bound that carries her to his feet, and a shriek that rings wild and high over all the palace, the other—the true mother—clashes her hands in agony, and cries, "Oh my lord, give her the living child; in no wise slay it." That is prayer. That cry, that spring, that look of anguish,—all these proclaim the mother,—how different the cold, callous, unimpassioned frame, in which, alas, the best too often present themselves at the throne of grace, as if, when we are seeking pardon, it were a matter of supreme indifference whether our prayers were or were not answered. Oh, how should we pray that God would help us to pray and touch our icy lips with a live coal from off his altar.—Dr. Guthrie.

Individuality in Preaching.

To my mind it is a misfortune that ever any such thing as a pulpit of wood, stone or marble, or any such thing was ever made. Not that the material pulpit is of itself any thing. But the effects of such a structure have been injurious both to preachers and hearers. The pulpit has spoiled more good speakers than the schools have ever made. How could it be otherwise, when the speaker is perched away up in the air, something like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth—put into a box, not unlike a cage, and then set to talking to the people? The natural way would be for his voice to rise, but in the pulpits of olden time, with their huge sounding-boards, the preacher had to bring his voice down, like a kite, to the platform of his hearers. And being so, or hope that you are in the way to heaven; because you may be in any one of these states and yet be spiritually asleep. The beggar sometimes dreams of wealth, the prisoner of liberty, and the exile of enjoyment at home; while the man in the last stage of consumption often fancies he shall soon be well, and talks of lengthened life. So those who are bound in the chains of sin dream that they are free, and those already dead in sin, think they possess spiritual life.

Rest for the Soul.

Have you this rest? I do not ask if you enjoy some pleasure, or feel tolerably easy, or suppose that all is well with you, or hope that you are in the way to heaven; because you may be in any one of these states and yet be spiritually asleep. The beggar sometimes dreams of wealth, the prisoner of liberty, and the exile of enjoyment at home; while the man in the last stage of consumption often fancies he shall soon be well, and talks of lengthened life. So those who are bound in the chains of sin dream that they are free, and those already dead in sin, think they possess spiritual life.

I ask you then, "Have you rest for your soul?" Be assured this is to be found only in one way—that way which God sets before you in the Bible. Before you can obtain this rest, you must be convinced of guilt and danger, must be satisfied that you cannot save yourself from impending ruin, and renouncing every thing on which you may have been resting, must trust alone in Christ, as the full and sufficient atonement for sin. Thus you will obtain "rest for your soul." And remember, that nothing but your own obstinacy or neglect prevents your obtaining this rest; for Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Slow-Coach Arguments."

It is a very curious fact that the same sort of complaints which have been made in England and the United States, within the past thirty years, respecting the introduction of railway communication, were also made when coaches were first introduced. In a pamphlet called the "Great Concern of England Explained," published in 1873, the writer very gravely attempts to make out that the introduction of coaches was ruining the trade of England. The following is an example of his method of reasoning: "Before coaches were set up, travelers rode on horseback, and men had boots, spurs, saddles, bridles, saddle-cloths, and good riding-suits, coats and cloaks, stockings and hats, whereby the wood and leather of the kingdom were consumed. Besides, most gentlemen, when they traveled on horseback, used to ride with swords, belts, pistols, holsters, portmanteaus, and hat-cases, for which, in these coaches, they had little or no occasion. For when they rode on

horseback, they rode in one suit, and carried another to wear when they came to their journey's end; but in coaches they rode in a silk suit, silk stockings, beaver hats, etc., and carry no other with them. This is because they escape the wet and dirt, which, upon horseback they cannot avoid; whereas, in two or three journeys on horse back, these clothes and hats were wont to be spoiled; which done, they were forced to have new very often, and that increased the consumption of manufactures.

All in Christ.

Man, or woman, or child! do you want anything? Are you anxious about the matters of your soul? Are you disturbed, are you ignorant? Do you feel, "It is wisdom I want," or "It is righteousness I want," or "It is peace I want," or "It is power I want," or "It is heaven I want?" Well, it is all in Christ. In the knowledge of Him is eternal life. And do you understand, it is all with Christ? You do not receive it from Christ; you receive it with Christ. "He that hath the Son, hath life." There is no salvation out of Him. We become bound up with Him by faith, and then all that belongs to him is ours. As it is all in Him, it is all with Him. Once more, it is all for Christ. Do you understand that everything we receive is to go back to him?—It is given to us that we may glorify his holy name. Are you justified? Are you sanctified? Are we blood-bought? Are we temples of the Holy Ghost, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ? It is that we may have liberty to serve God, and glorify the name of our Redeemer. Thus, all that salvation implies is in Him, all that salvation implies is with Him, and all that salvation implies is for Him in time and eternity. My brethren, Christ is a root, Christ is a rock. He is a root out of which flows the sap of grace, through the branches, and the soul that is united to Him, as a branch, receiveth it. He is the Rock of ages; and the soul that is based on Him, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it; it shall rise up a mighty tower unto the skies, a building that shall manifest the wisdom, the power, the grace and glory of God throughout eternity.

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love God by loving our brothers and sisters, and mother. That is, we exercise the same feeling, which, in an exalted degree, is to be directed to God. So that it is true in a sense more familiar, and yet more comprehensive than is commonly given to it: "He that loveth not his brother, whom he has seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?"

Dying Expressions.

"Don't give up the ship."—[Lawrence.
"Don't let the awkward squad fire over my grave."—[Burns.
"Raise me up that I may behold the sun."—[Schiller.
"See how calmly a Christian candle."—[Addison.
"Blessed be God; all is well."—[Richardson.
"Kiss me, Hardy."—[Nelson.
"Weep not for me but for yourselves; I go to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who no doubt will receive me, though a sinner through the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ, where I hope we shall be ere long to meet and sing the new song, and remain happy forever in a world without end—amen."—[John Bunyan.

Necessity for Varying Intellectual Labor.—One of the worst results of overworking the brain, in any exclusive direction, is, that it tends, when it does not absolutely break down that organ, to produce mental deformity. As the nursery-maid who carries her burden with the right arm exclusively is afflicted with spinal curvature, so the thinking man who gives his intellectual energies to one subject or class of subjects, gets a twist in his brain. Those, therefore, who are chained to mental labor, and cannot give the brain repose, should try to vary their labours, which is another form of repose. Intense and prolonged application to one subject is the root of mischief. As your body may be in activity during the whole of the day, if you vary the actions sufficiently, so may the brain work all day at varied occupations.—Hold out a stick at arm's length for five minutes, and the muscles will be more fatigued than by an hour's bowing; the same principle holds good with the brain.—Literary Journal.

Despondency.—A Christian once, in doubt and discouragement, considered the darkness that overspread her soul to be the frown of the Almighty. She stumbled over mole-hills when she should have been removing mountains. To an old minister who was trying to comfort her, with impassioned emphasis, she said, "O, I'm dead! dead! twice dead, and plucked up by the roots!" After a pause he replied, "Well, sitting in my study the other day, I heard a sudden scream—'John's in the well!' Before I could reach the spot, I heard the sob and mournful cry, 'John's dead—poor little Johnny's dead!' Bending over the curb, I called out, 'John, are you dead?' 'Yes, grandfather,' replied John, 'I'm dead.' I was glad to hear it from his own mouth."

Select Sentences.

Let us no more think pleasantly of our own works, sufferings and engagements; but only of what Christ has done, suffered and promised. In him we are complete.
Are we not in danger of disparaging the external evidences of Christianity in our endeavors to give prominence to the internal evidences? Jesus Christ often appealed to his miracles; so did the early Christians.
Love of ease is one of the last sins we get rid of.
"In this life," said one, "I shall never get beyond the prayer of the publican—'God be merciful unto me a sinner!'" Suppose one should get beyond that prayer, how absurd would all christian religion be.
"He hath ill repented, whose sins are repeated." If so, how many professions of religion are vain.
Every wicked man lays down rules for others, which applied to himself would prove him vile, ungrateful, and worthy of death. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant."

If ignorance were the sole cause of error and wickedness, then in christian countries all men would soon be sound in the faith, and righteous in all their ways.

Plato confessed there was no more efficacious way of instructing youth than by odes and songs; but said that those of a right kind must be the work of God, or of a divine man. The songs of Zion are the very thing.

Religion at Home.—"Let them learn first," says Paul, "to show piety at home." Religion being in the family, the holiest sanctuary on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in a cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fire-side. The principle of love, which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family. We learn to

THE S. W. BAPTIST.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.:

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1856.

See notice of examination of BROWNWOOD INSTITUTE; also of Tuskegee Classical and Scientific Institute.

"James," in reply to "Kent," is received. We decline publishing any reply till "Kent" is through with his review. This is customary and proper. Both of them are brethren whom we highly esteem, and both shall be treated with due respect in our columns. "James" shall have ample room when Kent is done.

Our old friend and brother Elder O. Welch, is as zealous as ever on the Revision question. He is now furnishing able articles weekly, on that subject for the "Alabama Reporter," and "Democratic Watchtower," in the Town of Talladega.

Brother J. C. Foster writes from Creagh's Mills, Wilcox County, Ala., as follows:

"Some indications of good; baptized four at Boiling Springs 3d Lord's day in April."

It is gratifying to know that our young brethren educated at Howard College, are all doing well in the cause of the Master.

A Short Speech.

We want more readers. Nor have we the time, from this office, to go in search of them. Our friends can do this if they will try. Protracted Meeting time is near, and we appeal to every Pastor and working brother, to make use of that opportunity to obtain subscribers for our paper. A Pastor should not rest, as he regards the religious prosperity of his flock, till every family of his congregation takes a religious newspaper. They have been told this, till it has become commonplace; but it is as true now as when first uttered. Action, action on the subject is what is needed. Pastors, you tell the unconverted that action is needed on their part; that they know their duty, but do it not. Are you not acting in like manner in regard to the S. W. Baptist? Are you doing your duty to it—acknowledging its great utility as you have often done.

Do not mistake us. We appeal to you, not as beggars. We conduct your State organ, which you cannot do without, lest the cause of God suffers. We labor for you and the cause of our Master day and night. All we ask of you is to pay for us, and labor to circulate our paper.

The prospects of the S. W. Baptist were never better than at this time. A few friends are at work actively for it; and if all, during our Protracted Meeting season, and during the whole time of our coming Associations, will make a general effort, the subscription list can be doubled this year. Will you do it? Pastors, when you send an account of a revival, send with it a list of subscribers. We conclude our speech by informing our friends, that for some time past we have added a quire of paper (24 sheets) to each issue. This shows that somebody is at work. Keep the ball moving, and increase its velocity!

Money and Ink Plenty.

The Governor of Massachusetts, in a late Message to his Legislature, recommends the passage of a bill to pay Sumner's physician's bill. Said Sumner is a lucky fellow. Some men are brought into notice through merit—others come in by accident. At the siege of Toulon, Bonaparte brought himself into notice by the judicious arrangement of his artillery, and its murderous execution; Sumner, at Washington, by receiving in a very passive way due payment for insults given the South, at the hands of Brooks. Bonaparte was honored with a crown—Sumner with the payment of his Doctor's bill, Fanuill Hall speeches, and newspaper fame. All this because a Southern man caned him. Berlike if it had been done by a man from any other latitude, it would not have been known outside of Washington. But money and ink are plenty at the North—money to assist in deceiving negroes from the South, and ink to slander her institution.

We submit, in conclusion, that the benevolent (!) Governor had better recommend to his Legislature to pass a law, to aid the city of New York in relieving the wretched inmates of tenant houses, an account of which can be seen on the first page of to-day's paper. This suggestion is made, provided he has no such tenant houses in Boston and elsewhere in his territory.

MONK'S NEW AMERICAN MAP—This Map is now quite complete. All the countries attempted to be represented, are clearly marked and defined, and colored in the most beautiful manner. The best recommendation is a sight of it. This public now have an opportunity of getting, as Mr. H. J. Williams, who seems every way to be a gentleman, is engaged in selling them in this and in surrounding counties.

Result of the Edmund King Proposition.

Having received a communication from J. P. Tustin, Corresponding Secretary of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, Charleston, South Carolina, bearing date June 11, 1856, containing subscribers names and the amounts pledged, with other vouchers, to meet the Edmund King proposition, published in the South Western Baptist of February 14, 1856, to be one of 40 or 50 to raise the sum of \$20,000 or \$25,000 for the permanent endowment of said Society, which proposition was so modified by brother King as to receive reliable sums of less amount, provided the amount was reached by the first of June, 1856; and as said proposition made it the duty of the Editors of the South Western Baptist to judge and decide upon the reliability of all the pledges and vouchers made to meet it:

This is to certify that we have discharged that duty, and find, upon examination, the amount of \$21,050 in reliable pledges and vouchers, reported to us by the Board of the Publication Society, at their regular monthly meeting of June the 10th, 1856, they "having audited the amounts, and endorsed them," was made up by the first of June 1856, according to the requisition of said proposition:

We, therefore, give notification to the Board of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, at Charleston, South Carolina, that they are authorized to give the twenty days notice, required by said proposition, in due form, and call in one half of the stock subscribed, due as follows:—One half the first of June, 1856, the other half first of June, 1857.

S. HENDERSON,

H. E. TALIFERRO.

We are pleased to learn from brother Tustin's communication, that the Board are continuing their efforts to reach \$25,000, and as much more as they can possibly secure; and that they have many very encouraging assurances of liberal donations from various sources. Upwards of one thousand dollars were pledged in Alabama, in time to meet the proposition, but too late to be transmitted to the Board for it to be placed in the estimate which we have examined. We trust that the interest awakened by the liberal proposition of our venerable brother King, will continue to increase until the Society is amply endowed. We devoutly thank the ascended and glorified Messiah for such disciples as brother King; and we bless His holy name for putting it in his heart to make such a proposition.

We extract the concluding paragraph from the document sent us, and a resolution passed by the Board, and commend them to our readers:

"At an early day—upon my first leisure—I design to furnish you for publication, some further facts and views relative to the publication cause, especially in reference to Alabama. You may, if you please, publish at once, the following resolution, adopted by our Board last night, (June 10):

"Resolved, That subscribers to the endowment fund of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, who have contributed and shall make full payment of \$50 or upwards, shall be enrolled as Managers for life; and that those who have subscribed and shall pay \$10 or upwards, shall be enrolled Members for life."

Typographical Errors.

Well, after all, what of them? There are more errors in your conduct than can be found in any newspaper in all the land. If you cannot see them plainly, others do, and criticize them as freely as you do the "errors of the Press."

And why are people so nervously sensitive upon that subject? Is it uncharitable to say that some readers search for and parade more over these errors than they do over ideas, and sound practical sense.

We take it for granted that our readers are so intelligent, that they can correct an error now and then, when they escape the notice of the editor. After all, the truth is, it is an advantage to the reader for him to stumble upon an occasional error. How? Thus: When they see an error in typography, it quickens and cultivates the faculty of attention, sets their brains to work in its correction, drives them to the dictionary, and they learn, not only how to spell the word correctly, but how to pronounce it, and the meaning also. It likewise destroys tameness, a thing greatly to be abhorred, in the reader's mind; for if the editor has every thing arranged according to rule, the reader glides smoothly on, not to keep him awake. How opportune, then, an error to wake him up, excite his nerves, rouse his anger, excite his laughter, &c.

And, as it is generally believed that an editor knows every thing, and something else to boot, and of course can bear every thing, it is best for him to give some people an occasional opportunity to find fault with him; for if they are not picking his lean bones, perchance they will be on some one else, not quite so able to bear it. We beg our readers to do us the justice to ac-

knowledge, that what few errors they have seen in our paper, have been mostly in the editorial columns; for the obvious reason, that we did not know whether our correspondents had reached the sublime conclusion with us, that there was a decided benefit in typographical errors.

We hope the judicious reader will give us the credit of being among the first to assume the high ground that there was a great benefit in "errors of the press," to readers in general, and to small headed critics in particular. "So endeth the first lesson."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION: Its History, Doctrines, and Ordinances, its Polity, Persecutions, and Martyrs—Facts and Statistics of its Missionary Institutions, Schools of Learning, etc.—the Indebtedness of the World to Baptists, and Their Duty to the World. By D. C. Haynes. With an introduction by John Dowling, D.D.

A neat book of 350 pages. It has an inviting title; and if it fills the programme, will be a valuable work. The writer has made an effort to condense a vast amount of matter, heretofore existing in thousands of pages, inaccessible to the people, into a small and convenient volume, for general use. From a hasty glance at its contents, we are inclined to believe the author has admirably succeeded in his effort. We have long since seen the necessity for such a work, and we hail with pleasure its appearance. Let it be circulated freely in our whole country, and those who are not determined to remain willfully behind, will not ask the tantalizing question, "What do Baptists believe?"

We prefer for this book a rapid sale, and great usefulness. A contemporary says: "It is a hand-book of Baptist faith and history."

Published by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for May, 1856.—

This Magazine is nearly always readable and instructive. The present number is unusually so. Contents: England's Political Future; On Fish Boats and Fishing Boats; Letters from the Banks of the Inverclyde; Metamorphoses: A Tale—Part I.; The Scot Abroad.—The Man of the Sword; The Art of Travel; The Peace.

L. Scott & Co., New York.

ATLANTA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.—

The one before us, Vol. I, No. 9; and is edited by J. P. Logan, M.D., and W. F. Westmoreland, M.D. It is neatly printed and ably edited. In addition to the above editors, they have the assistance of other members of the Faculty of the Atlanta Medical College; a College, by the way, in a prosperous condition.

UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE: Medical Department. Catalogue for the Session of 1855-6.

And Announcement for the Session of 1856-7. The Catalogue before us, is proof that the "Medical Department" is in a flourishing condition. The degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon 55 young men at the conclusion of the Session of 1856. The sixth annual course of Lectures is to commence 30 Monday in November, 1856.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BIBLE REVISION ASSOCIATION, held at Louisville, April 10 and 11, 1856.

Part I.

There was, as the printed proceedings show, quite a large attendance; and the business was done with energy and despatch. The speeches and address delivered on the occasion were able and instructive. The list of life members and life directors is very lengthy, showing the number of friends the Association has, in every part of our country.

S. W. Lynd was President, and James Edmunds, Corresponding Secretary.

R. P. EVATT, of Rock Spring, Georgia, keeps on hand, for sale, Sheldon, Lamport & Co.'s valuable series of School Books. He wishes to say, that no testimony of his can add anything to their justly deserved fame. Teachers and parents can be supplied on moderate terms by ordering from his Depository.

We take occasion here, again to add our testimony to the superiority of these works.

He keeps on hand, also, a good supply of Baptist books for sale. All orders forwarded him will be promptly filled.

Address R. P. Evatt, Rock Spring, Georgia.

THE TRUE THEORY OF MISSIONS.

DEACON TODD.

THE MASTER—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

THE CHURCH—"To whom, oh Lord, is thy command addressed?"

THE MASTER—"To you as my disciples, the body of believers here worshipping and holding the faith once delivered to the saints."

THE CHURCH—"Shall we, oh Lord, disband this body, and each go into some foreign land, and thus leave the cause that we have pledged ourselves to thee and to each other, to sustain at this point, to languish, and perhaps perish?"

THE MASTER—"Do you know of none into whose hearts I have put the desire to go far hence to the Gentiles? HAVE YOU FAITHFULLY INQUIRED OF THAT SUBJECT?"

THE CHURCH—"Lord! we are compelled to confess that we know of many such."

THE MASTER—"Then, on the principle that is done by another is done by yourself, I again say, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

THE CHURCH—"Lord, we are a feeble band, and not able to support a Missionary and attend to all the interests of religion around ourselves."

THE MASTER—"Do you know of nobody of my disciples, feeble and poor like yourselves, who would probably take a part of this pleasant burden on their hands? or have you faithfully inquired on that subject?"

THE CHURCH—"Lord, we are compelled again to admit that we do."

THE MASTER—"Then I again command. 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

Much interesting matter crowded out this week. An Editor sometimes wishes he could publish a mammoth sheet, provided always that it would pay.

Communications.

The following, though written some time since, is very interesting to the friends of Indian Missions.—[Eds: *Severity of the Past Winter—Revelation among the Indians—Baptisms—Mourful Tidings—Death of our Deacon—Tribute to the Memory of a good Man, &c., &c.*]

DEAR BRO. WALKER: The past winter has been one of unusual severity in this nation; so much so, that oftentimes it was impossible for us to cross the prairies to attend our regular meetings. Several of our members have fallen victims to the cold, in their efforts to be punctual in their attendance at the house of prayer. One sister of the Muskoke Church froze to death on her return from Chosoka, and had been frozen ten days before she was found by her son. The prairie mice had eaten part of her cheek and chin; but otherwise, she looked as if she had only fallen asleep. She was buried at the time of my last visit to that Church. But now, (thank God) "the time for the singing of birds has come," and Spring is beginning to put on her best robe. With the return of Spring, we also enjoy the return of happy seasons at the house of God. From every quarter we receive messages from the Indians to come and preach in their towns, the "unsearchable riches." Last Sunday we were invited to three different towns, some sixty miles apart; but our body could be at but one place, though our spirit was present with them all, beholding their joy. I visited a branch of the North Fork Church, across the river, and only four or five miles from home. I preached for them the night previous, (Saturday night) and invited mourners. My mind was too much engaged to count the number that came forward, but there were many. The house could not nearly hold the people, and many stood outside all the time. Seven came forward and related their Christian experiences, and were received for baptism. Another came forward, and was rejected, because she was the second living wife of her husband, and refused to leave him. On Sunday morning, just as I was reading my text, I received the following mournful tidings:

"DEAR BRO. BUCKNER: This will inform you that our old brother Nero is dead. It is the request of the people of North Fork that you attend his funeral at 3 o'clock, or sooner. Please publish this, for we would like to see as many people out as possible."

Your friends and brethren,

WILLIAM NERO,

R. G. ATKINS.

The news of my own father's death, it seems to me, would not have shocked me more. I was unmoved—I could not weep; but after exhorting the people awhile, I invited mourners, and nearly all the unconverted came forward. We then repaired with singing to the water, and I baptized seven converts—four women and three men. Two were absent from meeting, that we had expected to receive for baptism. They had gone some forty miles to attend the burial of a son and brother—Quacochie—a deacon of the North Fork Church, and a man of exemplary piety, who had died of winter fever on the day previous.

As soon as the baptism was administered, we went to the house and extended to the newly baptized the hand of fellowship; and though we were all grieved at the death of our deacons, we were bound to rejoice in the Lord for the acquisition of seven converts.

It was now half past one o'clock; so we dismissed, and started immediately to the burial of our last and only ordained deacon, brother Nero. Here I will be indulged in paying a tribute to the memory of that sainted brother.

Governor Nero, (for he was always so called) was a black man—I say black man, because there was nothing about him that would make one think of a negro, except his hair and skin—and was born in Georgia about sixty years ago. Before the Indians removed from that State, he purchased his own freedom; and for many years lived near the bridge across the Chattahoochee, at Columbus. After he removed west of Arkansas, he had to purchase his freedom a second time, on account of the claim of a young heir to his former master's estate; and also purchased the freedom of his wife and children, about fourteen in number. During residence near Columbus, he was very wicked, and for a long time after he emigrated, he indulged in dissipation of every kind; and by very shrewd, and having great influence among the Indians, he continued to lead them in wickedness, and encouraged them in their opposition to Christianity. But soon after the conversion of brother Joseph Islands—a native preacher—he was awakened under the ministry of Godly man to a sense of his condemnation as a sinner before God. It was a time when Christianity shed but a feeble ray among the Indians. They had heard of Jesus by a few of negroes that had been raised by white people; but they knew not how to believe on him where to find him. It was then customary for "seekers" to go into the woods, and look up the highest mountains, that they might find Jesus. They searched for him as if he had been a wild man of the woods, who wandered continually from hill to dale. They reached to some extent his human nature, but knew nothing of his Divinity, save that he was appointed by the "Great Spirit" to be the Savior of sinners. Then might error Nero have been seen wandering face to face with him, that he might find Jesus. A sense of his great guilt he refused to God, or to be comforted by his friends who hovered around him, wondering what could be the matter. While he was in this condition, he has often told me of it when he lay upon the water brooks, and upon the ground him, he thought that they were playing a poor miserable rebel against him. When he looked upon the little ants, providing their winter stores, he would weep from them, lest he, a miserable sinner, should one of those holy creatures, that knoweth how to do the will of Him that created them. He was a long time in this condition, because all around him was superstitious heathenish darkness. But he continued to labor for Jesus, as if he had been looking for a friend, but fasting and praying all the time, while engaged in prayer, and a sudden, his great grief was gone, he knew where or how. He did not think it was a vision, for he knew not what conversion he felt so glad about something, he felt what, that he could not

refrain from running to tell his friends. But what friends? Not his former wicked associates, but the two or three who, at that day, were the only persons that had found the Savior. They rejoiced together for a season; but when he was told that he had been converted, his trouble returned; for he could not believe that so great a sinner, who had done nothing good, could so easily find favor with God, and he feared that he had deceived his friends by his expressions of a joy that he could not comprehend. But after a further season of trouble and prayer, he was satisfied that, for Christ's sake, God had pardoned his sins; and he united with the Church, and was baptized by brother Joseph Islands. From that time until his death he was unwavering in faith and duty. Often did the enemies of Christianity try to drive him from the path of duty, but such was his unwavering confidence in Christianity, that neither threatenings nor temptations could influence him to abandon his good profession. He was a very good person, selected by the whole Church as a suitable person to fill the office of deacon, which station he occupied until the day of his death.

I never saw a sinner of any country or color that came near up to my idea of a good deacon than he. There was no sacrifice too great for him to make for the cause of Christ. He never was known to absent himself from his church at a regular meeting. He was always first at prayer meeting, and saw that fire, candles, water, and every thing necessary for the comfort of the congregation, was prepared. Above all, religion was his soul's delight, inasmuch that he was ever known to talk with any person without commencing the claims of Christianity. For a day and two nights before his fatal sickness, he spent the whole time in the worship of God with his brethren. On Monday night after church meeting, he was stricken down suddenly by paralysis, and never spoke another word during his illness. His disease lasted about two weeks during which time he was perfectly in his senses, and recognized all his friends, which indicated by smiles, though he could not speak. After the white physician had despaired of recovery, an Indian doctor was procured, who set a great many superstitious in the administration of his herbs; and when I remonstrated against this, telling the Indian that the man would oppose this if he could talk, he replied approval to what I said. He was a member of every one that knew him. He respected entertainment at his house, and was patronized by all the traveling public. He held goods as a merchant, and could command any credit that he asked. During his sickness he was visited by scores of Indians, white people, and negroes, each trying to do him hurt. At his funeral procession, the members of the church sang all the way to his grave; and they were followed by a great multitude of unconverted, weeping at the loss of a good man. After his burial, I preached in his house to a multitude of seriously affected people, many of whom came forward for prayer. "Mark" perfect man, and behold the up-right; the end of that man is peace."

H. F. BUCKNER.

MICO CREEK NATION,

ST OF ARK, March 10, 1856.

For the South Western Baptist.

"JES" R. BAPTIST LIBERITY—

Foreign Mission Board.

at 'James' says about the piety

and piety of the brethren comprising

the Board, we heartily endorse. The

giving is the part of his article to

which we wish now to call attention:

After ten years of toil, the people,

especially the Baptists of the liberal

th, have enabled these brethren to

a dozen or two faithful men and wo-

men in China and Africa, containing five

hundred million of people, (half the

population of the world) to supply them with the word of

God. Let the Societies in London cease

to talk about a million and a quarter

"missions, &c., &c."

"A dozen or two." What a pity

'James' did not refer to his facts and

figures, and give us the precise number

of Missionaries sent out by the Board.

The Minutes of the Convention held in

Montgomery, May, 1855, say "forty

Missionaries and Assistants." Since

that time the Board have sent out several

hundred more, ready to sail, will make at

least fifty. Thus, though it may seem

a small number, is yet considerably

more than "a dozen or two."

The Methodists are 'James' beau-

tiful ideal of liberality. Let him turn to the

Minutes of the last Methodist Confer-

ence of Alabama, and see how many

Missionaries the Church South has in

the Foreign Field. The report on "Mis-

sions" will tell him that six have been

sent out, two of whom have returned.

Six Methodist and fifty Baptist! These

"Covenant" Baptists!

As to comparative results, let us see.

The Board of Foreign Missions report

7 Schools, about 500 Scholars, 14

Churches, and baptized during the year

1853. The Methodist report "only two

or three converts" made on heathen soil.

These lazy, good for nothing Baptists,

have twelve times as many men in the

Foreign Field as the Methodists of the

South, and have baptized fifty times as

many in one year as the Methodist re-

port during the whole existence of their

mission. When 'James' glorifies Meth-

odists and abuses Baptists, he acts the

part of a wise man, as "the facts of fig-

ures" show.

Let us now compare this Board with

others. I have not the means of know-

ing what the London Societies for Mis-

sions did during the first ten years of

their existence. I hope 'James', who, I

presume, has a file of their Minutes, will

furnish the necessary information. But

the operations of the old Triennial Con-

vention, and the American Board of

Commissioners, may give us some idea

of the comparative liberality of South-

ern Baptists.

The Board of Commissioners was or-

ganized in 1810. In 1820 it reported

"Cash received in donations, \$76,382

64." It had sent out forty-two Mission-

aries and Assistants, of whom two had

died. "The greater part of these had

been sent out the preceding year."

They report, as the result, not a single

native communicant, and mention only

three converts. The Triennial Convention

reported during the first ten years of

their organization, the baptism of four

or five Burmans. Their receipts I do

not know.

The Foreign Board report that their

annual receipts have reached \$30,000,

only \$6,000 less than that of the Board

of Commissioners, a National Institution,

for the same period of time.

The

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST

Special Notices. **Secular Intelligence.** **Millinery, &c.** **CENTRAL INSTITUTE, COOSA COUNTY, ALA.** **EAST ALABAMA FEMALE COLLEGE, TUSKEGEE, MACON CO. ALA.**

THE opinion of the people who have been... **THE opinion of the people who have been**... **THE opinion of the people who have been**...

THE opinion of the people who have been... **THE opinion of the people who have been**... **THE opinion of the people who have been**...

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SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

Poetry.

From the National Magazine.

The Willow.

"Tongues in the trees—books in the running brooks."—(Shakespeare.)

The Willow grows beside the river,
And the boughs hang o'er its flow,
Till the green leaves, as they quiver,
Kiss the waves that run below.
The River whispers to the Willow
With a sad, mysterious tone,
As the bubbles of each billow
Gurgling break on bank and stone.
What saith the River as it glides in
The sun-glits through the tree,
While the boughs stoop down and listen
To its plaintive melody?

"Like my waters, life is flying—
Brightest joys have shortest stay—
As my waves speed onward sighing,
With thy kisses far away."
Human hopes are like the bubbles
Swollen and glittering on my tide,
Till the Rocks, like earthly troubles,
Meet and wreck them as they glide.
High o'er Willow, high o'er River,
Soars a Lark in airy rings,
While his voice trails to the quiver
Of his sun-illumined wings.
And the ether-vault is riven
With his glad song, as he flies—
"Seek, like me, thy joys in heaven,
And thy hopes within the skies."

The Family Circle.

"I have cast myself away."

A YOUNG lady whose mind was seriously impressed on the subject of religion, had received an invitation to a wedding party, at which, according to the prevalent custom of the place, there was to be full and free enjoyment of the fashionable amusements of the day, including dancing.

Her cousin, who had recently professed faith in Christ, and who was also her bosom-companion, endeavored to dissuade her from accepting the invitation. "O," said she, "that party may cost you your soul; God is now striving with you, and if you grieve his Spirit you may perish for ever."

She replied, "I am going to that party from a sense of duty, they will think so strange of me, if I do not go, but no one can induce me to engage in dancing."

Said her cousin, "It matters little what man may think of you; but what will your Saviour think of you, if you go? Indeed, indeed, I tremble for you."

"I don't see things in the same light with you," she replied; "I must go to the wedding. On next Sabbath I will see you at church, and will then tell you all about myself. I have not lost my serious impressions; nor relinquished the hope of being a Christian. Do not then, dear cousin, 'give me up,' but pray for me."

"When you give yourself up to pleasure and to sin, God may give you up," answered her cousin, "and then vain will be all human sympathy."

To the wedding she went, although the weather was excessively cold, and the place was six miles distant from her home. The whole night was spent in a whirl of excitement, and from midnight until 3 o'clock in the morning she was the "gayest among the gay" in the merry dance. She retired to her room, but not to sleep; and when the gay party met again at the break-fast table she was not among them. The exposure of her frail person, in light costume, on that cold night, together with the unusual physical and mental excitement of those few hours, had proved too much for her; and there she is upon her bed with burning brow, inflamed eyes, and parched lips, and by night fall she is in a delirium.

Her mother and her pious cousin soon arrive, but she does not know them; and yet she often calls her cousin's name. On Sabbath for about an hour her reason returned; and looking her cousin intently in the face, she said in the most plaintive tone and affecting manner, "You did not cast me off—I am cast off. I cast myself away, and God has let me go." These were the last rational words she ever spoke, and in less than an hour her soul went to meet the retributions of eternity. Oh, that men were wise, that they could understand that God has said, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Beware, all ye with whom God's spirit is now striving; cherish his gracious impressions of truth upon your mind by immediate repentance, and returning to your long abused and neglected Saviour, say,

"Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay. I have done thee wrong, but I am a sinner, and thou art a Father. Stay, and let me be thy child."

A WORD OF ADVICE.—With a wife her husband's faults should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself, when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be that tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his life. If this be not the case, she pollutes her marriage vow.

A Good Prayer Meeting.

I WILL tell you how to have one. 1. Do your part towards making it good. 2. Persuade others to do their parts for it.

"Very well," you say, "but what is my part?"
Your part is, to pray God to meet with you there, and guide and help those that should take part in the meeting; and also, if circumstances permit, to lead in prayer, speak some christian truth, or present a hymn to be sung.—The great reason why so many fail to be refreshed by such meetings, is that they do not try to do good in them.—They go to get, and not to give. But it is more blessed to give, than to receive; and such persons fail of this blessing.

O, if people would use their common sense in religion! How would one enjoy the society of his neighbors, if his whole aim was, to get something from them? If he was always ready to receive, but would never try to give any benefit? Would his heart glow with the pleasures of sympathy and social joy? Would his soul be awake to the joys of social life? No; but let him be as eager to give as to get; to communicate good as to receive it; and then he can be happy. Then society will be sweet and useful to him.

Just so in the prayer meeting. If one comes to it only to get good, to sit still and receive only, probably he will not be very deeply interested, nor much benefited. But if he will come to give, to do what he properly can to make the meeting interesting and useful to others, probably he will find himself benefited. In little neighborhood meetings, it is good to have many take some active part; praying, speaking, singing, or presenting something to be read or sung. Females may do the latter in such meetings without offending anybody's sense of propriety. A child may help to make a meeting good in this way.

Reader, I hope you attend a weekly prayer meeting. If not, hasten to find, or make one, and act on the hint I have given. Go, every week, with something to give. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. And you, so doing, will doubtless feel often that he loves you.—N. Y. Evans.

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.—A mother related the following seemingly trifling incident, which forcibly illustrates the importance and power of parental example:

As I was about to enter my nursery, to look after my little ones, I observed the youngest, a boy three years of age, over a book which he had taken from a shelf, resembling a family Bible used before morning and evening prayer.

Struck with the unusual solemnity of his manner, I watched, unobserved, his movements:

With great precision, apparent devotion, he went through the exercise of reading, and singing, and then kneeling for prayer, in imitation of his father's daily example. And never was manner, voice, or gesture, more perfectly copied. Trifling as this circumstance, so deep and solemn was the impression made upon my mind, that to this time, I find myself mentally exclaiming, "What manner of persons ought parents to be, in all holy conversation and godliness!" Never till this occurrence, had my mind dwelt upon the momentous fact, though so oft repeated, that the future characters and eternal destinies of children are usually, at a very early period, stamped by parental example; and I now felt what amazing influence must be exerted upon our children by the manner of performing family prayer.

If this be true, what filial confidence, what honest obedience to the commands of God, should mark the conduct of parents in all family transaction, that there may be a holy consistency between the conduct and conversation, and their morning and evening devotions. A parent who feels and acknowledges his dependence for daily bread, and own need of divine teaching, and divine forgiveness, may hope to see his children, one after another, become "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord." Some of our children may need much pruning, much correction; yet God will never annul his covenant promise to faithful, praying parents.—"I will be a God to thee, and thy sons after thee."—Mother's Magazine.

CAN'T AFFORD IT.—"Come in, Joe, and let's take a drink."
"Thank ye, Thomas, can't afford it."
"Well, but I'll pay for it."
"O, I am not speaking of the money."
"What then?"
"Loss of health and energy, moral principle, character, peace of mind, self-respect, and a sweet breath."

A TRUTH FOR PARENTS.—REV. DR. DUFF.

REMARKS: "I am prepared from experience to say that in nine cases out of ten, the hoards of accumulated money given to children, by whom they were never earned, and who acquired no habits of industry, or thrift, or labor, prove, in point of fact, rather a curse than a blessing. I am prepared to substantiate that as a matter of fact not merely from my own knowledge of the subject, but from the statements of men who have been of watchful and observant habits, cultivated not only in Great Britain but in America. Yet it is a melancholy fact, that so little do parents know of the mass of misery they are accumulating for their children, in heaping up these hoards for them, so little do they think how big with misery these hoards are." The remark is worthy of the best consideration of parents; and the truth it inculcates should constrain them to use their wealth in doing good, and not hoard it up to injure their children.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND THE BAPTISTS.—In a letter from Berlin, bearing date the 20th of February, and addressed to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Augsburg, it is affirmed that the King has just directed a member of the Superior Consistory (the first ecclesiastical authority of the kingdom) to make a report to him respecting those Baptists who have suffered at the hands of the magistracy—on their position with respect to the National Church, and on the means of freeing them from the prescriptions which weigh upon them.—Presbyterian.

AFRAID OF LEARNING TO SWEAR.—A little boy, on returning from school one day, was observed to be quite thoughtful and sad. His mother inquired the cause; when he burst into tears, and said:

"I wish you would not send me to that school any longer; the boys all swear so, that I am afraid I shall learn to swear too."

"But," said she, putting her arm around him, "you must not follow a bad example; you would not swear, would you, because they do?"

"I never did out loud, but sometimes feel as if I should in here, (putting his hand on his breast,) for they call me coward, and swear at me, because I won't fight."

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The sea is the largest cemetery, and its slumberers sleep without a monument.—All grave yards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king, the clown, the prince and the peasant are alike undistinguished.—The waves roll over all—the same requiem sung by the minstrels of the ocean to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unadorned, will sleep until awakened by the same trump, when the king will give up its dead.

GENTLEMAN.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman who ventured to give him a little wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance and said: "Sir, you are no gentleman. Here is my card, consider yourself challenged! Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction."

To which the other replied: "Sir, you are a fool. Here is my card consider your nose pulled. And should I not be at home when you call upon me, you will find I have left orders with my servant to show you into the street for your impertinence."

Beware of a woman who worships dress. In nine cases out of ten such a woman is without a single redeeming qualification. Iressy people are generally those who lack brains and education, and cheat themselves into the belief that the world, in admiring their gewgaws, forgets that their hearts are untainted by a single womanly emotion. A man who is attracted by mere dress is undeserving of the name, and is a dear bargain even to the fool who entraps him.

TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to somebody: put on your hat, and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—Howard.

The best thing to your enemy, is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

Religious Publications.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

HAVING made arrangements, will issue an edition of the *Principles of Christianity*, to be ready for the trade by the 25th of April.

THE PROGRESS OF BAPTIST PRINCIPLES IN THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS.

By T. F. CURTIS, Professor of Theology in the University of Louisville, Penn., author of *Compendium*, etc. 12mo. cloth—\$1.25. A liberal amount will be made to any order, by mail, or by express, on receipt of retail price. This work is divided into three books. The first sketches the progress of Baptism, from its origin to the present time. The second, the progress of the doctrine of justification by faith alone. The third, the progress of the doctrine of the atonement. The second presents a view of the progress of principles held by Evangelical Christians, but more especially by Baptists.

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R. R. R. LIFE AND DEATH.

Mysteries of Disease laid open to the People.

Health is the Principle of Life. Disease is the Principle of Death. The human system is a complex machine, and the human body is a complex system. The human body is a complex system, and the human body is a complex system.

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Business Cards.

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AYER'S PILLS.

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