

# SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON AND  
H. E. TALIAFERRO, } EDITORS.

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**SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.**  
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BY  
**S. HENDERSON,  
H. E. TALIAFERRO,** } EDITORS.

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## Communications.

For the South Western Baptist.  
**An Appeal for the Indians,**  
BY H. F. BUCKNER.

"COME OVER AND HELP US."

**Our relationship to the human family.**

Having common wants, a common origin and a common destiny, requires that we should have a brotherly sympathy, and that we should impart to others of our good things. If, when we see our brethren starving, we should give them bread; or if we see them lost in the wilderness, we should lead them in the right way;—of how much greater importance is it that we should impart to the heathen a knowledge of the way of life, and of the bread from Heaven?—Thus taught the Savior: "Freely ye have received; freely give." That the natural wants of all men are the same, I presume none will deny. The only difference that is found to exist, arises merely from a change of circumstances; or is caused by the influence of habit or education. If we were placed in Greenland, we would want warmer clothing and more animal food; but if the inhabitants of that country were removed here, they would want less of either. We have before proven that, as God has made provision for the natural wants of all men, in like manner he has made provision for their spiritual wants; and it would be hardly necessary in this place to show, that as the natural wants of all men (*cetera paribus*) are the same, in like manner are their spiritual wants. Where is there a people unconscious of sin; of the existence of a Supreme Being; of a future state; and of the necessity of some sort of sacrifice or atonement? And yet, if such a people could be found, it would not disprove any of these things. But the universality of the belief in these articles of the world's universal creed, goes greatly to confirm their truth, and to show that man's spiritual nature is the same everywhere; and that his spiritual wants are the same in all ages and countries. It is faith in one or all of these articles, that prompts every act of devotion, however different from each other, in all ages and climes. I need not tell the Christian that not one of the religions of earth is adapted to the spiritual wants of men, save the Christian religion; or that there is any other religion in the belief of which all nations may agree. Again; all nations that have not the Bible, are alike ignorant of what will suit their moral nature, and satisfy their spiritual wants. For, while they believe in the being of God, the depravity of their moral nature, the necessity of a sacrifice, or atonement, and the immortality of the soul; at the same time, they are all alike ignorant of God's attributes, of the atonement for sin which He requires, and of the kind of obedience which He requires, and of the nature of that future state to which they all believe that they are fast hastening. They look abroad upon the Universe, and they know not how it came into being; they are conscious of their own existence, but they know not their origin; they realize that they are sinners; but they know of no fountain for uncleanness; they believe that God requires obedience, but they are ignorant of his commands. Finally, they are conscious of an immortal principle within, and believe that

H. F. BUCKNER.  
MCCO, CREEK NATION,  
April 5th, 1856.

\*I speak only of the Indians whom I have seen.  
(To be continued in our next.)

For the South Western Baptist.  
**"Old Landmark."**

MESSRS. EDITORS: Brother RENFRO very rightly presumes that I take the position that Pedo-Baptist Churches are Gospel churches. He occupies nearly a column of your paper in trying to convince me of my error, and to establish the contrary position that Pedo-Baptist Churches are not Gospel churches. But does he sustain his proposition by one valid argument? Let the honest critic answer.

Let us see how he goes to prove that these churches are not Gospel Churches. "Great men in Baptist churches always taught and believed the doctrine." Does the fact that some great men have taught the doctrine, establish the truth of it beyond a doubt? Have not great men repudiated the doctrine, and pronounced it unscriptural and uncharitable? Are there not hundreds of great men now in our denomination who will give no countenance to this offspring of sectarian bigotry? "Our denominational books" teach it also. Our denominational books teach the contrary too, and I defy Bro. R. to mention five books of

yet no light shines upon their pathway to the tomb; and all beyond the grave is dark and dreary!

Christians, this is a dark picture of all heathendom; but not so dark as the original. I will not waste words in answering objections to the identity of the human race; for, if any sane man doubts it, "there is more hope of a fool than of him." How idle! to talk of "Anglo-Saxon blood," when Anglo-Saxon Bibles have made us what we are. Had it not been for these, we would have been of the most "common stock" in the world. God "hath made of one blood all nations of men"; and those who have the same likeness of "Our Father," it is evident that they reverence His name more than we do; for they never take it in vain, but always speak of the Great Spirit with veneration and filial fear. It is true that they have wandered far from their Father's house, but they have not so far mistaken His character as to venerate an image, or worship an idol.\* They have "wasted their substance with riotous living, and are in want; but no man gives unto them." They are the younger sons, and as "Our Father" has given us an education, and as we have become heirs to the Bible, we should educate them, and give to them the Bible. Our Father says to us,—"Freely ye have received, freely give." Their destiny is the same with ours. "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." But our brothers are lost; having wandered far away in the wilderness of sin, they have forgotten from whence they came, and know not whither they are bound. Every "trail" they take leads them but the farther from home. Darkness comes apace, and they can only look down to their feet. The grave is just before them, for "there is but a step between them and death;" yet no light shines across the dark valley! Anon, a child, a friend, a companion, falls into the gaping tomb, and the surviving mourners sorrowfully bemoan the loss, like those who "are without God, and without hope in the world" Christians, some of them have heard that their "white brothers" know the way to Heaven, and to God,—that you have a book containing maps of their wilderness, with every "trail" and highway distinctly marked,—that "Our Father" has even furnished you with a "Lamp for your feet," and that by a certain telescope in your possession, you can discern the outlines of the "good hunting ground" across a certain great river. I say they have heard this, and they wonder that you do not come, or send some one, to show them the way. You have done something towards this; and many of them will call you blessed, in a future day; for I have heard them sing and shout for joy, as they crossed that river. But thousands of them are lost; and out of the thick darkness which overshadows them, I hear from a thousand tongues the wail,—"*Come over and help us.*"

Brother R. wants to know "if I intend to deny that it is necessary for a minister to be recognised as such by a Gospel Church." It is right and proper that his call should be recognized by the Church. But if he really has been called of God to preach, and the Church refuses to recognize his call, it does not prevent him from being a Gospel minister, because he is recognized as such by God himself.

Brother R. affirms "that God only imposes the work of the ministry upon members of his churches." Well, then, as no other is His church but the Baptist, no man ever has or ever will be called to preach outside of the Baptist Church. Then every Methodist and Presbyterian minister in the land is an imposter—an hypocrite. Can this be possible? Is it a fact that all of our Pedo-Baptist preachers are hypocrites?—whited sepulchres?—wolves in sheep's clothing, going about

\*With smooth dissimulation shilled in grace—  
A devil's purpose, but an angel's face!

Are those faithful Pedo-Baptist ministers who are now toiling in benighted Africa, spending their fortunes and their talents, and enduring all the horrors of persecution and affliction to spread the glad tidings of salvation over that land buried in sin and idolatry, not conscientious men? Do they fabricate when they tell us they are acting in obedience to God's call? Who would have imputed the motives, or have doubted the piety of such a man as Judson—the missionary to Burmah? He was a Presbyterian when he professed to have been called to the work of the ministry. He left his native shore a Presbyterian missionary to that heathen land. Did he have no evidence that God had imposed the work upon him, until after he became a Baptist? Will any one suppose that he was a hypocrite?—who left the quiet land of his birth where he was the object of so many affections, and went to a land of dissension, among a people to whom friendship and hospitality were unknown? Bro. R. should not be so hasty in the formation of his opinions. Let him think seriously upon the matter and see if his conclusion is not an unreasonable one, that no man is called to preach until he gets into the Baptist Church.

I wish not to be misunderstood, when I say that most of our Pedo-Baptist ministers are Gospel ministers. I believe them to be Gospel preachers, so far as they preach the Gospel. They preach a great deal that is Gospel, and very often something that is not Gospel: sprinkling for immersion; Episcopacy for the New Testament form of church government; the baptism of infants and unbelievers form no part of the Gospel. But, aside from these errors upon points not really essential, do they not preach the same Gospel that we preach? We should not denounce them and forbid them because they cannot agree with us upon matters comparatively unimportant. "And John answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, forbid him not; he that is not against us is for us."

Landmark-men forbid Pedo-Baptist preachers, because they do not follow with them. This is a tacit confession that they would rather souls should sink down to the realms of eternal midnight, than be saved through any other instrumentality but their own. They know that the "harvest is great, and the laborers are few"; that there are thousands of precious souls in heathen lands, and elsewhere, that will have been summoned to their eternal homes ere salvation can be proclaimed to them by the tongue of a Baptist; yet, rather than have it told to them by Pedo-Baptists, they would allow them all to die without a knowledge of God and the plan of redemption, and sink beyond the reach of hope and mercy, to be fastened for-

ever by infernal spirits. We should rejoice to know that souls are saved either through the agency of Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, or Episcopalians. It is better that they get to heaven through the poorest instrumentality, than not at all.

I will ask Bro. R. what good does he suppose will ever originate from the practice which he advocates? Will our denomination be strengthened by it?—Will it make one proselyte from the ranks of the other Christian sects? No, never! The barrier will then be impassable. Will it result in turning one sinner to Christ? Far from it. But it will only be the means of leading souls to embrace infidelity. It has been truly said—"When Christians quarrel, infidels are made." O! that we had more charity in our church. Our denomination will never triumph over her adversaries, so long as she betrays the existence of so many traitors to Charity.

Yours in Christ,  
J. B. HAWTHORN.

## Dangers of Prosperity.

Luxury is the great enemy, compared with which poverty and adversity are friends. It was not hard service that spoiled the army of Hannibal, but rather the voluptuousness of the country they vain would conquer. While they lived in simplicity, and were active in confronting the foe, they were invincible, but while at ease, and revelling in the profusion of foreign clime, they became irresolute and powerless. Our small Churches often report most conversions. And why? Because of great activity and exertion. Let them become large and wealthy—let something of the ever-abiding stimulus that at first urged them to action, be removed, and how often do they lose their enterprise and thrift.

A church may be *weakest* just when it imagines itself *strongest*. Are you ready to congratulate yourselves upon your easy position—to look about upon your active and commodious place of worship, your large and influential congregation, your harmonious membership, with its approved minister, and prosperous financial condition? Then I tremble for you, lest you become shorn of your strength! The forests are never so beautiful as when the leaves have lost their vitality, from being chilled by the autumnal frost. The countenance of the consumptive is often the fairest and sweetest to behold. So may a Church appear fairest outwardly just when there is least vitality and spiritual soundness within. There may be least moral power when there is most material power.

You may have a "name to live"—may have, externally, every mark of prosperity—may flatter yourselves, and be envied by others, because of being unburdened by debt, and unperplexed in carrying forward your operations—and yet you may be in fact dead, without spiritual animation, without power.—While you may be saying, like the Lacedaemonians, "We have need of nothing," God may be writing your record, as He wrote theirs, "Wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked!" Where lies the power of a Church? Not in its comfortable Sanctuary, though of costly make, with terraces, and towers, and fretted arches, and frescoed walls, and long drawn aisles, and cushioned pews. Not in its acceptable and well-paid preacher. Not in its numerous membership, and its wealthy patrons and supporters. Not in one, nor in all of these, but in the indwelling presence of the Holy Ghost—in the vigor, and purity, and simplicity of their religion.

## Picture of Sin.

Look now at sin; pluck off that painted mask, and turn upon her face the lamp of the Bible. We start; it reveals a death's head. I stay not to quote texts descriptive of sin; it is a debt, a burden, a thief, a sickness, a leprosy, a plague, a poison, a serpent, a sting—everything that man hates it is; a load of evils beneath whose most crushing, intolerable pressure "the whole creation groaneth." Name me the evil that springs not from this root—the crime that lies not at this door. Who is the hoary sexton that digs man's grave? Who is the painted temptress that steals his virtue? Who is the murderess that destroys his life? Who is the sorceress that first deceives and then damns his soul? Sin! Who, with icy breath, blights the sweet blossoms of youth?—Who breaks the hearts of parents? Who brings grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Who, by a more hideous metamorphosis than Ovid ever fancied, changes sweet children into vipers, tender mothers into monsters, and their fa-

thers into worse than Herods, the murderers of their own innocents?—Sin! Who eats the apple of discord on home hearths? Who lights the torch of war and carries it over happy lands? Who, by divisions in the Church, rends Christ's seamless robe?—Sin! Who is this Delilah that sings the Nazarene asleep, and delivers the strength of God into the hands of the uncircumcised? Who, with smiles on her face, and honeyed flattery on her tongue, stands in the door to offer the sacred rites of hospitality, and when unsuspecting sleeps, pierces our temples with a nail? What Siren is this, who, seated on a rock by the deadly pool, smiles to deceive, sings to lure, kisses to betray, and flings her arms around our neck, to leap with us into perdition?—Sin! Who petrifies the soft and gentle heart, hurls reason from her throne, and impels sinners, mad as Gadarene swine, down the precipice into the lake of fire?—Sin! Who, having brought the criminal to the gallows, persuades him to refuse a pardon, and with his own hand to bar the door against the messenger of mercy? What witch of hell is it that thus bewitches us?—Sin! Who nailed the Son of God to that bloody tree? and who, as if it were not a dove descending with the olive, but a vulture swooping down to devour the dying, vexes, grieves, thwarts, repels, drives off the Spirit of God? Who is it that makes man in his heart and habits baser than a beast; and him who was once but a little lower than an angel, but little better than a devil?—Sin! Thou art a hateful and horrible thing; that "abominable thing which God hates." And what wonder? Thou hast insulted his Holy Majesty: thou hast bereaved him of beloved children; thou hast crucified the Son of his infinite love; thou hast vexed his gracious Spirit; thou hast defied his power; thou hast despised his grace; and, in the body and blood of Jesus, as if that were a common thing, thou hast trodden under foot his matchless mercy. Surely, brethren, the wonder is, that Sin is not that abominable thing which we also hate.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

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## Preach Christ Crucified.

The following extract is the close of a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Hamilton, a Congregational minister of Leeds, England, before the students of Chestnut College:

Preach Christ crucified! Turn not aside from this, under the temptation of meeting some question of the day, or some bearing of the public mind.—There is much mystic verbiage which some esteem to be transcendental depth. There is much pantheism, which some regard as original and sublime. Your versatility will often be urged to follow after these conceits. You will be told of their amazing influence. They really are nothing. They are the bubbles of the hour. They cannot boast even a novelty. I conjure you, care little for them. Yours is not a discretionary theme.—It is unchanging. Keep to it. Abide by it. It is one, but it is an infinite one. It is the word of Christ, divinely true! Its rigidity can never hamper your thought. Its reiteration can never weary your inquiry. At no point can it restrict you. It is a large place. It is a boundless range. It is a mine of wealth. It is a firmament of power.—Whither would you go from it? It is the unwinding of all the great principles. It is the expansion of all glorious thoughts. It is the capacity of all blessed emotions.

O Calvary, we turn to thee! Our nature, a wreck, a chaos, only canst thou adjust! We have pantings and longings which only thou canst satisfy! Be thou the strength and the charm of our inward life! Be thou the earnestness of our deepest interest! Be thou inspiration, impulsion, divinity, and all! Our tears never relieved us until thou taughtest us to weep! Our smiles only mocked us, until thou badeest us rejoice! We knew no way of peace, until we found our way to thee! Hope was banished from us, until its dove flew downwards from heaven upon our heart! All was dormant, until thou didst stir; all was dull, until thou didst excite us! Our eyes are still lifted to thee, as to the hill from which cometh all our help!—Our feet shall stand upon thee, O high mountain, and thou shalt make them beautiful, while we publish the glad tidings of "Christ crucified."

Make the best use of what you have, and then you may look to the Lord with confidence for more.

In the path of duty, God promises his special protection; he will keep us safe, and bless us.—*Christian's Pocket Book.*

## How to Spoil other People's Tempers.

The London Christian Observer gives the following capital rules for this purpose, which we cordially recommend:

1. If you are staying in a family, and especially if the master is rigidly punctual, take care to be always a little too late.
2. Especially extend this practice to family prayers, so as to keep all the family standing in the library, and the servants in the hall.
3. If you know a man has a sort of hobby in opinion or practice, make a point of laughing at it.
4. Always look for a flaw in whatever he says, and be sure to bring it into notice.
5. Be liberal of contradiction.
6. If you have disputed with a person a hundred times without coming to a conclusion, bring up the subject again and again; always asserting precisely what you said before, as though it had never been answered.
7. Stop a man in the midst of a story which he is telling with immense enthusiasm, by referring to some slight inaccuracy which is not of the very smallest consequence.
8. Take care always to condemn his friend or party, and to exalt his opponents.
9. Pick little holes in every thing that he says, or has, or does—in his house, his horse, his arguments, his sermons; in the church he has restored, or the garden he has laid out.
10. Carefully avoid everything like sympathy with him. Be as perverse as "the children in the market-place."—Always laugh when he cries, and cry when he laughs. If he is deeply moved by some passage in prose or poetry, go to sleep, or pretend to do so.
11. Say cutting things in the smoothest language.
12. If he is a little deaf, take care never to use the smallest effort to make him hear.
13. If he is fond of music, talk as loud as you can when his wife or daughters are singing.

## Clerical Bigotry.

Nor long since a soi distant, divinely authorized episcopas, gave in my estimation, the most singular exposition of scripture I ever heard. Here it is:

His text, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

The exposition. 1st. He made the woman represent the Methodist Episcopal Church, arrayed in resplendent robes of righteousness, and superior holiness of heart and life.

2nd. The moon emblematical of the earth, and subsequent attainment of ecclesiastical supremacy, and a world wide dominion.

3rd. Crown of twelve stars represented twelve Methodist Bishops in anticipation, when she arrives at her meridian splendor with six bishops north, and six south. This bigoted prelate could see nothing but his own aggrandisement, and hesitated not to unchurch all churches by this exposition, and to rob the church of Christ of her glorious crown in order to place upon his own mock bishops. If this is not superstition what is it?

At this disposition of the bishops, a gentleman in the audience exhibited symptoms of emesis which such a nauseous dose influenced by a heavy grunt, which broke the enchantment, and changed the glorious vision-wrapt expression of countenance to indignation, and the preacher seemed to regret that he had not at command a star chamber officer by which he could immediately avenge himself of such insolent infraction of his pontifical rights.

This sermon was preached several times in the same country. The name we need not give though it could be given.

April 1, 1856.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.—I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them while on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and consequently never love them after this life is ended, I should number them with temporal things, and love them as such; but I now converse with my pious friends in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those that are dead or absent, believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love.—*Baxter.*

EXCESSIVE EATING.—In a letter to Lord Murray, found in the life of Sidney Smith, lately published, the letter says:

"You are, I hear, attending more to diet, than heretofore. If you wish anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one half what you could eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculation about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I could live upon, I found that between ten and seventy years of age I had eaten and drunken forty-four one-horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health! The value of this mass of nourishment is considered to be worth £7,000 sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death more than one hundred. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true, and I think dear Murray, your wagons would require an additional horse each."

A PERSONAL LIVING SAVIOUR.—Nothing has more attractive and heart-weaning power, than habitual contemplation of the Lord's living person. Our Redeemer is no mere abstraction, no ideal, that has its being only in our own shifting thoughts. He is the most independently personal of all persons, and the most absolutely living of all who live.—He is "the First and the Last, and the living one." He is so near us, as the Son of God, that we can feel his warm breath on our souls; and as the Son of man, he has a heart like these hearts of ours, a human heart—meek and lowly, tender, kind, and sympathizing. In the word—the almost *rien* utterance of himself—his arm of power is stretched forth beside you, that you may lean on it with all your weight; and in the word also his love is revealed, that on the bosom of it you may lay your aching head, and forget your sorrow in the abundance of his consolations.—*Herndon.*

LOSS OF LIFE IN THE LATE WAR.—Since the commencement of the Russian war, England has lost 19,584 gallant men by death in action, wounds and diseases; and 2,873 have been, besides discharged from the service on account of the two latter causes. Total 22,457. Of these 1,993 fell bravely in action, about 1,621 sunk under their wounds; 4,279 died of cholera, 11,451 of other diseases. The losses of the French, so far as they have been ascertained, amount to 60,000.—Count Orloff has admitted in Paris that the Russian loss has not been less than 500,000. The loss sustained by the Sardinians has not been and the loss sustained by the Turks never will be ascertained.

BELIEVETH.—Mr. James Ruthven, of New-York, not long before his death recited slowly, emphatically, and with great weakness of voice, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." What a contrast! said he, "there is none in the universe like it. What vast consequences hinge on the question I BELIEVETH—I would like to see that word printed in capitals. How simple and easy it is; and yet how many refuse to believe, and perish. Unbelief is the only sin which the gospel does not meet. For this, it has no cure. 'Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.'"

HOW TO TREAT A CHALLENGE.—The late eccentric mathematician, Prof. Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said to have thrown his adversary completely *hors de combat* by the following characteristic reply to his question. "But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your very face, 'You lie?'" "What could I do? Why I wouldn't knock him down but I'd tell him to *pruv* it, 'Pruv it, pruv it,' I'd say. If he couldn't 'he'd been the liar, and there I shud have him; but if he did *pruv* that I'd lied, I must 'e'n pocket the affront, and there, I expect the matter wud end."

## Select Sentences.

Salvation was first a purpose, then a promise, then a work, then a gift, and at last a glorious possession.

We are more likely to lose our comforts from want of love and gratitude, than we are from want of gifts or wisdom.

If Christ had our whole hearts, if we were entirely his, we should be more peaceful, happy, and holy.

Three things should be thought of by the Christian every morning: his daily cross, daily duty, and daily privilege; how he shall bear the one, perform the other, and enjoy the third.

"Thou art not of life to live,  
Nor art of death to die."











## Poetry.

## The Crown of Thorns.

The crown of piercing thorns,  
Lord Jesus, where is mine?  
I wear it, bitter cold or warm—  
Yet who could number thine?  
Thou scourged thee with a whip;  
I feel no aching sting;  
Alas! how faint my fellowship  
With thy sad suffering!  
For me they pierced thy side—  
I bear no wounds for thee!  
Thy heavy cross, O Crucified,  
Is lightly laid on me!  
Thou day by day dost bear  
My burdens with thine own;  
Nay, thou dost carry all the care—  
And leave me peace alone!  
But while I own thy name,  
Shall I thy cross never take?  
Is there for me no thorn, no shame,  
To suffer for thy sake?  
Thou wert a captive—bound;  
I was set free that hour!  
When thou didst conquer—I was crown'd,  
Thy scepter is my power!  
Ever I, my weakness feel,  
Thou givest me thy strength!  
Is this the love thou wouldst reveal?  
O height, O depth, O length!

## The Family Circle.

I got a going and couldn't stop.  
A little boy named Frank, was standing  
in the yard, when his father called him:

"Frank?"  
"Sir?" said Frank, and started full  
speed and ran into the street.

His father called him back, and asked  
him if he did not hear his first call.  
"Yes, sir," said Frank.

Well, then," said his father, "what  
made you run into the street?"

"O," said Frank, "I got a going and  
couldn't stop."

This is the way that a great many boys  
get into difficulty; they get a going and  
can't stop. The boy that tells lies, can  
can first to stretch the truth a little—  
to tell a larger story, or relate an anecdote  
with a very little variation, till he  
has got a going and couldn't stop till he  
comes out a full grown liar.

The boy that was brought before the  
police, and sent to the house of correction  
for stealing, began by taking little  
things from his mother—by stealing  
sweetmeats and other nice things that  
were put away. Next he began to  
take things from his companions at  
school. He got a going and could not  
stop till he got into jail.

Those two boys that you see fighting  
out on the green, began by bantering  
each other in fun. At length they began  
to get angry and dispute, and call  
each other names, till they got a going  
and couldn't stop. They will separate  
with black eyes and bloody noses.

There is a young man sitting with  
his companions at the gaming table.—  
He has flushed cheeks, an anxious look,  
a de paing countenance. He has lost his  
last dollar. He began by playing  
marbles in the street, but got a going  
and couldn't stop.

See that young man, with a dark  
lantern, stealing from his master's  
drawer. He is a merchant's clerk.—  
He came from the country a promising  
boy. But the rest of the clerks went  
to the theatre, and he thought he must  
go, too. He began, thinking he would  
only go once, just to say that he had  
been to the theatre. But he got a going  
and couldn't stop. He used up his  
wages, and wants more money. He  
cannot resist the temptation, when he  
knows there is money in the drawer.—  
He has got a going—he will stop in the  
State prison.

Hark! do you hear that horrid oath?  
It comes from the foul mouth of a little  
boy in the street. He began by saying  
by-words, but he has got a going and  
can't stop.

Fifty young men were some years  
ago in the habit of meeting together in  
a room at a public house, to enjoy them-  
selves in social hilarity, where the wine  
cup passed freely around. One of them,  
as he was going there one evening, began  
to think there might be danger in the  
way. He stopped and considered a  
moment, and then said to himself,  
"Right about face!" He turned on his  
heel and went back to his room, and was  
never seen at the public house again.  
He has become rich, and the first block  
of buildings which he erected  
was built directly in front of the  
place where he stood when he made  
that exclamation. Six of the young  
men followed his example. The remain-  
ing forty-three got a going and  
couldn't stop till they landed in the  
ditch, and most of them in a drunkard's  
grave.

Beware, then, boys, how you get a-  
going. Be sure before you start that  
you are in the right way, for when you  
are sliding down hill it is hard to stop.

ORIGIN OF SHAVING IN ENGLAND.—  
The smooth chin, short hair, and shaved  
lip of the English, were adopted to dis-  
tinguish those obedient to the Norman  
rule, in contradistinction to those Saxons  
who manifested, by persevering in the  
use of the long hair and beard of their  
ancestors, a fixed determination  
to free themselves whenever possible.

## Adam and the Angel of Paradise.

As Able lay in his blood, and Adam  
stood by weeping, the Angel of Para-  
dise approached the Father of our race,  
and with a thoughtful expression of face  
placed himself near by. He stood si-  
lent. Adam raised his countenance and  
spoke:

"Is that a type of the race that shall  
spring from me? Will the earth ever  
again be stained with fraternal blood  
shed by the hands of brethren?"

The Angel answered, "Thou sayest  
it."

"Alas! and by what name will men  
call the terrible deed?"

With tears in his eyes, the Celestial  
returned, "War."

A shudder passed over the Father of  
the human race, and sighing he contin-  
ued, "Alas! why must then the noble  
and the just perish by the hands of the  
unjust?"

The Angel stood silent.

Adam prolonged his complaint, and  
said, "What remains for me yet in my  
wretchedness, in this blood-stained  
earth?"

The Angel answered and said, "The  
look toward heaven!" Upon this the  
Angel vanished.

Adam stood till the going down  
of the king of day. And as the stars came  
out, then stretched he forth his arms  
toward Orion and the Wagon, and  
cried, "O! thou radiant watcher at the  
gates of heaven, why walkest thou in  
such silence? Can a mortal perceive  
the sound of thy language? O that a  
voice might come from that far coun-  
try beyond, even from Abel the be-  
loved!"

There was yet a stillness around, and  
Adam threw himself on his face and  
adored. And in his heart he heard a  
still, small voice, "Behold! thy son  
Abel lives!"

Adam walked forth in confidence,  
yet his soul was hushed and sorrowful.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN TO A YOUNG  
MINISTER.—Many a preacher, on whose  
lips admiring crowds have hung, has  
had to look back with grateful recollec-  
tion, on some kind word fitly spoken  
to him at the commencement of his  
course, as having had not a little to  
do with the splendor of its subsequent  
stages. One such piece of counsel Mr.  
Wardlaw received from his uncle, Mr.  
Ewing Maclean, which proved to him  
a cherished lesson for life. "Ralph," said  
his uncle, after hearing him preach one  
of his first sermons in public, "did you  
notice that poor woman in the duffle  
cloak that sat under the pulpit when  
you were preaching to-day?" "Yes sir,"  
said the young man, "remember that people  
like her have souls as well as their bet-  
ters, and that a minister's business is  
to feed the poor and illiterate as well  
as the rich and educated. Your ser-  
mon to-day was a very ingenious and  
well composed discourse, and in that  
respect did you great credit; but there  
wasn't a word in it for the poor old  
woman in the duffle cloak." This was  
a word in season. The young preacher,  
from his literary and scientific studies,  
and with the example of learned profes-  
sors and profound divines before his  
mind as the models of excellence, had  
fallen naturally into the error of sup-  
posing that the sort of thing which  
would have commanded plaudits in the  
class room, was equally suited to meet  
the demands of the pulpit. It was kind  
to undeceive him on this point; his un-  
cle's pictures did so; and from that  
time forward he erred in this way no  
more.—*Life of Dr. Wardlaw.*

"Pa Does It."  
"You Tommie my son, what's that  
you are saying?"  
"La! ma, I just said confound it!"  
"Why, my son, mother's astonished  
to hear you talk so, That's naughty."  
"I say worse than that sometimes."  
I just cusses right out—like any body.  
You know all men cusses!"  
"Ah my son, gentleness do not curse!  
Low trifling men curse, but gentle-  
men of good manner and sense don't."  
"Well anyhow my, pa does it!"  
"Run along to play Tommie, and be  
a little man. Don't say such naughty  
things!"  
Enter Father.—"Pa are you a gen-  
tleman?"  
Yes my son; I try to be one; but what  
makes you ask such strange questions,  
Tommie? Who says otherwise?"  
"Nobody, sir, but I was thinking that  
somebody told me a story—you or  
Ma one."  
"Thomas what do you mean?"  
"I jest means, Pa, that you cusses,  
and Ma says gentlemen don't. And I  
know you do; cause I heard you cuss  
the carriage driver t'other day, and I  
been saying it ever since."

Consider how much more you often  
suffer from your anger and grief, than  
from those very things which you are  
angry and grieved.

THE PROGRESS OF SIN.—Men first  
wound their conscience, and then they  
scar them by repeated acts of sin; as  
you know that ice, which is, at first, so  
tremulous and feeble that it will not  
bear a pebble, yet, by a few days freez-  
ing, will bear a cart. So it is with the  
sinner.—*Bates.*

## The Silent Rebuke.

The wing incident occurred with-  
in my personal experience. I give it  
publicly, in the hope that it may  
meet the eye of some of my fellow  
teachers in the fold of Christ's lambs,  
who have not hitherto so sincerely at-  
tended to the subject as the urgency of  
the case requires. I had been for two  
years the teacher of the Bible class in a  
well conducted Sunday School. It was  
my delight to meet my pupils. I was  
happy in having won their confidence  
and affection, and it was my sincere  
desire to lead them to Christ. I had  
avoided all extremes in dress, neither  
being singularly plain, nor at any time  
fine. One day went to my class in a  
new bonnet, and, for the first time, the  
flowers in my cap. I did not feel so  
comfortable as usual, but my own school  
didn't seem to notice the change.—

When the duties of the day were over,  
and the pupils were ready to go to  
church, a girl in one of the lower class-  
es left the room: This girl was exceed-  
ingly ignorant, and rather deficient in  
intellect. After an absence of a few  
minutes, she returned, took her seat,  
and by smiling and staring round the  
room, gained universal attention. The  
object of her exit was soon known for  
she was now decorated, with three  
fully blown roses on each side of her  
face!

My confusion must be felt, to be con-  
ceived, the public exposure adding  
greatly to the severity of the rebuke.  
I then came to the conclusion (which  
I have never since had occasion to re-  
gret) that simplicity of dress is more  
becoming to a woman professing god-  
liness," than "gold or pearls, or costly  
array."—*Church of England Sunday  
School Quarterly.*

THE END OF FAME.—A colored gen-  
tleman, of such gigantic proportions,  
that he was commonly called Goliath,  
died from the effects of too great indig-  
ence in ardent spirits. Upon which  
Jones, after the manner of Plutarch,  
drew the following comparison between  
him and Goliath of old.

"Both were great men. Goliath of  
old might have been tallest, but our  
modern Goliath was always high  
enough."

"The one was a gentleman of color;  
the other was a gentleman of color."

"Both were killed by means of slings.  
Old Goliath by David's sling, young  
Goliath by a gin sling. The former  
gin was used to throw stones at Go-  
liath; the latter frequently threw Go-  
liath himself on the stones."

A HINT TO PARENTS.—Why is it that  
some children shun their parents in  
their little troubles, while others run  
by instinct to their mother's bosom,  
and show out all their little hearts there.  
Are not the woes of children as great to  
them, as the calamities of an emperor?  
as the vexations of a business man?  
Can we expect our Heavenly Father to  
sympathize with us in trouble, if we do  
not sympathize with our little ones.—

"With what measure ye mete it shall be  
measured to you again."

WAKING UP SINNERS.—We have heard  
of an old minister in Kentucky, who  
purchased a whistle, and when his hear-  
ers went to sleep, as usual he emitted  
from it a very shrill sound. All were  
awake, and stood up to hear him launch  
forth thus:

"Well, you are a set of smart spec-  
imens of humanity, ain't ye?" as he  
slowly gazed at his wondering people.

"When I preach the gospel, you go to  
sleep; when I play the fool you are  
awake, and look like a rush of horns  
with a pole in their nest."—*N. Y. Chron-  
icle.*

There are more lies told in the brief  
sentence, "I am glad to see you," than  
in any other single sentence in the En-  
glish language.

A FEW GEMS.  
DEFECTIVE RELIGION.—A religion  
that never suffices to govern a man,  
will never suffice to save him; that which  
does not sufficiently distinguish him  
from a wicked world, will never distin-  
guish him from a perishing world.—  
*Howe.*

THE PROGRESS OF SIN.—Men first  
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scar them by repeated acts of sin; as  
you know that ice, which is, at first, so  
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## Religious Publications.

## SOUTHERN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

HAVING made arrangements, will issue an edition  
of this valuable work, to be ready for the trade by  
the 1st of April.

## THE PROGRESS OF PRINCIPLES.

IN THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS. By T. F. Curtis, Pro-  
fessor of Theology in the University of Louisville, Penn.  
This work is divided into three books. The first exhibits  
the progress of Baptist principles, now conceded in theory  
but not in fact, of other denominations. The second  
presents a view of the progress of principles  
still controverted.

The third sets forth the progress of principles always  
held by Evangelical Christians, but more consistently by  
Baptists.

This work that invites the candid consideration of all  
denominations. In its preface, the author says: "If in a  
single line showing points of agreement and difference  
between the Baptist and other denominations, the writer  
will not be considered as drawing a wide distinction  
between parties and opinions. Hence the object of this  
work is not to exhibit or defend the Baptist, but their  
principles."

NOTES.  
The work exhibits an admirable, vigorous argu-  
mentative power, and an excellent insight into the persons  
whose views it controverts. Amongst its theological  
views it possesses a little historical interest.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It abounds with facts illustrating the progress of Baptist  
principles, and the progress of other denominations, which  
will be read with interest by many who have not thought  
much of the subject.—*Christian Index.*

It is a work that will undoubtedly excite considerable  
attention among all denominations. Whatever those of a  
different faith may think of the author's views, they will  
admit the candor and fairness with which his conclusions  
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