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For the South Western Baptist
New Testament Scenes.

BY J. M. W. COLUMBES, GEO.

NUMBER 2.

The birth of Christ foretold.—Luke 1:26—38.
Galilee was a province of the land of Canaan lying North of Judea. Within this province there was a little city called Nazareth. It lay about six miles North-west of Mount Tabor, and was situated on the Western side of a narrow oblong basin or depressed valley. This valley was about a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, and was surrounded with rocky hills. It was a place of no distinction, and was but little regarded by the people of Israel. But events were soon to transpire that would give it a world wide significance. There lived in that city a poor woman named Mary, who belonged to the tribe of Judah; and who, notwithstanding her poverty, could trace her parentage back through the long catalogue of Kings to David, and thence back to Abraham, the father of the faithful. At the time of which we write, Mary was engaged to be married to a man of the same tribe, named Joseph, who was a carpenter by trade, and a resident of the same city. This humble couple were waiting for the consummation of their nuptial engagement, when a celestial visitor made his appearance at Nazareth, and saluted Mary with these enrapturing words: "Hail, thou art highly favored, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women." She beheld him with awe and with great perplexity of mind, wondering what could be the object of his coming, and what could be the meaning of his salutation. Gabriel, the mighty Angel of God, who, six months before, had foretold the birth of John, the honored harpinger of Christ, then proceeded to acquaint her with the wonderful tidings he came to publish. He showed her that since the world began no daughter of Adam had ever been so highly favored, and no angel of God had ever come down to the earth upon so noble a mission. He saw her fear was great, and he proceeded to assure her that his errand was one of mercy and not of judgment. Hear his soul cheering words of joy:

"Fear not Mary, for thou hast found favor with God." This was enough to fill any poor sinner's heart with joy. To have a direct manifestation of God's favor is enough to captivate the soul and to fill it with indescribable pleasure. But this heavenly declaration was only a prelude to the greater and more sublime part of the message which was to follow. "And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shall call his name Jesus, (i. e., a Savior)." What could have astonished Mary more than to be informed that she was to be the mother of the long looked for Messiah! The thought had doubtless never entered her mind before, that such transcendent honor would be conferred upon her. The very thought was overwhelming, especially when the greatness and the future glory of that son, was portrayed before her mind in such vivid colors by an angel of God. Behold the character of that promised son: "He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Such a glorious promise, so full of meaning, and so extensive in its provisions, might well stagger the faith of the most confiding. Zacharias staggered at a far less promise than this. But Mary, though astonished beyond measure and trembling with fear, grasped it in all its fulness, and only inquired in what manner the promise was to be fulfilled. "She said unto the angel How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?" Though betrothed to one whom she loved, she was but a virgin still, and it was reasonable that she should inquire in what manner it was to be accomplished. The angel said unto her: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And behold thy cousin Elizabeth she has also conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her, who was called barren. For with God nothing shall be impossible."

Mary was convinced, and she readily yielded her assent to the will of God. How expressive was her answer! "How worthy of imitation was her example! Her language was, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word.'" There was no doubting entertained—no sign required—no shrinking from duty, but a full and unhesitating acquiescence in the Divine will.

The angel had delivered his message, and then took his flight back to the presence of God, leaving Mary alone to ponder over the wonderful message he had delivered, and to become the honored mother of the Redeemer of men.

For the South Western Baptist
INTRENCHED CAMP, NEAR NORFOLK.
Monday, Oct. 21st, 1861.
EDITOR BAPTIST: After an absence of seven weeks at the Hospital in Norfolk, I returned to camp on last Tuesday evening. My disease was nervous bilious fever, (I believe that is what the doctors called it,) not very severe, but slow and tedious. I regretted to be compelled to discontinue my communications to the "Baptist," although I could not flatter myself that they were looked for with much eagerness; but it was useless to complain against the dispensation of Providence. I feel that I have now nearly recovered, and hope to be able to perform all the duties of a soldier until the expiration of the twelve months for which we have enlisted. I did not go to the Government Hospital, but to the Hospital under the charge of the "Sisters of Charity," where the sick are cared for in a manner that reminds one very strongly of home. The Hospital is under the exclusive control of women, excepting the two physicians who visit there twice each day and prescribe for the patients. The medicines are compounded and administered by the "Sisters," who are well versed in the mysteries of the dispensary, and who understand the causes of ailments and the effects of the medicines as well as the majority of physicians. They are also the best of nurses, and the kind attention which a patient receives makes it almost a pleasure to be sick at their Hospital. The charges are one dollar per day, which includes medical attendance and everything else except washing. The Hospital has been crowded with sick soldiers for three or four months, those who are able preferring to pay the very moderate charge rather than endure the comparatively rough treatment which is received at all public hospitals.

The system of treatment there is different from any other I ever saw practiced elsewhere. Strong medicines are not administered until it is proven that milder drugs are of no avail; and then, except in particular cases, patients are allowed as much food as they desire all the time. The latter, particularly, appears to me to be the sensible idea, for when a patient's appetite is satiated during his confinement in bed, he does not get up with that voracious stomach, the appeasing of which so often causes a relapse. Of course judgment must be exercised as to the kind of food that is given them; but it may surprise your old foggy readers, and perhaps some others, to learn that I was allowed to eat figs and scuppernon grapes while suffering from a bilious stomach and a nervous fever. They were entirely harmless if the pulp of the grape was not eaten.

The fountain head of the organization of the "Sisters of Charity" is at Emmittsburg, in Maryland, from whence they go out to all parts of the country, having charge of Hospitals in the large sea port cities, and attending to the sick wherever their services are required. They are certainly entitled to the public gratitude for the service they have rendered in taking care of our sick soldiers at the different public Hospitals in Virginia and elsewhere. They are all Catholics, the organization having been originated by a Catholic Priest in Paris, and established in this country by a Catholic lady, soon after the revolutionary war. Their inviolable dress is black, or dark blue, with a large white bonnet that sticks out all round, except immediately behind.

I have been thus particular in giving an account of the "Sisters" and their Hospital because I feel grateful for their kindness to me, and because, though an old organization, comparatively little is known of them.

TUESDAY, 22d.—I was interrupted by my writing yesterday by the announcement that Gov. Letcher would visit our camp in a few hours for the purpose of reviewing the troops and the consequent order for the Regiment to form in line to give his Excellency a fitting reception. It was a raw, rainy day, and the men were compelled to stand in the drizzling rain for an hour awaiting the Governor's arrival. He came on horseback about eleven o'clock, attended by Col. Mahone, acting Brigadier General of the Brigade, and some other military dignitaries whom I did not know. The rain had ceased to fall for a time, and Lieut. Col. Battle, who is in command during the absence of Col. Lomax, marched the Regiment in review before the Governor, who took his position at one side of the parade ground. The ceremony being over, the distinguished visitors spent a short time at Col. Battle's tent and then departed.

The Governor is a plain, farmer-looking man, of medium size, wears spectacles, and has a bald head and a small face. As he has never shown himself to be a very strong Southern man, I

did not feel that we were called upon to trouble ourselves to be polite to him, even if he is the Governor of Virginia.

We are now preparing to go into winter quarters. For several days detachments from each company have been at work preparing the ground for the new encampment. It is about three miles from here, and two from the coast. The object in moving there is because the water does not remain upon the ground after a rain, and wood is more plentiful. We will build cabins 14 by 16 feet, with chimneys to them.

The Light Infantry is now pretty well prepared for the winter, for which we are indebted, to a great extent, to our kind friends at home. Whatever the hardships we may have to undergo, their severities will be mitigated by the reflection that there are warm hearts at home whose every pulsation is filled with the love they bear us.

The weather continues bad—drizzle, drizzle, mud, water and wind—and there is no telling when it will stop. All that we can do is to indulge in grumbling, and such other amusements as come to hand.

Yours, &c.,

E F B.

God's Tillage Ground.

Kummacher is the most spiritual of German religious writers. At times, indeed, he spiritualizes to an undue excess, but more frequently he is instructive and Scriptural, as in the following:

A husbandman named Otho called one day on his neighbor Godfrey, and said, "I have for many years observed your life and actions; but one thing has already appeared to me most excellent, and at the same time, most extraordinary. Although your lot has been very variable, and many troubles have befallen you and your family, still your countenance appears bright and peaceful, and your conversation and actions are the same on your unfortunate as your happy days. Teach me how you are able for such things."

Godfrey answered, "That I will do in a few words. My own vocation and my daily labors are my instructors. Behold, I have learned to consider myself and my life as a tillage field."

At these words, Otho looked up as if he did not understand his friend, who went on, "Behold, my brother, when troubles come I think of the plough and harrow, which turn up the earth. I then search for the waste spot in my own heart, and for the weeds which flourish therein. These must be eradicated, or every exertion will be in vain to make the fruit flourish. Sometimes I look upon my troubles as a thunder storm, which at first appears dark and threatening, but which afterwards draws down rain and clears the air; and then, I think, when this is over, the sun will shine again. It is thus that I consider myself and my life a tillage field—Dare the field to say to the plough, 'What doest thou here?'"

"But," said Otho, "you tell me of the fruits instead of the root; tell me how you arrive at these thoughts and meditations."

And Godfrey answered and said, "Can spiritual gifts come from any one but from Him, who sends rain and sunshine on our fields and causes the ground to produce food for us to eat?—Behold, we are God's tillage ground."

Times of Backsliding in the Church.

Voyagers across the Atlantic report that an iceberg may be felt "a long time" before it can be seen. It renders the air piercingly cold, while yet greatly beyond the range of vision.

Is it not so with seasons of declension in the church? Before these are seen, in desolations of the Lord's house or desecrations of the Lord's day, in open apostacies to the world or lives of flagrant disorder,—may they not be felt, in the chill atmosphere of the sanctuary, in languid songs of praise, and formal prayers, and lifeless pulpit ministrations! As the cold air warns the mariner to look out for the coming iceberg and to steer his vessel clear of collision with it—should not this frigid tone of worship admonish the lover of Zion to bestir himself; to give all diligence, lest the time of gross, disgraceful backsliding should come upon her unawares, and a disaster, and wreck her? Oh, how much of harm, and shame, and loss, might be averted from the church, by the spiritual sensibility which would feel the coming declension before it is seen, and straightway fly from it!

THE TENDENCY OF SORROW.—Nearly all sorrow has in it the same tendency. While it lasts it depresses action, crushes hope and destroys energy. But it renders the sensitiveness more acute, the sympathies more genial, and the whole character less selfish and more considerate. It is said that in nature, but for the occasional seasons of drought, the best lands would soon degenerate; but these seasons cause the land to suck up from the currents beneath, with the moisture, also those mineral manures that restore and fertilize the soil above. It is thus with sickness and sorrow—once surmounted, they fertilize the character and develop

from the deep fountains of the human heart a joy and fruitfulness not otherwise attainable.

The Work You have to Do.

God calls a few men to do some great thing for Him, and they are well and fully employed in the doing of it. But in most cases the ordinary commonplace duties of "getting a living,"—as we call it—are the works which God appoints for us to do; which he commands and expects to do well for Him. Never was there a more dreadful mistake than that which is so often committed, in supposing that there ought to be, or needs to be, a divorce between religion and common daily living. This is the blunder of the old monks. Well was it rebuked in the legend of him whom the Papists call St. Anthony.

He thought he served God best—in fact, that it was the only real way to do the work of life—by making himself a poor hermit in the desert. One day—the legend runs—as he sat by the side of his hole in the rocks, absorbed in meditation, a voice spoke to him out of the breeze that was blowing by, and said:

"Anthony! thou art not so holy a man as the poor cobbler that is in Alexandria!"

Amazed, Anthony took his staff and started on his journey, his long white beard blowing against his breast as he toiled toward the shore of the Mediterranean. After many days he came to Alexandria, and after a long search he found the cobbler's stall—a narrow place; a little dried-up, meagre man—yet with something bright in his eye, and something sweet even in the wither of his cheeks. Amazed to see so venerable a form as that of Anthony pause before his humble abode, the poor cobbler bowed, and began to tremble before him.

"Tell me," says Anthony, "how you live? How spend you your time?"

"Verily, sir," replied the little man, "I have no good works. I am a poor, humble, hard-working cobbler, with little time to think, and no ability to do any great thing. I just live from day to day as God helps me. I am up at the dawn. I pray for the city, my neighbors, my family, myself; I eat my scanty victual, and then sit me down to my hard labor all the day, and when the dusk shuts down, I eat, again, the bit I have earned, and thank God, and pray, and sleep. I keep me ever, by God's help, from all falseness, and if I make any man a promise, I try to perform it honestly. And so I live, trudging along my narrow path day by day, how dark soever it may sometimes be, never fearing that it will not bring me out at last, into the everlasting light."

Then turned away the long-bearded monk, and the voice in the breeze sighed—"Ah, me! that one life of man should be so homely full, and another so proudly empty?"

This, then—this is the work He has given us to do. This work which is here, daily waiting for our hands and thrusting itself upon them. Not that which shines so bright over there, and seems to promise greater pleasantness, as if it would only be one-half work and the other half play. That is not our work! That is an *ignis fatuus*! It is nobody's work; least of all ours! Our work is real work, hard work, dull work, dusty work, perplexing work, unsatisfying work—we may hastily name it, yet after all it is God's work for us. He needs it done. He needs us to do it. We need to do it. And just so sure as we strike down the mattock and the spade deep into the hard soil, with sturdy, steady stroke, so sure will the sweet waters of refreshment spring up even out of those very depths of dryness to minister and reward and bless.

Church Fellowship.

The Scotch poet, Allan Ramsay, in his celebrated pastoral drama, the "Gentle Shepherd," finds a beautiful illustration of marriage in two aged elms growing side by side. He supposes them to have been, "some years since," as bridegroom and bride. Each year they have pressed nearer and nearer to each other, until their spreading branches have mingled; and, as he sings, in old Scottish phrase,

"This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That in return defends it frae the west."

Had they stood apart and alone, each must have borne the violence of every wind, and bowed unsheltered before every storm.

This delightful image is as illustrative of the benefit of church fellowship, as it is of the advantage of married life. For church membership brings kindred minds into relations of mutual sympathy and protection. It tends to develop the richest sympathies of regenerated human nature; to create the purest friendships; to secure mutual benefits. The wisdom of one instructs the folly of the other; the strong faith of another becomes an encouragement to his doubting companion; the long experience of the aged is fruitful of suggestions to guide the unwary convert through the intricate labyrinths of Satan; and the sturdy vigor of the

young acts favorably on the growing feebleness of the fathers. The firmness of the resolute restrains the halting and unstable; and the courage of the bold stimulates the timid. Thus, each derives benefit from all, and all are helped by each."—*Zion's Herald*.

The Crazy Deacon.

Many years ago, a deacon in one of our New England churches became subject to a mild form of insanity. Being inoffensive, he was permitted to go at large and attend public worship, where he usually behaved with entire decorum. According to the custom of those days he occupied the "Deacon's Seat," in front of the pulpit. One Sabbath the minister preached a sermon on the subject of maintaining peace with all men. He first dwelt upon the duty, and then suggested various means of keeping the peace. The deacon was observed to be much interested from the first, but during the discussions of the second head, he turned towards the pulpit as far as the inconvenience of his seat would permit, and fixed his eye on the preacher. At length, he rose to his feet, and with his back to the congregation, gazed earnestly into the speaker's face with an excitement of manner, plainly significant of something special on his mind. Perceiving that his pastor had concluded his second head, and was about passing on to another division of the discourse, he became quite uneasy, and finally spoke out—"Permit me to suggest," said he, "that there is one other important means of keeping the peace which you have not mentioned."

"Ah, deacon," said the pastor, "and what is that?" "A substantial fine rail fence," was the emphatic reply.

I have often thought of the crazy deacon's expedient for keeping the peace, and must say, that taking mankind as they are, it is one that cannot be dispensed with. When I have seen two neighbors after trying to have all things common, falling out with each other, and quarrelling with bitter animosity. I have said to myself, "The deacon's fine rail fence would have prevented all this."

When I have seen two friends alienated in consequence of trusting everything to each other's honor in their business relations, and neglecting all written contracts and formal settlements, I have thought of the deacon's fence.

When I have seen Christians of different denominations trying to force themselves into a union of worship and labor, for which they had not the requisite preparation of heart, and fomenting new quarrels by the attempt, I have sighed to think how much more real union would have resulted from the "fine rail fence."

It were better, indeed, if no such barrier were needed. But since human nature, even when sanctified, is so imperfect, it is folly to attempt a constrained and unnatural union of parties, whose diverse sympathies and interests will only cause irritation by coming in contact. The dividing wall may, it is true, mark our infirmity; but we should gain nothing by its absence. Though an evil, it prevents far greater evils; and may be regarded as incidental to the best good of society.

Communion.

We have no more right to invite unbaptized persons to occasional communion than to become regular members without baptism. It is said "the church to which they belong is responsible for the regularity of its membership." This is true, but we pronounce them regular members if we ask them to communion; for certainly we don't invite any but regular members. We might as well withhold the cup from our occasional communicants and give them a half ordinance, as to encourage them to neglect one ordinance and observe another.

If unbaptized members of other churches can commune with us, then those without may have privileges which those within are denied. We once knew a case where a person, who was unwilling to be baptized, asked to be received to "regular membership," and was refused. She joined the Methodist Church without baptism, and came back to enjoy communion in our Church, and was told that baptized Methodists in good standing only were invited to commune with us.—*Presbyter*.

THE SWEARER REBUCKED.—A few days ago a young naval officer, who was passing in the cars from Newark to New York, constantly introduced the most profane oaths into his conversation. His shocking profanity greatly annoyed a young lady who sat near him. At last, turning to him, she said, "Sir, can you converse in Hebrew?" "Yes," was his reply, in a slightly sneering tone. "Then," replied she, "if you wish to swear any more, you would greatly oblige me, and probably the rest of the passengers, if you would do it in Hebrew." The young officer's color went and came. He looked at the young lady, then at his boots, then at the ceiling of the cars, but he did not swear any more, either in Hebrew or English.

A Wonderful Man.

"O, RISE SOME OTHER SUCH!"
The following extract is from the five "Discourses on Saint Paul" by that man of devoted piety, and unrivaled eloquence, the late Adolphe Monod, of France:

"We are astonished at the amount accomplished by a man—a single man. The wonderful activity of our apostle imparts to him a kind of omnipresence in all the Roman empire, over the vast extent of which the name of Paul projects everywhere its immense shadow. What are we, the preachers or missionaries of to-day, before such a man?—for he is a man, a mere man; we are obliged, indeed, to make an effort, in order not to forget this. Would not his history seem incredible to us, were it narrated anywhere except in the sacred Scriptures? Would not the chronicler seem to be speaking of one of those fabled giants, to whose adventures fact has hardly contributed its humble quota, or its modest starting point?—Where have vanished those grand figures of the first century? Is the race forever extinct, the mould broken, the tradition lost, as in the case of those animals that have disappeared from our globe; whose transit over the earth is revealed to us only by dry fragments of their bones? But, no; such as Paul appears to our effeminate generation, such must a Moses or a Samuel have appeared to the worse than effeminate generation in which Saul of Tarsus saw the light; and well-nigh such to-day still appears to us a Luther or a Calvin. Prophets, apostles, reformers, separated by so many centuries,—all those great men of God,—were found at the very moment when God had need of them; and they would reappear to-day, if the faith of their hearts should be renewed in some one of their descendants, according to that admirable saying of Luther: 'If I had Abraham's faith, I should be Abraham.'"

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.—The Apostle says, "I taught publicly, and from house to house." We have none too much church religion in our day, and too little house or home religion; none too much teaching publicly, and too little "from house to house." The pastor is to take not only a general, but a particular oversight reaching to every member of the flock. Baxter says, "If a physician should only read a public lecture on physic, his patients would not be much the better of them; nor would a lawyer secure your estate by reading a lecture on law"—and so intimates, that neither would a pastor accomplish the work of oversight of the flock, who only calls after them publicly once a week. He is to "go preach" not merely to set himself in the pulpit once a week, and preach to those who come. The Savior's language still being, "I was sick and ye visited me, and in prison, and ye came unto me."

The Subjection of the Body.

The Christian is justified and filled with all good, and made a true son of God, by faith alone. Yet while he remains upon earth, in this mortal state, he must keep his body in subjection, and perform those duties which result from an intercourse with his fellow creatures.

Here then, it is, in the Christian scheme, that works are to be placed; here it is that sloth and indolence are forbidden; and here the convert is bound to take care that by fasts, watching and labor, and other suitable means his body be so exercised and subdued to the Spirit, that it may obey and conform to the inward and new man, and not rebel and obstruct the operation of faith, as it is naturally inclined to do, if not restrained. For the inward man, being created after the image of God, by faith, rejoices through Christ, in whom he possesses so great a treasure, and hence his only employment and delight are to serve God freely in love.—*Luther*.

SOVEREIGNTY OF GRACE.—The Rev. Dr. Lawson in a discourse on the sovereignty of grace in the conversion of sinners, made the following declaration: "For my part I am firmly persuaded that all my hope must rest upon the riches and sovereignty of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. I am persuaded that millions already in hell were far less criminal when they left the world than I have been. I am sensible that I can never make myself a fitter subject of mercy than I am at this moment; and that therefore I must follow to the pit those miserable wretches that are groaning under the wrath of God, unless I am plucked as a brand out of the burning. A doctrine so necessary to my hope and peace as the sovereignty of divine mercy I hope never to renounce."

THE PASSION FOR WEALTH.—Dr. South often spoke the truth with the scorching tongue. In one of his sermons to the worshippers of wealth are visited with this terrible but just sentence: "They believe in no god but mammon, no devil but the absence of gold, no damnation but being poor, and no hell but an empty purse." The descendants of that family are still living.

Where do they get Them?

The rebels are gathering large armies. In Virginia, in Missouri, in Tennessee, in Kentucky, their hosts number tens of thousands. In every encounter with federal troops they have brought vastly superior forces into the field and those forces have been, with few exceptions very tolerably armed and equipped.

How are these vast masses aggregated? By what machinery are they moved about? Where does the money come from? Our expenses run up to \$1,200,000 per day; what be theirs with their almost countless legions of troops?

We are unable to make arms as fast as our troops want them. How comes it that the rebels are able to equip their troops so much more promptly? It is true that Floyd robbed our arsenals and Cobb plundered our treasury, and the agents of the Republic everywhere were maturing the great conspiracy.—It is true that for the four years past the Government has been worked principally with a view to its own subversion. Still arsenals are finite, and treasury chests have bottoms—and the days when men wrought miracles are past.

We have not given the Southerners credit for organizing ability. Hitherto they have been dependent upon us for most of their products of skill and genius. They have produced next to nothing except the fruits of the soil.—And yet they confound us with the promptness and energy of their movements! They have no powder mills to speak of; where do they get that?—They have no foundries worth mentioning, and Norfolk is not on the banks of the Mississippi; where do they get their ordnance?

The answer is obvious. While the Government was maintaining a nominal blockade, ship loads of arms and munitions from Europe were landing at Southern ports. Where the money came from—how much friendly assistance they received from Foreign Consuls—what assurances of moral if not material support they obtained from at least one Great Power—are among things as yet hidden. Let us confess that the enemy have displayed extraordinary tact and energy.—*Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal*.

HOW TO DIE HAPPY.—Glorious words these, to which I heard a dying woman respond not long ago, with a sudden burst of praise: "Is He not a precious Savior, so great, and good, and willing to save all us poor sinners?" She was lying on a hard bed in the dreary infirmary ward of a workhouse; and the power of faith and love to create a happiness independent of circumstances, came out with almost startling force in answer to the inquiry, "You know Him, then, and love Him?" "Yes, I do know Him and love him; His presence makes a Heaven of this room. If you heaped up my bed with gold and silver," she added, "if you could give me the queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, all her beautiful flowers, and health and strength to enjoy it all, I would not take them, if they would hinder me from going home to my Savior. They talk of the pains of dying; what will they be to me? They will but hurry me to Heaven and to Jesus!"—*Author of English Hearts, &c.*

THE CONDITION OF HUNGARY.—The London Times describes the position of Hungarian affairs. The rupture between Austria and Hungary is complete. No overt insurrection is anticipated, but coercion on one side and passive resistance on the other, will be carried as far as they can go. The Hungarians will not recognize the acts of the Imperial Government, nor will they pay any taxes into the Imperial exchequer. They do not threaten any immediate rebellion, but they imitate in plain language that, on the first favorable opportunity, they will appeal to arms.

GOD EVER GOOD.—Omnipotence may build a thousand worlds, and fill them with bounties; Omnipotence may powder mountains into dust, and burn the sea, and consume the sky, but Omnipotence cannot do an unloving thing toward a believer. O! rest quite sure, Christian, a hard thing, an unloving thing from God toward one of his own people is quite impossible. He is as kind to you when he casts you into prison as when he takes you into a palace; he is as good when he sends famine into your house as when he fills your barns with plenty. The only question is, Art thou his child? If so, be bathed in his affection, and there is love in his chastisements.

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.—Because you are in darkness, that, of itself, is no proof that you are not a Christian. If a ship be loaded with jewels, that ship may as truly be sailing towards its port, and the jewels as truly be in it at midnight as when the noonday sun is flashing brightness upon it. And so you may be enriched with the treasures of grace, while in the darkness of desertion.

