

the dog followeth the hare, to tear it in pieces, to destroy it: who fight for love, by making others seem odious and unlovely; by evil surmisings, proud undervaluing the worth of others, busy and groundless censuring of men whose case they knew not; aggravating frailties, stigmatizing their persons, their actions, &c., with odious names, as their pride and faction suggests; and all this to strengthen the interest of their side and party, and to make themselves and their consenters to seem wise and good, by making others seem foolish and bad, though they thereby proclaim themselves to be so much the worse, by how much they are the most void of love. They are all for concord; but it is only on their narrow, factious terms. They are for peace; but it is not of the whole street, but of their house alone; not of the whole city, but of their street alone; not of the whole kingdom, but of their city alone. O what a blessed thing were peace, if all would derive it from their wills, and terminate it in their interest, and they might be the centre of unity in the world! that is, they might be Gods and Christs! Such excellent architects are they, that they can build Christ's house by pulling it to pieces! such excellent surgeons, that they can heal Christ's body separating the members, and can make as many bodies as there are separated parts! I know that these principles are as mortal to the churches, as they are to souls; and if ever the churches have peace, prosperity, and healing, it must be by the means of love and concord, and by destroying the principles which would destroy them. H.

#### CHRISTIAN CABINET.

**THE SELFISHNESS OF DEJECTION.**—A melancholy or cheerless spirit belongs not to the spirit of true religion—it is indeed incompatible with the spirit of Christianity. It is a denial of the abounding goodness of our heavenly Father. That Father has formed the universe as a vast receptacle of blessings, and immersed us in a boundless ocean of favor; yet the spirit of melancholy says, "There is no good." Our heavenly Father has furnished all the resources of this material world, to make his human family happy; and he hath provided for us the endless joys of his presence, and the pleasures that are at his right hand for ever more—yet the spirit of melancholy declares that all is dark and cheerless—that all is vanity, and sorrow, and misery. To bless us and to gladden our hearts, he gives us this wonderful construction and these wonderful faculties and susceptibilities of our bodily and mental constitutions; he pours the current of pleasurable health through our veins; he spreads before our senses a world of scenes of enchanting beauty; he furnishes an abundant banquet of virtuous delights; he causes his sun to rise, and sends his rain to bless us; he gives his Son to be our salvation, and angels to be our ministering spirits; he brings life and immortality to light in the Gospel; he offers freely eternal glory and heirship to his kingdom: and yet, the spirit of melancholy denies and rejects all his goodness and his mercies, and obstinately persists in being wretched in opposition to all the desire and provisions of our heavenly Father to make all his human family happy.

Melancholy of dejection, like all other sins and evils, has its root in selfishness. Disappointed in some selfish aims and expectations, the individual begins to grieve for beloved self. The active fancy rears a monument over the grave of blasted selfish hopes; and that is made the shrine of the soul's devotion where the melancholy spirit buries itself in deep cypress gloom; and in subdued pride of heart offers up tears and sighs at this shrine of self—and to justify and exalt, and embalm that self, it denies all the goodness of Providence, and reproaches that Providence as the only author of all which that adored self has suffered, and is still suffering. O, what pride and impiety is this! Is any one who reads this

article affected with this deep distemper of the soul, as the writer confesses himself to have been while having no hope, and without God in the world? Let that reader delay not to go to the Bible—to Jesus—for a cure, before that dangerous malady is confirmed in eternal despair!

**THE PRIDE OF BENEVOLENCE.**—There is another species of benevolence which I do not know how to characterize better, than to call it the *pride* of benevolence. It is a benevolence that will not stoop to the common wants of life. It has no fellowship with the every-day necessities of men. It can pour forth its treasures in wonderful profusion to plant a university, to replenish a college, or aggrandize a city. It can, Naaman-like, find it very easy to do some great thing, and thus transmit a perpetual remembrance of its large benefactions. It can shower its thousands upon a single object of popular interest, and look with a wide spread eye to the columns which emblazon forth the *last* beneficent act of one of the most benevolent men of the age; but to scatter thousands among a population of starving poor; to send a morsel to the mouth of a hungry man; to clothe the naked; to search out some dark, some dismal receptacle of misery, and there leave a *little* of the light of love; to hunt for the most dreary and putrid lane of poverty, where dwells wretchedness in its lankest and most ragged form; and *there*, unseen by every eye, save that which pierceth through the darkest shades, unwatched by any that may herald forth the deed of mercy, *THERE* to relieve those limbs that are agonized with pain, to support that system which is faint with hunger, and to warm that body which is shivering in a frail and unsheltered tenement, O! THAT WERE A DEED TOO LITTLE! But say not, it is "TOO LITTLE!"

"Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its cooling draught  
Of cool refreshments, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarine juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort, which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall  
Like choicest music; fill the glazed eye  
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again;  
And shed on the departing soul a sense  
More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honored death-bed of the rich.  
To him, who else were lonely—that another  
Of the great family is near, and feels."

J. Y. Spectator.

#### THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

By Mrs. Abby.

The voice of Praise, how sweet its tone  
Sounds to the youthful ear,  
When by attentive zeal 'tis won,  
And heard from lips sincere.  
Where'er, dear child, thy friends reprove,  
A sigh their grief conveys;  
But cheering are their smiles of love,  
And kind their words of praise.

Oh! then, this precious boon to gain,  
May'st thou unceasing try,  
Fresh stores of knowledge to attain,  
By patient industry.  
Though pleasure's path be strewn with flowers,  
Though blithe her festive days,  
More peaceful are Instruction's bowers,  
More sweet the Voice of Praise.

#### EPITAPH

In the Baptist Burying-Ground, at Tewksbury, in Gloucestershire

Bold infidelity, turn pale, and die:  
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie.  
Say, are they lost or saved?  
If death's by sin, they sinn'd because they're here.  
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.  
Reason—oh! how depraved.  
Revere the Bible's sacred page, the knot's untied,  
They died for Adam sinn'd: they live, for Jesus died.

#### DR. ADAM

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