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For Terms, &c., see last page.

A copy of the "Louisiana Baptist" of Sept. 5, 1861, published at Mount Lebanon, La., containing a sketch of the life and character of the late Dr. Alexander B. McWhorter, having been brought to the notice of the 1st Baptist Church in Montgomery, at their regular meeting, Sept. 29, it was resolved that the paper be referred to the pastor and Bro. H. W. Watson, with the request that they present it in a form suitable for record on the minutes of the church, as a memorial of our late brother, whose memory this church delights to cherish.

The committee report that the sketch was evidence of being the work of the Rev. Wm. Carey Crane, D. D., once pastor of this church, now President of a Baptist College at Mount Lebanon, La. A few errors of names have entered into the article, which the committee, with more accurate information, have taken the liberty to correct. Otherwise, the committee report the whole article of Bro. Crane, together with some small addition of their own, and recommend the insertion of all among the records of the church.

Dr. Alexander B. McWhorter.

(Model Deacon; a Model Baptist; a Model Christian.

While temporarily sojourning at Montgomery, Ala., last May, the lamented brother whose name heads this article, was forcibly brought to mind. His widow and daughter, warmly cherishing ardent affection for his memory, dwell in earnest terms on his noble qualities. Twenty-two years ago, a youth and a stranger, the writer formed his acquaintance. At that time the Montgomery Church had been without a regular pastor for three years, although in its previous history, Lee Compton, S. D. Worthington, J. H. Deane and Jesse Hartwell, had preached to it. Our beloved brother although occupied with the duties of an ardent and exacting profession, (in the practice of which he accumulated a competency), met the church members regularly every Sabbath morning at sunrise, for a prayer meeting, and on Thursday night for another prayer meeting. On Sabbath afternoons, if to one had preached during the day, he would gather the members of the church, with their families and friends together and read to them, some appropriate sermon. As occasion offered he would visit all the members of the church and encourage them in the divine life. His whole soul was in the cause.

Such was the course of action of Alexander B. McWhorter, as a Deacon, a Baptist and a Christian, when without experience the writer assumed the care of the Montgomery church. The blessing of the Lord attended the first years' labors most signally, and among those baptized during the fall, were the eldest son (Burnett) and the two daughters, Priscilla and Isabel. Our good deacon's heart was full to overflowing, and it may be safely alleged, that the influence of that fall's conversions and accessions to the Baptist ranks, has been felt in Montgomery ever since. The characteristics of Dr. McWhorter, may be briefly summed up.

1. He was a Bible Christian. His father, Rev. George G. McWhorter, was long a faithful and instructive minister of the Presbyterian denomination and had taken great pains with his religious education. He studied his Bible, searched for its meaning, and labored to diffuse its truths. He was well indoctrinated, and no preaching which did not savor of sovereign grace would suit him.

2. He was a large hearted Christian—His mind was ever engrossed in the benevolent operations of the day. The Mission, Bible, Sunday School, Education and Temperance cause found in him an able advocate and a generous contributor. He was alive to every good word and work. While he was always willing to follow a good leader in a good cause, he would humbly lead himself, if no other one would step forth to lead in a righteous service. The Baptist churches every where need just such men.

3. He was a praying Christian. His prayers breathed the right spirit, sanctified in Scriptural phraseology fervently and importunately presented to the throne of Divine grace. He never neglected his family altar; he was always at his post, at all the services of the church, and invariably prayed, no matter who was present) when called upon to exercise his gift.

4. He was a devoted Christian. He cultivated his voice and delighted in singing and would rather lose his place as a singer than his place as a leader of the sacred music in public service. The case was a critical one when kept him from his place.

5. He was a genuine Baptist. He was thoroughly acquainted with all the points of difference between Baptists and others. In argument he could not be outwitted by the faith once delivered to the saints. He read Baptist literature, and was constantly occupied in circulating good denominational and religious reading matter.

6. He was an active Christian. For some time he superintended the Sabbath School—he attended punctiliously the collection of all the dues to the church and the payment of the pastor's salary, and all other obligations. He sought out the wants of the poor of the church and devised means for their relief. He had his failings, but his virtues, by divine grace obscured them so far as to make them impotent for evil. During the last twenty years of his life, he lost his oldest daughter, (Mrs. Trimble) and saw his other three children assume important places on the stage of action. From a village of 2500 inhabitants, he saw Montgomery rise to a beautiful city of 10,000 inhabitants, the capital of a rich, chivalrous and intelligent State. The feeble little church of 1839, in its humble frame meeting house had become one of the first religious bodies in the Baptist denomination, contributing largely to all good objects, supporting its Missionary among the Indians and handsomely sustaining an able and efficient ministry for itself, and occupying one of the largest and most tasteful church edifices in the State of Alabama—members of the Southern Convention will long remember his assiduous attentions to their comfort at the session in Montgomery of 1855, and not a few of the 600 delegates who congregated at Richmond, Va., in 1859, will remember the endeavored brother, with that earnest, expressive face, who sat near the President, patiently, though a sufferer, striving to catch every word said. He has now ceased from his labors on earth. Long will his surviving friends cherish his memory—long will the Montgomery church lament the loss of one to whom it owes a deeper debt of gratitude than to any other individual.

Would that every Baptist church in the Confederate States had such a Deacon; that every pastor had such a faithful assistant and friend. If we mistake not, Rev. Basil Manly, D. D., baptized him and his wife (Miss Youngblood, of Edgefield, S. C.) at Edgefield C. H. Will the Montgomery church allow the writer to cast this humble tribute upon his honored tomb. A more lasting testimonial should proceed from other hands.

While the Church recognize the preceding statements of a former pastor as a truthful representation, there were two points so notable in the conduct and character of our late brother, as to deserve particular mention.

The first of these is, his attention to the spiritual wants of the colored people. It is well known that people of African descent, very generally, prefer the forms of worship of the Baptist Churches. From the necessities of the case, when gathered into churches, this people require separate, enlightened, and very special attention. The pastor is precluded from bestowing this, because it must be given mostly on the Sabbath day—the only season when they are accessible for the purpose; and the pastor has too much labor on that day to allow of his undertaking this addition to it. It amounts, indeed, to the labor and care of a separate, second charge. The colored portion of this church have, for a considerable time, constituted the numerical majority; and, now, that the care and labor they require are to be provided for in some other way, the church find themselves in a condition to set a proper estimate on the free and lifelong labors of their departed brother. He was uniform, punctual, patient and unremittent in his attention to them; in season, out of season; by night, and by day; sustaining and performing, in substance, almost a pastor's varied labors and cares with respect to them. The treasured resources of his mind he spread before them, in a feast of instruction and comfort; glad to comply with the spirit of our Lord's direction, "call the poor, the blind; for they can not recompense thee; but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

The other particular which remarkably characterized our brother, was his cheerfulness. Doubtless he had a happy constitution, by nature, in this respect; but nature has clouds, and fogs, and storms. The cheerfulness of our brother seemed perennial, and inexhaustible; it was the sunlight of principle, shed over all the varying states of his being, which seemed to leave no space for moroseness, distrust, or gloom. Whatever were the state of his health, the condition of his family, of the church, or of affairs, he seemed to have a happy faculty of fixing on some bright spot, and of receiving the full reflection of that on his susceptible breast. The church mourns the absence of his radiant face in her assemblies.

Inquirers are often hindered in their acceptance of Christ by a vague notion that they must acquire a kind of moral fitness before they can avail themselves of his promises; and that they must seek pardon for some time before God is ready to grant it. Rev. J. Gray has some excellent words on this point.

When God pardons the sinner, he never delays, nor puts off, but does it instantly. He sees the prodigal returning afar off, laden with all manner of sins, and cannot await his arrival, but runs to meet him with pardoning mercies. He hears Ephraim bewailing himself, and instantly cries, "Ephraim is a dear son, a pleasant child; since the time I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still, and my bowels are turned toward him; and I surely will have mercy upon him."

He finds the Publican in the temple smiting upon his breast, and crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and sends him home to his own house justified. He had his failings, but his virtues, by divine grace obscured them so far as to make them impotent for evil. During the last twenty years of his life, he lost his oldest daughter, (Mrs. Trimble) and saw his other three children assume important places on the stage of action. From a village of 2500 inhabitants, he saw Montgomery rise to a beautiful city of 10,000 inhabitants, the capital of a rich, chivalrous and intelligent State. The feeble little church of 1839, in its humble frame meeting house had become one of the first religious bodies in the Baptist denomination, contributing largely to all good objects, supporting its Missionary among the Indians and handsomely sustaining an able and efficient ministry for itself, and occupying one of the largest and most tasteful church edifices in the State of Alabama—members of the Southern Convention will long remember his assiduous attentions to their comfort at the session in Montgomery of 1855, and not a few of the 600 delegates who congregated at Richmond, Va., in 1859, will remember the endeavored brother, with that earnest, expressive face, who sat near the President, patiently, though a sufferer, striving to catch every word said. He has now ceased from his labors on earth. Long will his surviving friends cherish his memory—long will the Montgomery church lament the loss of one to whom it owes a deeper debt of gratitude than to any other individual.

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O! how true. "My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord." No, no; he pardons like a God, fully, freely, instantly, abundantly and forever.

Preach the Word.

This is the injunction of the Apostle Paul to Timothy, and through him to all ministers of the Gospel. The term is very emphatic. It signifies the pure word; the Gospel word; the word; the inspired Gospel message itself, as the term is used in Mark 2:2; Luke 1:2; Acts 6:7, and 8:14; what he calls the word of the Lord (13, 48, 49); the word of the Lord's grace, (14, 3); what Paul calls the word of salvation, (Acts 13:26); the word of the truth of the Gospel, (Col. 1:5); the word of life, (Phil. 2:16); and the good word of God, (Heb 6:5).

Even then, there was a manifested tendency to mix with this word of God the words, the philosophy, and the interpretation of men.

"I charge thee, therefore," says the martyr Apostle, "before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom."

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time will come, when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears."

"And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

Paul was now a prisoner in chains, in a Roman prison, in the anticipation of death to himself, and devastation and destruction to multitudes of believers, but cheerfully and cheerily he exclaimed, "THE WORD IS NOT BOUND." Let Nero and his myriad hosts of persecutors do what they may to repress, exterminate and silence preachers and believers, and let philosophers and priests do what they may to abuse, ridicule and thwart the cause, only let ministers preach, and Christians hear and heed, the pure word of the Gospel, all the wrath of men, sustained by all the powers of darkness, could not prevail against it.

Nor did they. Paul and Timothy both perished. Millions, in their day and since, contended earnestly, even unto blood, for this word of the Gospel, this word of salvation, this faith delivered unto them by holy men of God, who speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. But, blessed be God, the word is not bound yet, but lives and abides in every new and widening influence, quickening dead souls, translating captives of Satan out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, and building up out of the stony hearts of every generation of sinners, a living Church, a temple of the Holy Ghost, to the praise and glory of this glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

"For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."

"But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto you."

Let ministers, then, preach the word, the pure word, the whole counsel of God, and nothing but that word, seeing that it alone is the incorruptible seed, of Divine truth, and that seed, which now, after six thousand years, is as living and life-giving as when it was created in the counsels of God's everlasting love, and first planted in the earth, coarsed and barren, by reason of man's apostasy and condemnation.

Let Christians take heed that they hear only the word of salvation; the word that alone is able to make wise unto salvation and save souls from death; the only word that can establish our corrupt hearts, comfort our sorrowing spirits, constrain us by the love of Jesus to willing work and sacrifice, and put songs of joy into our mouths, even in the darkest and most solitary night of our pilgrimage, and make our hands valiant, and our steps buoyant, even when we grapple with the monster, death, and tread the verge of Jordan.

—Southern Presbyterian.

WHERE THE DISPUTE IS.—"A venerable minister at H—preached a sermon on the subject of eternal punishment. On the next day it was agreed among some thoughtless young men, that one of them should go to him and endeavor to draw him into a dispute, with the design of making a jest of him and of his doctrine. The wag accordingly went, was introduced into the minister's study, and commenced the conversation by saying, 'I believe there is a small dispute between you and me, Sir, and I thought I would call this morning and try to settle it.' 'Ah,' said the clergyman, 'what is it?' 'Why,' replied the wag, 'you say that the wicked will go into everlasting punishment, and I do not think that they will.' 'Oh, if that's all,' answered the minister, 'there is no dispute between you and me. If you turn to Matthew, xxv.

46, you will find that the dispute is between you and the Lord Jesus Christ, and I advise you to go immediately and settle it with him."

A Little at a Time.

Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Grand occasions of life seldom come, are soon gone, and when present, it is only one among thousands who is adequate to the great actions they demand. But there are opportunities at our doors every day, in which the "small sweet charities of life" may occupy us fully. What account can we give of these as they pass by, and on to eternity, to lay their record before the great throne? He who flatters himself with air-castles constructed out of the magnificent schemes he would accomplish, were he endowed with great wealth, or exalted to high stations, will soon find them dissolving into thin air, whenever he calls his heart to an honest account for the right use of that which God has already entrusted to his care. "He that is unfaithful in that which is least, is also unfaithful in much." Human life is made up of a succession of little things; or such as are commonly, though mistakenly so considered. They mould our character, and give complexion to our eternity; can they be insignificant? How slow are we in learning to do "whatsoever our hand findeth," and to leave the results, great or small, at the disposal of him who has declared, "whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in so wise lose his reward."

Then, Christian disciple, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters." Every moment brings its own responsibility, and man's wisdom in this world of sin, of sorrow, and of death, consists in cheerfully using present comforts, and diligently attending to present duties. Let the crumbs, the fragments of time be gathered up, that nothing be lost. Wasted hours will find us out at last.

"Wake thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers. Let these last years should haunt thee on the night. When death is waiting for thy numbered hours, To take their swift and everlasting flight; Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite."

And be the thoughts to work divine addressed; Do something—do it soon—do it with all thy might.

An angel wing would droop if long at rest; And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest."

Christian Mother.

Christian mother, were your pastor to step into every widowed house in your town, and ask the question, Is there a family altar erected here? how many with downcast eyes and trembling heart would begin to make excuses. As he made the inquiry at your door, what would be your reply? Is your mind at peace, your conscience quiet, while in disregard of your known duty? The blessed volume of God's word lies untouched through the day, even until those dear ones who look to you for instruction are at their nightly rest. You say you then have more quiet to draw comfort from that holy book. Have you then forgotten how far back family instruction goes?

"Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Deut. vi. 7.

You now need in your loneliness, more than in former years, the aid of family worship to guide you in training those young immortals. Try. Those children will reverently kneel by your side, and their little hearts throb with emotion at the name of the crucified Savior. It will act as a talisman, stronger than a threefold cord, to bind them to their home. That cloak of religious protection whose folds were thrown around the boy in the morning, will aid him in combating with the world.

Mother, perhaps your husband has not gone to his long home, though he is often called from your domestic circle—should you not likewise keep up the family altar?

A mother's experience when left for the first time with no one to take the father's place, may not be amiss. As the family rose from breakfast, the little girl said, "Come, brother, let us go and play." "O no," said the boy, "we have not had prayers yet." The three year old persisted, saying, "Why, pa is gone; only gentlemen pray when we are all together. Ladies go all alone and shut themselves up in the bedroom when they pray." Satan whispered, "Listen to that artless, innocent child." Conscience however prevailed saying, "Follow the suggestion of the more thoughtful boy," and a blessing followed.

"Them that honor me, I will honor."

H.

A free pardon produces a grateful heart.

The Power of Prayer.

Prayer is as powerful as ever. The instrument has lost nothing of its ancient value, only we have not learned how to use it. No secret impediment, hid beneath the waves of mystery, has stopped the working of our telegraph, and there is no defect in the medium itself, that makes our feeble signals fail. Even now, a true prayer whispered from the dust will thrill to the throne; and the word has not yet been revoked which says, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." We are not straitened in God, but in ourselves. As at the cry of Moses, the Red Sea was parted by the rod of omnipotence; as after three years' famine, when the bird dropped from the bough, and the leaf withered from the stem and Israel was but a dying nation in a dying land, the cry of Elijah brought down "abundance of rain;"—the cry of the believer might still bring wonders to pass, and if prayer were put forth in its power, we should see yet greater things than these. "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts; and see if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, so that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

But this power of prayer is the very thing we want, and how can it be obtained? Can we forget that the power of prayer is the power of God, and that he is ready to impart it at our request? Even the patriarch of heathen bards had light enough to say, "Prayers are the daughters of God;" and the ancient Greeks thought all things were possible to the *enthousiasmos*—that is, to one filled with the Deity.

"Be ye filled with the Spirit," is the language of our more sure word of prophecy, and to be filled with the Spirit is to be filled with light, filled with faith, filled with that divine life which will be ever ascending to its source, and breaking forth in free and spontaneous prayer. Brethren, we must pray for the power of prayer, we must ask for that Spirit taught by whose influence we can never "ask amiss;" for is not the promise still in force, "ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you."

If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him! Only as a father very seldom gives his best gift to his children to the moment they begin to ask for it, we should not be discouraged if God should not answer us forthwith; we must persevere; we must, with the life he has already given, continue to pray for more. Feeling the low measure in which the Spirit is at present granted to be the greatest affliction of the church, we must give him no rest until the Spirit comes to us in the full magnificence of blessing. The cry of the individual suppliant, the cry of all the mourners in Zion together should be, "Behold, O Lord! a poor company of creatures gasping for life! Thy Spirit is vital breath; we are ready to die, if thy Spirit breathe not. Pity thine own offspring, thou Father of mercies. Take from us, what thou wilt; but, oh! withhold not thine own Spirit."—Rev. C. Stanford.

Signs of the Times.

The condition of the world is, at this time, intensely interesting, and especially to the Christian who believes that Christ reigns for the triumph of that kingdom which is not of this world, and that all things are so overruled as to promote this glorious end. To Him all power is given in heaven and earth; and while no man can tell the details of that which is future, we can not fail to mark the signs of the times and read in them the hand of God. It is not our purpose to speculate about results, nor attempt to show from present indications and fulfilling prophecy, what the end will be. The simple truth with which we wish to impress the mind is, that the Lord reigns and will accomplish his own glorious purpose, making even the wrath of man to praise him. Civil rulers, human governments, and all revolutions are but means in his hands, and will in the end promote his glory. No truth is more important, and more precious at this time, to the child of God. Let us realize this divine truth. It will calm the mind and encourage the heart. We are passing through perilous times, but have nothing to fear, so long as we put our trust in God. Every indication, thus far, is truly gratifying, and should lead us to trust, with thankful hearts, him who has hitherto blessed us.—True Witness.

The Spirit Helping Us.

"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercessions for us with groanings that cannot be uttered."—ROMANS VIII: 26.

We are compassed with infirmities. Our weakness and ignorance are great. Sometimes we feel that we have no power to pray, and sometimes we know not what to say when we attempt to pray. We are dependent on the Holy Spirit both for power and wisdom. He teaches us our need of divine things; he unfolds to us the fulness of Jesus; he puts the promise into the hand of faith as our warrant to expect; he excites strong desires; he produces most powerful emotions—we sigh deeply and groan inwardly, at times, he furnishes us with suitable words, and we wonder at our own fluency; always, when he thus helps us, we feel deeply our need of the blessing, and cannot give over seeking until we obtain it.—All real prayer is produced in the soul by the blessed Spirit. All our help in prayer we receive from him. And our success in our prayer depends on his presence and assistance; for we never pray in faith but when, as a Spirit of faith, he secretly assists us. Sometimes he opens to us the loving heart of God; sometimes he unfolds some precious, precious promise; sometimes he directs the eye to the ever-prevailing intercession of Jesus, and then prompts us to go alone, fall on our knees before God, Oh, how blessed the privilege of prayer when the Spirit helps our infirmities! but how dull and dry we are when his sacred influence is withheld! Lord Jesus, daily send the Comforter into my soul, that he may help me to do thy will, to bow to thy sovereignty, to seek the advancement of thy cause, and the glory of thy thrice-blessed name. Help, Lord, help daily!

Luther's Description of a Good Preacher.

1. He should preach orderly.
2. He should have a ready wit.
3. He should be eloquent.
4. He should have a good vein.
5. A good memory.
6. He should know when to make an end.
7. He should be sure of what he advances.
8. He should venture and engage body and blood, wealth and honor, for the world.
9. He should suffer himself to be buffeted and mocked by every one.

A PEACHER TO PLEASE THE WORLD.

1. He must be learned.
2. He must have a fine delivery.
3. He must have neat and quaint words.
4. He must be a proper person whom the women may fancy.
5. He must not take, but give money.
6. He must preach such things as people willingly hear.

"I would not have preachers," says Luther, "torment their hearers with long and tedious preaching. When I am in the pulpit I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom above forty are here in the church; but I have an eye to the multitudes of young people, children and servants, of whom there are above two thousand."

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We are compassed with infirmities. Our weakness and ignorance are great. Sometimes we feel that we have no power to pray, and sometimes we know not what to say when we attempt to pray. We are dependent on the Holy Spirit both for power and wisdom. He teaches us our need of divine things; he unfolds to us the fulness of Jesus; he puts the promise into the hand of faith as our warrant to expect; he excites strong desires; he produces most powerful emotions—we sigh deeply and groan inwardly, at times, he furnishes us with suitable words, and we wonder at our own fluency; always, when he thus helps us, we feel deeply our need of the blessing, and cannot give over seeking until we obtain it.—All real prayer is produced in the soul by the blessed Spirit. All our help in prayer we receive from him. And our success in our prayer depends on his presence and assistance; for we never pray in faith but when, as a Spirit of faith, he secretly assists us. Sometimes he opens to us the loving heart of God; sometimes he unfolds some precious, precious promise; sometimes he directs the eye to the ever-prevailing intercession of Jesus, and then prompts us to go alone, fall on our knees before God, Oh, how blessed the privilege of prayer when the Spirit helps our infirmities! but how dull and dry we are when his sacred influence is withheld! Lord Jesus, daily send the Comforter into my soul, that he may help me to do thy will, to bow to thy sovereignty, to seek the advancement of thy cause, and the glory of thy thrice-blessed name. Help, Lord, help daily!

Luther's Description of a Good Preacher.

1. He should preach orderly.
2. He should have a ready wit.
3. He should be eloquent.
4. He should have a good vein.
5. A good memory.
6. He should know when to make an end.
7. He should be sure of what he advances.
8. He should venture and engage body and blood, wealth and honor, for the world.
9. He should suffer himself to be buffeted and mocked by every one.

A PEACHER TO PLEASE THE WORLD.

1. He must be learned.
2. He must have a fine delivery.
3. He must have neat and quaint words.
4. He must be a proper person whom the women may fancy.
5. He must not take, but give money.
6. He must preach such things as people willingly hear.

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him to go, but likewise all the slaves in his house; and yesterday this gentleman and his lady attended the slave meeting themselves.

"Hard Drinking."

Dr. Manly, Jr., on the authority of his father, gives the following anecdote of Rev. James Crowther, a veteran Baptist minister in past times, in South Carolina: "Crowther was an Englishman, ran away when a boy, and was sold, when he reached this country, by the transport vessel, to pay his passage. When Abbeville district was an unsettled region, Crowther and a companion started out in a dry fall, looking at the country. They walked all about in the woods and found no water. Night overtook them, famishing as they were, and they concluded it was better to keep on as long as they could walk, their sufferings were so intense. Pretty late, they came to a stream, skirted by stiff, thick, large canes, now called Long Cane Creek. They made their way to the brink. The banks were perpendicular. They could hear the water rushing, but could not reach it, nor tell how deep it was. And neither could swim. On Crowther's proposal, his companion propped him self on a tree that leaned over the stream, and grasping Crowther's ankles, let him down like a plumb line, head foremost, till he could suck in the water! That was a case of hard drinking. He performed the same operation for his companion. Father Crowther lived to be a very useful man—a man of blessed memory, a man who had communion with God."

Bunyan's Death.

"He comforted those that wept about him, exhorting them to trust in God, and pray to him for mercy and forgiveness of sin; telling them what a glorious exchange it would be to leave the troubles and cares of a wretched mortality to live with Christ forever, with peace and joy inexpressible; expounding to them the comfortable scriptures by which they were to hope and assuredly come unto a blessed resurrection in the last day. He desired some to pray with him, and he joined with them in prayer; and his last words, after he had struggled with a languishing disease, were these: 'Weep not for me, but for yourselves. I go to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will, through the mediation of his blessed Son, receive me, though a sinner; where I hope we ere long shall meet to sing the new song, and remain everlastingly happy, world without end.'"—Riches of Bunyan.

JAMES 2: 1-9.—A late eminent divine, in examining evidences of grace, put these searching questions: "Have you so much of the reality of religion as to have risen above the haughty Pharisaism of gilded vulgarity, in those who sit down at the Lord's table with a brother to-day, and deem him unworthy of a salutation to-morrow? Have you been long enough with Jesus to learn that connection with him is the greatest of distinctions—greater than the difference between one degree of future and another, or one branch of traffic and another, or one profession and other."

SIGNS OF AN APOSTATE.—A quaint father in Israel once said: "Turn a doubtful and refractory member out of the church. If he is a wolf he will immediately flee to the woods—if a lamb he will bleat about the fold and beg to get in

