

MORNING STAR.

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NOTES.

The Imbucation.

By J. H. HEMANS.

Answer me, burning star of night;
Whence is the Spirit gone,
That, past the reach of human sight,
Even as a blue bird, has flown?
And the Stars answer'd me—"We roll
In light and power on high,
But of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die."

O many toned and chaotic wind!
Thou art a wanderer here;
Till now thou art place canst find,
Farover mount and sea;
And the Wind murmur'd in reply—
"The blue deep I have cross'd,
And now its back and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer: hath ye a home for those
Whose earthly care has run?
The bright clouds answer'd—"We depart,
To vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die!"

Speak then, thou Voice of God within,
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din,
Where is the Spirit gone?
And the Voice answer'd—"Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, Winds, and Stars, their task fulfil,
Thine is to trust in Heaven!"

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

OF SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

Appropriate a convenient part of time to retirement and self-converse, and frequently meditate on the abundant love of God in the Redemption of man. Reject all studies that are merely curious; and read only what will rather penetrate the heart with holy compunction, than exercise the brain with useless speculations. If thou canst refrain from unnecessary conversation and idle visits, and suppress the desire of "hearing and telling some new thing," thou wilt be more than abundantly furnished with convenient opportunity for holy and useful meditation. The most eminent saints, where Providence has permitted it, have shunned all intercourse with men, and chosen to live wholly to God in retirement and solitude.

It is the declaration of Seneca, that "as often as he mingled in the company of men, he came out of it less a man than he went in;" and to the truth of this, our own experience, after much free conversation, bears testimony; for it is much easier to be wholly silent, than not to exceed in word; it is much easier to keep concealed at home, than to preserve ourselves from sin abroad: he, therefore, that presses forward to the perfection of the internal and spiritual life, must, with Jesus, "withdraw himself from the multitude."

No man can safely go abroad, that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely sleep, that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern, that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command, that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice, but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

The joy and safety of the saints has always been full of the fear of God: nor were they less humble, and less watchful over themselves, because of the splendor of their holiness, and their extraordinary measures of grace; but the security of the wicked begins in pride and presumptu-

tion, and ends in self-delusion. Whatever, therefore, are thy attainments in holiness, do not promise thyself a state of unchangeable perfection in the present life. Those whose character for virtue has stood high in the esteem of men, have been proportionably more exposed to the danger of a severe fall, through self-confidence; and, therefore, it is much safer for most men not to be wholly free from temptation, but rather to be often assaulted, lest they grow too secure; but, perhaps, they exalt themselves in the pride of human attainments; nay, lest they become wholly devoted to the honors, pleasures and comforts of their earthly life.

O that man would never seek after transitory joy, would never busy himself with the trifling affairs of a perishing world; how joyful a conscience might he maintain! O that he could direct his spirit from all vain solicitude; and devoting it to the contemplation of God and the truths of salvation, place all his confidence in the divine mercy; in what profound tranquillity and peace would he possess his soul!

No man is worthy of heavenly consolation, unless he has been diligently exercised in holy compunction. If thou desirest true compunction, enter into thy closet, and excluding the tumults of the world, according to the advice of the Psalmist, "commune with thy heart, and be still," that thou mayst feel regret and horror for sin. Thou wilt find in the closet, that which thou often loost abroad. The closet long continues in, becomes delightful; but when seldom visited, it is beheld with reluctance, weariness, and disgust. If, in the beginning of thy conversion, thou canst keep close to it, and cultivate the advantages it is capable of yielding, it will be ever after desirable as a beloved friend, and become the seat of true consolation.

In solitude and silence the holy soul advances with speedy steps, and learns the hidden truths of the oracles of God. There she finds the fountain of tears, in which she bathes and purifies herself every night: there she riseth to a more intimate union with her Creator, in proportion as she leaves the darkness, impurity, and tumult of the world. To him, who withdraws himself from his friends and acquaintances to seek after God, will God draw near with his holy angels.

It is better for a man to lie hid continually, and attend to the purification of his soul; than, neglecting that "one thing needful," to go abroad and work miracles. It is highly commendable in all that are devoted to a religious life, to go seldom abroad, to decline the company of men, and to be as little fond of seeing them. And, indeed, why shouldst thou desire to see that, which thou hast neither power nor permission to enjoy? for "the world passeth away, and the lust thereof." Our sensual appetites continually prompt us to range abroad, in search of continual gratification; but when the hour of wandering is over, what do we behold? a heart weary of ease and idleness, and weariness and dissipation of spirit? A joyful going out is often succeeded by a sad return; and a merry evening brings forth a sorrowful morning. Thus all carnal joy enters delightfully, but ere it departs, bites and kills.

What canst thou see any where else, which thou canst not see in thy own retirement? Behold the heavens, the earth, and all the elements; for out of these were all things made. What canst thou see there or any where, that will "continue long under the sun?" Thou hast, perhaps, to subdue desire by the power of enjoyment; but thou wilt find it impossible for "the eye to be satisfied with seeing, or the ear to be filled with hearing." If the visible nature could pass in review before thee, what would it be but a vain vision?

Lift up thy eyes, then, to God in the highest heavens, and pray for the forgiveness of thy innumerable sins and negligences. Leave vain pleasures to the enjoyment of vain men, and mind only that which God hath required of thee, for thy eternal good. Make thy bed fast behind thee; and invite Jesus, thy beloved, to come unto thee, and enlighten thy darkness with his light. Abide faithfully with him in this retirement, for thou canst not find so much peace in any other place.

If thou hadst never gone abroad, and listened to idle reports, thou hadst been sold safe in the possession of peace. But from whatever time thou delightest to hear and to tell news, thy heart will be the prey of disappointment and trouble, anxiety and perturbation.

(From the Philadelphia Religious Messenger.)

A PIOUS FAMILY.

In obscurity dwell the pious family.—By the side of an almost unfrequented

road, stood the lonely cottage. Mean and humble was its appearance; afflicted and poor were its inhabitants. The good man and his affectionate companion wrought hard, when able, to supply the family's wants. But often, very often, sickness deprived them of power to labor, and they felt the pinching hand of poverty; but not a murmur was heard to enter their lips, nor did the goal of discord rise upon their brow. No slovenly neglect was found in this abode of poverty and affliction.

Within was the model of neatness and order. The word of God was never neglected; the throne of grace was never deserted; around the family altar, in humble prostration, met in frequent and pious devotion, this household of faith.

The children were taught the way of salvation by precept, and rendered impressive by example. Meek-eyed patience appeared in all her loveliness, and she was yet the more lovely, because she enabled the good man, with a calm and unflinching temper of mind, to bear the ills of life. In the family was, as a mother without severity, and submission without servility. Here you could find friendship flowing in purest streams, with all the graces adorning the possession. A fund of true religious knowledge was found within the walls of this humble cot. Intelligence and contentment, praise and thanksgiving, were the constant inmates of the pious family.

Providence smiled and they were humble and grateful. The children grew up to manhood. The parents gathered strength as age advanced. The comforts of life crowned their efforts. The children being well instructed, they embraced the religion of their parents, the religion of Jesus, and were prepared to act their part in society, with dignity and advantage. Now you behold the gospel shining forth in all its splendor, giving ornament and grace to the family, and the family saved and improved; and becoming an ornament and blessing in the neighborhood in which they live. The man is happy whose God is the Lord. No tall tale folly embitters the domestic circle. Mutual attachment supports the mutual interest and comfort. The lively hope of immortality ever gilds the gloom of age, and gives cheerfulness to decrepitude. The aged parents are honored by children and friends; with patriarchal joy the father looks forward to the land of promise, and anticipates the day when he shall arrive at home with his children God hath given them. Blessed is he, and truly honorable, is such a family, for they are acceptable to God and approved of men.

Extract from Dr. Adam Clarke's letter to a Preacher on the Work of the Ministry.

CONCERNING THE SPIRIT IN WHICH A MINISTER SHOULD DO HIS WORK.

1. Be diligent—never be unemployed a moment—never be triflingly employed—never waste any time—neither spend any more time at any place than is strictly necessary.
2. "Be serious. Let your motto be, Holiness to the Lord. Avoid all lightness, jesting and foolish talking.
3. "Converse sparingly and cautiously with women; particularly young women.
4. "Take no step towards marriage, without consulting with your brethren.
5. "Believe evil of no one; unless you see it done, take heed how you credit it. Put the best construction on every thing. You know, the judge is always supposed to be on the prisoner's side.
6. "Speak evil of no one; else your words especially, would eat as doily as can be, else keep your thoughts within your breast, till you can come to the person concerned.
7. "Tell every one what you think wrong in him, and that plainly, as soon as may be, else it will fester in your heart.
8. "Do not affect the gentleman. You have no more to do with this character, than with that of a domestic-master. A preacher of the gospel should be the servant of all.
9. "Be ashamed of nothing but sin: not of fetching wood or drawing water, if time permit: nor of cleaning your own shoes, or those of your neighbor.
10. "Be punctual: do every thing exactly at the time; and keep our rules, not for wrath, but for conscience sake.
11. "You have nothing to do but to save souls; therefore, spend, and be spent in this work; and go always, not only to those who want you, but to those who want you most.
12. "It is not your business to preach so many times, merely, or to take care of this or that society; but to save as many souls as you can: to bring as many sinners as you possibly can to repentance, and with all your power to build them up in that holiness,

ness, without which they cannot see the Lord."

These rules, next to the Scriptures, will prove a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path; and will at once recommend themselves to your judgment, your conscience, and your heart.

(From the Weekly Messenger.) THE VACANT CHAIR. A True Story.

Almost every day, at a certain hour, I passed by a store remarkable for its neatness and regularity, near the door, I observed a spot unoccupied with goods—a little niche, large enough to contain a chair. There, at that particular hour, and always in the same posture, sat the master of the shop engaged in the perusal of his news paper. There was a placid serenity in his countenance; which, together with the neatness of his shop, convinced me that he was a man of method, and an economist of time; who arranged his daily business so that he might devote a portion of the day to the gratification of reading. Often while on my way to the place of my laborious avocation, I envied the apparent happy master of that little shop his tranquil hour. I passed by as usual; but he was not in his accustomed seat; day after day, I came, yet he was not there. The chair remained in the same place—in the same position, and methought I beheld the man of system and regularity, sitting as usual; but, alas! he had gone forever! The chair was vacant, and he who occupied it was slumbering in the dust!

Let the cold and the insensible who think but never feel, smile at the simplicity of this little narration. As for me, whenever I see that vacant chair, for it yet remains in the same place; it suggests a serious lesson of the uncertainty of our fleeting existence; and forcibly admonishes me of the irrevocable doom of all the living, which makes vacant the throne of the mighty monarch, as the chair of the humble individual. N. B.

FIRST CATH THE BEAM OUT OF THINE OWN EYE.

No piece of advice can be more necessary than this. How natural for us to see faults in others when the same exist in ourselves, and in greater magnitude. This species of hypocrisy is one of the most prominent characteristics of human nature.—It originates from a universal propensity. He who knew what was in man saw the extent of this evil, and has left on record particular instructions respecting it. What a happy thing would it be for the world were this instruction generally regarded by mankind. But alas! this is not the case. We are continually venting forth our anathemas upon our fellow men, without taking the least step towards reformation ourselves. It is true that we ought not to feel altogether indifferent towards those who are pursuing injurious and destructive courses, for he who converts a sinner from the error of his way saves him from death. Yet our first duty should be to forsake the road to ruin ourselves, then shall we understand more perfectly the business of turning others into the way of righteousness. A traveller would be in no better condition for having a guide, who was, like himself, ignorant of the way he wished to go. "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." Let us make it our business to pluck up the weeds in our own garden, and when it is free we shall then have time to bestow on our neighbors.

(From the Christian Register.) TO AN OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

Sacred and revered register of God's revelations to man! With what peculiar and solemn interest do I turn thy pages. Thou wert the Bible of my ancestors—their guiding star through the wilderness of this world, their "pillar of cloud" in the day of prosperity, and their "pillar of fire" in the night of adversity. Of how many fervent prayers, and heavenward aspirations, and virtuous resolves, and penitential sighs hast thou been the witness. When "lover and friend were put far from them" when "father and mother forsook," when "they mourned and could not be elsewhere comforted, because their children were not," then they came to thee and found that peace "which the world cannot give and which the world cannot take away," that "hope which is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast;" that "rest which remains to the people of God." It was from thy pages my infant lips were taught to lip "Our Father who art in Heaven." I can perfectly recall the serious yet mild impression of my grandmother's countenance, as she held me to her side and said, "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thou wast her guide and counsellor through

life, her support in death, and her dying bequest to my mother. "Take this, my child," said she, "and follow me so far as I have followed its directions." The parting injunction was faithfully obeyed; often would our mother gather us round her, and with the simple, impressive earnestness of piety, and the solicitude of a mother's eternal affection, explain to us the spirit and meaning of its precepts and doctrines; but her example was a yet more beautiful and impressive illustration of them. She too has "passed through the valley of the shadow of death," which was illumined for her by the cheering and sustaining light. Thus still survive, though thy material form, like that of a crucible, is decayed, but thy spirit is immortal. Thy light continually shining brighter and brighter; it has guided and cheered myriads of human beings, and it will guide and cheer myriads more; it is unceasing and unquenchable, for it is a direct emanation from the Fountain of Light himself, and like Him is eternal.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

The love of life is one of the most important principles of human nature; and death, the necessary end of all men, is an event, mercifully and in wisdom hid from our eyes.—Hoping that we may live till tomorrow, we feel impelled to exert ourselves to-day, to make some provision for it. Not knowing the time of their death, men are engaged to act as if they were immortal.—And though no wise man would "wish to live always," can deem it possible, yet the precise period never comes, when we find ourselves so entirely unoccupied with temporal prospects or pursuits, so totally mortified to the world, as to be disposed with cheerfulness to leave it. Hence the business of the world goes on, which would otherwise stand still; and that God of whose there can be no end, is carrying on designs of everlasting moment, by frail and short-lived instruments. This man makes a few feeble, dying efforts, and expires. Another comes after him, takes up the instrument which his fellow had laid down, makes his stroke or two, and expires likewise; and yet by means of efforts so weak, so interrupted, and self-deceiving, the purposes of Heaven proceed, the building of God rises; every loss is instantly repaired, every defect supplied, and no chasm in the chain of Providence is permitted to take place. Hence men are dignified with the title of fellow-workers with God, and the perishing attempts of perishing creatures are employed in maturing the plans of infinite wisdom, and are honored by the acceptance and approbation of him who "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." What a motive to diligence, exertion and perseverance!—Hudson.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Copy of a letter from Rev. Thomas Hudson to the senior Editor, dated Port-Maria, Jamaica, 17. 1. August 30, 1826.

My Dear Sir,—In our periodical publication, I had two letters written by you, dated May and June 1825, and sent to ANSEL TAYLOR, 21 Shakspeare's walk, Ashwell, London. Several pamphlets have passed between you—and at our last Association but one, held at Leicester, I understand that a strong desire was manifested by each party to effect a union between the English and American Baptists.

In reading our periodical publication, I met very respectful notice of the American Baptists—high encomiums are past upon them for their piety and zeal in promoting the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. The success of their labors, and the prosperity of their churches, are beheld with gratitude to God. O, may their little one become a thousand, the joy and praise of all the region round about.

There are several denominations of Baptists, I understand, in America; but those called "Freewill Baptists," are those which I am informed are similar in doctrine to ourselves. If this is the case, a union of sentiment and operation is very desirable and important in this wicked world. Little differences are tolerable, and may be tolerated, when a mighty good can be accomplished by the union of sentiment in the grand fundamentals of religion;—and when by a union of operations, the kingdom of Christ can be more extensively promoted, and more sinners can be converted to God in various parts of the world. That such objects would be facilitated, besides the churches of Christ being strengthened, can be little doubted; and promotion and glory to the name of the Lord would be glorified and the world benefited.

Union is strength; and if the energies of such a union were exerted and directed to extend eternal truth, the Hindoos of the East, the Negroes of the West, and the Indian tribes of North and South America, might feel the blessed effects.

I am a missionary, sent out by the General Baptists in England, to the Island of Jamaica, where I am now living. I only lauded here in June last, as yet I have not had time to do much. I am the first sent out by our society to this part of the world; but, should we obtain suitable sta-

tions, and liberally to proceed in preaching the gospel, and instructing the people, they intend to send out several more, as soon as possible. At present I have meetings in my own house which are well attended.—I can say but little yet about my station and prospects of success.

We have missionaries in the East, who have labored some time in this province of *Crisa*. They have two promising stations, one at Cuttack and the other at Pooree; in the vicinity of the great old Juggernaut, to which hundreds and thousands repair every year to pay their adorations.

Preaching the gospel in native chapels, itinerating through the surrounding villages; preaching, distributing tracts, and copies of the sacred scriptures, promoting and extending, as far as possible, the establishment of schools, are the means adopted by our brethren to extend the knowledge of Christ in the dark region of the East.—Schools they have promoted pretty extensively, considering their ability. To pray that the Lord may pour out his spirit upon them, and make them blessings to numbers yet unborn.

The West India Islands need many more laborers, and Jamaica itself is a wide interesting field for missionary exertions;—there are Particular Baptist, Methodist, and Moravian missionaries in this island, besides myself, a General Baptist; yet there are many places without a missionary, and others inadequately supplied. Truly the harvest is great, but the laborers are few. Our prayer had ought to be, "Lord of the harvest, send forth more laborers into thine harvest." Should the Lord spare my life, I hope to be useful among the people in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. The people in general, though extremely ignorant, are very anxious to hear the gospel, and manifest a willingness to be instructed in the great truths of Christianity. Much, very much, has been done for this people, when compared with their past condition, but scarcely any thing has been effected, when compared with what wants to be done.

We look forward, with humble confidence, to greater things than these; and with a firm reliance upon the predictions and promises of the bible, we believe, that this dark and barren wilderness, shall blossom as the rose, and be as the garden of the Lord. What a happy period will that be, when every continent, nation and island, shall be brought under the influence of that gospel, which is the power of God unto the salvation of all who believe. The laborers may contribute a mite, at least, towards the accomplishment of such a glorious object.

My reason for writing you this letter, was that I might have a correspondent on that side the Atlantic, who, as a brother and Christian minister, might cheer me in the midst of my missionary trials and labors.

A letter from you, containing an account of the work of God in your part of the world, and what is doing to Christianize the Indians in the back settlements, would be highly gratifying and instructive to me—what is their general character—what their capacities for improvement—what their moral condition? As a missionary, it is natural for me to inquire about the heathen in every part of the globe. Consequently, a letter from you on these subjects, would greatly oblige me. If I can, at any future time, send you any communication, in connection with any station and labors, that may interest you, I will most gladly do so.

The success of my foreign mission, is the Rev. J. G. Pike, Derby, England. He is a humble minister in the new Connection of General Baptists—a learned, pious man, and the author of several excellent publications. The Rev. T. Stevenson, Loughborough, county of Leicestershire, and the Rev. J. Goodby, Ashby-de-la-Zouch of the same county, are two respectable and active ministers in our Connection. Mr. Stevenson has lately become the tutor of a new institution founded among us, at Loughborough, to educate young men for the ministry of the gospel. The Rev. J. Jorrom, of Edebeach, Lincolnshire, is tutor of our Academy there—a knowing, judicious, pious man. Could you favor me with your address, and the names of a few of the ministers in your churches, it would be a comfort to me as if life be spared, may avail myself of the opportunity of writing to them. Wishing yourself, family, and all the churches, every blessing. I remain yours in the best of bonds,

THOMAS HUDSON.

ONE YEARLY MEETING.

The One yearly meeting was held at Hamilton Township, Warren County, Ohio, on the Friday before the second Saturday, in October, 1826. The meeting was opened by praise and prayer. A sermon was delivered by Eld. John Dudley from Cor. 13: 13, which was followed by several exhortations. Separated, and met again at candle light, and a sermon was delivered by Eld. John Dudley from Ps. 133: 1; we believe it was a profitable time to the waiting assembly.

On Saturday morning, we assembled at a very early hour for prayer meeting, and experienced what is spoken by Solomon, "They that seek me early shall find me."

Assembled again at 11 o'clock and attended to business.

1. Resolved that Eld. David Dudley serve as moderator.

2. Read the minutes of the last yearly meeting.

3. Called for letters and reports from the different quarterly meetings. From the Q. M. The report from this Q. M. was very refreshing. It appears that since the last Y. M. the Lord has blessed them abundantly. Two churches have been organized and united since the last Y. M. One of 24 members, and the other of about 20, and there has been another church organized since their last Y. M. of eight members. Their present number of churches is six. Ordained preachers, two; and one licensed.

Miami Q. M. represented by letter and messengers. There are in this Q. M. four churches, generally in a low state of religion; though of late some flattering prospects are visible. There has been a difficulty in this Q. M. which was caused by the transgression of Eld. Alexander Seaton. Many of the brethren were suspicious of his irregular walk. The transgression was proved against him, and he has since acknowledged his fault; but the crime is such that the Q. M. thought it not proper to continue him as a preacher and an administrator of gospel ordinances. Present number of ordained preachers, three.

1. Resolved that the next Y. M. be held within the bounds of the Marion Q. M. on the second Saturday in October next.

5. Resolved that the Minutes of this Y. M. be forwarded to the editors of the Morning Star and Religious Informer, for publication.

Re-assembled at candle light, and a sermon was delivered by Eld. David Dudley from Isa. 33: 3. It was a solemn and powerful time.

Met again on Sunday morning for prayer meeting, and had a refreshing season. At 11 o'clock we assembled for public worship, and although the day was rainy, the assembly was large and crowded. A sermon was delivered by Eld. D. Dudley from Isa. 2: 2; this discourse was followed by a letter by Eld. John Dudley, and the word seemed to have a good effect. We re-assembled at candle light, and had a good time in preaching, praying, singing and exhorting.

On Monday morning we met at eight o'clock, and saints rejoiced and sinners wept. In the concluding part of our exercises many witnessed for Jesus. Eld. David Dudley preached from John 13: 17, and then we broke bread, washed feet, sang praises to God and separated, with the blessed hope of meeting at a future period where parting shall not be known. Thus began, and thus ended the last session of our yearly meeting, and the good work of the Lord is still going on gloriously in this place. May the Lord spread the word of reformation to the ends of the earth. MARCUS KILBORN, Clerk.

MORNING STAR.

LIMERICK—THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1826.

ORDER AND DISCIPLINE OF THE CHURCH.

NO. II.

In the conclusion of the preceding number, it was proposed to notice the rule by which a church should be governed, which embraces the whole system of discipline.

It has already been shown that suitable government in a church, is essentially necessary. The experience and history of ages and centuries, have confirmed the idea that, where the administration of government is necessary, whether in a civil or ecclesiastical body, a constitution, embracing a supreme law, and establishing a criterion of government, is also indispensably needful.

Christ, who is the head of the church, and on whose shoulder is the government, (Isa. 9: 6,) has given a law to the church, which, in all respects, is sufficient for the regulation, management and government thereof. This is summarily contained in the scriptures of divine truth. It has been observed that the scriptures alone, is a sufficient rule for the government of the church, and for the faith and practice of each individual member. They are emphatically so. Because, 1. God himself is the author of the scriptures, and consequently of the law contained therein; "All scripture is given by inspiration of God," 2 Tim. 3: 16. "Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not of old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" 2 Pet. 1: 20, 21.

2. The scriptures being given, not by the will of man, but by the inspiration of

God, the law or rule which they contain, is a perfect law or rule of liberty; James 1: 25.

3. The scriptures, emanating from the pure fountain, are profitable, not only for doctrine but for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness; 2 Tim. 3: 16.

4. The scriptures, possessing all these graceful qualities, are capable of thoroughly furnishing the man of God unto all good works; 2 Tim. 3: 17. As a rule, they are suitable to direct a minister of Christ how to preach, how to reprove the faults of others, how to rule himself, his household, and how to take care of the church of God. Nor does he need any thing more; for they thoroughly furnish him unto every good work. The church, having been presented, by its Supreme Head, with the scriptures, comprising a perfect rule for direction, in every respect, nothing more is required. "The next of men are but men at the best." Should men undertake to make a law for the government of the church, it would be either like the bible, or would differ from it. If it was unlike the bible, it would be wrong, and ought not to be used as a criterion of church government.

Having made the foregoing remarks concerning the rule, the application thereof, as it respects the management of churches, and dealing with disorderly members, will next be considered.

[COMMUNICATION.]

Mr. Editor,—As the singing of Psalms and Hymns in our public assemblies is universally admitted to be a part of the worship of God, a very important question might arise, whether this great duty should be performed by every person who is skilled in the art, or by those only who have experienced a world of grace in their hearts. Vocal music, when rightly performed is certainly a part of the worship of God. This is very plainly evinced in the scriptures, and was used long before our Saviour's incarnation. Josephus says, the Jews spent the whole night in singing praises to God after their deliverance from the Red Sea. This is a part of worship which was approved and practiced by our Saviour and his Apostles. It was joined with them before his crucifixion. Paul and Silas also "sang praises to God while in prison." In short, it is an admirable help in our devotions to our Maker. It tends to move the soul to devout and holy affections: and it kindles the heart to more ardent and emotional exercises. We are all well persuaded that singing and shouting will be the employment of the angelic throng in the courts of beatitude, through eternal ages. Every child of God, after his regeneration, at times feels to join both heart and voice in this delightful employment. Then he worships the God of his salvation in spirit and in truth. He then "testifies the heavenly gift;" and "the powers of the world to come." There is, then, much communion with God to be enjoyed in it. But when we observe our singing seats filled with persons, who, doubtless, take much pride and ambition in displaying their musical talents, who have the melody and concord of their voices paramount in their minds; and when we hear the minister offer his prayer to the Almighty, that he would tune their hearts as well as their voices, to sing in his praise; when a great majority of these songsters may (out of meeting) be openly profane and vicious—Is this music the worship of God? Could not a man pray with more faith and greater propriety that the Almighty would send arrows of conviction to their hearts? That he would roll on the gravity of Zion, and cause them to cry out in great agony of soul, "What must I do to be saved?—that he would convert their souls; and bring them to a knowledge of their infirmities? Then the assembly might sing to the praise and glory of God. But to be brief, can a man who is in the gall of bitterness and under the bond of iniquity, sing to the praise of God? And further, can a moral man, who never has been regenerated, worship God, when he joins his voice to the choir amidst the host of a worshipping assembly, when his heart is far from the delightful employment?

PACIFICUS.

Newfield, November, 1826.

Postage on Newspapers.

We have been informed that some of our subscribers in New-Hampshire, who are not more than sixty miles distant, on the nearest mail route, have been taxed two cents postage on each of their papers; because they were sent by the way of Portland, Portsmouth, &c. to the place of destination.

For the information of our patrons, and all concerned, we insert the following extract from the Post Office Law, which

✓ CASH paid for RAGS at this Office.

The Sea King's Dream

The tempest had ceased, and our ship was secured,
For the roar of the whirlwind in sighs died away;
In their hammocks the toil-wearied crew were all
moored,
Save the watch that looked out for the dawning
of day,
When sleep o'er my senses her soft mantle threw,
In the visions of midnight hope lured me to roam;
Over seas, shores and mountains, transported I flew,
Till my heart wandered back to the scenes of my
home.

I dreamed that our cottage latch slowly I raised,
And beheld each dear object of former delight;
A Gloom, a damned awe, a wilderness, scared,
And the tears of my mother were sweet to my sight.
A sister—whose lips on my cold cheek impressed,
Laid me down no longer on ocean to roam;
But my heart beat tumultuous when clasped to one
breast,
Whose heart throbbled responsive to welcome me
home.

Then I stepped through the bowers, where my foot-
steps so oft
Had roared when my hopes and existence were
gone.

The boatman's shrill whistle here piped us aloft,
Yet I thought 'twas the bark from the wild-ood
that sang.

But the boatman's chested my fancy were fed,
I awoke, I looked on the willows' wistful gleam;
And I sigh'd as I gazed from the mast's foamy
hump.

For the peaceful retreat of my own mountain
home.

MISCELLANY.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF

—“Now the leaf
In silent rustles through the mournful grove,
On starting such an awful, sad below,
And slowly creeps along the waving air.”

The leaves of trees and plants, from the expansion of their form, from the greenness of their hue, from the beauty with which they overspread the vegetable world, and from their various and abundant uses to animals, are well calculated to engage the attention of the human creature. They are absolutely requisite to vegetable life. Their capacity of perspiration, and their powers of absorption, have been amply demonstrated. The affinity of their upper surfaces to the light, the extreme sensibility of some of their species, and their power of imbibing impure and giving out salubrious exudes, are surprising.

The leaves have been resorted to for the purpose of imparting system to botanical arrangement. The leaves of the acanthus ornament the Corinthian capital. The conquerors in the Grecian games were compensated with leaves of the olive or the laurel, the parsley or the pine. When Nebuchadnezzar, in his glory, is compared to a tree, it is observed that "the leaves thereof were fair." An "olive leaf plucked off," was an intimation to Noah that the waters of the deluge were subsiding. The man whose hope the Lord is resembles a tree planted by the waters: "her leaf shall be green."

But if leaves in their vigor, interest the mind, their decay presents lessons of instruction. The dried leaf of the tree was probably the first material employed for communicating ideas by writing. The falling leaf is adduced by the patriarch Job, as an emblem of frailty and affliction: "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? and wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?"

—“Should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sub o’er the sky, the leafy deluge streams.”

The flight of leaves from the parent tree, may aptly remind us of the changing nature of all earthly objects. They flourish but to decay. Man is a sinner; a descendant from ancestors who, to conceal their dishonor, send together fig-leaves, and cover themselves with them, persisting in transgression; let him tremble at the voice of Heaven, "I will surely consume them, saith the Lord—the leaf shall fade, and the things that I have given shall pass away from them." "Lucan, describing the flight of Pompey, says, "He trembled at the noise of the groves, moved by the wind, and the leaves of the trees, as if by the sacred volume." "Upon them that are left alive of you, I will send a faintness into their hearts, in the lands of their enemies: and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them; and they shall flee as a fleeing wind from your presence, and they shall fall on every side." "The dreadful sound is in his ears,"—Job xv, 21.

The autumnal season has been considered as a symbol of our subjection to mortality. In this view it is often referred to by the ancient poets. Homer, for instance, has the idea—

The prophet Isaiah uses the same comparison: "All we do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." It is a fable, well known, at least to the botanist, that near the base of every leaf in nature, a bud is found, which presents an assurance of the detachment of the protecting stem. Our offspring as they rise around us, at once our consolation and care, premonish us that "instead of the fathers, shall come the children." They are to occupy our station; and they, in their turn, are destined to fall. It is observable that the

withering leaves, about the close of September, assume new colors. The cheerful green subsides, and is succeeded with a vesture of brown, of yellow, or of crimson. How similar is the character of the Christian; who, as the day of dissolution approaches is frequently seen more beautiful in the graces of his profession: yet, unlike the changing leaf, he is blessed with a lively hope that the beauty of the Lord God shall rest upon him for ever.

The passage in the Night Thoughts has deservedly been admired, where the author, lamenting the death of the youthful Narcissa, says:

"Like blossom'd trees, o'erturn'd by vernal storms,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay."

The fine idea was perhaps suggested to the mind of Dr. Young by the words of the prophet Ezekiel, where Israel is compared to a vine. Successive seasons had passed away, and no fruit was borne. "Thus, saith the Lord, shall it prosper? It shall wither in all the leaves of her spring." Happy if youth did but realize the idea, that no summer, no autumn of their existence, may ever be obtained.— Their season of withering may be spring.

It is observed by Dr. Lowth, that the Hebrew poets were accustomed to deduce their imagery, frequently, from objects in themselves inconsiderable or mean: but that nothing is lost, from this circumstance in relation to sublimity. Where, as in the pages of inspired writers, there is a peculiar propriety in the figures employed, simplicity is itself sublime. An observation of this nature can scarcely be better illustrated, than by the passage in Isaiah, where the fall of a universe is compared to the fall of a leaf. "All the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; and all the host of heaven shall fall as the leaf falleth off from the vine."

Leaves are employed for medicinal purposes. After the conflict of Christian with Apollyon, Mr. Bunyan says: "There came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life, which the Christian applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and he healed immediately." That sacred tree continues to flourish, and its leaves are for the healing of the nations.

BARON DE KALB

should be made familiar with all the celebrated names connected with the history of his country. But I am afraid there were many, who during the terrible period of the Revolution, poured forth power and blood, and died, without having heard of this moment, strangers to the memory of American boys. Every body has heard of Lafayette—almost every body has seen him, and shaken hands with him—but has every one heard of the brave, the generous De Kalb? Lest they have not, I will inform them, that he was a German, who came to this country, to assist our brave men, to fight for our liberty. He was in the winter of life, when he joined our army, but apparently as vigorous as he could have been in his earliest youth. His face and his figure were emphatically German. His frame large and athletic, his clear, mild, blue eye, and his glowing, ruddy face, his hair and beard, all of a golden brown, bleached by the suns and storms of sixty-three winters. He used to boast of the iron constitutions, which industry and hardship gave his countrymen. "The Christmas before I sailed for America," said he, "I went to see my father, who lived about three hundred miles from Paris. On the way, I met a Frenchman, the dear old mother, who was eighty-three years of age, sitting at her wheel while one of her great grand-daughters carded the wool, and sang a hymn for her. As soon as the first joy of meeting was over, I eagerly enquired for my father. "Do not worry, my son," said she, "He has gone into the world to help the great-grandchildren to cut fuel for the fire. They will be here presently."

In a short time, I heard them coming. My father was foremost, with his axe under his arm, and a stout billet of wood on his shoulder. The children followed him, staggering along, each with his little load, and prattling with all their might. I assure you, it was delightful, thus to see the two extremes of youth and age mingled in cordial love. Nothing but exercise, and a plenty of the healthy air of heaven, will make constitutions as lively and strong as these.

The histories of battles are very much alike, and it is always painful to dwell on such scenes of bloodshed and distress; I will therefore only say, that in every combat in which he was engaged, General De Kalb evinced the utmost bravery, discretion and military skill.

On the 15th of August, 1780, the American army were stationed near Rugeley's Mills, about twelve miles from Camden, North-Carolina. Ten o'clock at night, orders were given to march to Camden, and surprize the British army there. Unluckily, the English, at the same time, began a march to surprize the Americans. To their mutual astonishment, the advance-guard of both armies met at two o'clock in the morning, and fired at each other. A council of war was immediately called. De Kalb, cautious, as well as courageous, advised to fall back to Rugeley's Mills.

Mills; but Gen. Gates overruled this motion.

The morning sun discovered woods, far and near, reddened with the flame colored uniform worn by the British army; and the rolling of their drums, and the thundering of their cannon, were heard in the distance, the battle, had a most awful sound. The undisciplined militia, frightened at their numbers, scarcely gave them one distant fire, before they broke their ranks, and fled in every direction. In vain De Kalb called and upon them to return. He was left alone with a handful of faithful Americans, to stand all the horrors of that fearful day. His valor increased with his danger. While he was bending forward to animate his troops, he received 11 wounds. He fell and he died. His blood was left upon the earth, and stretched over his body. His French Aid, fighting his arms over the wounded veteran, and called out, "Save the brave De Kalb, Oh save the Baron De Kalb!" The British immediately fell back; but it was too late to save his life. He was dead, and his body was left on the plain. Near Nander, where his last battle was fought.

Some years after, when Washington visited that place, he eagerly enquired for the grave of Dr Kalb. It was shown to him. He looked on it thoughtfully for a long time, and then exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "So here lies the brave Dr Kalb. The generous stranger who came from a foreign land to fight our battles, and to water the tree of our liberty with his blood! Would it had pleased Heaven, that he might have lived to share our prosperity as freely as he shared our dangers!"

Juvenile Miscellany.

TRAVELS IN BRAZIL.
From the Journal of Prince Wied-New-Wied.
 "We approached a chain of mountains called the Serra das Taboas. This solitary region surpassed all the ideas which my imagination had formed of the noblest and most ravishing scenes of nature. We entered a tract of low land where water ran in abundance over a rocky soil, or collected in self-made tranquil pools beyond the reach of any unequalled breeze. Palms and all the magnificent trees of the country were so interlaced by the climbing plants, that it was impossible to penetrate the wall of verdure which they formed. Everywhere, green in the most slender stems, green in the greenest quantity of plants, vanilla, tabacco, tobacco, and most of them ornamented with flowers, so remarkable, that whoever sees them for the first time, cannot fail to become enchanted. I shall content myself with mentioning a species of homelia with a chalice of coral red, the small leaves tinged with beautiful violet blue and the Heliconia, a plant resembling the Strelitzia, with sparkles of a deep red and white flowers.

"In spring these thick shades, and near fine splurges of water, the traveller, overcome by the heat, feels a sudden coolness. The sharpness of the atmosphere delighted us, the inhabitants of a more northerly region, and added to the ravishing pleasure of the view, the possibility of those scenes which nature continually presented to our view in those solitudes. Every moment some of us found something new that fixed his attention, which was announced with cries of joy to the others. Even the rocks were covered with grasses and cryptogamic plants, whose forms seemed endlessly varied. Among others, we saw magnificent ferns, which were suspended from trees like garlands in the most picturesque manner. A species of the mushroom, *Boletus*, grows on the trunk of old dry trunks, while a lichen of carmine covers the bark of the vigorous trees with beautiful round spots.

"The trees in the gigantic forests of Brazil, are so high, that our guns would not carry to their tops; so that it happened more than once, that we fired at very fine birds without being able to get them. To make up for it, we might call superb flowers among the grasses; but unfortunately it happened that we were obliged to throw them away because they wither very easily, and could not be preserved in a *herbarium siccus*. What a fine harvest might have been obtained to enrich a valuable collection of plants.

"The abundance and force of the vegetation of South America, are caused by the great humidity every where found in the forests. In this respect America enjoys an immense advantage over other countries under the equator."

JUST EULOGIUM.
French Opinions of the United States.
The Journal des Debats for the 18th of August, in speaking of the death of Adams and Jefferson on the 4th of July last, breaks out into the following eulogium of our country:

"Fifty years had elapsed on the fourth of July last, since the day when the most distinguished citizens of the United States assembled in the sight of a powerful enemy, drew up and signed the Declaration of Independence, the fundamental act of the great republic of the new world. Fifty years have seen this plant, at first so weak, spring up and grow till it has become one of the sturdiest of trees, and now stretches its shadow from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, over a territory

extensive than the continent of Europe; and where, perhaps, in a few centuries, the arts and sciences of our quarter of the globe, will find their surest refuge. New generations have here grown up under the protection of wise and equal laws; they have sprinkled the wilderness with cities, and covered every sea with their sails—They have done yet more; they have preserved purity of morals and the empire of virtue. That nation is ever most religious whose citizens are permitted to worship God in the manner their conscience approve.”

SOLID COMFORT

May be copiously derived from the following sources:—A quiet conscience; health; liberty; one's time one's own; or if not, usefully, innocently and moderately employed by others; a freedom from inordinate passions of all kinds; a habit of living within one's income, and of saving something for extraordinary occasions; an ability arising from rational economy to defray all necessary and moderate expenses; a habit of good humor, and aptitude to be pleased rather than offended; a preparation for adversity, love for one's family; sincerity to friends; benevolence to mankind, and piety to God.

OLD AGE.

To feel old age coming on, will so little mortify a wise man, that he can think of it with pleasure; as the decay of nature shows him that the happy change of state, for which he has been all his life preparing himself, is drawing nearer.—And surely it must be desirable, to find himself draw nearer to the end and the reward of his labors. The case of an old man, who has no comfortable prospects for futurity, and finds the fatal hour approaching, which is to deprive him of all his happiness, is too deplorable for any words to represent.

Genius.—"I know no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper. "genius is nothing but labor and diligence." Sir Isaac Newton said of himself, "That if ever he had been able to do any thing, he had effected it by patient thinking only."

LAND FOR SALE

IN Denmark, within one hundred rods of the county road leading from Baldwin to Bridgeton; about 200 acres of good land, well calculated to make two farms, 100 acres of which is under improvement. There is a small house and barn and a young orchard on the land. Said land is well wooded and watered, and the whole or part, as by best suit purchasers, will be a cheap. A good title will be given and a credit of up to four years, if desired, but good security will be required. The land is bounded on the new county road leading to Fryburgh. For further particulars inquire of AITEMAS MEEDS, living on the premises, or of the Subscriber in Limington.

FRANCIS MEEDS.

Nov. 9.

CHEMICAL EMBROCATION,
OR, **WHITWELL'S ORIGINAL OPODELDOC.**
Treble the strength of the hard kind

THIS article is now, beyond all dispute considered by every physician of extensive practise in the U. S. as the best known external remedy in all cases of Bruises, Sprains, Gout, Rheumatism, Cramp, Numbness, Stiffness of the Neck or Limbs, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Stings of Insects, Vegetable Poisons, &c.

The use of this celebrated remedy is not confined to the American States. "Orders for it are constantly received from South America, the West Indies, Nova Scotia, Lower Canada, and in one instance orders were received from England and Russia. In a late letter, to the Proprietor from St. Salvador, the writer observes, "Your Opodeldoe begins to be well known and fully appreciated, &c."

Certificates have been received, sufficient to fill a column of a paper. A few only, of the first respectability, are attached to the directions—among which is one from a Physician of the highest grade in Europe or America.

No one circumstance can more fully prove the value and great demand for this Medicine, than the numerous servile and contemptible imitations in existence, some have so closely imitated the stamp and type of the outside wrapper, as to be difficult of detection, except only by the omission of the NAME.—Therefore, as you value Life or Limb, be sure to ask for and receive WHITWELL'S Opodeldok only, or you may be most wretchedly imposed upon.

At the same place may be had, the AROMATIC SNUFF, celebrated throughout the American Continent, in cases of Catarrh and Headach, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, Vapors, dimness of Eye Sight, and all disorders of the head. From its most fragrant and grateful quality, it completely counteracts the effects of a bad atmosphere, and being greatly antipretresant is indispensable for all who watch with or visit the sick.

The above are for sale at the store of JOHN SANDORN, Esq. Liverick.

May 11.