BIBLICAL RECORDER.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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SERMON by Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.

BROKEN BONES.

"Make me to hear joy and gladness: that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice."—Psalms ii. 8.

Backsliding is a most common evil, far more common than some of us suppose. We may ourselves be guilty of it, and yet may delude our hearts with the idea that we are making progress in the divine life. As the cunning hunter always makes the passage into his pits most easy and attractive, but always renders it most difficult for his victim to escape, so Satan makes the way of apostasy to be very seductive to our nature, but alas! the path of return from backsliding is very hard to tread, and were it not for grace, no human feet would ever be able to make progress in it. If I should be successful this morning in calling attention to decline in the spiritual life, especially in calling the attention of those to the matter whom it most concerns—I mean those who are themselves declining—I shall feel happy indeed. At the same time, if I should so speak that those who have backslidden may be encouraged to hope for restoration, and to seek, with earnestness and eagerness, that they may even now be restored, a second good result will have followed, and unto God shall be double praise.

I. In commencing, let us notice the plight in which David was. His bones had been broken.

We hear persons speak very flippantly of David's sin, boldly offering it as an accusation against godliness, and as an excuse for their own inconsistent conversation; I wish they would look also at David's repentance; for if his sin was shameful, his sorrow for it was of the bitterest kind; and if the crime was glaring, certainly the afflictions which chastised him were equally remarkable. From that day forward, the man whose ways had been the ways of pleasantness, and whose paths had been paths of peace, limped like a cripple along a thorny road, and traversed a pilgrimage of afflictions almost unparalleled. Children of God can not sin cheaply. Sinners may sin, and in this life they may prosper, aye, and sometimes prosper in their sins, but those whom God loves will always find the way of the transgressors to be hard; their follies will cost them their peace of mind, cost them their present comfort, and even cost them all but their souls, so that they are saved, but so as by fire. David had sinned, and for a while the sin was pleasurable, and all the attendant circumstances appeared to be favorable to his escape from punishment. He had managed adroitly to conceal his crime from the injured Uriah, and then he had with horrible craftinsss effected the death of the injured husband. Every circumstance in providence seemed to favor the concealment of the monarch's sin. His conscience slept, his passions rioted, his heart was estranged, his grace was at the lowest ebb. Perhaps he even persuaded himself that his adultery, which might have been a great sin in others, was excusable in himself, because of his position as a despotic sovereign, who, according to Oriental notions, had almost absolute power over the persons of his subjects. It is so easy to persuade ourselves that what custom concedes to us, it is right to take. But because David was a man after God's own heart, his ease in sin could not long continue; the Lord would not allow such a disease to destroy his servant. His rest was broken. The stern prophet, Nathan, delivers to him a parable, with a personal application; the sense of right in the king is awakened, convictions of sin like a lightning flash, destroy the towers of his joy, and lay his peace prostrate in ruins. He trembles before God, whom in his heart he loved, but whom he had for awhile forgotten. The king goes into his chamber mourning and lamenting before the Lord, followed by the chastising rod, which drives the word home upon his conscience, while the Holy Spirit becomes the spirit of bondage to him, and makes him again to fear; by the rough north wind of conviction, all his joys are withered, and his delights cut off. He becomes one of the most wretched of mortals, his sighs and groans resound through his palace, and where once his harp had poured forth melodies of pleasant praise, nothing is heard but dolorous notes of plaintive penitence. Alas! for thee, O conscience-smitten monarch thy couch is watered with tears, and thy bread made bitter with thy grief. Well dost thou compare thy sorrow to the pain of broken bones. Brethren, let us open up that poetical metaphor before us.

We may gather from this that David's plight was *very painful*. "His bones," he says, "were broken." A flesh wound is painful—and who would not escape from it? but here was a more serious injury, for the bone was reached, and completely crushed. No punishment was probably more cruel than that of breaking poor wretches alive upon the wheel, when a heavy bar of iron smashed the great bones of the arms and of the legs—the pain must have been excruciating to the last degree; but David declares that the mental anguish which he endured was comparable to such extreme agony. You are on your way home to-day, and in effecting a passage across one of our most perilous roads, you are startled by a fearful cry, for some poor unwary passenger has been dashed down by a huge and impetuous vehicle; you rush to the rescue, but it is too late, the unhappy victim is pale and death-like, and the word sounds terribly on your compassionate ears when you are informed that his bones are broken. We think comparatively little of wounds which only tear the curtains of flesh, but when the solid pillars of the house of manhood are snapped in twain, and the supporters of the body are broken, then every man confesses that the pain is great indeed. David declares that such was his anguish of mind. His soul was racked and tortured, anguished and tormented. The pain of a broken bone is as constant as it is excruciating. It prevents sleep by night and ease by day. The mind can not be diverted from it. Man can not shake off the remembrance that this his frame is so seriously injured. O beware, you believers, who are just now tempted by the sweets of sin and remember the wormwood and gall which will be found in the dregs thereof. You who feel the soft blandishments of sin to be so pleasing to your flesh, and are ready to yield to its gentle fascinations, remember that when it reveals itself, the softness of its touch will be gone, and it will be towards you as a huge hammer, or like the crushing wheels of of the chariot of Juggernaut, crushing pour spirits with anguish. The velvet paw of the tiger of sin conceals a lacerating claw. Beware in time!

The metaphor also signifies that the result of his sin and of his repentance, was exceeding *serious*. A trifling thing is superficial; that which is merely on the surface is not a matter which may cause us deep anxiety; but a broken bone is not a thing to laugh at; such an injury compels a man to change his lightheartedness for apprehension. Had it been but a skin wound, he might have wrapped his handkerchief about it and have gone his way, and have said, "It will heal in due time;" but in the case of a broken bone he anxiously sends for the surgeon, and knows that he must lie by awhile; he feels the accident no mere trifle. Believe me, dear friends, genuine sorrow for sin is not as some suppose it, mere sentimentalism. Under sorrow for sin I have seen men driven almost out of their senses, until it seemed as if their minds would fail them under their apprehensions of guilt and its heinousness. Ay, some of us have personally felt it, and we bear witness that if all forms of bodily pain could be heaped upon us at once, we had sooner bear them than the burden of sin. O believe me, as I am sure you will, who have felt the same, that guilt upon the conscience is worse than the body on the rack; that even the flames of the stake may be cheerfully endured, but the *burnings of a conscience tormented* of God are beyond all measure unendurable. Many have felt this soul anguish, and have endured this month after month, but have at last found rest; so that there is comfort in this misery, for it ends well and profitably. May you who now feel your bones to be broken, now plead, as David did, "Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice."

The plight into which David fell was more than serious and painful—it was *complicated*, The setting of one broken bone may puzzle the surgeon, but what is his task when many bones are broken? In one bone a compound fracture will involve great difficulty in bringing the divided pieces together, in the hope that yet new bone may be formed, and so the member may be spared; but if it should come to a broken bone of arm, of leg, of rib—if in many places the poor human frame has become injured, how exceedingly careful must the surgeon be! Often the very treatment which may be useful to one member may be injurious to the other; disease in one limb may act upon another. The cure of the whole, where all the bones are broken, must be a miracle. If a mass of misery, a man full of broken bones, shall yet become healthy and strong, great credit must be given to the surgeon's skill. Brethren and sisters, you see the case of a man, then, who has sinned against God by backsliding from his ways, and who is heavily smitten by his conscience and by the Holy Spirit. It is a complicated sorrow which he endures. The metaphor of broken bones seems to indicate that *the greater powers* of the soul are grieved and afflicted. The bones are the more important part of the structure of the body. In our spirits there are certain graces which are, so to speak, the bones of the spiritual man; to these David refers. Our heavenly Father is pleased sometimes, when we have sinned, to allow our faith to become weak, like a broken bone; we cannot grasp the promises we once delighted in; we cannot rejoice in the encouraging word as we did in happier days; our faith brings us pain rather than rest. He suffers our hope to lose its joy-creating power, and like a broken bone our very hope for a better land where rest remaineth, becomes a pining disquietude at our present forlorn condition; while even love, that notable limb of strength, which makes the soul to run so nimbly, is full of weakness and anguish, and makes us cry, "Do I love my Lord at all, and if so, how could I have offended him so greatly? When I have backslidden so far, surely for me to talk about love to God would be to take a holy word upon a polluted lip!" So that the great master graces within our spirit seem each of them to minister to our woe, and though they be there, as the broken bone is still in the man's body, yet are so injured and weakened, and all but powerless, that their only vitality of pain; our faith in the Scriptures leading us to tremble at their threatenings; our hope shocking us because, though we have hope for others, we cannot rejoice for ourselves; and our very love to God, yet alive within us making us hate and despise ourselves to think we should have acted thus towards one so good and kind. O brethren, you who are lingering on the brink of sin, and are beginning to slip with your feet, may the thought of these broken bones awaken you from your dangerous lethargy as with a thunderclap, and may you fly at once to the cross, and to the fountain filled from Jesus'veins, and begin your spiritual career anew with more earnestness and watchfulness than you have ever shown before. The case was painful, serious, and complicated.

One more reflection on this point, and that is, although David's case was very painful, very serious and very complicated, yet it was still *hopeful*. The saving clause lies here. "The bones which *thou* hast broken." What! did God break those bones? Then the breaking was not done by accident, but by design. Did God in chastisement deal with David's spirit and bring him into this killing sorrow? Then he who wounds can bind up. Infinite power rests in God, and if he has in wisdom, been pleased to break, he will, in mercy, be pleased to reset the bones. O you wounded spirits, far be it from me to wound you yet more; for rather would I help to bind on the splints and the strapping. Let this then be your consolation, like a piece of heavenly court plaister may this be to you—"The Lord killeth *and* maketh alive. The Lord woundeth *and* he maketh whole." None but he can do it. If your sorrow is a hatred for sin, depend upon it the Devil did not give you that sorrow, and your own nature did not breed it; it is a heaven-given sorrow, and when it has wrought its end, it shall be a heaven-removed sorrow. Those bones of yours shall yet be healed, ay, and they shall yet rejoice.

The lesson for this first part of the subject then, is, let as many as are now possessing any spiritual health and enjoyment, be careful that they do not lose it. Let such as have lost their nearness to God, be anxious to regain it before worse evils shall come. Let those who are almost in despair, take heart, for they cannot be in a worse plight than David was, and the God who rescued David can rescue them. Let them not sit down in despair, but with the psalmist, let them rise up with humble hope, and address themselves, as we do now in the second place, to the remedy.

II. THE REMEDY WHICH THE PSALMIST RETORTED TO.

Observe, negatively, he did not lie down sullenly, in despondency; he turned to his chastening God in prayer. He did not offer sacrifices, nor attempt good works of his own; he turned not to himself in any measure, but to God alone. He did not cast away his confidence in God. He believed still that there was power in heaven to save him, and therefore, by humble faith, he lifted up the voice of his cry to the Most high in these words: "Make me to hear joy and gladness."

Now notice, brethren, in this, first of all. *David believed that there was joy and gladness, even for such as he.* Notice the verse which comes before this text: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Ay, there is the key to his meaning. He believed that there was pardon, and that pardon would restore his joy and gladness to him; he was confident that God could pardon, and that he could pardon completely, that he had already provided the means of pardon; for he alludes to that in the hyssop—that God could thoroughly pardon even him, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Now, beloved mourner, I pray you believe the same precious fact. There is forgiveness with God, that he may be feared. Great as your sin may be, whether as a sinner or as a fallen Christian, yet still it cannot exceed the boundless extent of Jehovah's compassion. He is able to forgive the greatest sins, through the blood of his dear Son. There cannot be so much enormity in your sin as there is merit in the Savior's atonement. What though you should have sinned against light and knowledge, and so far as you could do so, have crucified the Lord afresh, and put him to an open shame, yet, without injury to his justice or taint upon his holiness, God can stretch out the silver sceptre and forgive you, even you; and he can do that at this instant. Believe that, believe that now, for it is most certainly true.

In the next place, *David knew that this joy and gladness must come to him by hearing.* Observe, "Make me to *hear* joy and gladness." He did not expect it by doing; he did not look for it merely by praying; he certainly did not expect it by feeling—but he expected it by hearing. Oh, those fops and fools, for what are they better, who attempt to preach the gospel, as they say (which gospel is no gospel), through the eye, by their vestments and pantomimes.! Why, the gate of *mercy is the ear.* Salvation comes to no man through what he sees, but through what he hears. As saith the Scripture, "Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live." As it was well observed this week by an eminent brother in Christ, there are some who despise sermons, and imagine that the saying of public prayers is everything; but these should remember, that no where in the New Testament did Jesus commission special men to go forth and celebrate public prayer; no where did he give even a hint of a ritual; no where prescribe a liturgy, ordain matins and vespers, or so much as a collect for the day; but he did say to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." Far are we from undervaluing the assembling of ourselves together for public prayer, but yet it is suggestive that so little should be said of that which we call public worship in the New Testament, while the same book teems with references to the preaching of the word, and plainly declares that, by the foolishness of preaching, God *will save them that believe.* Our Lord himself was, throughout his whole life, a preacher; and among the greatest signs of his Messiahship, he mentioned that the poor had the gospel preached unto them. The fact is, the sermon reverently heard, and earnestly delivered, is the highest act of worship; and the preaching of the gospel is, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, the grandest instrumentality for the salvation of men. Though all the liturgies that were ever said or sung had remained unwritten; though all the notes of pealing organs had been silent; though every morning celebration and evening chant had been unknown; though every "performing of service" had been foresworn—the world might have been all the better for the loss, but the gospel faithfully proclaimed is God's gate of mercy—the preaching of his word by earnest lips, touched with the consecrating fire, is the power of God unto salvation. The hearing of the word is the great horror alike of papists and infidels, but it is the greatest of all means of grace. Let those who are disconsolate and cast down, *remember the Master's precept,* and be diligent in listening to the preaching of the gospel of Jesus. God asks no sacraments of you:—"Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it." David turned away from ceremonies, and his truly evangelical prayer was, "Make me to *hear*," for there is the point of healing. Notice, that the hearing which David intended was an inward and spiritual hearing with his whole soul. One is struck with the expression, "*Make* me to hear." What! David, hast thou no ears?—Does he mean "Lord, send me a prophet?" No, there was Nathan, there was Gad; Israel was not without her prophets in those days.—He does not ask for a preacher. What then did he seek? What! had the man's ear become deaf? Spiritually, that was not the case. He heard the word of comfort, but he did not hear it aright. He was distracted, his soul was tempest-tossed; conscience tormented him; the threatenings of the law thundered in his ears, so that when the good word came, "the Lord hath put away thy sin, thou shalt not die," he did not hear it as being his own. He took it with him into his prayer closet, and he remembered the words, but he could not feel the inward sense to be true to himself. Therefore does he ask for the hearing ear.—"Lord," he seems to say, "cleanse these ears of mine? O give my poor heart the power to grasp these absolving words, lest I should be like those who, having ears, hear not, and having eyes, see not, and do not understand." Believe me, I can make some of you hear well enough with your outward ear, but one of my most earnest prayers is, that God would make you all hear within; and especially those who are desponding, those who refuse to be comforted. I suggest this prayer to mourners to day to take home with them, and I beg God's people to join in supplication for them.—Make me to hear! Make me to hear that precious gospel! Make me to hear, and to receive thine own true word! It has comforted so many! times Lord, let it comfort me! I know thy blood has pardoned others, O help thy poor broken-hearted servant to get pardon as well as they. I do not doubt thy power or thy willingness to save others, but Lord, there are such obstacles and difficulties about my case, I beseech thee roll away the stone from the sepulchre of my poor dead hopes, and make me to live in thy sight. It is really a making, Lord—a creation, a work of omnipotence, a work in which the attributes of thy power and thy grace will be resplendent. *Make* me to hear. Thou, who hast made the ear at first, canst new make it. O *make* me to hear joy and gladness!" Do you catch the meaning of the psalmist? He knows that the comfort must come by hearing, but he knows it must be a spiritual hearing, and therefore he asks for it of the Lord.

III. And now, as time fails us, though we might have enlarged here, we shall turn in the last place to the HOPE WHICH THE PSALMIST ENTERTAINED.

What was it? That the bones which thou hast broken may *rejoice.*" Notice not, "that the bones which thou hast broken may grow quiet and be calm and at rest"—that was not enough. Not "that the bones which thou hast broken may become callous, indifferent, painless;" no, no; that he would have vehemently deprecated; but "that the bones which thou hast broken may *rejoice.*" He dares to ask for great mercy, yea, the greatest mercy. When a great sinner comes to a great God, if he pleads at all he will do well to plead for great things; for since he deserves nothing at all, all that comes to him must come of grace, and therefore the same mercy which freely gives the little may as well give the much; therefore, seeking sinners, make bold to open your mouths wide, for he will fill them.

Let us look at these words more closely—"that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice." He means then, that if he is enabled by faith to look to Christ, whose blood is sprinkled by the hyssop upon the soul, if he receives perfect pardon through the atoning sacrifice, which makes sinners white as snow, then he will possess a deeper and truer joy than before. Aforetime, his tongue rejoiced, but now his bones will rejoice; before, his flesh rejoiced, now his bones and marrow will rejoice. The deep pain which he had felt within the inmost depths of his nature would now be exchanged for an equally deep content, which, like an Artesian well, gushes up from the very bowels of the earth all clear and fresh, would rise in continual flood from the bowels of his nature, all fresh with holy exultation. He would now know what sin meant as he never knew before; he would know what chastisement for sin was as he could not have dreamed before; he would know what mercy meant as he had not before understood; and therefore his inmost nature shall praise and bless God in a way in which he had never done until that hour. That deeply experimental, painful, and yet blessed experience of his weakness, and of God's power to save, taught him a heart music which only broken bones could learn. You know, brethren, there is a great deal of flash about many of our spiritual joys; they are in the grosser parts very near akin to carnal excitement; and especially with young beginners, the gladness is too apt to trail in the mire of mere mental pleasure. Our gladness is frequently far from being deep as we could wish, but after the bone-breaking everything is solid; after the bone-breaking everything is true; what our joy lacks in vividness it makes up in stability and depth. So David means, "the innermost core of my nature, the very essentials of my spiritual being, shall sing and rejoice.

Note again, he means that his joy would be more than ever *a matter of his whole soul.* "My bones which were broken shall all of them," (in the plural), "rejoice." He had been a mass of misery—mercy shall make him a mass of music. It is not easy to get the whole man to praise God. You can bless God sometimes in his house with your heart and with your voice too, but your thoughts will wander after the sick child, or after the bad debt; some faculty or other is unstrung—the ten strings are not all in tune. But when the bone-breaking process has been suffered, when the man feels himself thoroughly crushed before God, all his thoughts are concentrated then upon his misery; and when he obtains relief, then all his thoughts are concentrated upon the mercy, for which he blesses God with a unanimity of all his powers nohow else to be reached. The bones which God has broken, without discord, every one of them praise him.

That rejoicing expected was peculiar to the brokenness which would be apparent in it. Every broken bone would then become a mouth with which to bless God; but there would be always a humility, gentleness, softness, and tenderness, in such praise. I must confess I like to listen to the high sounding cymbals, and I can shout as loudly as any. "Praise the Lord with the harp. Blow upon the trumpet in the new moon." I can cry with ardor, O for a shout, a sacred shout, to God, the Sovereign King." But the dulcimer's soft notes often have the most music in them to my weary ear. Trumpet notes of triumph may be too much like the noise of those who go forth to the battles of earth, or make merry in the feast; but the soft music of broken bones is peculiarly sacred, and reminds one of the Master's sacred joy, the soft and solemn music of his soul when he said, "My *praise shall be* of thee in the great congregation; I will pay my vows before them that fear him." When he blessed God on the cross, that a seed should serve him; that it should be unto the Lord for a generation, his joy was true and deep. "Still waters run deep." The brokenness of heart has not in it the roaring as when the sea roars, and the fulness thereof, but it has the gentle flow of that silver river, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God."

Once again, the joy which the psalmist expected would have *much of God in it*, for you observe that the Lord appears in this verse twice: "He breaks the bones, and he makes the ear to hear joy and gladness." God is appealed to as the breaker and the healer. After having been sorely smitten, and having at last found comfort, we always think more of our Lord Jesus than we did before. If I have grown in anything since I have known the Lord, it is in this one thing, in having more frequent and realizing thoughts of God the Father, Son, and Spirit, personally considered. There was a day when I thought doctrine the first thing and all important, and there was a time when I conceived inward experience to be most exceedingly worthy of my regard; I think the same now, but over and above all, that my soul possesses a deep sense of God, and a longing to be in daily personal fellowship with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ. Surely this being filled with God is a more excellent way, for doctrine may be but food untasted, and experience may turn out to be but fancy, but to live upon God by faith, and to serve Christ with the heart, and to feel the Holy Spirit's indwelling, this is reality and truth. Now when a man has had dealings with God as David had, and received such mercy from him, then his joy will be fuller of God than it ever was before.

You will notice in the verse, too, that David *sets no end* whatever to his joy. The bones which thou hast broken may rejoice," but how long? Oh, as long as ever they please!—Once let the bone be set, the ground of joy is constant and continuous. A pardoned sinner never need pause in his sacred gratitude. Let the Lord visit the most broken-hearted among his people, and light their candle and the Devil cannot blow it out; nor death itself, that last of foes, shall quench the sacred flame. O see, my brethren, how blessed a remedy Christ has provided for all the evils of your backsliding! See how to get at it, by an earnest prayer to God through Christ! Go to your chambers and breathe out a prayer, ye daughters of sorrow, and ye sons of woe, for—

"The mercy-seat is open still—
There let your souls retreat."

God waits to be gracious. He comes to-day in the gospel to meet his poor prodigal, and to receive him with arms of love. Christ, this morning, by our ministry, is sweeping the house to search for his lost piece of money. The Good Shepherd is seeking his wandering sheep. O be joyful and thankful that you are in the land of mercy, in the place where the bowels of God yearn over his dear wandering ones. Come to Jesus now, O come now by faith, and let your prayer be the words of the text, "Make me to hear joy and gladness that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice."

The Sunday School.

For the Biblical Recorder.

Nettie and Franky.

'There now Miss Fannie, don't be so impatient,' said Nettie Friskabout as she pressed her doll-baby; but changing the reproof into a motherly sympathy, she continued: 'Mother's little lamb is sick—yes, her precious darling is sick! but papa will be home soon, and then it will be well again.'

'O sister Net,' said her little brother, who had been busy with his marbles on the floor, 'what big stories you did tell!'

'I don't tell stories at all,' she said with a fretful pout of her lips.

'But you did, sister, tell real stories, because my sunday school teacher says, that to say anything that is not so, is a story.'

'Well, what did I say that is not so, brother?' her eyes filling with tears.

'If you must cry, I won't tell you, for I don't want to see you cry, because you cry for any little thing.

'Well. I won't cry, said Nettie, wiping away her tears with a little speckled handkerchief, 'now tell me, buddie.'

Well, you talked to that rag-baby like it was a live baby—said it was impatient, and sick, and that its papa would come home soon,' and it's got no 'papa,' for its nothing but rags—wasn't that telling stories?'

'I didn't know it was telling stories to talk so, for I heard ma talk that to little pussy many a time.'

'But it was stories, for rags have no 'papa.' and they can't get sick.'

'But, buddie, I often heard you talk to your top, or your kite, just like it was a man, and awhile ago you said to your marbles, 'why don't you lie still. If you roll so I can't count you.' Was that telling stories?'

'May be it was, but I did'nt mean to tell any. I did not feel bad when I talked so, like I did when I broke mother's 'pitcher, and said that aunt Mollie broke it.'

'And I did not mean to tell any when I talked to my doll, and I didn't feel bad about it either.'

'Well, said Franky,' *if one of us* told stories I 'blieve the other did—wonder if talking to dolls and marbles as if they were alive, *is* telling stories, any how,' said he musing.

'O, buddie,' exclaimed Nettie in a transport of joy, 'there comes aunt Loveall, she will tell us all about it, for she has the infant school in our church. Please ask her.'

'No, you ask her.'

'Well, I will,' said Nettie.

'Good morning, my sweet ones,' said Mrs. Loveall with a kind smile as she stepped on the piazza, where the children had been playing, 'what have you been doing? What have you been talking about? Is your ma at home? and is she well?'

Yes, ma is in the chamber, but before you go in we want to ask you something. Will you let us, aunt Loveall?

'O be sure I will. What is it, my lambs?'

'Well, I was talking to my doll, and buddie said because I was talking to my doll like it was a live baby, I told stories; and I said that he told stories, too, if I did, for he talked to his marbles like they *were men. Now, did we tell stories,* Aunt Loveall?'

'I am glad my children,' said the good Mrs. Loveall, that you have been inquiring into this thing between yourselves. It has done you good, I have no doubt.'

'How has it done us good, aunt Loveall,' interrupted Nettie.

'Why it has put you to thinking about what is right, and what is wrong; for whenever persons begin to think of what they are doing, they will in the end do right.'

'But don't we always think when we do anything?' and asked Franky, earnestly.

'After a fashion, I suppose you do my son, but peoople don't always reason.'

'Vell, is'nt reason and think the same,' he inquired again.

'Not always, my son, for it seems that Nettie was chatting to her doll as fast as her little tongue could wag, and was not aware that she might be telling stories; nor did you suspect that you were talking fibs to your marbles, till she, to be be even with you, accused you of it.'

'I only talked,' said Nettie, musing, 'as I *often* heard ma talk to pussy.'

'That I know, my darling; you only imitated your mother and other women, who talk thus to their young children; and that is the way that old persons do so much mischief in perverting what wise people call the moral sense. They rattle on with their tongues in a loose, thoughtless manner, never pausing to think that their children will imitate their senseless jargon.'

'But, aunt Loveall, was it telling such stories as send people to the bad place, to talk to my doll like it was a live baby?' asked Nettie anxiously.

'No, my precious,' said the kind Mrs. Loveall kissing Nettie,' 'I do not it was telling such stories as that. Imitation—that is, to do as we see others do—is a law of our nature, and it seems to have been intended by the good Lord to prepare boys and girls for the real duties of life, when they have become men and women.'

'O I'm so glad that it was not bad stories to talk to my baby,' said Nettie; 'and I'm so glad, too,' said Franky, 'that it was not bad stories to talk to my marbles.'

'But, my sweet ones,' said Mrs. Loveall, be very careful how you talk *after any one.* You may imitate badness as well as goodness.'

'Yes,' said Franky, 'we must think who it is that talks, and what he says. Is not that the way, aunt Loveall?'

'Yes, judge of everything you hear by what the good book—the Bible says, no matter from whom it comes. Even parents are not always judicious. They are not such models as they ought to be. They talk too much, many of them, and whenever one talks too much, he willbe sure to say things that may bring him into trouble. Always think before you talk, and then you will most probable say nothing to be sorry for.'

'We will,' said Nettie and Franky, both at once.'

'Then I will now step in and see your mother, but kiss me first, and promise to meet me at the sunday school on next Lord's day, if the good Lord should spare our lives.'

AUNT MOLLIE.

Great Hail-Stones.

"And it came to pass as they fled from before Israel, and were in the going down to Beth-horon, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died; they were more which died with hail-stones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword."—*Joshua* 10: 11.

The following, by an eastern traveler, is an excellent explanation of this Scripture narrative, at which some cavilers have smiled in their wisdom:

We had got perhaps a mile and a half on our way, when a cloud arising in the West gave promise of rain. In a few minutes we discovered something falling from the heavens, with a heavy splash, and of a whitish appearance. We soon discovered it to be large balls of ice falling. Immediately we heard a sound like rumbling thunder, or ten thousand carriages rolling furiously over the pavement. The whole Bosphorus was in a foam, as though heaven's artillery had been discharged upon us and our frail bark. Our umbrellas were torn into ribbons, and our fate seemed inevitable. Fortunately we had a bullock's hide in the boat, and under it we crawled, saving ourselves from further injury. One of the oarsmen had his hand literally smashed, another was much injured in the shoulder. It was the most awful and terrific scene I ever witnessed. The scene lasted perhaps five minutes, but it was five minutes of the most awful feeling I ever experienced. When it passed over we found the surrounding hills covered with masses of ice, the trees stripped of their limbs and leaves, and all looking desolate. Many of the inhabitants of the villages had their bones broken, and some were killed outright. It is impossible to convey to you an idea of the scene. Imagine, however, the heavens suddenly frozen and as suddenly broken into irregular masses, of from half a pound to a pound in weight and precipitated to the earth.

BIBLICAL RECORDER.

Raleigh, N. C., May 5th, 1869.

The Union Meeting and Sunday School Convention of the Central Association will meet with the Rolesville Baptist church on Friday before the 5th Sunday in May.

The Union Meeting of the Raleigh Association will be held with the Smithfield church commencing at 7 P. M. on Friday before the 5th Sunday in May.

QUESTIONS BY THE COMMITTEE.

"Was feet-washing designed as an ordinance of the church of Christ?

Should Ministers consecrate their whole time to preaching the Gospel, relying upon the churches for their support?

Should Baptists adopt the new version of the Bible?

Are protracted meetings, as they are generally conducted, the best means of promoting the interest of the churches and the cause of Christ?"

CHOWAN ASSOCIATION.

Brethren expecting to attend the next session of the Chowan Association, to be held with the church at Bethlehem, Hertford county, N. C. the 11th, 12th and 13th of May, and coming by the Steamer will start so as to reach Harrell's Wharf by the 10th, at which place vehicles will be in attendance to take them to the church.

Yours Respectfully,
N. L. SHAW,
W. J. FREEMAN,
G. W. VALENTINE, } Com.

Harrell's Wharf is in Bertie co., 5 or 6 miles from Harrellsville and the same distance from Bethlehem Church. Steamer goes down Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and connects with the train on the Seaboard Road.

W. B. FEREBEE.

Notice.

The regular May meeting of the Board of State Missions of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention will take place at Wake Forest, on Thursday before the 2nd Sunday in May, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. Brethren will please note the change of time from Friday to Thursday.

W. ROYALL, Secretary.

A Sunday School celebration and convention of the Flat River Association will be held at Oxford, on Saturday before the 5th Lord's day in May. The pastors, schools, and friends of the work are earnestly requested to attend.

Bro, Mills:—By request I wish to say through the Recorder to the churches of the Rocky River Association that the Executive Board will meet with the Howard Grove church, in Stanley county, on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in May; at which time and place the churches are requested to send up delegates for the purpose of forming a Sunday School Convention.

Will brother Carter and brother Morton, and all the ministers take an interest in Stanley County, to stir up the churches and let us have a full delegation from each church.

Yours respectfully,
E. C. WILLIAMS.

The Ministers and Deacons Meeting of the Sandy Creek Association is to be at Moore's Chapel Church, Chatham County, N. C., commencing on Friday before the fifth Sabbath in May 1869.

Superintendents of Sabbath Schools are also invited to attend.

The next meeting of the Executive Board of the Cedar Creek Association, will meet with the church at Magnolia, Cumberland County, N. C., on Saturday preceding the 5th Sabbath in May next. The ministering brethren are respectfully invited to attend.

The churches composing the Cedar Creek Association are earnestly requested to take up a collection during the month of May in behalf of Ministerial education and forward it to the Meeting of the Board.

D. W. McGUGAN,
Sec. of Board.

Eastern Association.

The next Union Meeting of this Association will assemble with the church at Mt. Holly, New Hanover county, Friday before the fifth Sunday in May, 1869. Introductory sermon by Elder J. R. Oliver, Alternate Elder H. R. Kornegay.—The following queries are to be discussed:

1st. Is a church complete without a pastor; and can a minister be pastor of more than one church?

2nd. What are the duties of a deacon, and what steps should be taken with delinquent deacons?

ISHAM ROYALL, Sec'y.
Warsaw, N. C.

Wake Forest College.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

June 9th and 10th, 1869.

The Address before the Literary Societies will be delivered by Rev. J. C. Hiden, A. M., of Wilmington, N. C.

The address before the Alumni Association will be delivered by B. W. Justice, A. M., of Raleigh, N. C.

The Sermon before the Senior Class will be preached by Rev. J. B. Jeter, D. D., of Richmond, Va.

"Is the washing of feet an ordinance of the house of God?"

Certainly.

We marvel that a christian duty, so plainly taught by both precept and example in the Scriptures, should ever be called *in question*.

Remember, that every *house* is "the house of God." The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. The washing of the feet of the saints is a *thing ordered and ordained* to be performed in every christian home.

In the Lord's supper, the church celebrates his death—the wine representing his sin-cleansing blood, the *broken bread representing* his stripe-bearing and nail-riven body. In baptism we typify death to *sin* and resurrection to new christian life.

These are church ordinances, administered by duly authorized officers; but *the washing of feet* is an act of christian kindness, dictated by every pious heart and performed in every christian home, and we are not allowed to limit its performance to our houses of worship.

When three angels were passing the hospitable home of Abraham, who "sat in the tent door in the heat of the day" he urged them to tarry till they could wash their feet, rest and dine. Here was a godly man *feeding and refreshing* weary travellers and washing their sand parched feet.

Bethuel gave to Abraham's foreman provender for his ten camels, and water to wash his feet, and the *men's feet that were with him*. This was a hospitable welcome.

The sons of Jacob passed over the burning sands of Egypt. On their arrival at Joseph's house, his steward "gave them water and they washed ther feet."

When David sent messages of love to the widow Abigail, she manifested her affection by saying, "Let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my lord."

Paul commended to Timothy those widows who "lodged strangers, washed the saints' feet, relieved the afflicted and diligently followed every good work."

In warm countries where travellers *pass barefoot* over burning sands, water to cleanse and cool the feet is an indispensable part of hospitality. When this is kindly offered, other items are understood to be included.

When Jesus was reclining at table in a *Pharisee's house*, a *poor* sinner-woman came behind him and washed his feet with penitential tears. He commended her love, and cheered her sorrowful soul with a Savior's ever-blessed "Go in peace."

Jesus supped at Bethany with the once dead Lazarus, "and Martha served."

"Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."—John xii: 3.

Such hospitality cheered even his approach to the cruel cross, and on his last, solemn, gloomy night,

"He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel and girded himself. After that he poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded."

"So after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one anothers feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."—John xiii: 4-5, 12, 13, 14, 15.

Now can the followers of the sin-slain, but death-destroying Savior treat unkindly his blood-bought people? Can those, who know that they are born of God because they love the brethren, neglect an opportunity of washing the feet of the saints? Can they fail to welcome heaven-bound pilgrims to their earthly homes?

Christian hospitality is a plumb-line sounding the depth of piety.

Our Saviour tells us plainly that he is fed, clothed and relieved whenever meat, drink, clothing or relief is offered to the least of his disciples. The washing of the feet of the saints (the manifestation of kindness to christians) is not an ordinance to be celebrated by churches, but a very important duty incumbent on every individual. Every house is a house of God and should be a heaven-gate to his children.

We spent four days last week among the farmers of Wake and Granville, and found them full of life and activity. In spite of rogues they are raising hogs, colts and cattle. In spite of the scarcity of hands they are planting large crops of cotton, tobacco and corn. The Swiss immigrants are working well and giving satisfaction. Negroes also are learning the benefits of regular employment, and are improving in diligence and industry. In spite of Gen. Bennett, his detectives and other modern "publicans and sinners" tobacco brings a good price, and there are signs of returning prosperity.

Gen. Bennett has been dismissed, and is officially dead. If we say "nothing but good concerning the dead," his obituary will be brief.

"The Devil on Two Sticks."

From the day wherein Satan sifted Peter until now, he has been going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it, seeking whose soul he might destroy. The Baptists especially have been the objects of his ceaseless persecutions. With sore temptations he has tried them; with unnumbered snares he has environned them; with bitter afflictions and great tribulations he oppressed them.

Pasted on the *Raleigh* post office is a fiery picture of the Devil, and we have no doubt of his personal presence in this city. He walks on *two sticks*; *with one he feeds* greenback fodder to such animals as will sink themselves into packmules for his service, and with the other he boldly fights those who refuse to carry his burdens. The following is the last editorial leader of the organ of the *North Carolina Real and Personal Estate Agency*, better known as the "Lottery Office":

STRAINING AT A GNAT AND SWALLOWING A JUNE BUG.

With holy horror, the BIBLICAL RECORDER of last week shrunk back from an advertisement presented that paper, in the interest of the North Carolina Real and Personal Estate Agency. It took, however, some consideration, and prayerful contemplation, before the editor could arrive at the conclusion, that it was matter unfit for his columns. An editor, of course, has a right to reject such matter as does not comport with his *notions*—and in this case, it was a mere *notion* of the RECORDER, and a bad *idea*, to first give a *quasi* assent to publish, and then to decline, and write against *its* moral bearing. Let us look at the consistency of the thing. The Baptists in this city—and we commend them for it—give us, now and then, very good theatrical plays, in order to raise money for *good purposes*. These plays, acted on the stage, with the same scenery used by the Black Crook, and the White Fawn, are attended by 'saint and sinner,' male and female, and we all laughed at the rendition of 'Capt Jinks,' and pronounced the 'whole thing very excellent.'

The most successful and popular method now resorted to by churches of all denominations everywhere, for raising the stamps, is to hold church fairs or ladies fairs; where almost every variety of chance is offered and taken—articles useful, useless and ornamental, are sold by lottery—and the lucky holder takes the prize. Bogus jewelry, brass rings, and glass diamonds, (usually bought by the sagacious committee for the genuine article,) are buried within the dark recess of a handsomely ornamented cake which is sold out by the slice—each piece selling for the estimated value of the jewelry within, in this way *many* a poor reprobate has spent his last cent, besides nearly eating himself to death, trying to win some insignificant little trinket. We've tried it—who has'nt? We never won anything—perhaps you have?

Then is not all this money arising from the enormous profits of the fairs, used for the spread of the gospel—the building of churches, and for the support of preachers? Echo answers, Yes Sir E Bob! Now that's all right; but when a proposition is made to bless some poor *Devil of a sinner* with a fine residence, or some other valuable property for $2,00, it is called gambling, and is very demoralizing—we must confess we don't see it, by these lights neither by daylight, gaslight, tallow dips, or by the light of a diamond.

Come, brother Mills, have the mote removed from *thine own eye, then you* may remove the beam from ours, if you have to dig the whole eye out to get it. To the *Episcopal Methodist* and to the *Fayetville Presbyterian*, we would give the same wholesome advice with the addition that you invest to the amount of twenty-five tickets each, and secure to yourselves a palatial residence.

This paper is not enticed by his fodder stick, nor intimidated by his battle stick. The lottery advertisement was deliberately considered and respectfully declined. This was both our privilege and our duty.

"Strain at" (as scholars are aware) is an Oxford misprint for *strain out*, and, though we may sometimes fail, we do every week strive to strain out of our columns all such gnats—all such black gnats—as lottery advertisements.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." It is every man's duty to earn an honest living. He has no right to acquire other men's property by any species of gambling. When a man desires so to do, he violates the tenth commandment; for if he covets not his neighbor's goods, why buys he a ticket with the hope of drawing the house of Gov. Worth? When a ticket-holder prays "Give us this day our daily bread," let him add, "and grant that Hester's wheel may so turn as to throw us hotels, velocipedes or sewing machines, according to our several needs."

It is well to notice the class of persons to be benefitted by the lottery. The avowed object is "to bless some poor Devil of a sinner with a fine residence." It therefore seems that christian people have neither part nor lot in the matter. Amen!

The lottery organ declares that some Baptists swallow June bugs. We have freely mingled with Baptists for thirty years, and if the Devil has ever invented any such as that paper describes, we have not formed their acquaintance.

The lottery organ says the Baptists of this city have given theatrical plays with Black Crook scenery. We have never attended any such exhibitions, and have never seen the Black Crook; but the Baptists here accused are of age and may speak for themselves.

The lottery organ says all denominations hold church fairs and gamble over bogus jewelry, cake rings, &c., to raise funds for the spread of the gospel. We have never witnessed any such fairs; we know that God has never required, and do not believe he has ever accepted any such offering.

We respectfully decline the invitation to invest $50, and would rather dwell in the corner of a rent-paid house-top than in a palatial residence drawn through a lottery.

For the Biblical Recorder

Why is it?

The great apathy which has existed, and which continues to exist in the churches in reference to Christian benevolence, has been, and is still a subject of deep and painful anxiety. We have tried to find out the cause and to apply the remedy and the result has been an almost yearly change of plans and with each change many true followers of Christ have been more or less hopeful in regard to results. But we have been disappointed in reference to the practical working of all of our plans. "Why is it?" One of our most sensible and practical pastor says:

"It appears to me, Bro. Walters, that the great want in this matter is pastoral labor. If each church had its pastor, or if every two churches had a pastor between them, it would be easy to promote Systematic Benevolence, sunday schools &c.

I think where a man is really pastor of a church he might readily pledge himself to bring them to this plan. But having four or more churches, the chances are much weakened.

And to this point I would earnestly direct your attention. Has not the time arrived when the churches absolutely need pastors? And will not our present lethargic state remain till this want is supplied? If by a combined movement, all our preachers were induced to pledge themselves not to accept the care of more than two churches would not the attention of the churches be called at once to the importance of ministerial support, and *feeling* the need of more laborers as they never will under the present system would they not pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth more laborers. It would call for sacrifice on the part of ministers, but it is one I feel ready to make. For years this has appeared to me to be a point of vital importance.

I know several young men who feel called to preach, and several churches without pastors, and those churches are hunting over a radius of 60 miles for some preacher with a spare sunday, while the calls of your Board (of Education) and the wants of young men are unheeded. I have known a minister have 8 churches at one time and his motto was to let no church be unsupplied if it would call on him. While men already in the ministry spread themselves over our territory like this how will young men ever get into the ministry?"

The above extract is given with the hope of exciting the prayerful consideration of pastors and churches to a question which may be of vital consideration.

It may be after all not the continual change of plan which shall develop the principles of christian charity among us but the establishment of true gospel relationship between pastors and churches by which these plans may be put into operation. A good farmer would not think of planting four times as much land as he could cultivate. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

W. T. WALTERS.

For the Biblical Recorder.

'Since my last report I have travelled about 800 miles, received by christian experience for baptism 62 persons, baptized 37, travelled 99 days, and preached 93 sermons.

I have passed through some cheering scenes, baptized one preacher and several prominent members of pedobaptist churches.

At Mount Pisgah and Mill Creek churches in Brunswick county, there seems to be a general awakeninw and at the former there has been organized a female Missionary society which is working well. Indeed, there is a general religious interest pervailing all classes and sections within the bounds of my circuit'

The above is extracted from the last quarterly report of Rev. J. P. Lennon, missionary within the bounds of the Cape Fear Association.

Will not such pleasing tidings as he communicates inspire churches to yet greater self denial and sacrifices to aid in the extension of the Gospel among the destitute of our State? We greatly need the help of all the churches in this glorious work, and our faithful missionaries greatly need at this time the small amounts we owe them.

W. T. WALTERS.
Cor. Sec. B. S. N.

For the Biblical Recorder.

Who Can, or Will Answer?

What Southern Baptist Paper, has the largest number of Editors?

What Baptist Journal, the largest list of subcribers?

What Editor, does the most *begging* for *his* paper?

Of the various Baptist Journals, inform us, which has the *least* amount of reading matter, in *proportion* to number of *Editors*, and *subscribers*.

Can either, *or all* of these questions be answered, by the "Index," "Southwest Baptist," or "Junior Editor of the Herald?"

In the event of failure on the part of these brethren to answer, we do not intend to exclude *you*, from the number expected to *throw light* on the subject.

INQUIRER.

For the Biblical Recorder.

Personal Effort.

"If I should endeavor to persuade men to become religious, they would repulse my efforts with scorn."

This is not probable. There are few men so insensible on the subject of their salvation as not to receive any kind, faithful remarks concerning it, with courtesy and gratitude. There are eminent christians who date their turning point from the time when some faithful friend pointed them to the Saviour of sinners; and there are doubtless, many impenitent ones who are anxious and waiting for some one who professes friendship, to prove that friendship by advising them on the subject of their soul's eternal salvation. My christian brother, make the trial and you will find that those whom you address will open their hearts to instruction, and these difficulties, which were apprehended will prove to be but creatures of the imagination.

The woman who came with sweet spices to anoint the body of Jesus, was met with a difficulty. There was a stone at the mouth of the sepulchre, and they were not able to remove it. The difficulty seemed insuperable; the stone was great, the women were feeble, and knew of none to help them; but it was a borrowed trouble; for an angel has rolled the stone away, and although they could not embalm the body of Jesus, they enjoyed a higher privilege—they saw his empty tomb and his risen body. Thus it is with the faithful followers of Christ; difficulties, real or imaginary, may present themselves, but disappear as they are approached with a firm step and a brave and trusting heart.

We should ever remember that it is the duty of each christian to seek the conversion of men to Christ.—They follow from necessity different pursuits; but, they should follow them for one end. The occupation is different, the object the same.—"Bought with a price," they are to serve, and thus glorify God. We open the Bible and read, "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death." "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Let him that heareth say come." If we have received the gospel we should freely give it to others; and we cannot be faithful to our trust if it is withheld. Religion can only be promoted by religious men; and the degree in which we possess it, is the degree in which we will labor to bestow it. Not the minister, nor the church collectively—but "he who heareth" is to say "come." The duty is co extensive with the privilege; if you have heard the blessed sounds of the gospel, then you are imperatively bound to repeat the sound. If you have received it as your salvation, then by the very act of receiving it, you are bound to bestow it; if it has brought life and peace to you, then you must labor to convey it as life and joy to others. And, from this course there are no exempts; there is not a christian in all the world so young, so feeble. so inexperienced, so illiterate, but that he is under the most solemn obligations to labor for the salvation of souls, to the utmost of his capacity. But I forbear to multiply considerations and motives, when conviction must be established, and where there is nothing wanting but moral courage and the grace of God to enable you faithfully to discharge the varied duties you owe to yourself, your neighbor and your God. Let us "watch for souls as those who must give an account."

T. JUDSON KNAPP.

From Dr. Pritchard.

Dear Bro. Mills:—Detained for halt a day on our way to Greenville, I propose to employ a spare half hour in describing what we have seen in an evening's walk in this striking little city. True to his instincts, as a gentleman, brother Carroll has gone to meet one of the Masonic Lodges, of which there are four in the city—with the hope of picking up a few dollars for St. John's College, Oxford, and I am left alone, but he was with me in sight-seeing, and therefore I can legitimately use the editor's privilege and say "we."

Even in its ruins, Columbia is a beautiful place, and before it was wantonly burnt by Sherman's army, it must have been, by all odds, the most beautiful city in the South.—That it was destroyed by order, and of malice aforethought, no one here has the shadow of a doubt. The fire developed itself in many places simultaneously, it increased *against* a strong wind, and at the sound of a bugle, the soldiers addressed themselves with vigor to the work of extinguishing the flames; and with plenty of material still before it, the "devouring element" was soon mastered. The fire extended over four or five squares east and west, and for a mile northward of the State House, consuming the entire business part of the city, with many splendid residences, churches, &c. Many new buildings have been erected, but at least two-thirds of the burnt district are still in ruins.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The State House is a magnificent pile of stone, more ornate and elaborate in style and finish than ours in Raleigh, but to my taste, less grand and imposing. It is still so far incomplete as to be unfit for use. The Legislature has met in the chapel of the State College, and the Supreme court also holds its sessions in one of the college buildings. A son of Dr. Plummer, beyond question the most transcendent genius of his church in the South, if *not in America*, showed us over the college grounds and buildings. In some respects, I like the character and arrangements of the buildings even better than those of the University of Virginia. I have not seen the new buildings at Chapel Hill. The Library building is perhaps not so good, but the chapel is better, the professors' houses as good, and the students' rooms are decidedly superior to any I have seen. Each student has a dormitory, and besides this for every two students a parlor is provided containing a fire-place, where they can study, receive company, &c. The Freshmen occupy the first story of the tenements, the Sophomores the second, while to the juniors and seniors the third is appropriated.—The *Public Library* is large and well selected, containing about 34,000 volumes. A handsome appropriation has been made by the Legislature for many years for the improvement of the Library. The Society halls are good, but not remarkable, and much out of repair. The Society Libraries are much inferior to those of Wake Forest, both in size and quality.

The number of students at present is lamentably small, not more than seventy while there were once a hundred. This falling off is due, I learn to the action of the legislature, throwing open the institution to students of all colors, but it is the intention of the trustees to prevent the admission of negroes into the college, and up to this date none have been entered, though there is one negro on the Board of Trustees.

The college has been converted into a University since the war by the erection of a Law Department, and much more attention is now paid to the exact sciences than formerly. The salary of the professors was a thousand dollars and students' fees, for a time after the war, which made the compensation of the instructors very unequal, as some of the schools were much more popular than others. The last Legislature raised their pay to two thousand dollars and ordered the fees to be equally distributed among the professors.

The Honorable R. W. Barnwell, thirty years ago President of the college, is again at its head, and the other instructors are professors Salvede, and Laconte.

There were formerly two brothers by the name of Laconte profsssors in this college, but I learn both have resigned in order to accept chairs in the University of California, with salaries of three hundred dollars per month in gold.

After examining the University, we paid our respects to one of its brightest ornaments, Dr. J. L. Reynolds, who not only received us graciously, but made an appointment to meet us after evening prayers and show us the lions of the city. He introduced us to the proprietors of one of the beautiful flower gardens which make this city so attractive, and conducted us through the grounds of the Lunatic Asylum, of which he is one of the regents. I should rather say Asylums, for indeed there are two near together, but within different enclosure, one for males and the other for females. Originally, there was but one, a large building of an almost octagon figure, but it was found to be too small for the accommodation of all the patients who applied and a new and greatly improved plan for the institution was projected. a part of which only has been completed, and is now occupied by male lunatics. The grounds of both these asylums are laid off with great taste and are beautified and adorned with shrubbery and flowers of many varieties.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Baptists have a large, handsome and well located house of worship, but are a feeble folk compartively, numbering not more than sixty souls. Dr. Reynolds is nominally their pulpit supply, and really a faithful and effective pastor, giving them all the time he can spare from his duties as professor. There are about three hundred colored Baptists in this city, who recently withdrew from their white brethren, and now worship by themselves.

Pardon the length of this hastily written letter—my interest in this lovely and unfortunate city has led my pen to transgress. You shall hear from me again soon.

T. H. P.

Columbia, April 29, 1869.

The Episcopal Convention will meet in this city on the 19th inst. It is expected that some plan will be devised for starting an Episcopal paper. Some are also in favor of founding an Episcopal College.

For the Biblical Recorder.

From Elder L. M. Berry.

Lacon Ill., April 6, 1869.

Brother Mills. You will see from the heading of this communication that I have changed my field of labor. I left the city of Louisville, Ky. the last of Dec. 1868, having resigned the charge of the Portland Avenue Baptist Church. I accepted a call to the Pastorate of the Baptist Church in this place, and entered upon my labor the second Sunday in Jan. I have a pleasant field, and a good working church, a flourishing sunday school. The church has a comfortable house of worship paid for, and a good, comfortable parsonage on the grounds connected with the church building.

I brought my family from N. C. three weeks ago, and left my farm, near Lincolnton, on Monday morning, took the train in Newton, Monday evening, and found ourselves safe in this City Friday evening. We reached your City Tuesday morning, but had no time to stop. And here let me give my friends in N. C. who may hereafter conclude to move West some advice: Be sure and go some other way than the Bay Line. I bought my tickets in Salisbury, N. C. to Chicago Ill. I asked the agent if I could be allowed the advantage of emigrant tickets: he said no: unless I had a party of ten or more, and my family was composed of six, and a young man making seven. I then asked him if my little daughter—our youngest—11 years old—could go for half fare; he said no: so I bought my tickets hurriedly not looking at them, having but ten or 15 minutes to change my baggage. I thought of course I was buying tickets via *Richmond* and *Washington*, but when I came to look at my tickets they were second class Emigrant tickets via the Bay Line—I having paid for first class tickets: however, we did well enough that night and were treated kindly and politely by he gentlemanly conductor on the N. C. R. R., until we changed on the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road when the conductor told us in a presumptory manner to take a second class car, where my wife was forced to take a seat in a miserable, dirty, old smoking car where an unprincipled, filthy-mouthed set of men would come and smoke and use all kinds of filthy communications until my wife was so weary at the end of this Rail Road she could scarcely sit up. But we soon changed into a nice, clean car with a genteel conductor, and reached Portsmouth about dark, and now we thought we should have a nice trip to Baltimore on the steamboat, but alas! how soon were all our hopes blasted, when the clerk abruptly ordered us to the 'front cabin.' I will not attempt to describe the 'front cabin.' My pen fails to write it as my heart sickens at the thought of the front cabin of this boat. Suffice it to say instead of going up we found ourselves going down into a miserable, dark, filthy hole, with some freedmen who seemed much offended at being placed in such a dirty place. I immediately went back and told the clerk there must be some mistake about the direction given the steward. He said no, there is no mistake. I told him I would prefer to pay my passage again, he turned from me with the remark: 'no sir; it is your misfortune and not my fault,' so, I returned to our little dirty prison to spend the night with my sick wife and much disappointed children. I will not attempt to tell you how much we were rejoiced Wednesday morning to find we were nearing Baltimore, and would soon be released from our filthy prison.

At 9 o'clock we found ourselves on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, moving on in a nice clean car—"first class," with a gentlemanly conductor who seemed to take pleasure in making us comfortable and happy. Nothing strange or entertaining occurred until we we found ourselves at 8 o'clock Friday morning in the great city of Chicago. Busses without number awaiting to convey passengers to the hotels, private residences, places of business, and Rail Road depots. We are soon crowded into one of these and swift through the city to the Rock Island Rail Road depot—soon purchased tickets and were seated in a Rail Road coach, and at 5 P. M. we found ourselves in this city—Lacon, 141 miles South-west of Chicago on the Illinois River, in central Illinois, the garden spot of the "western world." But my poor wife has not seen her new and comfortable home yet. She took her bed the night we came here and has not yet been able to be out of bed.

Our new home is nicely fitted up and furnished to make us comfortable, but my wife is not able to be moved to it. We are still sharing the hospitalities of two good Baptist families connected with my charge.

I will not close this communication without telling you how much I appreciate the dear old RECORDER. I and family read it, and talk over its contents and speak of its interests as we would of one of our dear family; and then my members come and tell me they would like to read my North Carolina paper, and so they all read it. More anon.

Yours in Christ,
L. M. BERRY.

For the Biblical Recorder.

The Dowd Monument.

The erection, or rather dedication of the above took place at Mt. Pisgah Church some 25 miles south by west of Raleigh, on Saturday, the 24th of April, 1869, as advertised.—There were some 1000 or 1200 present, although the day was unlikely and a most busy season. The oration was pronounced by Rev. Johnson Olive, a life-long friend and neighbor of Elder P. W. Dowd. He spoke from a full and glowing heart for one and half an hours—gave a minute history (scriptural) of monuments, and the propriety of erecting this one; spoke of Elder Dowd's life, character, ministerial abilities as a pulpit speaker; the great crowd that attended his ministry, and gave some interesting cases of some of his sermons, and the great number added to the churches through God, under his labors, &c. The services closed by singing an original Hymn prepared by *the* speaker, and sung on the occasion. It was the wish of the committee that Elders Wilson, and Geo. W. Purefoy should follow with a short speech, but the afternoon being very lowering and services long, they prudently declined.

Major York was Marshal, and the number of Masons in attendance gratifying. The grave and monument were decked with wreathes of flowers, the work of ladies. Several Sunday schools were present. The monument is in good taste, of beautiful marble, nine feet high, weighed three thousand pounds, and cost with enclosure $400. The centre pillar has four faces, and there are inscriptions on three, viz:

1st face.—"Elder P. W. Dowd, Born Dec. 5th, 1799, Died Aug. 28th, 1866, aged 66 years, 8 months and 25 days; 42 years a Missionary Baptist minister."

2nd. "Erected by his brethren of Mt. Pisgah and other churches, Masons and friends. The righteous shall be in everlasting rememberance."—Psalms cxii: 6.

3d. "Because he was righteous, good and great, with intellectual powers and liabilities if equalled, not surpassed by any one, we wish to hold him in perpetual remembrance."

The committee regretted that the architect did not inscribe on face 4 which was their intention, the fact that Elder P. W. Dowd had preached for Mt. Pisgah Church 22 years as pastor.

On the shaft on the crossing pillar there was inscribed an emblem of a square and compass, and underneath, "At rest."

Elder Olive's oration was most courteous, and not a word spoken calculated or intended to offend.

For the Biblical Recorder.

Better late Than Never.

'Well, Willie,' said Mr. Badpay to his little son whom he espied approaching from the post office, 'bring me the RECORDER.'

'Haven't got it, but here is the Courier.'

'What! no RECORDER at the post office?' and Mr. Badpay looked blank!

'No sir. The post master said all came but ours.'

'Confound such carelessness. The mailing clek has overlooked my name, and I want to see the paper this week worse than ever before.'

'My dear,' said Mrs. Badpay, have you settled up for the REDORDER.'

'Ahem! well, not quite. It may be that I owe considerable, but surely the Editor has not stopped on that account.'

'Well, my dear, he said he would strike off all delinquents after the first of May, and that time has just gone by, and I can't blame him. Printers must have money.'

'So they must, my wife, and I will at once send on all arrearages, and hope that all like me will do likewise, for we *must* have the RECORDER.'

*

GEORGIA BAPTIST CONVENTION.—This body met in Cuthbert on the 23d ult.

Dr. Mell presided.

G. R. McCall was clerk.

Rev. J. W. Jones lectured on Religion in the Army of Northern Va. and took a collection for the Church at Lexington, Va.

The Treasurer reported receipts for the year $8,736,35.

Newnan was selected as the place for the holding of the session of the Convention for next year. J. G. Ryals was appointed to preach the Introductory Sermon, J. L. Underwood alternate, and D. Shaver to preach the Education Sermon, F. H. Ivey, Alternate.

The *New Eclectic* for May contains some superior selections, and an interesting Haversack.

Howe's *Musical Monthly* for May is a rich collection of sweet songs, pretty Polkas, &c.

On last Sunday Rev. W. T. Brooks preached two able, affectionate and timely sermons in the Raleigh Baptist Church.

After the evening sermon it was *Resolved*, That the Southern Baptist Convention be invited to hold its next session in Raleigh.

Deacon Palmer proposed to invite Elder Quincy Adams Ward to preach in the Baptist Church on Monday evening. It was suggested that the pastor was responsible for the pulpit, that he had arranged to have it supplied during his absence and there should be no interference. The motion prevailed.

MONDAY EVENING, 8 o'clock.

A slightly gray, pleasant-faced, portly preacher reads the hymn;

Am I a soldier of the cross, &c.

'Give us a tune.'

No tune was given.

Prayer, with special petition for those having rheumatism and chills and fever.

Text—'*He taketh away the first that he may establish the second.*' Hebrews x: 9.

"Our manner of preaching is off hand. I never took a note; I depend on God. Som preachers take notes and these make a bad out. I draw my bow at a venture.

I insult no one— am a man of peace, but not a hypocrite; people should be honest; I prove what I preach. I preach grace. Works have no hand in salvation. Whitfield, after his conversion, dropped Arminianism, and preached Calvinism. Only one faith can save men.

Every thing you hear is not the gospel. There must be 666 faiths or denominations. Mr. Graves says only 23 are now lacking. If you aint got the true faith, it wont save you.

Arminians of every dye, color, hue, stripe and stain preach an act faith.

Henry Clay—his father was a a primitive Baptist minister—had true faith, though he joined the Episcopal church. It makes no difference what your name is, it you have true faith.

I heard an ignoramus in theology preach on middle ground. There is no middle ground.

The Universalists say if they are not right, we are. Election is universal or particular.

He taketh away the law to establish the gospel. The law came by Moses, grace came by Christ.

Did you ever know a Hardside to hurt any body? They are a law-abiding people; God gave Abraham the law of obedience. Pharaoh told the female officers to kill the the male children, (He tells the story of Moses). The bush burning but not consumed, was the church persecuted but not destroyed. Moses was slow of speech. The best speaker I ever heard did not know a line of grammar. God gave Moses the law on the Mount, but I dont know what got into Aaron.

He made a god for Israel to worship. The old back-slider! Moses found a big dance going on, and made them drink their god powdered in water. I preached grace to lawyers at Smithfield, and they understood me.

If a man preach works, let him be accursed. When the spirit calls a man, he will preach grace.

I will tell you the Arminian texes. (Quotes many promises and invitations of the gospel, and says some are a part of the law; the others are for the church, and tells the story of man's fall.)

Such preaching brought on the war. Brother Hassell told me there was only one Hardshell abolitionist in the North and he was thrown overboard. God writes his law on the hearts of the elect. I don't know what makes men preach works. I will tell you: It is the want of grace.

Moses had a vail over his face. When a man is converted the vail is taken away. We preach salvation in a short way, and I will not be all night about it.

The Devil was the first Arminian preacher. We are original and practical sinners. The first covenant failed. The second was a success. The first Arminian preacher was born in 1560. If he was right, the apostles were impostors.

God's children sin, but return, as David did.

Peter cussed and repented.

Sarah laughed and snickered up her nose at the idea of children.

God has his plans and man is left to his own ways till God leads him

(Tells the story of Joseph)

God does more for some men than for others, He gives great minds to Graham, Fowle, Haywood, Phillips. I am a friend of lawyers, because if they aint mighty smart they cant make nothing!

Judge Biggs is a Hardshell. In the up country a smart boy is made a lawyer, a dull boy a farmer, a long face is for the ministree-e-e. (Gives the story of Paul's conversion, also the jailer's and quotes many "texes" on election.)

If any that Christ died for are lost he would not see the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Men not born but elected, are just as safe as God is. A preacher up the country tells children stories about friends killed in the war, pats them on their heads, scares them, excites their feelings and puts them through. Any body could do that. A mighty God and a mighty Devil in a scuffle over almighty man!

The dead can't speak—sinners can't pray. Paul had no anxious seat. The hungry desire food.

When the law, our school-master, brings us to Christ—we feel the need of him. I thank you for your attention.

Benediction.

* * *

The *Cottage Visitor* says important repairs are in progress in the Hendersonville Baptist Church, and worship therein will soon be resumed.

* * *

Reidsville Academy, in charge of F. B. Hobgood, has 40 students.

* * *

THE MARYLAND FARMER for May is a rich storehouse of agricultural instruction.

* * *

NEW SODOM.—The *National Baptist* of Philadelphia, says:

"In a walk of fourteen squares (north of Arch street and west of Sixth), one morning last week, we counted no less than *eighty-five* liquor shops in full blast, with plainly painted signs. How many secret rumholes there may be, within the same distance, we know not."

* * *

PRICE OF COMPLIMENTS.—The *Sentinel* says: The compliment published in the *Sentinel* on yesterday by "Itinerant," cost some one $5. We will publish any number of compliments at that price.

* * *

Several Danville tobacconists have moved their factories to Atlanta, Ga., in order to make sales before the payment of taxes. They will still buy leaf in Danville.

* * *

FROM WILMINGTON.

WILMINGTON, April 30.—Henry V. Clinton, alias W. Bentley, arrested in this city some time ago for forgery, has been recognized as an old forger by detective John F. Ryttenhouse, and was surrendered to the latter on requisition of the Governor of Illinois, on the Governor of this State.

Bentley will be carried to Champagne city, Illinois, the scene of his crime for trial.

FROM RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, May 1.—The *Southern Opinion* announces its last publication this morning.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELHIA, May 1.—The Cuban meeting here last night was an immense success, all political parties participating. A permanent commitee of thirteen was appointed to consult and act with the Cuban Junta. The resolutions were very strong, and urge a recognition and extra session of Congress.

FROM WASHINGTON.

General Dent has intimated to General Lee that President Grant desires a visit.

General Lee, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Taggart, of Baltimore, visited President Grant this morning.

P. K. Perry has been appointed supervisor of internal revenue for North and South Carolina, vice Bennett, and S. J. Conklin for Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas, vice Creecy.

Mr. Nelson, the new Minister to Mexico, will soon proceed to Havana, where a Federal war vessel will convey him to Vera Cruz.

Consul General Plumb sails for Havana on Thursday. His instructions include a caution against precipitating a quarrel with the Spanish authorities.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Secretary Boutwell has issued twelve stringent rules, among them prohibiting visiting, drinking and smoking during business hours.

E. B. Washburne sailed for France Saturday.

H. T. Blow, of St. Louis, has been regularly commissioned as Minister to Brazil.

The interview between General Lee and the President this morning was marked by great courtesy.

Gen. Lee keeps entirely aloof from public observation. His visit to the White House this morning was the occasion of great interest.

The debt statement shows the total debt principal and interest to be $2,635,032,888,

OMAHA, May 4.—The Central Pacific Railroad reached its terminus at Promontory Point on Satnrday.

The Union Pacific was delayed by heavy rock cutting and bridging. It is doubted if the roads meet before the 10th of May.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

The Colombia Legislature have passed a resolution impeaching the President and four of his ministers. The fever still rages in Peru.

LONDON, April 24.—The *Post*, (conservative,) in an article regarding Cuba, says Grant has longing eyes on Cuba, and would gladly arrange affairs by a foreign war.

A special envoy from Paris has been sent to England. It is supposed that the object is to consider Spanish and Cuban affairs.

LONDON, April 30.—Sumner's speech creates intense excitement in political circles here.

The London *Times* breathes forth the spirit of war in defence of the treasury, claiming that Sumners money estimate of damages is portentous and enormous, adding that although his address is worthy or attentive consideration, no contrition or no humiliation should either be expressed or endured by England.

MADRID, May 1.—In the Cortez the amendment abolishing the prerogative of the Crown in Ecclesiastical matters was rejected.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 3.—The recall of Stoekle, American Minister, is officially announced.

Among those dismissed from the treasury department is a brother of General Sam Houston, Col. Houston had been employed in the department for several years.

MORE VALUABLE THAN TREASURY NOTES —How that old cynic, Sam Johnson, would have revelled through Webster's massive new Unabridged! How he would have gloated over its magnificent letterpress and its illustrations, beautiful as new Treasury Notes, and *much more valuable* to the student. The Merriams have incurred a fabulous expense in having the whole work rewritten, reset, recast, and republished. It is not a mere revision, but a reconstruction. To insure excellence in typography, it comes from the Riverside Press, which is all that need be said about its mechanical execution. It is a marvelous specimen of learning, labor, research, and taste It is by far *the greatest literary work of the age.—Baltimore American.*

HYMENEAL.

On the 20th of April, at the residence of the Bride's Father, Mr. LEVI GUNTER to Miss CORNELIA J. TEMPLE, By Rev S. GILMORE, all of Moore Co.

Married in this city on the 4th inst, at 5 P. M., by Rev. J. K. Howell, Mr. T. A JONES of Thomasville N. C., to Miss. EMMA C. WEATHERS, daughter of K. R and N. A. WEATHERS.

Married on the 15th inst, by Rev. A. D. Blackwood, Mr. WILLIAM BURNETT, of Orange, to Miss SIRENNA MAYNARD, of Wake.

Married in Person County, on the 25th day of April 1869, by Eld. E. J. Montague, Dr. J. W. HAMLET to Miss ELIZABETH SWEANEY.

Married in the Baptist Church of Hillsboro N. C. April 27th 1869, by Elder W. R. Gaultney Miss MOLLIE S. FULLER to Mr. THOMAS D. TINNIN, all of Hillsboro.

OBITUAL.

Died, at Silver Hill Davidson County N. C. on the 30th Nov. 1868, Bro. THOMAS DICKENS, who was born in Burke Co. N.C. Feb. 26th 1789. Aged 79 years 9 months and 4 days.

The deceased was baptized in Grayson County Va. (now Carroll) on the first sunday in May 1812, by Elder John Black. In 1814 he removed to N. C. and united with Tom's Creek Baptist church by letter. After spending several years in connection with the church at Tom's creek, for convenience, he obtained a letter of dismission and united with the Holloways Baptist church, with which he was connected when he died. Bro. DICKENS was beloved by all who knew him. He delighted to talk of the love of God and power of divine Grace. It was the privilege of the writer to have a pleasant interview with him, but a short time before his death. He was an affectionate husband, a kind father, a good neighbor, and a faithful member of the church. By his death, we feel confident that earth is impoverished and (if possible) Heaven enriched.

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PRICES OF NORTH CAROLINA BANK NOTES.

Bank of North Corolina,	G B 40
" Cape Fear	33
" Charlotte,	37
" Lexington,	9
" Roxborough,	61
" Wadesborough,	81
" Thomasville,	20
" Wilmington,	23
" Commerce.	15
" Washington,	3
" Fayetteville,	11
" Clarendon,	3
" Yanceyville,	3
Miners' and Planters' Bank.	41
Farmers' Bank, Greensborough,	33
Commercial Bank, Wilmington,	33
Merchants' Bank, Newbern,	60
Greensborough Mutual,	5
Virginia Bank Notes, about	25
South Carolina "	22
Georgia	23
Gold,	13
Silver,	130
Old Coupons,	50
North Carolina Railroad Coupons,	95
Old Sixes,	60
Exchange on New York,	¼

RALEIGH PROVISION MARKET.

REPORTED BY UPCHURCH & DODD,

RALEIGH, N. C.

APPLES, dried,	
green,	4 00 to 5 00
BACON,	20
sides,	20 to 22
BEEF, per pound,	12½ to 15
on hoof,	6 to 8
BEESWAX,	25 to 30
BUTTER,	40 to 50
CANDLES, adamantine per pound,	20 to 25
tallow,	30
CHEESE, per pound,	19 to 20
CHICKENS, Spring,	25
COFFEE, per pound, (Rio)	21 to 35
CORN, per bushel,	1 00
COTTON,	25
COTTON YARN,	2 05 2 20
EGGS, per dozen,	20
FODDER, per hundred,	1 25
FLOUR,	8 50 to 12 00
HAY, per hundred,	1 00
HERRINGS, N. C. Cut,	11 00
LARD, per pound,	22½ to 25
MEAL, per bushel,	1 00 to 1 25
MOLASSES, per gallon,	60 to 70
MULLETS, new.	
NAILS,	6 00 to 8 00
OATS, per hundred,	1 00
PEAS, red per bushel,	1 00
PEACHES, dried,	5 00
POTATOES, Irish per bushel,	2 00
sweet,	90
SALT, per sack	3 50 to 4 00
SHUCKS, per hundred,	1 00
SUGAR,	14 to 25
SOAP, turpentine,	10 to 15
TALLOW.	10

WILMINGTON MARKET.

REPORTED BY E. WESCOTT.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Apples, green, per bbl	$6 00 to $7 00
dried,	6 to 9
Bacon, N. C. per lb.,	18 to 22
Beef, per hundred,	$10 00 to 14 00
Bricks,	1 00 to 15 00
Beeswax, per lb.,	40 to 42
Butter, per lb.,	30 to 50
Candles, Adamantine, per lb.,	21 to 23
Tallow,	18 to 20
Sperm,	50 to 55
Paraphine,	
Cheese, per lb.,	18 to 22
Chickens,	40 to 50
Coffee, Rio, per lb,	19 to 24
Laguira,	26 to 28
Java,	37 to 40
Corn, per bush.,	98 to 1 05
Cotton, per lb.,	25 to 27
Cotton Yarns,	2 00 to 205
Eggs, per doz.,	18 to 20
Fodder, per hundred,	(none)00
Flour, family, per bl.,	10 00 to 15 50
Guano, (Peruvian) per ton,	80 00 to 85 00
Waudo Guano,	70 00
Gunny Cloth,	21 to 22
Hay, per hundred,	75 to 1 00
Herrings, N. C. Roe,	7 00 to 9 00
Hides, green, per lb.,	9 to 9½
dry,	18 to 20
Lard, per lb,	20 to 23
Lime,	1 60 to 1 65
Meal, per bush.,	1 15 to 1 20
Molasses,	55 to 60
Mullets, per bl.,	7 50 to 10 00
Nails,	5 75 to 6 00
Oats, per hundred,	
Seed, per bush,	85 to 1 00
Peas, (cow) per bush.,	1 10 to 1 25
Peanuts,	2 00 to 2 10
Potatoes, sweet, per bush.,	1 25 to 1 40
Irish, per bbl.,	2 50 to 3 50
Rice,	1 25 to 1 50
Rosin, per bl.,	1 75 to 6 50
Rope, per lb.,	7 to 10
Salt, Liverpool,	2 15 to 2 20
American,	1 70 to 1 80
Shingles,	3 00 to 6 00
Soap, Northern per lb,	7 to 13
Wilmington made,	8 to 11
Sugar,	15 to 18½
Staves, W. O. hhd	30 00
Tallow, per lb.,	10 to 11
Tar, per bbl.,	2 60
Turpentine, per bbl.,	2 75
Spirits Turpt., per gal.,	41½ to 42

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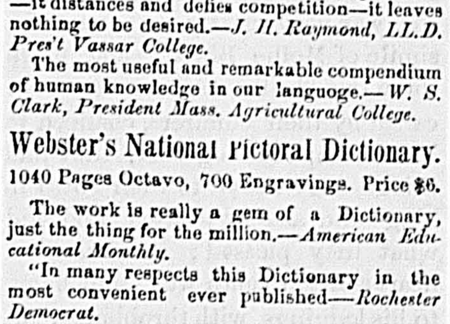

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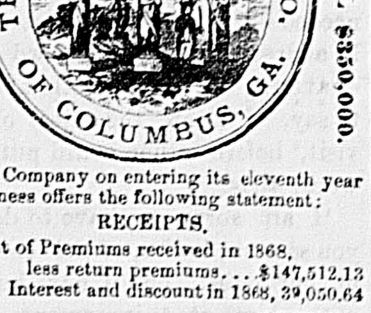
OF COLUMBUS, GA.

INCORPORATED 1859.

CAPITAL $350,000.


THE GEORGIA HOME INS. CO.
CONSTITUTION
OF COLUMBUS, GA.

This Company on entering its eleventh year of business offers the following statement:

RECEIPTS.

Amount of Premiums received in 1868, less return premiums...	$147,512.13
" Interest and discount in 1868,	39,050.64
	186,562.77
Balance from January 1868	26,251.99
	$212,813.76

EXPENDITURES.

Am't of losses paid during the year,	$95,283.01
" Commissions to Ag'ts "	19,825.11
" Taxes and other expenses,	18,327.58
	$133,434.70
Am't Premiums received since Company's organization.........	$919,086.00
" Dividends paid out.........	215,000.00
" Losses..................	420,252.00

Cash dividend declared this day (Feb. 6,) 8 per cent.

Scrip dividend to holders of participating policies, 25 per cent.

The Scrip of 1867, (25 per cent.) is now receivable as Cash in payment of premiums.
D. F. WILCOX, Secretary.

This Company makes a speciality of issuing *Participating Policies* on Dwellings and Furniture, whereby the insured shares in the Profits of the Company without incurring liability. Agents may be found at nearly every prominent point in this and the neighboring States to whom apply, or to
P. F. PESCUD, Agent,
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W. E. ANDERSON, Cash. S. C. WHITE, Tell.
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10.—*All Policies are Non-forfeiting.*—Every policy issued by the Company contains a guarantee of a paid-up policy for a proportionate amount. (See Explanation of Tables.)

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Baptist Sunday School Association
OF
NORTH CAROLINA.

W. W. VASS, | JNO. G. WILLIAMS,
Treasurer. President.

ENDORSED AND RECOMMENDED BY THE BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION OF NORTH CAROLINA.

MOTTO.—"*A Sunday School in every Baptist Church and in every destitute neighborhood.*"

Designed to unite in one organization the tens of thousands of Baptists in N. C.; and to infuse enthusiasm and interest into the churches; to encourage the organization of auxiliary Sunday School Societies and Conventions throughout the State; to organize and equip sunday schools in every destitute locality; to aid teachers and officers in fitting themselves for performing their work in the most successful, thorough and efficient manner; and to furnish, at the least possible cost and with the least possible delay, all needful books, maps, record-books, question books, cards, tickets, song-books, &c. Sunday school workers in all parts of the State are cordially invited to correspond with the Corresponding Secretary of the Association with reference to any wants of books sunday school periodicals, or information.

Any of the publications of the American Baptist Publication Society, or any other sunday school publications to be had in this country, will be promptly turnished at cheap rates, on all cash orders.

The Corresponding Secretary has on hand and will sell cheap for cash, the following books all new and in good order:

New Testament, with Notes, a handsome and valuable edition, containing accurate and full maps of Palestine, the city of Jerusalem in the time of Christ, and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, with the Missionary Tours of the Apostle Paul; rendering it a useful book for Bible classes and teachers.

Devotional Hymn and Tune Book; one of the very best compilations of hymns and music for sanctuary and the family. It is immensely popular. The hymns and music are arranged together in the most convenient form.

Mell's Parliamentary Practice; a hand-book of rules for conducting business in Deliberative Bodies. It is a recognized standard among Baptists, and should be in the hands of Pastors, Moderators, Seccetaries, and all who desire to possess the very valuable knowledge it contains.

First Scripture Question Book.
Scripture Lessons.
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Sunday School Roll Book and Register.
Sunday School Class Books.

Little Libraries; beautiful cases of handsome little story books suitable for rewards and prizes.

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Orders for books or other sunday school publications not now on hand will be forwarded at once to the publishers and the orders filled promptly and satisfactorily.

Subscriptions will be received for any sunday school publication published in the United States. A regular file of all such periodicals will be kept in the office of the Corresponding Secretary, North East Corner of Fayettville and Hargett Str., Second floor, and all sunday school scholars and teachers are invited to call and examine them. Sunday school teachers and workers, visiting or passing through the city, are cordially invited to call on him.

Brethren in any part of the State, who may contemplate organizing schools or sunday school associations, societies, or conventions, are requested to apply to this office for any assistance or information they may need.

Secretaries and officers of auxiliary sunday school bodies will please inform the Corresponding Secretary of this Association of the times and places of their meetings, and whenever desired so to do, he will cheerfully endeavor to procure the attendance of competent speakers, singers, &c.

It is earnestly hoped that all the churches and Associations will kindly remember the sunday school cause when they arrange their schemes for benevolent contributions for the present year. For particulars, or for any purpose, address,

B. W. JUSTICE, Cor. Sec.
P. O. Box 141, Raleigh, N. C.
30—1y.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only Scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERUPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "*impurity of the blood*" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

AYER'S
Ague Cure,
FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Billous Headache, and Billous Fevers, indeed for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

We are enabled here to offer the community a remedy which, while it cures the above complaints with certainty, is still perfectly harmless in any quantity. Such a remedy is invaluable in districts where these afflicting disorders prevail. This "CURE" expels the miasmatic poison of FEVER AND AGUE from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of its premonitory symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within the reach of every body; and in billous districts, where FEVER AND AGUE prevails, every body should have it and use it freely both for cure and protection. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is that it contains no Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinism or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are *Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis* and *Derangement of the Stomach*, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the *intermittent type*, or become periodical. This "CURE" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike. It is an invaluable protection to immigrants and persons travelling or temporarily residing in the malarious districts. If taken occasionally or daily while exposed to the infection, that will be excreted from the system, and cannot accumulate in sufficient quantity to ripen into disease. Hence it is even more valuable for protection than cure, and few will ever suffer from Intermittents if they avail themselves of the protection this remedy affords.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass

Sold by Williams & Haywood, Raleigh, and by all druggists and dealers everywhere At wholesale by M. A. & C. A. Santos, Norfolk

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MONTHLY IN TWO PARTS.
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20 copies, one year, to one address,	5 00

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POSTAGE.—The postage on the "Child's Delight," sent in one package, is one cent for every four ounces, or fractional part thereof, paid in advance at the office where received. Accordingly, the postage on ten copies per year is 16 cents; 25 copies, 36 cents; 50 copies, 72 cents; and 100 copies, $1 44.

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Money may be sent free of expense to the publisher, at his risk—either by postal order or by express, or by registered letters or by mail securely sealed.

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Macon, Georgia.

Parents, pastors, church officers, Sunday school superintendents and teachers, pious laymen, and all interested in the welfare of the young, should interest themselves in its behalf, and give it as wide a circulation as possible.

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MRS. SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

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6. It is filled with entertaining and instructive religious matter from the best pens.
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10. You will advance the cause of the Redeemer.
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For the Biblical Recorder.

A PASTOR'S COURTSHIPS.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE AN INVOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE.

We met—we gazed—I saw and sigh'd,
She did not speak, and yet replied;
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines—
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'er-wrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds
Without their will, young hearts and minds;
Converging as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.
Byron

We may pause in our narrative to remark on the very interesting question whether love, which seeks a congenial union of the sexes, is an involuntary principle or passion, and whether it acts without the consent, and even against the will, of persons possessed by it. That many persons fall in love, so to speak, at first sight of those of the opposite sex, and become strangely agitated without being able to subdue or even to restrain their emotions, is susceptible of the most irrefragable proof, by numerous well-authenticated facts, bearing directly on the subject. Facts, it is said, are 'stubborn things,' and no other species of proof need be sought after to settle this popular question. That persons have mutually loved each other from the day of their first acquaintance, with an intensity of feeling that so preyed on their spirits as to keep them pining away in ill health for years, and this without either party being aware that the passion was reciprocated by the other, has been attested by a mutual confession to a third party but at too late a period to relieve each other's sufferings by the only cure, matrimonial alliance.

Again, history informs us that there have been cases in which the passion acted so powerfully from the first view at a congenial person, as to impel the subject of it to commit suicide because it would not or could not be reciprocated. Facts of undoubted credibility establish this assertion.

The conclusion, then, on principles of inductive reasoning, is natural—nay, it is irresistible—that there is a susceptibility in the human soul for the reception and retention of tender impressions, that are caused solely by the presence of an agreeable or a lovely object; and in the production of which, the person affected by them has had no agency beyond the physical habits of keeping his eyes open. Vision is the electric wire along which the tender sentiments of the heart leap from soul to soul.

These facts have been given to show that the identical emotions which seem to have been excited in the bosom of Mr. Clark and Miss Caroline Black about the same time—that is, at a first sight of each other—were not agitations of the heart that were peculiar to them. Such occurrences have been common in all ages of the world, and it would not be difficult, nor perhaps sophistical to deduce from these facts another principle of action which is this: true love is not the result of education, but an original principle of the soul that becomes excited instantly, on seeing agreeable qualities in a person of the opposite sex. We shall not attempt a defence of this proposition, but leave its discussion to ontologists who have more deeply examined the subject, while at the same time, we cherish a conviction of its truth, which, to us, amounts to moral certainty.

But from the views advanced in this episode, several lessons of practical life may be inferred. The first is, that the manifestations of love when centered on a worthy object, are entitled to honor, and not reproach; to sympathy, and not heartless amusement at the expense of the lover or lovers. To chide a person or make him a but of ridicule for being in love, is to censure him for an impulse of nature which he cannot control, even if it were desirable or proper that he should do so. He is not wholly a free agent in the management of such an affection, though he may, perhaps, subdue it in a measure. It were as reasonable to have censured Newton's apple for falling to the ground, when drawn to it by a resistless law, after its stem had been broken by another law of nature. Just as well ridicule a corn of wheat for sprouting when in contact with the warmth and the moisture of fertile soil, as a man and woman for loving, when under the influence of charms, whether real or imagined, that captivate the nature of either. It is nature—just as God has made it—that yields to the golden cords that fasten upon a susceptible heart, and draw it towards the object, which to it, appears the loveliest in all the earth. The law of love is the law of God; for God himself is love.

It follows also from the foregoing views, that selfish, or merely secular considerations, should never be allowed to interfere with, or to entirely frustrate, the divine design of this holy passion. Position, property, titles, fame, or family connections, can never compensate for a violation of pure, incorrupted love. Alliances may be compelled by the dictation of imperious aristocracies; regal dynasties may be thus perpetuated; money-kings may force their children to marry for fortunes; the supercilious tradesman grown rich perhaps by unlawful gains, may sneer at the thoughts of marrying his daughter to a mechanic, and disown her if she thwart his wishes; but in all such cases, if the instinctive tenderness of love be put at defiance, marriage may seem to be, but is seldom, if ever happy.

Very often, too, the most deplorable consequences result from forced, but uncongenial wedlock, and the gray hairs of parents, who were the chief instruments in bringing them about, are brought in sorrow to their graves.

We find also in the nature and spontaneous action of love, an apology for ministers of the Gospel, who are anxious to marry, as all of them ought to be. Peter had a wife—the catholic dogma, enjoining celibacy, to the contrary notwithstanding—and had her, no doubt, because he loved her. No other motive for the union can be gathered from the record, and it is well known that the bold and energetic apostle, had no property besides a few nets and other fishing tackle.

But what a stir does the expected marriage of a preacher sometimes create among his people, as if it would be an event outside of the ordinary course of nature! How the church and the out-side world gossip! Whereas, the event might be very readily accounted for on the principle that a Gospel minister is only a man, and of like passions with other men. He is neither a stoic nor misanthropist, but an intelligent being, with a warm heart in his bosom, that impels him to 'leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife.'

This view of the love-question, will prepare the reader for the narrative to be resumed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.

"With quickened step,
Brown night retires; young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn."—*Thompson.*

The storm over, the morning came on clear and cold, the weather moderating as the sun rose in the heavens, and "shed the shining day on hills, towers, and wandering streams."

Mr. Clark was startled out of his nap by a strange, but terrific noise, directly over his head. It started from the roof, and descended to the street with a sound like rumbling thunder. The young preacher sprang out of bed, and rushed to the window in a state of bewildered anxiety to learn the cause of the strange uproar. The mystery was soon explained. A large mass of snow and ice had slidden from the roof, and been hurled upon the pavement below. But lifting his eyes from the white pyramid which the avalanche had formed under his window, he swept the horizon with enrapturing amazement. A scene of the most various and entrancing beauty saluted his vision. The immense field of snow had become glazed over by the mist and sleet of the previous night, and under the reflected rays of the sun, had the aspect of a sea of fire. The eaves of every house, within sight were ornamented with balustrades of icicles; while every tree, shrub, fence, or post was clad in a suit of transparent ice.—Thus were formed, in a single night, by the skillful hand of nature, myriads of prisms, that scattered the colors of the rainbow, in all directions, filling aerial space with dazzling waves of light, which scintillated and trembled in the sunbeams with the most enchanting beauty.

No pedestrians were to be seen on the streets, nor were the tramp of foot-steps heard on the sidewalks.—The snow had drifted in heaps about the corners, blocking up the mouths of the alleys, leaving, it is true, a bare place here and there, from which the wind had swept the snow, but so slippery, from a thin coat of ice, that the best posture master could scarcely have maintained a perpendicular upon it.

The serene quiet without was only broken at times by the grating crash of some bough of a tree, unable to support longer its burden of ice and snow; or the sound of snow-slides from the houses, which as the sun's dissolving power increased, became more frequent.

To his surprise and deep chagrin, the sun was riding high in the heavens, and Mr. Clark was in a quandary as to the reason why he had not been called up. Just at that moment Peter appeared at his door with the astounding announcement that breakfast had been over for several hours, but that his good mistress, supposing her guest to be very tired, had ordered to let him sleep awhile; but that if he would now step down he would find his breakfast ready for him.

This intelligence disconcerted him beyond measnre. He would not, on any account, have failed to be present at morning worship. He remembered how some young preachers had won an unenviable reputation for indolence, and even laziness, by their devotion to their beds; and he was desirous, above all things, of avoiding the stigma of such a fame, in the opinion of Dr. Black and his family.

But it was now too late to alter the case, and he must make the best of his awkward situation. Could he as on the dial-plate of Ahaz, have turned back the sun's shadow, he would have been tempted to do it, so pungent was his mortification at being belated. However, as the matter stood, it was best to avoid the appearance of confusion, and having made his toilet with more than his accustomed care, he followed Peter to the breakfast room.

Mrs. Black repeated her reasons for not disturbing him till he had been rested and refreshed, hoped he would enjoy his breakfast, and added that, as she had some family cares, requiring her presence in another part of the house, she would beg him to excuse her, since she would leave Carrie and Mollie to attend to his wants at the table.—Mr. Clark, for reasons he could not well explain, would have preferred, just then, to have been served by Mrs. Black alone, but how could he object to her arrangement? So he bowed assent, and his hostess retired, leaving him alone with her charming daughters.

The girls took seats with him and paused before dishing out his coffee, as if waiting for something. Suddenly it flashed it into his mind that he must ask a blessing, which duty he hurriedly performed. Carrie served out the coffee, and Mollie did her best in well supplying his plate. But little conversation was indulged in between himself and Miss Caroline, both without the knowledge of each other, having schooled themselves into brevity, and a reserved deliberation, lest the tender sentiments, which were reciprocally felt during the past night, might inadvertently betray themselves. But Mollie, to the infinite relief of them both, filled up every hiatus with a rich flow of colloquial utterance.—Her cheeks dimpled, her eyes sparkled, her little hands gesticulated, while the color of her face deepened, glowed, or subsided, according to the fervor and intensity of her feelings, as she poured out the rich treasures of her musical vocabulary. She sat a queen of that trio; and whether botany, chemistry, history or music was by turns the question on the tapis, she was at home in them all, and expressed her opinions, not ex cathedra, but modestly, freely, and without disguise.

Mr. Clark was charmed with the accuracy of her views, as well as the elegance of her conversational powers. If she had, on a first acquaintance seemed volatile and superficial, she now appeared as a paragon of intelligence and loveliness—a young lady of the rarest accomplishments, and one who could invest her opinions, when she chose to express them, with a graceful and polished delivery. Caroline was herself surprised at the vivacious, and to her, unusual force and beauty of Mollie's style of utterance on that occasion; and while she felt proud of her "little sister," as she sometimes playfully addressed her, she could not but feel that she herself had, for once at least, been thrown into the shade by Mollie's brilliant performance. She saw that Mr. Clark's undivided attention had been fully commanded, and that a glow of admiration had swept frequently over his countenance. That the expression of his features was one of astonishment, mingled with pleasure, as if an inquiry for an explanation of the unexpected outflow of sensible eloquence, were pressing upon his brain, and yet unable to find a satisfactory answer. Mollie seemed at that moment to be the idol of his soul, and Caroline felt strangely uneasy.

The explanation may be thus given: Miss Mary belonged to that class of demonstrative persons, who make themselves minutely familiar with the studies through which they have passed, as far as they have gone, and are consequently able, by a self-confidence, and a felicitous flow of language, to impart to others all which they themselves know, and in a manner that wins respect and admiration. Such persons are sure, on a first hearing, to receive credit for a profounder capacity, and a wider range of knowledge, than they in fact possess, while others with greater mental powers, and immensely higher attainments, but being less demonstrative, cannot felicitously communicate the half of what lies methodically stored away in their minds. 'The pen could bring it out, but the tongue never. It is by frequent contact with these different classes of persons, that a correct judgment may be formed of their relative talents and cultivation; and if Miss Caroline was in danger of being supplanted in the opinion of Mr. Clark by this *coup de main* of her "little sister"—for it was nothing else, as Mollie was candid enough to confess, subsequently—she soon regained her throne in his heart.

The more he saw of them both, the better was he convinced that Miss Caroline was the central star of that family. No subsequent tête-à-tête with Miss Mollie—though she was always interesting, and at times bewitchingly attractive—could change this opinion. She never surpassed, perhaps had never before equaled that extraordidary display of femine eloquence at the breakfast table.

Mollie, to use her own words, "had resolved on trying herself, to see if the apparently dormant nature of the Scotch preacher could wake up or be warmed into life—whether it was like that of other men, or whether he was wholly insensible to female influence and management; in a word, she meant to make good the purpose previously expressed to Caroline, that if there was a latent spark anywhere in his heart, she meant to bring it out, and this determination had winged her soul with an inspiration and confidence which she had never felt before.

She was satisfied. She had found a heart in his bosom, as her small talk had demonstrated, and though for the moment she had probably been estimated by him above her real value, he might slide down, at his convenience, to any reasonable price."

Scarcely had Mr. Clark and the two girls left the breakfast table, and become seated in the parlor, before two young ladies were ushered into their presence by Hannah. They were introduced to the young stranger by Mollie, as Miss Jane Vickers, and Miss Angelina Humphreys.

Miss Vickers was the daughter of the senior Elder in Dr. Black's church, and was one of those unique young ladies, who are fitted by nature to assume a benevolent oversight of all church affairs, excepting, of course, those that are forbidden by the great Apostle to the Gentiles.

She was—so the report ran—a little, perhaps considerably, over thirty years of age. Mr. Pester, who was a man of large information in many things, expressed the opinion freely, that she was on the shady side of forty; but he was regarded by ladies generally, as very unreliable in his figures, especially in summing up the months and years of young women. No Miss was willing to trust his judgment or memory on a question of such vital importance, though a bachelor of years himself.

Miss Jane was tall, straight as an arrow, and of a slender figure. She had a long, lean face, slightly flecked. Her chin was sharp, her lips were thin, and closely drawn down on a fine set of false teeth. Her eyes were small, but very black and piercing. Her hair was dark and straight, and when smoothed closely on her temples, resembled a raven's wings. Her voice was sharp, and when elevated under excitement, shrill and squeaking. Her nose was long, and hawk-billed. Taken as a whole, her countenance was not regarded as handsome, though it was believed by her friends, that there were homelier ladies in the world than Miss Jane—if one knew where to find them.

Miss Vickers was very exact and neat in her manner of dressing. Every pin, every button, every ribbon, must be exactly in the right place. The younger girls said she was odd, and some of them that she was eccentric. She wore none but fabrics of the finest texture, and as her father was rich, and she had besides a patrimony of her own, bequeathed to her by an aunt on her mother's side, she never hesitated at the cost of an article. Whatever struck her fancy she would have, cost what it might, but her attire was never tawdry, nor clogged with with useless excrescences, as she called furbelows, tucks and frills.

A rich plain dress fitted neatly about the bust, fastened in the neck under a small white collar, that was secured in front by a medium sized brilliant, with a bonnet without lace or flowers, was, with a very few exceptions on special occasions, her uniform style of dress. She was by general consent a model of neatness, yet one which none of the young ladies cared to imitate.

It was a long time before she could overcome a deeply rooted prejudice against hoops, but finally she compromised on those of a smaller size than the current fashion required. "Those inverted baloons," as she sarcastically called the hoops of the fashionable circumference, she most heartily despised; and there were not a few pedestrians and business men who in haste to reach their shops and ware-houses by the shortest lines, but compelled at every corner to make a detour to avoid colliding with crinolines, thought Miss Jane to be a sensible spinster, however just the censures of some on her citicisms in relation to minor displays of bon ton might be.

Miss Jane kept a sharp eye on all the habits and customs of her neighbors, and expressed her opinion freely—mere girls thought and many of them said, *too freely*—on every event that occured within the sphere of her acquaintance. She felt it to be a duty as well as a privilege to honor the injunction of the Apostle, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Armed with this mandate of Holy Writ, she essayed to curb the extravagance of the age, if possible, but in any event, to exert herself for the reformation of certain worldly customs in the church of which she was a member, especially among the sisterhood. With the men she need attempt nothing, as she well knew, but she did not despair of effecting some good among persons of her own sex, for the promotion of moderation and economy, both as it regarded the style of their apparel, and the stiff and formal manner of their social intercourse. Hence she employed her spare moments (and of these she seemed to have many), in going from house to house to make observations, the better to qualify her for the full discharge of her benevolent duty.

Accordingly, she kept ever in her mind an inventory of all the various habits that comprised the female attire of Dr. Black's church and congregation. If any one came out in a new dress, or a new bonnet, Miss Jane was the first one to notice it. Was there the slightest variation in fashion, an extra ribbon, or a superfluous flower, her ever-watchful and practised eye would be sure to detect it. The probability of a marriage between any of the young people could always be more definitely ascertained by a conference with Miss Jane. She knew all about it, and generally as those who did not admire her meddling propensities said—more than the parties themselves. To every wedding she must needs have a bid, for should she be left out, not a few innuendoes to the disadvantage of the offending parties might escape her lips—such as that "she had not expected an invitation, of course, as she had never returned the ladies' calls, and hence she could not have attended if she had been invited." Many feared these biting criticisms, and Miss Jane was as much indebted to them for the frequent invitations she received to weddings, as to any desire the parties sending them had for her attendance.

All church-matters received her unremitting oversight and care—and that in utter disregard of Apostolic prohibitions—and if a stranger preacher should come into the neighborhood, especially on a visit to her pastor, Miss Vickers would soon find him out, and report her impressions of him without delay.

This morbid curiosity, to hear what was going on, and see what was to be seen, was in fact the true reason for her call at the parsonage on that cold morning after the storm of the previous night; for although she pretended to have business with Caroline about the sewing circle, her real object in calling was undoubtedly to see Mr. Clark of whose advent she had heard from her father's footman, who had learned it from Peter that morning at market.

Of Miss Angelina Humphreys, who happened at the time to be on a visit at her uncle Vickers' and whom Miss Jane brought with her in the carriage, but little need be said. In size, form, beauty and sprightliness, she was very nearly an exact fac simile of Mollie Black; and when these two "brilliants," as they were called by their admirers, chanced to be in company together, they had things very much to their own liking—did as they pleased, and said what they pleased; and many a heart-smitten youth was sent home to his lodgings, with throbbing temples, and a palpitating bosom.

Scarcely had the ladies been introduced to Mr. Clark, when Dr. Black entered the parlor, with,

'Good morning, Miss Jane; good morning Miss Angelina. I must say, that you are ladies of a hardy courage to venture out in such weather. I hope we find you both well.'

'Very well, thank, you, sir,' they both answered at the same time, and would have apologized for coming out that inclement season—for Miss Jane felt that an excuse was needed—but the Dr. immediately addressed them, a shrewd smile quavering on his lips, that seemed to say, 'I know the object of your visit,' before either could put in a word, thus:

'I am sorry to have to deprive you so soon, ladies, of the company of our guest, but I have business with him at this moment in my study, and I will ask you, Mr. Clark to go with me thither.'

'Could anything be more provoking,' said Miss Jane to herself, puckering her thin lips over her false teeth, like the mouth of a money purse.

'I'm so sorry,' sighed Miss Angelina, almost audibly.

Mr. Clark arose instantly, bowed politely to the ladies, and followed his host out of the room. It was, in truth, an agreeable relief to him to find an opportunity of escape into retirement for a season. To be entertained by brilliant ladies would under other circumstances have been very agreeable to him, but he needed time for reflection and study, that he might realize and the better appreciate his situation, and hence for this reason, he dispensed with drawing-room civilities the more willingly.

The Dr. in calling him away, had a purpose to subserve besides business. He had seen the carriage of Elder Vickers drive up, and inferred that its occupant, on such a morning, could be no less a personage than Miss Jane. No other lady of the congregation would be so likely to venture out in an ice-bound day as she, and suspecting the object of her visit, and knowing her proneness to exaggerate when imparting information of persons and things, he resolved on disappointing her curiosity, and letting her see as little of Mr. Clark between that time and Sunday as possible. Miss Jane was very useful to him in some respects, and a worthy member of his church, but he did not deem it best to allow her to monopolize the society of Mr. Clark before his appearance in public.

'Now, my young brother,' said Dr. Black, when both had become seated in the study, 'I will unfold my plans for the ensuing Lord's day. I shall, if well, according to a long established custom, preach myself on the morning of that day. This has been my practice for many years, no matter what ministers from abroad might be with us; unless indeed, there had perchance come among us a brother whose known standing and reputation justified a departure from this rule—all rules, you know, have their exceptions. But I desire that you shall occupy the pulpit in the afternoon. Our audiences at that hour are generally not nearly so large as are our morning congregations, but when it is known that a stranger will preach, they are always increased. I shall announce you for that hour from the pulpit: but with the aid of the elder of those ladies you saw in the parlor, and who for such emergencies is as good as a Gazette—I shall no doubt be anticipated; and the news of your arrival shall be spread over my entire parish before Saturday night. My own preparations are all completed, and as I wish to make some visits, if the weather will allow, I shall leave you to your reflections among my books, and for the balance of the week we may not see each other except in the dining room. I hope the divine spirit will be with you, and make your studies delightful to yourself, and profitable to others."

"I would rather," replied Mr. Clark, "be excused from attempting to occupy your pulpit, at least until I have seen a little more of England, and of English Christianity."

"Well, sir, there is no necessity for that. 'English christianity,' when it is genuine, is the same as any other pure christianity," said the Dr. with a patronizing smile.

"Certainly it is, Dr., but I still dread that 'failure' of which we spoke on yesterday. Your church and congregation are from among the most intelligent and refined people of Loudoun, and I confess to a fear of standing before them to speak."

"You need not fear, sir, if you preach Christ—that is, the gospel of Christ. But if you think too much of yourself, and how to please men, you *will* fail, and you ought to fail. But pray, pray earnestly, and you will be sustained."

"Be it as you wish, Dr., I will do the best I can."

From that time till Sunday, he had the study all to himself, and saw none of the family except at meal times. Dr. Black had given orders that the young preacher must not be disturbed, neither by members of his church nor of his family. This left him ample time, and every facility for research, and the arrangement of his thoughts and ideas. The next chapter will show how these were put to practical use.

The Family.

Our Children Copyists.

I took up a sheet of my own manuscript, an article hastily scribbled in pencil, and carelessly left unfinished upon my table. The space which I had left vacant about the title at the top, I found all filled up with writing; and a glance told me that my little boy had been copying the title over and over many times, imitating as accurately as possible the bad as well as the good points of the writing.

"You musn't do so again," said I to the boy, as I pointed to his writing. "Any careless scribbling of mine that you may happen to find, is not fit for you to copy; it will get you into bad habits of penmanship."

"Why, mother," cried the child, "father said the way for me to learn to write well was to keep practising, by copying all sorts of good writing; and I am sure anything you write is good enough."

"No, my love," said I decidedly; "I will set you copies whenever you wish; but my ordinary hasty writing is not for you to imitate. See now, if I had thought of your copying this, I should have written it thus," writing it very carefully. "See how different it looks from the other!"

"I see," said the boy; "and I will do as you say. But if I get my best as well as your worst, I shall be satisfied."

My son went away, but I sat and thought—not of penmanship, but of matters far more vital to his welfare. Those thoughts were helpful to me, in trying to live aright before my child; and perhaps they may help others as weak, if such indeed there be.

He is a zealous copyist, this child who sits beside us, and follows our steps from day to day. He must copy something, and he will not wait for that which is carefully set and prepared for his imitation. The ordinary careless scribblings are what he will seize upon, and imitate, till he makes them his own. By an excercise of authority, I could prevent my child from copying my careless handwriting; but it is morally impossible for me to prevent his copying my careless living. It is the unconscious influence, flowing from us each day, hour, moment, which will form the child's character.

Again, if the child say, "I am sure anything which you do is good enough," while the parent may well be thankful for such an expression from the child's heart, he will do well to remember, that, in winning this great treasure of love and trust, he had won with it a responsibility proportionately great.

I have seen a very excellent, loving, and beloved mother standing directly in the way of her child's entrance into the heavenly gate; while mothers, who were openly bad, had no power to keep their children out of heaven. The children of that mother, were, one after another, deeply interested for their souls' salvation; but, failing to come out openly on the Lord's side, relapsed, some into indifference, and some into open sin. When the pastor urged the daughter to take a decided stand with those who were saying, "As for me, I will serve the Lord," she replied:

"I mean to serve God; but I shall keep my resolutions to myself, and make no professions—that is mother's way; and she is good enough, and a great deal better than I ever expect to be."

The pastor believed that mother to have been for many years a true Christian; but nothing could induce her to profess Christ openly; and her children, seeking to follow the course of her whom they loved and honored, wrecked the fair bark of religion upon the rock of her bad example.

When a child says, "My mother is good enough," let her not think, "My child is in a place of safety beside me;" but rather search her heart and life by the light of God's truth, and beg grace in humble supplication at the foot of the cross, to lead her child in the right path.

Though he spoke but of the handwriting, it started me into these and many other earnest thoughts, to hear my child say, "If I get my best as well as your worst, I shall be satisfied."

Our Darling Lillie.

BY NARCISSA B. DAVIS.

"Not Lost, But Gone Before."

Gone in her childish beauty!
Gone is the one we love!
Gone from us so lovely!
Gone to Heaven above:
Smoothe her beautiful golden hair
Upon her brow so pure and fair
Close her blue eyes once so bright
Gone forever is their brilliant light.

Faded from earth so easily!
Gone in her youthful bloom
Faded though loved so dearly
Gone to an early tomb,
Coldly gleams her face so white,
By the pale moon's glimmering light
Fold her white hands over her breast
While all is peace and quiet rest.

Gone from us forever!
Free from all earthly pain,
No, no, we shall never.
See her here again,
The rose will soon bloom o'er her face
And by its side the willow wave
And the wild birds song be heard,
When a green leaf scarce is stirred.
When the violet lifts its head,
Watching o'er the quiet dead,
When the night winds gently sigh,
And the stars shine bright on high,
Still we'll hear the same sad moan,
Gone from us forever gone.

—*Morehead City.*

The following sentiment is attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte: "A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel—the other a treasure."

A poor Scotchman put a crown piece into "the plate" in an Edinburgh church, on a late Sunday morning, by mistake for a penny, and asked to have it back, but was refused. In once, in forever. "Aweel, aweel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, Na," said the doorkeeper, "ye'll get credit only for the penny ye meant to gi."

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—Chang and Eng married two sisters, daughters of a North Carolina clergyman. Each brother has nine children. The family of Eng consists of six sons and three daughters; the family of Chang consists of three sons and six daughters. The first children were born in three or four days of each other, the others at regular intervals. Chang's ninth child was born three months ago.

An apprentice sailor fell from the "round top" to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed, in surprise, "Why, where did you come from?" "From the north of Ireland, yer honor," was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

A liquid glue, far superior to mucilage, may be made by dissolving glue in an equal quantity of strong hot vinegar, adding a fourth of alcohol and a little alum. This will keep any length of time when placed in close bottles, and will glue together horn, wood and mother of-pearl.

One of the editors of this paper, while travelling some time since, dreamed that he was an advertisement, for which there was no room in the paper, and was made very uncomfortable by the efforts to crowd him into a column. On awaking he found himself inconveniently crowded in the berth which he was sharing with his son. *Exchange.*

RICHEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.—Nothing need be said in praise of the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Its *completeness* surpasses the thought of any one who has not examined it. Add to this a vast variety of classified Pictorial Illustrations, of almost every physical science embraced in the studies of the age, with various other departments, and the work is the *richest book of information in the world.* There is probably more real *education* in it than can be bought for the same amount of money in any language. Every *personage* should have a copy at the expense of the parish. It would improve many pulpits more than a trip to Europe, and at a much less cost.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

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