

public good may require. They are constantly receiving new supplies of the poisonous liquids which they will sell by the glass, the bottle, the barrel or the hog'shead.

For the accommodation of their numerous customers, and for the dispatch of their increasing business, Death & Co. have appointed a sufficient number of active agents, who are stationed at convenient distances, in splendid palaces, beershops and public houses. These palaces, beer shops, and public houses and groggeries may be known by the squalor, filth, obscenity, of the customers who congregate around them, as well as by the odors of the poisons continually polluting the air around.

Satisfactory references can be given to county jails, houses of correction, lunatic asylums, hospitals, work houses, insolvent debtors' courts, the court of bankruptcy, or the wives and families of those whom Death & Co. have had the happiness to make drunkards.

N.B.—Death & Co. beg leave to caution all tipplers and dram drinkers from giving any heed to their wives, children or friends, or any advocates of total abstinence societies, as these parties are enemies to this soul and body destroying business. Gentlemen, by calling on our agents, may see specimens of drunkards, and subjects for the charnel house, at all hours, by day and by night, Sunday not excepted.

DEATH & Co.

#### THE TWO SEA CAPTAINS.

"When I followed the sea," said Captain —, "I was often very much tried, but these trials proved blessings in the end. When I was perplexed and troubled, I was driven to prayer, and the Lord would help me, and give me grace to deny myself and serve Him.

"In St. Augustine, I was going to market for the ship one day, when I met Captain S —, with his wife and five children in a very destitute condition. They had just been shipwrecked; the children were barefooted, and they did not seem to know what to do. I told them to go on board my ship, which was bound for Charleston, where they belonged, and they would soon be at home.

"In the afternoon a breeze sprang up, and we set sail. The next day was Sunday. As usual, in the morning the decks were washed down, and preparations made for worship.

"Now came a great trial for me. I should not have minded my crew alone, for I had been accustomed to lead their devotions, but I had a good many ladies and gentlemen as passengers, and it seemed a great self denial to speak in my plain way before them—so great that I could not stand under it. I went down into my cabin, and begged that I might have grace to bear through this trial. I arose strengthened, and as I was going on deck, I saw that some of the ladies had hymn books.

"This encouraged me, for I thought then there were some Christians among them who

would assist me with their prayers. I read a chapter and prayed, and then several of the gentlemen prayed; after which we sang a hymn, and I never heard better music. Those ladies' voices fairly made old Ocean ring.

"In the afternoon we had a prayer-meeting, and it was a delightful day to me, after all my trouble. Gen. Wool was one of the passengers, and as he shook hands with me at parting, he said he should always remember with pleasure the Sabbath he had passed on board my ship. I made many friends that trip, and have often since had pleasant meetings with Christians of various denominations among them.

"As I parted with Captain S —, I handed him fifty dollars as he was in so much need. He was very grateful, and told me that he would repay me when he was able. I said it was no matter about that, but if he met with any one in need as he then was, he might give it to him.

"One morning last summer, as I was going to market, I gave a man, who was in want, all the money I had; and when I returned home, my wife asked for the meat, at the same time handing me a letter, and asking me for money to pay the postage. That letter was from Captain S —. It enclosed fifty dollars, and informed me that the impression of that Sabbath had never left him, nor had allowed him any peace until he gave himself to his Savior. It proved to me that self denial for Christ and the good of men has often a blessed reward, not only in the life that now is, but in that which is to come."

#### "CHRISTIANITY" AND CHRIST.

There is a tendency, even in nominally orthodox pulpits, to the former in place of the latter. The new Plummer Professor at Harvard, Rev. D. Huntington, said, in a sermon to the Meadville Theological School, in 1853: "The individual or the sect that speaks habitually of Christianity, however reverentially and gratefully, will be found to exercise a feeble command over the affections of men, compared with the one which, when it means the same thing, says *Jesus Christ, the Saviour*." So the preaching that enumerates the doctrines that cluster about the crucifixion, and presents them, however eloquently, as only an abstract scheme of truths, will often glide languidly over the unroused conscience; while enthusiasm takes fire, and zeal stretches every nerve, at each thrilling mention of that central figure, the cross, or those dear scenes, so vivid to the sense, Calvary and Gethsemane. . . . *Dying* men, you have observed, speak little of Christianity, and less of the system of truth, or laws of nature. They say *Christ*. The fading sight loses all images but the cross. . . . The New Testament says nothing of "Christianity." The word is not there. The first teachers said nothing about Christianity, but "Christ crucified."