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THE ADVISER.

"LIGHT AND LOVE."

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, JULY, 1864.

NO. 1.

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FIRST PRINCIPLES.

The discourses which have been delivered on "Christian Union" are multitudinous. Many essays, pamphlets and books have been written upon the subject, and some periodicals have been liberally sustained to promote it. The efforts made by numerous religious bodies, including the "world's convention," show unmistakably that there is a strong desire, on the part of many good and honest professors, that union should prevail. This deep felt desire for christian union is right, and this specious reasoning on the part of a few, that division is better, is absurd, suicidal and unscriptural. Did not our Saviour pray for union among his followers? 17th John. Did not the Holy Spirit through Paul teach union among christians? 4th. Eph. And did not he rebuke those who would try to start anything like division in the church? A heretic, schismatic, sect maker, or one who would cause divisions among God's people is regarded by Paul as a sinner in no small degree. Titus iii. 10.

Let us consider some of the plans adopted by those advocates of union heretofore. The

world's convention was the most popular effort of its day. The representatives of a great many denominations met in the City of London, many were very sanguine as to the results of that convention, their hopes were brightened and their hearts glowed with love to the cause for which they had assembled from different parts of the world. But ah! how disappointed; the whole thing ran off the track and its failure is a matter of history. Who cannot see a reason for this? He that *will* not. The whole convention with a few exceptions gave palpable evidence of their want of confidence in the all sufficiency of the *Bible* as a guide for the people of God. Creed makers had brought into existence many of those sects and parties, and the aforesaid creeds bound each of those and bound them to keep separate from each other, hence they acted as inseparable barriers to a union of the whole. As Bro. Anderson once very justly remarked—"it is the creed which binds the members of each sect together, if the Bible were lost, the sect would stand, because it is not the bond, but if the creed were lost, the sect would fall, because the creed is the bond." I do not mean *written* creeds exclusively, for an oral creed will be just as pernicious as far as it goes; but is certainly more susceptible of change. But the world's convention commenced framing a written creed, and who, acquainted with ecclesiastical history, could not predict its end? These creeds can never bring those who fear God together, because they have no authority further than the boundaries of the mere sect. The written creed keeps the sects somewhat permanently together, but it prevents its amalgamation with any other. The oral creed is a fruitful source of almost endless divisions. Shall we not conclude that all efforts at union by the formation or sustaining of human creeds must prove abortive.

SIMON.

OVERSEERS.

The duties of the overseer of a congregation of Disciples is somewhat apparent from the qualifications marked out by the Apostle Paul in his letters to Timothy and Titus. An overseer "must be blameless, the husband of one wife, [not a plurality], vigilant, sober, [or prudent], of good behaviour, [modest], given to hospitality, apt to teach, not given to wine, no striker, [not quarrelsome], not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous; one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity, for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God? not a novice, [one newly come to the faith] lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil. Moreover, he must have a good report of them who are without, lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil. Thus writes Paul to Timothy.

The prosperity of a church of Disciples of Christ depends much upon the character of the overseers. The apostle has been very particular about the character of this officer. There is no higher officer in the church of God, than an overseer; and how careless the brethren have been in many instances regarding the choice of their overseers. Political standing, riches or flippancy of speech, have been their standard, while the apostles qualifications have been ignored. Persons appointed to that office who were unacquainted with the Bible! How could they be apt to teach! True they might teach men's opinions, but this is not Paul's instruction. When brethren unfit for that office are appointed, the moral dearth must inevitably follow.

Properly qualified overseers are much needed in the present day. Churches are waning in strength, brethren are becoming discouraged, schemes are devised, such as hiring pastors, &c., some becoming "luke warm," going back into the world, and more would go if it were not for the occasional visits of the preacher. All this and much more may be seen and felt in consequence of inefficient, or what is very near it, no overseers at all. Churches are now languishing, simply on account of these things. A thirst for office on the part of some bold, rash and presumptuous persons, cause modest and better men to hide their heads and seek the path of quietitude without the responsibility,

the former glide easily into office, and what can be expected as to the result, but what we too frequently see and hear. No christian can neglect the command of Christ, with impunity. No church can neglect the precepts of Jesus, the Head, with impunity. Better have neither overseers nor deacons than to appoint improper persons. It is easy to put an office hunter into place, but very difficult sometimes to put him out. Preachers should visit those churches where no overseers exist as frequently as possible. More anon.

PHILEMON.

CRITICISMS.

"Baptism is the first resurrection." So said a public speaker not long since. I have long believed there will be a first resurrection, but I do not think *baptism* that resurrection. If baptism be the first resurrection there is a death connected with it, why not this the first *death*? If so that which is called by some "natural death" will be the *second*. The bible says upon those who have "part in the first resurrection the second death hath no power." But christians die. The first resurrection is inseparably connected with a reigning with Christ a thousand years." Rev. xx. Can this be predicated of any person obeying christian baptism before the "resurrection of the just."

The same person said that a man who was baptized, was "buried in his own death." How can this be? A child can see that the person baptized is buried in water: but buried in his own death, if truth, is a new revelation!

After ridiculing the idea of shedding tears, he said *repent* meant *turn*. This is an important thought, correct or incorrect. If correct we should all know it. If incorrect the speaker ought to know it. In 3rd of Acts Peter says "Repent ye therefore and be converted," and the word for which we have convert, in the King's version, should be translated *turn*. This being indisputably true, the speaker referred to would charge Peter with the most flagrant tau-tology. "Turn ye therefore and turn or be turned," would be shocking to common sense. But we regard those words of Peter, in the 3rd chapter of Acts, the same in import as his response to the anxious inquirers in the 2nd chapter. The baptism of a penitent believer in the name of the Lord is simply his *turning* to the Lord. "Repentance is not reformation

only; nor sorrow for sin only; nor an alarm at existing circumstances only; but it is a certain *change of mind*. "When a man honestly *resolves*, firmly *determines*, or from the heart, in the fear of God, looking to the Lord for help, *purposes* to take up his cross—to enter into the service of Jesus—we can say he is penitent or repents. If this change of mind—this purpose of heart be carried out, it will benefit him, if not, it will, like "faith alone," do him no good.

Respectfully submitted.

June, 1864.

TITUS.

THE ADVISER.

This is the first number of vol. 4. We would be glad if our readers would send in some new names. It is a pleasure to remember that a goodly number co-operated with us last year. Almost every Disciple in the Province might with propriety take the paper, and many who are not Disciples, might be induced to subscribe for it. Fifty cents is a small sum, *lowest priced periodical published by the brotherhood*. Any one who is a judge, will soon see, that according to the usual rate, our paper is at *least* half price. One hundred more paying subscribers, and we think we can get along smoothly. So long as our readers send in names enough of such subscribers, we will, with heaven's blessing, keep the paper moving. When they stop, we shall stop. If some good Sister or Brother in each church or community would devote a little time to the obtaining of names, handing them to our agents or sending them direct to Bro. Kilgour, we think matters touching the *Adviser* would soon present a more pleasing aspect. Bro. Kilgour will hereafter receive all money and new names. Matter will be furnished by Bro. Black, Parkinson, Kilgour and Lister. The last will be held responsible for any deficiency. We invite all the scribes who feel disposed to write for it, to send in short articles every month. The readers may expect it the first week in each month.

CONDUCTORS.

A GLIMPSE OF GLORY.

Ephesians iii. 10. The intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church, the manifold

wisdom of God. It has been objected by Philosophers that that great and glorious Being, who created all things by the word of his power and uphold them by his might in all their vastness and sublimity, would never condescend to send His only and well beloved Son to this far off speck of creation to suffer, bleed and die for such an apparently insignificant race of beings as men, but in the passage quoted we have a glimpse given us of a transcendently glorious object to be thus attained, that by the church might be known the manifold (fold upon fold) wisdom of God to the principalities and powers in the heavenly places, how or when this is to be done, what man or angel can tell? but that it is to be done is here announced, and why this be thought incredible? Often we find that events effecting a continent may be transacted on few feet of the earth's surface, and may it not be that a moral problem is being wrought out here affecting the universe and eternity, we may yet essay to display some of the folds of God's manifold wisdom made known by the church.

PHILIP.

PRACTICAL.

Religion is a subject upon which the minds of men are more at variance than almost any other. There seems to be a desire on the part of mankind to know more than our Divine Father in his goodness has seen fit to reveal to his creature man, and hence comes the various theories based on the opinions of some learned Dr., and each one adopting the opinion of some one that he thinks superior to himself instead of receiving the revelation that God has given and making it the basis of our religion. Taking the perfect example of our adorable redeemer as an unerring guide who was meek and lowly of heart, and although he was able to crush his enemies by the word of his mouth, he suffered patiently the mocking, the scourging and reviling of his opponents without making one complaint. If professed christians would act upon that principle, how soon would the word see a difference, and the christian character would be raised to its proper standard. Instead of the strife and revengeful spirit that pervades the christian world there would be peace and harmony and each would be seeking the welfare of the whole and thus beget a spirit of emulation.

JAMES PARKINSON.

WORTHY OF NOTE.

Not long since a Congregational minister, (Mr. Brown,) in Erasmus, had a disease of the head, which interfered with his public speaking. He came and had a conversation with Bre. Anderson and Kilgour, during which he expressed a wish that one of them should occupy his pulpit on the following Lord's day. The latter did so. They broke bread upon the occasion, without asking Bro. K. to participate. All right. Consistency is a jewel. Mr. Brown gave evidence of honesty, candour and nobleness of soul, when he told the hearers in the presence of Bro. K. that the Disciples were a little in advance of the Independents, inasmuch as they attended to the Lord's Supper every 1st day. How different, in the estimation of all intelligent men, Mr. Brown will appear from that clergyman, who knows as well as he, that the Disciples are right upon that subject and yet will denounce them as heretics.

July, 1864.

COMMUNICATED.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day."—Deut. xxxiv. and 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it ere,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And left the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on oceans cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountains crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagles,
On gray Bethpier's height,
Out of his rocky eirie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beast and bird had seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;
The show the banner taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his matchless steed
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble drest.
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state where angels wait
With stars for tapers tall.
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes,
Over his pier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name
Whence his uncoffined clay,
Shall break again most wondrous thought,
Before the judgment day.

EXTRACTS.

THE GOLD SOVEREIGN.

"When I was only eight years old," said Judge M——, "my father and my mother being poor, with a half a dozen children besides myself to take care of, I was given to a farmer in the town of F——, who designed making a plowboy of me, and keeping me in his service until I was of age.

"Well, I had not a very gay time in Deacon Webb's service; for, although he was an honest deacon, and tolerably kind man in his family, he believed in making boys work, and understood how to avoid spoiling them by indulgence.

"So I had plenty of work to do, and an abundant lack of indulgence to enjoy. It was, consequently, a great treat for me to get the enormous sum of one or two pennies into my possession, by any sort of good fortune—a circumstance of such rare occurrence, that, at the age of eleven, I had learned to regard money as a blessing bestowed by Providence only on a favorite few.

"Well, I had lived with Deacon Webb three years before I knew the color of any coin except vile copper. By an accident, I learned the color of gold. That is the story I am going to tell you.

"One Monday night, Mr. Webb sent me to the village store on an errand; and, on returning home, just about dusk, my attention was attracted by a little brown package, lying on the road side.

"I picked it up to examine its contents, without the slightest suspicion of the treasure within. Indeed, it was so light, and the volume of brown paper appeared so large, that I undoubtedly supposed that I would likely be made an April fool, though it was the month of June. I tore open the folds of the paper, however; and discerning nothing, I was on the point of throwing into the ditch, when something dropped out of it, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

"I looked at it in astonishment. It was yellow, round, glittering, too bright and too small for a penny; I felt of it, I squeezed it in my fingers, I spelled out the inscription; then something whispered to me that it was a gold coin of incalculable value, and that, if I did not wish to lose it, I had better pocket it as soon as possible.

"Trembling with excitement, I put the coin in my pocket. But it would not stay there. Every two minutes I had to take it out and look at it. But, whenever I met somebody, I carefully put it out of sight. Somehow, I felt a guilty dread of finding an owner for the coin. Provided I found none, I thought it was honestly mine by right discovery; and I comforted myself with the sophistry, that it was not my business to go about the streets, crying, 'Who's lost?'

"I went home with gold in my pocket. I would not have the deacon's folks know what I found for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my vast and incalculable treasure. This was not all. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my secret. I could not look at any body with an honest eye.

"These troubles kept me awake half the night, and projects for securing my treasure by a safe investment the other half. On the following morning I was feverish and nervous; when Deacon Webb, at the breakfast table, said:

"William?"

"I started, and trembled, thinking the next words would be:

"Where is that piece of gold you have found and wickedly concealed, to keep it from the rightful owner?"

"I want you to go to Mr. Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow."

"I felt immensely relieved. I left the house, and got out of sight as soon as possible. Then, once more I took the coin out of my pocket, and feasted on its beauty. Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the sovereign.—Would I not be called a thief, if discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found, as to take the same amount originally from the owner's pocket. Was not he defrauded the same?"

"But then I said to myself:

"Why, if I don't know who the loser is, how can I give him his money? It is only because I am afraid Deacon Webb will take it from me that I conceal it; that's all. I would not steal gold; and if the owner should ask me for it, I would give it to him. I apologized thus to myself all the way to Mr. Baldwin's house; but, after all, it would not do. The gold was like a heavy stone to my heart. It was a sort of unhappy charm, which gave an evil spirit power to torment me. And I could not help thinking: I was not half so well pleased with my immense riches, as I had been with a rusty copper penny, which I had found some weeks before. Nobody claimed the penny, although I kept my good fortune no secret; and I had been as happy as a king is supposed to be.

"Mr. Baldwin was not at home, and I returned to the deacon's house. I saw Mr. Warty's horse standing in the gate, and I was terribly frightened. Mr. Warty was a constable, and I knew he had come to take me to jail; so I hid in the garden until he went away. By that time reason began to prevail over cowardice, and I made my appearance at the house. The deacon looked angry at me.

"Now, thought I, feeling faint, he's going to accuse me of finding the gold.

"But he only scolded me for being so long about my errand. I never received a reprimand so willingly. His severe words soured sweet, I had expected something much more terrible.

"I worked all day with the gold in my pocket. I wonder Deacon Webb did not suspect something, I stopped so often to see if the gold was really there; for, much as the possession of it troubled me, the fear of losing it troubled me scarcely less. I was miserable. I wished a hundred times I had not found the gold. I felt that it would be a relief to lay down on the road side; I wrapped it in brown paper again, just as I had found it. I wondered if ill-got wealth made every body so miserable.

"At night, I was sent again to Mr. Baldwin's, and, having found him, obtained his promise to work at Deacon Webb's on the following day.

"It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that any body could rob me with a clear conscience, because my treasure was not rightfully mine. I got home, and went tremblingly to bed.

"Mr. Baldwin came early to breakfast with us. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest poor man, who supported a large family by hard work. Every body liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and, besides making good wages for his labor, he often got presents of meal and flour from those who employed him.

"Well, at the breakfast table, after Deacon Webb had asked the blessing, and given Mr. Baldwin a piece of pork, so that he might eat and get to work as soon as possible, something was said about the 'news.'

"I suppose you have heard about my misfortune," said Mr. Baldwin.

"Your misfortune!"

"Yes."

"Why, what has happened to you?" asked the deacon.

"I thought everybody had heard of it, replied Mr. Baldwin. 'You see, the other night, when Mr. Wooley paid me, he gave me a gold piece.'

"I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks. All eyes were fixed upon Mr. Baldwin, however, so my trouble was not observed.

"A sovereign," said Baldwin; 'the first one I ever had in my life; and it seemed to me that, if I should put it in my pocket, like a cent, or half a dollar, I should lose it. So, like a goose, I wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and stowed it in my coat pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin in taking out my handkerchief, and the paper would prevent its making any noise as it fell. I discovered my loss when I got home, and went back to look for it; but somebody must have picked it up.'

"I felt sinking through the floor.

"I don't know," replied the poor man, shaking his head sadly; 'he's welcome to it whoever he is; and I hope his conscience won't trouble him more than money is worth; though, heaven knows, I want my honest earnings.'

"This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean breast of it, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said: 'Is this yours, Mr. Baldwin?'

"My voice was so faint, that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question in a more courageous tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment, and the deacon demanded when and where I had found the gold.

"I burst into tears, and confessed everything. I expected the deacon would whip me to death. But he patted my head, and said, more kindly than was his wont:

"Don't cry about it, William. You are an honest boy, if you did come near falling into

temptation. Always be honest, my son, and, if you do not grow rich, you will be happy with a clear conscience.'

"But I cried still—for joy. I laughed too, the deacon so touched my heart. Of what a load was I relieved! I felt then that honesty was the best policy.

"As for Baldwin, he declared that I should have half the money for finding it; but I wished to keep clear of the troublesome stuff for a time; and I did. I would not touch his offer; and I never regretted it, boy as I was.

"Well, I was the deacon's favorite after this. He was very kind to me and trusted me in everything. I was careful not to deceive him; I preserved the strictest candor and good faith, and that has made me what I am. When he died, he willed me five hundred dollars, with which I came here and bought new lands, which are now worth a great many sovereigns. But this has nothing to do with my story. That is told; and all I have to add, is, I have never regretted clearing my conscience of poor Job Baldwin's sovereign."

DEATH & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN SPIRITS, WINE AND MALT LIQUORS,

Take this opportunity of informing their friends that they continue the trade of making Drunkards, Bankrupts, Beggars and Maniacs on the most reasonable terms at the shortest notice.

The subscribers return their sincere thanks to numerous customers, and to all the tipping part of the community, for the extensive patronage they now receive; and they hope that the many proofs that are now to be found of their success in the above line of business, will secure to them the increased support of drunkards and little drop-drinkers, as well as forever silence the advocates of total abstinence societies, those bitter enemies of their long established and popular trade.

Death & Co. beg leave to assure the public that the articles in which they deal are the best and most pleasant poisons in the world: and they will warrant them certain death in every case where the individual perseveres in the use of them.

Death & Co. bring themselves under obligations to send more persons to the 'poor-house, the prison, the gallows, and the grave-yard, than any other firm; and they will also do it with the greatest possible dispatch; to accomplish these desirable ends, it is only necessary for the individual to take a glass occasionally, till he feels that quantity insufficient to gratify the craving appetite which it will soon create; and when this rum, whiskey, gin, brandy, wine, cider, ale or porter, appetite is formed, the persons are then prepared to brave temporal and eternal misery for the sake of another glass. In short, Death & Co. will spare no pains or expense to bring the wives and children of their customers to misery, temporal and eternal, and drive to delirium and death as many as the

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 grogeries 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."

THE YOUNG PEDLAR.

One rainy afternoon, in the earliest part of autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it found a pedlar. Now pedlars are a great vexation to me; they leave the gate open, they never have anything I want, and I don't like the faces that belong to most of them, especially those of the strong men, who go about with little packages of coarse goods, and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself—lazy.

This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet, and looked so cold, I forgot he was a pedlar, and asked him to come in by the fire. I thought that he appeared as though he expected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no such intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him to warm himself by the fire, and that I did not want to buy anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air which reproached me, and I detained him to inquire why he was out in the rain. He replied:

"I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain; besides most pedlars stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days."

"How much do you earn in a day?"

"Sometimes two shillings, sometimes one and once in a while I get nothing all day, and and then, ma'am, I'm very tired."

Here he gave a very quick, dry cough, which startled me.

"How long have you had that cough?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Does it hurt you?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Where does your mother live?"

"In heaven, ma'am," said he, unmoved.

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is with mother," he replied in the same tone.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I had a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago."

"What ailed her?"

"She wanted to see mother, and so do I; I guess that's why I cough so."

"Where do you live?"

"With Mrs. Brown, on N—— street."

"Does she give you any medicine for that cough you have?"

"Not doctor's medicine—she is too poor; she makes something for me to take."

"Will you take something if I give it to you?"

"No, ma'am, I thank you; mother took medicine, and it didn't help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; would not stop my cough?" Good day, ma'am."

"Wait a minute," I said, "I want to see what you carry."

He opened his box, and, for once, I found what I wanted. Indeed, I don't think it would have mattered what he had. I should have wanted it, for the little pedlar had changed—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had

I. How strange that pedlars had never seemed like people—human, soul-filled beings, before. How thankful he was, and how his great, sunken blue eyes looked into mine when I paid him.

You don't ask me to take a cent less," said he, after hesitating a minute. "I think you must be very rich."

"Oh, no," I replied, "I am far from that; and these things are worth more to me now than I gave for them. Will you come again?"

"Yes, ma'am, if I don't go to mother soon."

"Are you hungry?"

"No, ma'am, I never get hungry now, I sometimes think mother feeds me when I sleep, though I don't remember when I am awake. I only know I don't want to eat now, since my sister died."

"Did you feel very sad?"

"I felt very big in my throat, and I thought I was choked, but I didn't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for awhile; but I am glad she is up there now."

"Who told you you were going to die?"

"Nobody; but I know I am. Perhaps I'll go before Christmas."

I could not bear that, and tried to make him stay, but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what good fortune he had met with. He bade me good day again cheerfully, and went out into the cold rain, while I could only say:

"God be with you, my child!"

He never came again, though I looked for him every day. At length about New-Year's, I went to the place called home. Mrs. Brown was there, but the little pilgrim! his weary feet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the door of those, who, like myself, forgot the stern want and necessity that often sent about these wanderers from house to house, that their employment might be far more unseemly to them than annoying to us.

YOUNG MAN YOU'RE WANTED.

A woman wants you. Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich; if you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together.

But mark, young man, the woman don't want you if she is to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon, or a whiskey jug. Neither does she want you if you can't take care of her, and any little forethoughts which are pretty sure to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which is apt to be—an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter section of stove-pipe on his head, swears like a pirate, and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion, a helpmate—she wants you if you have a noble spirit—she wants you if you have learned to regulate your appetites and passions; in short, she wants you if you are in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast; if you are strong in good purposes, firm in the resistance of evil, pure in thought and

action as you require her to be, and without which inward and outward purity neither of you are fitted for husband or wife, if you love virtue and abhor vice, if you are gentlemanly, forbearing, and not loud talking, exacting, and brutal young man, that woman wants you, that modest, fair, cheerful, right-looking, frank-spoken woman we mean, who fills your idea of maiden and wife—it is she that wants you; marry her when you like, whether you are rich or poor; we'll trust you both on the conditions named without further security.

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

When suffering under the pressure of our own distresses, whether they be of regular continuance, or have come upon us of a sudden, we are apt to imagine that no individual in the surrounding world is so unfortunate as we; or perhaps, that we stand altogether by ourselves in calamity; or, at most, belong to a small body of unfortunates, forming an exception from all the rest of mankind. We look to a neighbor, and, seeing that he is not affected by any open or palpable grievance, and make no complaint of any which are hidden from our eyes, we conclude that he is a man entirely fortunate and thoroughly happy, while we are never free from trouble of one kind or another, and, in fact, appear as the very step children of Providence. For every particular evil which besets us, we find a contrast in the exactly opposite circumstances of some other person, and by the pains of envy, perhaps add materially to the real extent of our distresses. Are we condemned to a severe toil for our daily bread?—then we look to him who gains it by some means which appear to us less laborious. Have we little of worldly wealth?—then do we compare ourselves with the affluent man, who not only commands all those necessaries of which we can barely obtain a sufficiency, but many luxuries besides, which we only know by name. Are we unblest with the possession of children?—we pine to see the superabundance which characterizes another family, where they are far less earnestly desired. Are we bereft of a succession of tenderly beloved friends or relatives?—we wonder at the felicity of certain persons under our observation, who never know what it is to wear mourning. In short, no evil falls to our lot, but we are apt to think ourselves its almost sole victims, and we either overlook a great deal of the corresponding vexations of our fellow-creatures, or think, in our anguish, that they are far less than ours.

We remember a story in the course of our reading, which illustrates this fallacy in a very affecting manner. A widow of Naples, named, if we recollect rightly, the Countess Corsini, had but one son remaining to give her an interest in the world; and he was a youth so remarkable for the elegance of his person, and every graceful and amiable quality, that, even if he had not stood in that situation of unusual tenderness towards his mother, she might well have been ex-

posed for beholding him with an extravagant degree of attachment. When this young gentleman grew up, he was sent to pursue his studies at the university of Bologna, where he so well improved his time, that he soon became one of the most distinguished scholars, at the time that he gained the affection of all who knew him, on account of his singularly noble character and pleasing manners. Every vacation, he returned to spend a few months with his mother, who never failed to mark with delight the progress he had made, if not in his literary studies, at least in the cultivation of every personal accomplishment. Her attachment was thus prevented from experiencing any abatement, and she was encouraged to place always more and more reliance upon that hope of his future greatness, which had induced her at first to send him to so distant a university, and had hitherto supported her under his absence. Who can describe the solicitude with which a mother—and “she a widow” (to use the language of Scripture)—regards a last surviving son! His every motion—his every wish—she watches with attentive kindness. He cannot be absent a few minutes longer than his wont, but she becomes uneasy, and whatever be the company in which she sits at the moment, permits her whole soul to become abstracted in a reverie, from which nothing can rouse her but his return. If he come on horseback, she hears the footfall of the animal, while it is yet far beyond the ken of ordinary ears; if he be walking, she knows the sound of his foot upon the threshold, though confounded, to all other listeners, amidst the throng of his companions. Let him come into her room on ordinary occasions never so softly, she distinguishes him by his very breathing—his lightest respiration—and knows it is her son. Her entire being is bound up in his, and the sole gorgon thought at which she dare not look, is the idea of his following the goodly and pleasant company with whom she has already parted for the grave. Such exactly were the feelings of the Neapolitan mother, respecting her noble and beloved—her *only* son.

It chanced, however, that just when he was about to return to Naples, perfected in all the instruction which could be bestowed upon him he was seized suddenly by a dangerous sickness, which, notwithstanding the effects of the best physicians in Bologna, brought him in three days to the brink of the grave. Being assured that he could not survive, his only care, so far as concerned the living world, was for his mother, who, he feared, would suffer very severely from her loss, if not altogether sink under it. It was his most anxious wish that some means should be used to prevent her being overpowered by grief; and an expedient for that purpose at length suggested itself to him. He wrote a letter to his mother, informing her of his illness, but not of its threatening character, and requesting that she would send him a shirt made by the happiest lady in all Naples, or she who appeared most free from the cares and sorrows of this world, for he had taken a fancy for such an

article, and had a notion that, by wearing it, he would be speedily cured. The countess thought her son's request rather odd; but being loath to refuse anything that would give him even a visionary satisfaction, she instantly set about her inquiry after the happiest lady in Naples, with the view of requesting her kind offices after the manner described. Her enquiry was tedious and difficult; everybody she could think of, or who was pointed out to her, was found, on searching nearer, to have her own share of troubles. For some time, she almost despaired; but having nevertheless persevered, she at length was introduced to one—a middle aged married lady—who not only appeared to have all the imaginable materials of worldly bliss, but bore every external mark of being cheerful and contented in her situation. To this unfortunate dame the countess preferred the request, making the circumstances of the case her only excuse for so strange an application. "My dear countess," said the lady, "spare all apology, for, if I had really been qualified for the task, I would most gladly have undertaken it. But if you will just follow me to another room, I will prove to you that I am the most miserable woman in Naples." So saying, she led the mother to a remote chamber, where there was nothing but a curtain which hung from the ceiling to the floor. This long drawn aside, she disclosed, to the horror of her visitor, a skeleton hanging from a beam! "Oh, dreadful!" exclaimed the countess: "what means this?" The lady looked mournfully at her, and after a minute's silence, gave the following explanation: "This," she said, "was a youth who loved me before my marriage, and whom I was obliged to part with, when my relations compelled me to marry my present husband. We afterwards renewed our acquaintance, though with no evil intent, and my husband was to much infuriated at finding him one day in my presence, as to draw his sword and run him through the heart. Not satisfied with this, he caused him to be hung up here, and every night and morning since then, has compelled me to come and survey his remains. To the world I may bear a cheerful aspect, and seemed to be possessed of all the comforts of life; but you may judge if I can be really entitled to the reputation which you have attributed to me, or be qualified to execute your son's commission."

The countess Corsini readily acknowledged that her situation was most miserable, and retired to her own house, in despair of obtaining what she was in quest of, seeing that, if an apparently happy woman had such a secret sorrow as this, what were those likely to have who bore no such appearance? "Alas," she said to herself, "no one is exempt from the disasters and sorrows of life—*there is a skeleton in every house!*"

When she reached home, she found a letter conveying intelligence of her son's death, which in other circumstances would have overturned her reason, or broken her heart, but, prepared as she was by the foresight of her son, produced only a rational degree of grief. When the first acute sensations were past, she said resignedly

to herself, that great as the calamity was probably no greater than what her fellow-creatures were enduring every day, and she would therefore submit with tranquillity.

The application of this tale, tinged as it is with the peculiar hue of continental manners and ideas, must be easy to every one of our readers. They must see how great a fallacy it is to suppose that others are, more generally than ourselves, spared any of the common mischances of life, or that *we*, in particular, are under the doom of a severe fate. They may be assured that beneath many of the most gorgeous shows of the world, there lurk terrible sores, which are not the less painful that they are unseen. The very happiest-looking men and women, the most prosperous mercantile concerns, have all their secret cankers and drawbacks. The pride the noble, the luxury of the opulent, even the dignity and worship of the crown, all have a *something* to render them, if it were known, less enviable than they appear. We never, for our part, enter upon any glittering and magnificent scene, or hear of any person who is reputed to be singularly happy, but we immediately think of the probability which exists, that our own humble home and condition, disposed as we sometimes may be to repine about them, comprise just as much of what is to be desired by a rational man as the other. Even so in the great capitals, where affluence and luxury are so wonderfully concentrated, and all the higher orders appear so singularly well lodged and fed and attended to, we cannot help looking to the other side and imagining for every one his own particular misery. The houses appear like palaces; but the idlest spectator may be assured of it, as one of the incontrovertible decrees of Providence. *that there is a skeleton in every one of them.*

PREACHING.—The "right kind of teaching" you never can have so long as you keep teachers at it six hours, any more than you can have the "right kind of preaching," so long as you keep the preachers at it half the week, and all day Sunday.—*Crandal.*

THE BIBLE.—In the adaptation of the word of God to intellects of all dimensions, it resembles natural light, which is equally suited to the eye of the minutest insect, and to the extended vision of man.

FAME is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead; furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.

"Reforms have fallen into the hands of ungodly men." Then it is because of the remissness and coldness of the church.

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments.

Greatness of mind is always compassionate.

PRAYER.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That ear is filled with angels songs;
That arm upholds the world on high;
That love is throned beyond the sky.

But there is a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
"That power is *Prayer*, which soars on high,
"And feeds on bliss beyond the sky."

ANONYMOUS.

"GO" AND "COME."

An earnest laborer in word and doctrine, who twenty years ago put his hand to the plough and has not looked back, declares us wrong, *very* wrong, in building houses for preaching. He says, "if you want a school-house build one, and if more convenient for the church to break bread in that school than to do so from house to house, then use it for that purpose—but build no place in order that therein the gospel may be proclaimed." He insists that the want of success admitted by the sects is largely owing to the substitution of "come" for "go"—that reversing the Divine order and preferring human wisdom to that which cometh from above, by saying, "Come and hear our preacher," instead of our preacher, and all of us, *going* to the sinner, is enough completely to clog the wheels of the gospel chariot.

What answer was given to this ultra speech? It was said, "Friend, thou art a bold man and prone to extremes. Seeing evil on one hand it is thy custom to bound over the truth to a stand far on the other side, and there to denounce, in unmeasured terms, the wrong thou hast forsaken. It so doing it often happens, as in this instance, that thy words are stronger than thy deeds. Why dost thou preach in a chapel, Lord's day after Lord's day, and thus by conduct say, 'Come?' To be consistent time should be spent in going to the unconverted. True, thou sayest, 'The Chapel was built for school purposes and day and Sunday schools are held therein, and that as the house is there it may as well be used for preaching.' But not so, unless it is admitted that such preaching is good—that is, that it is expedient to say, 'Come to the preaching'—that so saying answers. But, then, if it answer where a chapel is, it may be just as successful in other places if chapels are erected, and as the worth of one soul is incalculable, it is self-evident even from thine own

practice that to erect preaching places is a good and desirable work."

But we have a letter from a man who makes his abode on the opposite side of the way. He says—

"The church here has existed several years. We make no progress, and are not likely to make any. We have two great wants, and until these are met nothing can be done, and these are a comfortable chapel and an efficient preacher. As it is, we have no one able to keep the attention of the people, and though we preach as we are able every Lord's day evening, few come to hear, and those who come soon drop off." What should be said to this man? Something like the following—"You make two mistakes—the *first* in supposing that in your circumstances you cannot efficiently spread the truth and make converts—the *second* in adopting means unsuited to your condition, in doing which you not only do not commend the truth but bring contempt upon yourselves and cause. The denominations erect fine chapels, provide good music, and hire eloquent, or at least talented preachers, and large congregations are kept up. The people are not converted, not edified, not saved—but they are pleased, intellect is feasted, conscience is lulled, they pay for the entertainment, 'the interest' is sustained, and the church, so-called, becomes less in proportion to the world as the population increases. This is the popular mode. With popular churches, in this line, the churches of the true Reformation cannot compete, and to seek to ape them to proclaim your own folly. Your work, then, is CONVERSATIONAL PREACHING from house to house, in street, lane, and market place—in office, shop, or field. Don't stay in your preaching room saying 'Come?' and grumble that the called do not answer, but 'Go' seek the sinner. Call upon every member to set apart some hours every week for thus preaching to his own class—live the gospel—let your earnestness be seen and felt, and you'll make converts without a better chapel, and without the preacher upon whom you have set your heart. You will meet on the Lord's day to break bread, worship, and comfort one another. If you assemble again in the evening and have a *competent* brother present, let him proclaim the gospel—all going out in the afternoon to invite hearers. But as you invite them preach to them—they may not attend the meeting, remind them of their need of Christ. Occasionally, when a qualified brother comes, hire a hall for a series of discourses. Let this be done as supplementary and not as that upon which you chiefly depend. Don't sit down and rub your hands and say, 'O that we could have him here always?' But while he remains do the full amount of your own preaching, and even more, and when he is gone cry persistently to the Lord—not that he may be sent back, but that your own labors may be enlarged, perfected, and crowned with success. Thus do and both extremes will be avoided—but if you will not avoid both, then take the former rather than the latter. Stated preaching, in houses set

apart for the purpose, had no existence in the first and brightest days of the church, and far better that it have no place now than that it be regarded as the chief means for making known the truth and bringing sinners to Christ. But it answers well with the sects, why not with us? It does not answer well with the sects, and never did, and never will. In our October issue it appeared that the "Methodist New Connexion" reported as the result of the year's labor of 32,808 members, in connection with 563 chapels, an increase of only 328 members—a miserable result considering the number of good chapels and gifted preachers. It was also shewn that 65 Baptist churches, with 43 settled ministers and 5582 members, increased only 70 in the year. To these facts may be added the testimony of the Baptist organ, *The Freeman*—"It will, we think, be generally acknowledged that neither our Lord's day services nor such church meetings as are common among us, attain the end we seek." To this the Rev. Charles Vince, leading Baptist minister of Birmingham, last month added the following—"Instead of going beyond, we have not kept up with the ordinary increase in the number of the people. It is a fact that the church is smaller in relation to the world than ever it was since Birmingham was a town. This is also true of Liverpool, Manchester, and London—and by the church I mean all denominations of Christians." What does this prove? That the denominations cannot make inroads upon the world—that their tactics fail—that to imitate them is folly. They build splendid chapels, pay, and often over-pay, educated preachers, and yet in the great work for which preaching exists they are nearly powerless. Then that farseeing scribe, the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. from the Presbyterian ground has overlooked Babeldom and declared, that "All churches are about to be equally dissolved. Methodism is fast breaking up, Independency is to be scattered, the Baptists will not be spared. This great reorganization of existing institutions is the disintegration of the compound elements in order to form a new and glorious combination—a church where there shall be no more division—where there shall be neither Churchmen nor Dissenters, but Christ and Christians shall be all in all." Now we think not much of Dr. Cumming as a prophet, but he is in a position to know something of the denominations and their work, and he finds them hastening to their end, that a useful, new, and glorious combination may come in. "Let it come quickly," should be our response. For ourselves we will know "only Christ and Christians."

There is yet another fact in history bearing upon the matter in hand—the periods of life, vigor, and success have been those which have preceded the coming of fine buildings and scholastic orators. Their advent has been always followed by weakness and decay. Christianity as it was at the first is the first example. When all were preachers and road and river-side furnished listeners, the truth triumphed. When

temples became "churches," the clergy ministered and worldlings aped the Christian in forms and ceremonies, conversion became a rare work. When Methodism and Wesley made thousands of converts, stately chapels, colleges, and preachers of modern stamp were not within reach. When these came, then the old measure of success was no longer—the present generation can only find it in history. Mormonism came in upon us, (a dark and evil thing) and observing the conditions of successful propagandism it speedily claimed its tens and hundreds of thousands. It may, perhaps, be said that it has not, and never had, one decent chapel in the land—its preachers avowed their disbelief in dictionaries and, speaking by the Holy Spirit, they could not be trammelled by rules of grammar, yet they do a mighty work and their labors are crowned with success. Let true Christian Reformers profit by these facts. Let there be no leaning to modern flesh-pots. The more eloquent and educated proclaimers we can bring into the field the better. Let their be one or more in every town and good houses to invite the people to, but let these be held as not essential to success—not necessary to great success in converting sinners, but only as additional helps, to be lawfully desired and thankfully accepted.

Of the things we have written this is the sum—Let the saints gather for worship in the most suitable place they can provide. If they have speaking talent that will command an audience, let them invite the public at stated periods to listen to the gospel—if without such talent, let them meet for worship, not *once* a week merely, but *often*. Let praise and prayer breathe forth the longings of the soul, and let every man and every woman go to the outcast and perishing, crying, Come to Christ and then to us. Thus will results be realized, such as fine buildings, well-trained choirs, colleges, and finished pulpit orators never will produce. This Christian Methodism we want, and without it the Lord's work cannot be done.

A BLACK CLOUD.—A black cloud makes the traveler mend his pace, and mind his home: whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I should forget my father's house and my heritage.—*Lucas*.

OPINIONS.—Opinions, says D'Aubigne, in his History of the Reformation, make their silent progress like the waters that trickle behind our rocks and loosen them from the mountains on which they rest; suddenly the hidden operation is revealed, and a single day suffices to lay bare the work of years, if not of centuries.

UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Such is the promise which enables us to see to the end of the dizzy whirl of wrong and misery in which our race has long sinfully suffered. On wise and systematic truths and facts based on the widest knowledge, the fountain of morality, and tending ever to universal knowledge as the only assurance of special or unlimited well-being, rests the great hope of the successful trials, renovation and elevation of man.

Not the warrior, then, nor the statesman, not yet the master-worker, as such, but the Great Teacher, in our day, leads the van-guard of humanity; whether in the seminary or by the wayside, by uttered word or printed book.—Our true king is not he who best directs the seige, or sets his squadrons in the fierce array, or heads the charge, but he who can and will instruct and enlighten his fellows, so that at least some few of the generation of which he is a member, shall be wiser, purer, nobler, for his living among them, and prepared to carry forward the work of which he was the humble instrument, to its far grander and loftier consummation.

Far above the conqueror of kingdoms, the destroyer of hosts by the sword and the bayonet, is he whose fearless victories redden no river and whiten no plains, but who leads the understanding a willing captive, and builds his empire, not of the wrenched and bleeding fragments of subjugated nations, but on the realms of intellect which he has discovered, and planted, and peopled with beneficent activity and endearing joy.—*Horace Greeley.*

APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

If I perform an act which *appears* to all the world wrong, the goodness of my motives will not neutralize its influence upon the moral feelings of the community. Should we ever, then, forget that "we are made a spectacle to the world?" Should we be entirely careless of public opinion? Should we think it a light thing that we have conducted ourselves so indiscreetly as to be misunderstood, and to have our motives impugned? All this evil may come upon us when we have done our very best. But even then we should deeply regret it, and carefully and anxiously inquire whether the mischief may not have originated in some negligence on our part, and how the like evil is to be avoided in the future. Let us never forget that if our actions, words, or spirit have "the appearance of evil," we are in all cases inflicting a wound upon the moral feelings of others—our example is essentially injurious—and so far we are helping on the cause of sin and error? What an astounding consideration is this to a tender conscience? And shall we diligently labor to build up the cause of Christ with one hand, and pull it down with the other! Shall we through our want of true Christian prudence, more than

neutralize all our exertions in the cause of truth and holiness! God forbid. Will we suffer others with lower religious attainments to exert a better influence upon society than ourselves? This would be truly lamentable. It would indeed be, in a sense, to hide our talent in the earth.—*George Peck.*

A little boy of about 12 years of age, named Eli Rheem, who witnessed the burning of the Tunnel bridge, on the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad, a few days since, did an act which should immortalize his name. Having knowledge that the express train was then due from New-York, he started off at the top of his speed to endeavor to stop the train, which he knew must be close at hand. As soon as he reached the curve, about two hundred yards from the bridge, he observed the train coming on at full speed; the noble little fellow took his position on the track, and running towards the train with his hands raised, caught the attention of the engineer, who immediately reversed his engine, and stopped within four hundred yards of impending destruction, the piers being some twenty feet from the rocky bed below, and the gap some sixty feet wide. The passengers when they had ascertained the cause of the stoppage of the train, and viewed the precipice over which they were near being dashed, liberally rewarded the boy for his presence of mind. The Board of Directors appropriated \$100 as an additional recompense. Little Rheem was the only one of twenty persons present, most of them men, who had forethought sufficient for the occasion.—*Pennsylvanian.*

THE WISE IN HEART.—This phrase is met with nowhere except in the Bible. Like other phrases of the "holy men of old," it has a deep and peculiar significance. It describes not the learned, not the gifted, not the profound, not the man of knowledge, nor the man of intellect. But it describes the man of pure intent, and simple faith; the man who loves the truth and the right; the man who walks straight onward in the path of duty, assured that it ends prosperously, because his Father bids him walk therein. This is heart-wisdom, in comparison to which all head-wisdom is useless; but it needs to be associated with heart wisdom, and to be subject to it. Let science explore the skies, and pierce the earth and question nature everywhere, and bring to light all the secrets of existence; let history unfold the record of ages, and teach lessons of experience; let art, with wonder-power, analyze and combine whatever science has discovered or shall discover; there is still a higher wisdom than this. It is the wisdom which teaches a man his duty, and discovers to him the springs of happiness, and conducts him, a willing pilgrim in the paths of purity and peace, through the values of humility and penitence, to the true life, not of the spirit only, but of the body also.

ON THE ROCK.

Seldom does any mortal err in thinking of himself more lowly than he ought to think. We are all prone to magnify the good we do, if not to see in it something quite meritorious. A saintly man, whose spirit seemed even more of heaven than earth, said that the enemy of souls tempted him more strongly to self-righteousness than to anything else, and that he found it the most difficult to gain the mastery over it, deeply as he abhorred the suggestions. So, too, when an eminent servant of Christ was laid on his death-bed, the wily adversary, who had been baffled in all his previous efforts for his downfall, strove to make him feel that his sufferings and arduous labors for the Master merited eternal life. But the good man could cast behind him all such whisperings, and clinging fast to the hope founded only on Jesus, go home gloriously.

Said one who stood on the verge of time, "I cannot say I have so lived that I am not afraid to die; but I can say I have so learned Christ that I am not afraid to die.

Ah, that is all that will avail any of us in that solemn hour. Jesus Christ is the only rock we can rest on. Our good deeds will give us no comfort then, for like a dark and angry cloud our evil ones will rise before our view and blacken the whole sky, except we have this Saviour for a hiding place. It is the plain and simple promises of the Bible we must rest on—so plain that even the little child can understand them.

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

It is here all saving religion must begin and end. "I am weakness itself," said the dying William Evans, "but I am on the Rock. I do not experience those transports some speak of in view of death, but my dependence is on the mercy of God in Christ."

Are you on the Rock, reader?
—*Sunday-School Times.*

A GEM.—In a letter written in 1828, Lamartine thus beautifully and religiously explains his motives for entering political life:

When the Divine Judge shall summon us to appear before our consciences at the end of our brief journey here below, our modesty, our weakness, will not be an excuse for our inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, we were nothing, we could do nothing, we were but as a grain of sand. He will say to us, "I placed before you, in your day, two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human race was weighed: in the one was good, in the other was evil. You were but a grain of sand no doubt: but who told you that that grain of sand would not have caused the balance to turn on my side? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other; you did neither; you let the wind drift it away. It has not been of any use to you or your brethren.

WERE we as eloquent as angels, we should please some men, some women, and some children, much more by listening, than by talking.—*Colton.*

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me and say: "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it but he aided me in time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children: "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer; and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I would rather that such persons stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterances of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever read.—*Dr. Sharp.*

SIX AND HALF A DOZEN.—If we go into the Catholic church, we shall find crosses, pictures of the Virgin Mary, pictures of saints, beads—ribs, teeth, hair, bones, toe-nails, and other relics of Peter and other saints. In the Protestant churches, there are organs, fiddles, carpets, cushions, curtain tassels, rich garments, jewelry, and other ornaments to numerous to mention, all of which are worshipped more than the true and living God.

"Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said an ill bred, vain, and purse-proud fellow, when some one asked him to pass some dish that was near him. "No, sir; I mistook you for a gentleman," was the prompt reply.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions, let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace.—*Sydney Smith.*

EVANGELISTS' ADVICES.

Our meetings in Wainfleet were pleasant and profitable. They were continued until time to go to the meeting in Clinton, a notice of which will be found in another place. Had one meeting in St. Ann's, glad to learn that the friends in that locality are doing well. Bro. Wyberry is helping considerably. Bro. Ward has gone to Pelham, we had not the pleasure of an interview with him. Bro. Felkir's connection with the congregation in St. Ann's confirms our hope that the truth will spread in that vicinity yet. We visited Mud Creek, where they seemed to enjoy peace and a measur-

of prosperity. Brethren Huntsman, John Moot, Haberlee and others were all active in helping to keep up the large meeting which was held within a mile or two of Mud Creek, township of Clinton. Bro. Benjamin Moot of Gainsboro', also assisted. From Mud Creek we went to Culp's Settlement, where we found a good congregation out to hear the word of the Lord. In this place we separated, the writer started for home, Bro. Anderson remaining in that locality a few days, when he intended to leave for a large meeting in Pelham, a report of which will be read in another place. I arrived in Oshawa in time to hear Bro. Hopkins on the Friday evening. Started the following Wednesday for Erin, had a meeting on the road, but Brethren Luke and Chase being on hand in time, commenced the speaking, and as they were doing well, thought they had better finish. Went then to Boston, but the appointment in that place had not been circulated. Hence to Erin. After returning from the June meeting, visited Uxbridge once, then continued with Bro. Hopkins till his departure.

July 1st, 1864.

L.

Brother Sheppard writes that he has baptized four since the June meeting and five previously, making nine in Yarmouth.

L.

MEETING AT CLINTON.

It commenced on the afternoon of the first Friday in June. The locality was a good selection and the place was well seated. The attendance on Friday and Saturday was thin, but on the first day there were some 2000 persons present, a great many could not or did not find seats. So many faces beholding the speaker to hear the "word of salvation," was truly a pleasant sight. A large stream of water flowed a few yards from the stand. Brethren Benedict, Kemp and Anderson were the speakers. The first was combative, bold and fearless. He gave utterance to some good ideas, wholesome but all truths, his positions I could by no

means endorse. Bro. Kemp's discourses so far as I have heard, were quite acceptable. All who loved the truth and felt for poor sinners, would rejoice that Bro. Anderson was one of the speakers. On Lord's day, two were immersed, and on Monday three obeyed the Savior in that ordinance. Three or four gave the good confession on Monday evening in the School House at Mud Creek, Bro. Benedict was the speaker. After the meetings during the day, the speakers were dispersed to hold forth the word of life in different localities in the evening. Mud Creek School House, St. Ann's and a School House in Bro. Wardell's section were the localities chosen. On one of those occasions, Bro. Anderson had the pleasure of seeing one immersed and of having another who had previously obeyed, express his desire to unite with the Disciples. We were glad to see so many old and tried friends to the cause, at the meeting. From Culp Settlement, Jordan, St. Ann's, Gainsboro', Wainfleet, Dunville, Pelham and Smithville, there were many, and some all the way from Selkirk. Bro. Swartz was the chief singer.

June, 1864.

L.

JUNE MEETING.

All things considered, the very best we have had yet. The hearers were estimated at some 4000 in number, and notwithstanding the congregation was divided—the meeting house being full as well as the temporary structure beside it, the order was admirable. The weather was fine, excepting on Lord's day afternoon, when for two hours it rained heavily. Brethren were there from Prince Edward's County, St. Vincent, Minto, Elora, Galt, St. George, Hamilton, Dorchester, Howard, Luther, King, Whitchurch, Markham, Flamboro', Chinguacousy, Trafalgar, Toronto, Pickering, Oshawa, Butterfield, Brooklin, Bowmanville, city of Toronto and other places which I cannot now name. Quite a number were out from the adjacent

Townships, Eramosa, Nassagaweya, Caledon, Garafraxa, Esquesing, &c. I am sure I should fail in an attempt to name all the speakers. I will just name those who took part in the public exercises:—Brethren M. B. Hopkins, of Indiana, Wm. Thompson, of Illinois, Edmund Sheppard, Jas. Black, T. C. Scott, Robert Beatty, A. Anderson and Jas. Kilgour. Brethren Hopkins, Sheppard and Thompson did most of the speaking. In all there were 26 or 27 immersions, and one proposed to unite who had previously obeyed the Lord. We never had so many Brethren break the loaf together before in Canada. We all felt happy and joyful—realized a time of refreshing. Enjoyed the hospitalities of our good Brethren in Erin, separated with a hope of meeting again, if not here, in a better land. The next June meeting was appointed for Pickering.

June, 1864.

L.

ITEMS.

NEW MEETING HOUSE.

On Lord's day, 26th inst., commenced meeting in a new house in Uxbridge, situated close to the "Block Road," very good size, reasonable height, and I think when all finished, easy for the speaker. It is very well suited to the locality, and I believe the Brethren have no notion of going into debt with it. Bro. Ash, who had the day before spoken in Markham, at a School celebration, was with us. Meeting morning and afternoon, after which we repaired to the water, where two were buried with Christ in baptism. May the Lord be praised. This is a good beginning in the New House, built by the friends in Uxbridge, which house is truly a good token of their zeal and interest in the cause. At this meeting we had a pleasant interview with Bro. Hilborn from Kettleby.

June, 1864.

L.

BROTHER HOPKIN'S TOUR.

He commenced his labors in Oshawa. The meetings at first were small, but subsequently the house was well filled. His discourses gave ample satisfaction. He continued some ten

days, closing with six immersions. He then went to the June meeting which was regarded as a "decided success." He preached on his way to and from the aforesaid meeting. Twice at Stouffville, where one gave the confession, once in Pickering, once in Norval, and once in King. His meetings in Bowinville commenced on Friday and ended on the following Tuesday. On Lord's day the house was filled. His discourses on the dispensations, kingdoms, covenants, &c., will be remembered a long time. When Bro. Hopkins makes or proves a point, it is logically settled, there is no getting away from it. May he be long spared to advocate the claims of Jesus upon fallen humanity.

July, 1864.

L.

Bro. A. S. Haden writes from Collamer, that notwithstanding the calamitous surroundings, "the work of the Gospel, strange as it may appear, goes forward almost as when all was peace throughout our land. Baptisms every Lord's day in the church here, and though there are many things that are far from pleasing us, the church shows much love, zeal and christian joy."

L.

FOR THE ADVISER.

Bro. A. Anderson and the writer visited Esquesing lately, and laboured for one week. Four persons made the good confession and were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. The brethren seemed to be encouraged and are anxious for another visit this fall.

J. KILGOUR.

July 11th, 1864.

Letters received from Daniel McKellop, Eagle P. O. Also from Richard Howick, Fairview P. O., W. A. Stephens, Owen Sound. Will Matilda Arnold name her Post Office, if she is not suited with her present arrangements?

J. KILGOUR.

THE ADVISER.

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