

His almighty power who overcame the sharpness of death? Is he more likely to quail at the stormy wind and tempest, because he has "an anchor of the soul both sure and stedfast?" or that he will be dashed against the rock, because he has found everlasting security in the rock of ages? And yet we know that there is a very prevalent notion that, some how or other, cowardice and religion are allied.

The following narrative, from the pen of a naval officer of unimpeachable veracity, and which I have seen only in manuscript, may here be appropriately added:

TRUE COURAGE.

"During the winter of 1812, we were cruising in a frigate off the south coast of Spain, co-operating with the Spanish patriots, whenever we could find an opportunity, by supplying them with arms and ammunition, and occasionally landing and giving more substantial and personal proofs of our alliance by skirmishing with the French convoy guards, and, upon more than one occasion, capturing them. Our second lieutenant, Morton, was a zealous and correct officer, a good seaman, but wanting in what at that time English sailors delighted, and expected to see in their officers—mischief and devilry. Feats of activity and strength he was always the foremost to promote and the most ready to join; but being of a serious and religious disposition, he was considered a methodist, and although no one dared violate discipline by openly ridiculing him, still he was sneered at as one not likely to do any deed of daring, such as at that time was common in the naval service. It is true that no opportunity had as yet presented itself to give the crew and his brother officers means of judging how far their opinions were correct; but it had been whispered that Morton had upon more than one occasion, when a midshipman, given proof of high courage, in risking his life, not against the enemies of his country, but in rescuing fellow creatures from situations of imminent and deadly peril. His cool and seamanlike conduct in gales of wind was considered as the result of his experience and force of habit; and Morton himself felt that his religious and conscientious peculiarities (for peculiar they unhappily were at that time in the navy) placed him in an unpleasant point of view his messmates, who, although men of honour and gentlemen, had, from long neglect, acquired an habitual distaste to any thing serious or religious. Morton was anxious for opportunity to show that the gentlest courtesy and most serious manners were consistent with the bravest heart, and that, so far from piety dastardizing the feelings, it only added confidence to courage, and purified the motives of noble action. It was not long before this opportunity was afforded him. We had experienced a succession of heavy gales, which had obliged us to remain at sea for some weeks, when one morning, at daylight, a vessel was discovered close to leeward of us. She was soon ascertained to be an English brig, waterlogged and partially dismantled; the crew had taken to the rigging, to prolong their lives; for the sea was making a complete breach over the vessel, and throwing the spray far over the poor fellows in the rigging. On seeing us, they made every effort to attract our attention and excite our pity. The moment her perilous situation was discovered and reported, every man of the crew was soon on deck, anxiety and pity portrayed in every weather-beaten countenance. It was still blowing so hard that the frigate was lying to under her storm stay sails, and the character of the sea seemed to shut out all hope of being able to save these poor fellows, for it appeared impossible that a boat could live; but Morton, it appears, thought differently, for having come upon deck with the other officers, he had been carefully examining the vessel with his glass: at length, turning round, he stepped over to the captain, and requested he would allow him to have the whale boat from the stern. The captain was astonished, not only at the request, but more so from its being made by Morton.

"Are you serious, Mr. Morton?" said the captain.

"Perfectly so, sir; and, I think, by careful management, the boat will live: at all events, I am ready and willing to make the attempt."

"I admire your courage and humanity, Mr. Morton," said the captain; "but I do not feel justified in desiring any man to accompany you on what appears to me a forlorn hope; and I feel

certain the undertaking would only increase the number of victims."

"Without answering the captain's objections, Morton bounded forward upon the fore-castle, and soon returned to the quarter deck, accompanied by a dozen men.

"These men, sir," said Morton, smiling, "and as many more, have volunteered to join me in my attempt to save those poor wretches from certain destruction."

"Several of the officers, ashamed of their previous unjust opinion of Morton's courage, now joined in his request, and volunteered to join him; but he refused all assistance but six men, and, after some more persuasion on his part and hesitation on the captain's, permission was granted. Placing the frigate as close upon the weather beam of the wreck as consistent with her own safety, and watching a favourable opportunity, the whale boat, with a line attached to her, was rapidly lowered. A few powerful strokes, aided by the sea, carried her a head and under the lee of the wreck, which was also under the lee of the frigate, and in a few minutes seven men and a boy were safe in the boat. But now came the critical moment of the boat's returning; for during this short interval of time, the frigate had of course fore reached and drawn a head of the wreck, and had drifted so as to bring her right astern: consequently, the frigate could no longer act as a breakwater for the protection of the loaded boat; and, when she cleared herself from the wreck, a heavy sea struck and half filled the boat: but, being prepared with buckets and having spare hands, she was soon baled out; and after many hairbreadth escapes, she reached the lee quarter of the frigate, and each man was soon securely slung in a rope and hastened on board the frigate. No attempt was made to hoist up the boat, as it would have been perfectly fruitless: she was, therefore, left to her fate; and, as the last man, Morton, reached the frigate's mizen chains, a heavy sea struck the boat and shivered her into a hundred fragments.

"Morton was warmly congratulated by his messmates, and publicly applauded by his captain, who remarked, that, but for his skill and daring, eight fellow creatures must have perished.

"No, sir," said Morton, modestly; "I was only the humble instrument in the hands and under the protection of a higher power."

"It will readily be believed that this courageous act of his operated in a very beneficial manner upon the feelings and manners of many of the crew, who had considered cowardice as inseparable from a tender conscience; but, having now a superior officer, who had distinguished himself so highly, for an example, they were no longer ashamed to give up their habits of profane swearing, and become, if not good Christians, at least better men."

CHRISTIANITY OF SLAVERY.

SLAVES are generally excessively ignorant of even the simplest elements of truth, and that too, I know, sometimes after many years membership in Christian churches. They are almost compelled to indulge in some peculiar vices. Lying, stealing and licentiousness are too common among them. Concubinage is universal, and is tolerated in churches. I have heard them relate their Christian experience. It was sometimes clear, simple and affecting, but oftener, a strange medley of dreams, visions and impressions. Indeed the slaves are constantly coming into, and going out of the churches. The Christianity of slavery is, therefore, a poor representative of the Christianity of the Bible. In the discipline of churches, the rules of the gospel have to be violated. Shall I give one instance? A slave-holding minister had whipped a colored brother, his slave, for some offence, who reported his grievance to the church of which they were both members. Such impertinence must be checked. The master told the slave, that he should present the matter to the church, and if they justified his course, should repeat the flogging to punish the presumption of questioning authority. So the brethren were called together, and after grave deliberation, it was decided—how do you think? in favor of the poor slave?—that the master had done perfectly right! Now comes the second part of this solemn farce, and mockery of justice. The master, true to his promise, summons the slave before him, gravely recites the ecclesiastical decision, and

then proceeds to administer a wholesome reprimand with a cowhide. This was church discipline with a vengeance.—I never read of any thing like it in the Ap-*ostles*. It must be found in the Southern gospel. I think the cowhide may be put in the same category with the Pope's bulls. It looks a little like penance and purgatory. I have never, if I remember well, found the use of it mentioned in the Bible, nor in any book of discipline, or church covenant among us. It must be a tradition of the elders, for it seems like making void the laws of God. This slaveholder is a man of character and influence, a professed minister of the gospel of Christ, and stands high in his own denomination. He was once an officer in the militia. To say may in part account for his military propensities in church government. I would advise him, however, to lay aside his carnal weapons, and wield the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and that would cut off every yoke, and sunder every fetter.

With another minister I was well acquainted, who on his return, one Sabbath evening, from preaching, a few miles from home, went around to the negro cabins in the neighbourhood, not to converse with their inmates upon the concerns of their souls, but with a cowhide in his hand, to whip such vagrant slaves as should chance to be away from their master's premises without a written passport. And one boy because he was found a quarter of a mile from his master's, he actually flogged on that holy Sabbath evening, for the edification of the children that gathered round, within a few yards of the house where I was then sitting, thus trying on the same day, the effect of moral and legal suasion. This man, also, is an accredited minister of the gospel.

Young men, too, candidates for the Ministry, have I known to be called out from the Seminary, perhaps on a Saturday night to do their duty on patrol, by visiting the different plantations in the vicinity to see that the negroes were at home, or to punish, as the law commands, such as should be found abroad. I wonder if any of the Apostles were drilled in such sort of discipline. Yet every man, yea every minister, is there compelled by law to engage in this kind of business. I never did it myself, however.

I will mention but one more incident. I knew a member of a Christian church, who told me, and if you believe me, without even a blush mantling his cheeks, that he once recovered a runaway girl by setting on her a bull-dog which mangled her flesh. This he told of his own accord, with all its disgusting details, and with perfect nonchalance, in the presence of several gentlemen, and yet he is regarded as a worthy and good man, and why should he not be, for he built the meetinghouse at almost his sole expense. I have slept beneath that man's roof, preached in his meetinghouse, and seen his bull-dog.

Such are a few specimens of what came under my own observation. They might be greatly multiplied.

But we are told that the slaves are happy. I doubt not that many are so. Kind nature has placed in the human soul a fountain of happy feeling which it is not easy to dry up. But after all, as a general thing, the life of the slave is a wretched one, (else, why is the road to British freedom so thronged of late?) His mind is undisciplined by science, uninspired by noble aims, unbled by the consciousness of a manly nature, or else, if he has stolen some intellectual fire from heaven's altar, he is harassed by that same dreadful consciousness that he is, after all, a man.—And is that happiness, for a being with a soul, which is little better than mere physical enjoyment! Is that happiness which springs from a degradation too deep to be conscious of its wrongs, which smiles in its dungeon and kisses its chains? Rather give us the stern cares and perplexities of personal responsibility, the doubts and strifes of intellectual enlargement, than the lazy, careless, stupid pleasures of dependence and servility. It is not enough to feed and clothe an immortal soul and drive away its cares. It craves intellectual food. It was made for responsibility. It does not truly live if its own personal identity is as it were lost, in another's will. It has an individual life to live. In acting out itself, in conformity with God's law untrammelled by other human beings, consists its true happiness. This is not indicated by the merry and thoughtless laugh, or the feeling of physical comfort, but by the higher and nobler