

MORNING STAR.

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COMMUNICATION.

For the Star.

THE SICK AND THE DEAD.

A sick chamber while it affords the most extensive field for the exercise of our best feelings, also demands a certain degree of judicious forbearance, which is seldom taken into consideration by those who have not the immediate care of the patients. It is too much the custom every where and more particularly in villages and small towns, that as soon as a case of sickness is reported, a multitude of idle inquirers actuated by motives, in which I fear humanity bears but a small share—burst into the house, and if possible, into the chamber of the sufferer. The superintendence of the sick should be confined to as few attendants and with as little alteration as practicable. Some experienced friends whose discretion and fortitude would not be weakened by undue tenderness or sudden depression, should be procured, and those when worn down by labor and fatigue should be relieved by their neighbors or friends, whose age and experience is suitable to the task.

If the family of the patient should be in low circumstances as to the necessities of life, all attention ought to be paid to make them comfortable. People imagine themselves to be performing acts of benevolence by their too frequent visits for the mere purpose of troubling the sick with a multitude of questions and teasing the physician for his opinion, but they may rest assured they cannot perpetrate greater deeds of cruelty. Such injudicious practices are sufficient to convert a very slight illness into a confirmed fever, and hurry the patient from a bed of sickness into an untimely grave. No language but that of hope and encouragement can be tolerated and in some cases but little of that, the suspicions of the sick should never be aroused by repining groans and sighs of friends or spectators, in short all who have no immediate concern in the management of the invalid had better be excluded from the chamber entirely. What sight can be more disheartening to a diseased person than when awaking from some bodily dream which generally accompanies bodily disorder to behold a throng of dismal countenances filled with anxious depressions and foreboding the most fearful consequences? Do those who thus perhaps heedlessly tamper with human infirmity think they are acting the benevolent part of humanity, or do they wish to be recognized by the unfortunate sufferer as having an uncommon share of tenderness and sensibility? I do not mean to assert there is no such thing as natural grief or fellow feelings, but the scene for the display of such affections is not a sick chamber. There is other practices of a similar nature which in a civilized community deserves the highest reprobation. There is one which prevails I am sorry to confess even among females. It is a duty which we all owe to our fellow beings to sympathize with them in their afflictions, but the frequent habit of intruding in an unbecoming manner upon the last solemn ceremony of respect towards the dead is what I allude to. What are we to think of those who without any claim either of kindred or acquaintance, thrust themselves into the room where the deceased lays to the exclusion of actual friends—Violently pressing forward to view the cadaverous remains of the departed, watching with eager and noisy curiosity and movement of the mourners, making observations on the arrangements, the dresses, &c. Would it not be more consistent with decency and good order, that the manager after prayer should cause the room to be cleared of spectators that the relatives may have an opportunity to view the remains of their departed friend without molestation? Then the corps should be carried into the street

(bad weather excepted) where there would be a more convenient chance for any who wish to view their mortal state in the "Mirror of death," while the arrangement for the procession is forming within. The funeral should be conducted in all respects in a manner coincident with the solemnity of the scene. It would be praise-worthy in a Christian land, if neighbors and townsmen as well as friends and connexions would if possible attend these solemnities, and without any distinction between the rich and the poor, but it is actually a prevailing notion here as well as in other countries that the funeral of the poor may be neglected while that of the rich is thronged with people from all quarters. Why should it be thus?

"Princes that clay must be your bed,

In spite of all your towers";

The tall, the wise, the rich and head

Must lie as low as ours."

HYSTANDER.

MISCELLANY.

MORNING SERVICE IN THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

Elnathan went onward, and ascended Mount Moriah, and drew near to the eastern gate of the outer court of the temple, called the King's Gate, which was framed of wood, and overlaid with plates of brass. The wall of the court, which was partly of wood, and partly of stone, was on this side supported upon a great terrace, raised up with huge stones from the deep valley of Kedron below, in order to enlarge the space on the top of the hill, and make it equal to the plan which Solomon intended. And when the sun began to rise, the gates of the Lord's House were opened by the porters, to the sound of the silver trumpets; and Elnathan entered into the outer court, or court of the people, along with the multitude who had come from the city to worship. He advanced towards the steps of the east gate of the inner court of the Lord's House. And looking through this gate, he saw before him the lofty and magnificent porch of the House of God, or Sanctuary, one hundred and twenty cubits high, built of beautiful white stones, which had been hewn in the neighboring mountains,—behind this, only half its height from the ground, but of equal altitude, being built on a hill, stood the Temple, or Sanctuary, itself, consisting of the Holy Place and Holy of Holies, surrounded by three stories of chambers each four cubits square. And within the court he saw the brazen altar, and the molten sea, and the priest passing to and fro, barefooted, and clothed in long white linen garments, having girdles embroidered with blue, purple, and scarlet, and bonnets of white linen upon their heads. And, lying upon the ascent to the altar, lay the lamb already slain and prepared for the morning sacrifice. And Elnathan put off his sandals, and covered his head with the corner of his garment, as unworthy to lift up his eyes in the divine presence; and so he went and stood in his place among the congregation of Israelites who had come to worship.

Two priests now began to ascend, with great solemnity, the steps which were before the door of the lofty and beautiful porch of the Lord's House, to offer incense upon the golden altar, within the Holy Place. One of them carried a censer with live coals taken from the fire, which burned continually upon the brazen altar; and the other had in his hand a golden censer full of frankincense. Two other priests walked before them, who had already been in the Holy Place, trimming the golden lamps, and cleansing the altar of incense. And when they had all entered the Holy Place, the two priests, who had been there before, took up the golden vessel which they had used in their service and then, after worshiping towards the most High Place, they came out and stood in the porch. And he who carried the censer of coals, also worshiped, and came out and stood with the two others in the porch, leaving the priest who was to offer, alone in the Holy Place. Every thing being now ready, the incense was kindled upon the golden altar, and the Holy Place was filled with the odor, and all the congregation without bowed their heads, with their faces to the earth, and their hands upon their breasts, and prayed.

"A great peace, goodness, and blessing—
—Grief, mercy, and compassion for us, and for all Israel, thy people. Bless us, O our Father, even all of us as one man, with the light of thy countenance; for, in the light of thy countenance, thou, O Lord our God, hast given us the law of life, and loving mercy and righteousness, and blessing and compassion, and life and peace. Let it please Thee to bless thy people

Israel at all times. In the book of life with blessing, and peace, and sustentation, let us be remembered and written before Thee, we, and all thy people, the house of Israel."

And when the prayers were ended, the priest, whose lot it was, took the lamb which had been slain for the morning sacrifice, and laid it upon the fire which was burning upon the brazen altar. After this was done, the priest, who had been in the Holy Place offering incense, came out with the other three who ministered with him, and standing upon the steps which were before the entrance of the porch, with their eyes bent upon the ground, they stretched out their hands toward heaven, and one of them, in a loud and solemn voice, blessed the people, and said—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace." And when he had ended, the daily meat-offering was made, and the drink-offering poured out.

Then the Levites, who stood on the east side of the altar, with their harps, and psalteries, and tabrets, and cornets, and symbols, began to play upon them; and the women and the Levites, who sung with their voices, began this song of praise—"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; The world, and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, And established it upon the floods."

Here they paused, while the priests sounded their silver trumpets, and the congregation bowed their heads and worshipped. And, after this pause, half of the musicians and of the singers sung—"He that hath clean hands, And a pure heart: Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, Nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his salvation."

To which the other half assented, singing—"This is the generation of them that seek Him, That seek thy face—O Jacob."

Upon which the whole band united and sung—"Praise ye the Lord."

And then they all paused, while the priests again sounded their silver trumpets, and the people bowed their heads and worshipped. After this, half of the musicians, and of the singers resumed their song—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates: And be lifted up, ye everlasting doors; And the King of Glory shall come in."

Upon which the other half asked, "Who is the King of Glory?"

"The Lord strong and mighty, The Lord mighty in battle, He is the King of Glory."

And the first answered them, "The Lord strong and mighty, The Lord mighty in battle, He is the King of Glory."

And the first replied to them, "The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory."

Upon which the whole band united and sung in loud chorus—"Praise ye the Lord."

while the priests sounded their silver trumpets, and the people bowed their heads and worshipped.

Thus ended the morning service in the Temple, the people afterwards dispersing to their different habitations.—*Script. Illust.*

"This prayer, the date and authority of which is uncertain, the Jews tell us, was composed by Ezra, and is so not so ancient as the time we have ventured to ascribe to it above."

HISTORIC PREACHER.

Mr. Whitefield displayed in his boyhood great theatrical talents, and when afterwards called to the ministry of the gospel, he indulged in a histrionic manner of preaching, which would have been offensive, if it had not been rendered admirable by his natural gracefulness and inimitable power. Remarkable instances are related of the manner in which he impressed his hearers. A ship builder was once asked what he thought of him. "Think," he replied, "I tell you, sir, every Sunday I go my parish church, and can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield I could not lay a single plank." Hume pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard, and said it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him. One of his lights of oratory is related on Mr. Hume's authority. "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitefield thus addressed his audience: 'The attendant angel is just about to leave his threshold, and ascend to heaven; and shall he ascend

and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all the multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands, and eyes to heaven, and cried out, 'Stop, the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!'" Hume said this address was accompanied with such animation, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing that he ever saw or heard in any other preacher.

The elocution of Whitefield was perfect; he never faltered, unless when the feeling to which he had wrought himself, overcame him, and then his speech was interrupted by a flow of tears; sometimes the emotion of his mind exhausted him, and the beholders felt a momentary apprehension for his life.

He would frequently describe the agony of our Saviour with such force, that the scene seemed actually before his auditors. "Look yonder," he would say, stretching out his hand, and pointing while he spoke, "what is it that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark, hark! do you not hear? Oh my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!" This he introduced frequently in his sermons: and one who lived with him says, the effect was not destroyed by repetition. Even to those who knew what was coming, it came as forcibly as if they had never heard it before.

Sometimes at the close of a sermon he would personate a judge about to perform the awful duties of his office. With his eyes full of tears, and an emotion that made his speech falter, after a pause which kept the whole audience in breathless expectation of what was to come, he would say, "I am now going to put on my condemning cap. Sinners, I must do it! I must pronounce sentence upon you!" and then, in a tremendous strain of eloquence, describing the eternal punishment of the wicked, he recited the words of Christ, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." When he spoke of St. Peter, hector the cock crew he went out and wept bitterly, he had a fold of his gown ready, in which he hid his face.

Perfect as it was, histrionism, like this, would have produced no lasting effect upon the mind, had it not been for the unaffected earnestness and indubitable sincerity of the preacher, whose equally charmed and his manner, whether he rose to the height of passion in his discourse, or won the attention of the motley crowd by the introduction of familiar stories and illustrations adapted to the meanest capacities.—*Perry Anecdotes.*

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

"—Suddenly a Star arose:
It was the Star of Bethlehem."
It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forbodings cease;
And through the storms of danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace."

Our state in this vale of tears is a mixed one. Life may be likened to the winds, ever shifting and never alike.—Sometimes it appears as calm as summer evenings are, and again storms and tempests cheer their even surface, darkening every prospect and rendering scenes, once bright and joyous, gloomy and bleak as the caverns of death. But even over all these scenes, there is one Star seen to brighten. In the absence of all that renders life tolerable in weal or woe, in joy or sorrow, it still beams out alone, unchanged and undimmed, as though it had found its way from the galaxy of the third heavens. It stands out in peerless beauty, dispensing its blessed light at all times and all seasons, flinging its hallowed, though not brilliant rays across the path of the wildered ones, and even in our sunniest moments, when it forgets and we steer wide of its heavenly direction, still it seems to twinkle near the blazing orb that burns when prosperity rules the destiny of the hour. This is the Star of Bethlehem. It marches before us, shooting downward its golden brightness, and then again it plays like a thing of life athwart the distant vista, that has for a brief moment shrouded in black and dark midnight. Oh, what heart-rending sensations pervade the torn, lacerated bosom of the afflicted, when they see the gigantic shadings of life's fitful picture, cover, for days, this pole-star of their hopes!—Dark, dark, are all present things, though arrayed in pomp and glitter of this world's splendor. In its absence, a night reigns more horrible than ever startled ocean's midnight. But oh, who can describe the ecstatic joys, which inspire those who have groped their way for years without one cheering beam of hope, or spark of glimmering day, when they come upon

prospects touched with divine pencilling, lighted with this star of peace, the harbinger of all God's promised blessings! With what unutterable satisfaction they gaze upon this token of a Saviour's love, as it lights them along in the path of duty, and walking in its brightness, usher them into the presence of Him who lit it up in the moral heavens to be our guide to endless bliss.—*Dover Gazette.*

Prayer.—I know by my own experience, as well as from his unerring word, that God is a God that heareth prayer; and that, when two or three agree together on earth as touching any thing which they shall ask in the name of Jesus, it shall be done for them.—And though we cannot meet personally to join in prayer for each other, and other, yet we may spiritually meet before the throne of grace of an omnipotent God. And, if we do but agree daily to pray for the eternal salvation of our relatives, friends, and neighbors, and persevere with the patience of the woman of Canaan, we shall, in due time, have the same answer.—*Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.*—When you need your Bible, observe what wonderful things are spoken of, promised, and effected by prayer; and then, however we can do nothing; but faith and prayer, engaging an Almighty arm on our side, do all things. And this is the reason why we are so much hindered, discouraged, and tempted, in respect of prayer, and meet with so many excuses.—It is Satan's business to keep us from prayer. If he can effect this, he has us fast at his pleasure in his snare. If we will pray, he must lose us; and, therefore, so long as ever, by reason of our corruptious and worldly-mindedness, he can keep us from praying, he will. And so long as he can, by means of our foolish fear of men and wicked shame, work upon us, by setting his servants to laugh and scoff, or rail at us, he will. And, were it not that I have neither time nor room, I will show you many of his ways to keep people from prayer, which would be like telling you all that ever did, for we are not ignorant of his devices. But let me exhort you not to let either business, or company, or pleasure, or fear, or shame, or any thing else, keep you from prayer, and reading the Bible, and strictly keeping the Sabbath: and then I know the Lord will be your teacher and Saviour.—*Scott's Letters.*

OBITUARY.

A brief account of the experience, sickness and death of Pelatiah Tugley Burrows, son of Mr. David Burrows, and grandson of the venerable Eld. Pelatiah Tugley, late of Waterborough.

The subject of this memoir had an engaging manner, and an amiable disposition, which rendered him agreeable to his friends and associates. But it pleased the Lord to lay his afflictive hand upon him; although not very severely distressed at first, yet he slowly wasted away for more than twelve months, when pain and distress increased. However, hopes of his recovery were still entertained. During his whole sickness, his mind was very calm and serene. When questioned concerning the state of his mind, he would make but little answer. There was a reformation in the neighborhood during his sickness; he appeared glad to hear and see that his young associates were turning to God; but was not apparently concerned about his own future welfare, until about nine months previous to his death. One evening there was a meeting at his house, and two of the sons of Christ came through the night. He retired to bed in another room. While the preachers and family were earnestly praying for themselves and him, he was at length heard, for the first time, to pray for himself, to the great joy of his parents and friends. He continued to cry and pray a short time; then, suddenly, his mind became calm and serene; although he did not obtain much evidence of change of heart, yet there was a change in his disposition, and he continued a praying soul, though secretly, until about four weeks before his death. At one time, his mother perceived him to be in trouble, and asked the occasion thereof; he answered, I fear I am not prepared to die, and am afraid I am deceiving. On being told, he must strive and pray for a greater evidence of his acceptance with God, he replied, I have been trying every day and every night for more than nine months, but fear my prayers are not acceptable to God. He said his hope was small. Being asked if he had a hope beyond the grave, he hardly knew how to answer—complained much of sinning in thought—conversed much on his past experience, lamented he had not spent his time more in the service of God—would often groan, mourn, and lament, and three weeks before his death, he then expressed more willingness to leave the world than he ever had before; and expressed his feelings, which were anxious desires for the salvation of his friends. He spoke also of his resignation to the will of God. He likewise spoke much of his loving and wisdom of God in thus afflicting him. He would be inexpressible to write half of the discourse of the dying youth. It will be

proper, however, to remark a few things which took place a few days before he expired.—After a season of great pain and distress, he broke out in wonderful praises to God, calling on all who loved the Lord to praise him; expressing very earnest desires for all his relations, neighbors, and friends to meet him in heaven, where he believed he should soon be with his dear Saviour and all the holy prophets. About this time the preachers came in, and asked him if he knew him. He answered that he did, and called him by name, and asked him to pray; but said, "do not pray for my life, but that I may have patience to wait till my change comes." He said, "I had rather depart and be with Christ which is far better." He then called his sisters and little brother to his bed, and told them that he must leave them, but was going to a happy place; and he earnestly urged them to wait till all were so to meet him. He then gave them some presents, and told them that he hoped they would prove a blessing to their parents.

He continued to grow weaker until Wednesday the 4th of April, when he was thought to be dying. After laying very calm some time, he awoke as out of sleep, expressing these words, "I farewell to all before the sun, I am just now going home; farewell, all relations, friends and neighbors; do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves, and let it be your whole concern to prepare to meet me in heaven. He then called for his mother, when she came to his bed side in tears, he said, "I farewell, my dear mother, you have been kind to me ever since I was born, and I have nothing to make you recompense but my sincere thanks; shed no tears for me after I am gone, nor never let your mind be disturbed on my account, but let it be your chief concern to meet me in the New Jerusalem, for I think you will soon follow me! How impatient I am for the time to come, I fear not death; what a beautiful sight to see the blood settle under my nails!" He directed his hand to be held where he might see it himself. When his request was complied with, he said they did not look as he expected, he feared he was not so nigh his end as the people thought he was. He remained about the same through that night and the next day. He took no food for more than 48 hours—when asked if he would take something, he answered no. When it was said to him, dear child, shall you never take any thing again, he replied, "I hope not any thing but love." Thus he remained until half past one, on the morning of the 6th of April, when he calmly fell asleep in the arms of his blessed Jesus, without one struggle, or sigh, or groan. Thus ended the days of Pelatiah T. Burrows, a beloved and sprightly youth in the 19th year of his age.

His years on this earth were few. But Jesus had taught him to pray; And Jesus his Saviour he knew. Before he was summoned away.

Died in Poland on the 14th ult. of a consumption, Miss HANNAH PICKER, in the 35th year of her age. For the last ten years of her life, she was a professor of religion, and was baptized by Eld. Z. Leach, and although she has been called to pass through many trials in life, it is said she has ever adorned her profession with a calm and cheerful conversation and behavior. She died of a cancerous tumor, a comforting evidence that she has been with Christ. She was a member of the Free-will Baptist church in Poland, and the first that has been called away by death since it was embodied in 1825.

"How blest is our father, dear! Of all that could burden her mind; How blest is the soul that has left This wearisome body behind. Her languishing head is at rest, Her sighs and sighings are o'er; That quiet immovable breast Shall be heard by afflictions no more."

A well adapted discourse was delivered at her funeral by Eld. Hubbard Chandler from Rev. xiv. 13.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The following accounts, selected from the Religious Informer, will show that Zion is enlarging her borders, and is breaking forth on the right hand and on the left. These quarterly meetings will doubtless appear small to those brethren who reside in this vicinity; but it is only a few years since the largest quarterly meetings in New-England, were smaller than those in the western country now are.

Beloved brother,—Though I am now in a strange land, Christ is my friend and helper. I love my family and dear brethren in York State, for the State of Ohio, the 23d of August, and am now in the State of Pa. in the Wayne Q. M. While on the road, in the bounds of the Erie Q. M. I labored for God about five weeks, and saw his work revive in a number of different towns. In the town of Bennington, Eld. Ellis from the State of Ohio was laboring, and a reformation had commenced, and before I left the place, some

began to rejoice in God for redeeming love, and when I bade them farewell, quite a number came forward, and gave me their hand, begging my prayers for them; that they might obtain mercy; and in the town of Hamburg, a number were brought to see their undone state, and began to say, "What shall I do?" In one neighborhood in this town, some that had been Christ in time past and had kept their light hid, began to praise God, one of whom I baptized. I attended the Erie Q. M. the 9th and 10th of Sept. in which we enjoyed a favored season. God poured out his spirit upon the large congregation, that was collected on the occasion, in a most wonderful manner. There was much rejoicing among the saints and weeping among the unconverted. In this meeting we ordained Thomas Grindol to the rank of an exhorter, or an itinerant minister, and felt the approbation of God in performing the work.

Soon after the Q. M. I returned to the same place, to gather up the fragments of the broken bread, and found fourteen weeping at the altar of grace, some aged and some youth. I have since heard from that place, that some of them have found Christ, and are healed.

From the town of Boston where I labored some time (the residence of Eld. R. M. Cary,) I travelled with him to the town of Littleville, where God had been blessing his labors to the good of souls. In this place a number of backsliders had been reclaimed, and nine brought from nature to grace, one or two of whom, had formerly denied the existence of a God.

When I was about to leave the place, in the last meeting we attended, twenty-two arose to witness their desire for Salvation, and beg the prayers of the saints. Elder R. M. Cary has baptized four in this place, and the probability is, more will go forward soon. He has baptized a number in other places of late. He appears to be owned and blessed of God in his ministry.

The field is large and white in these western regions, and wants many laborers. I rejoice to hear of the prosperity of Zion in the eastern country, and glad we have some good news to send you from the West.

I remain your brother in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus. SAMUEL WIRE.

Conneaut, Pa. Oct. 9th, 1825.

Portland Chataogue Co. N. Y. Feb. 20, 1827.

Dear Brother,—It is with pleasure I embrace this opportunity of writing to you, to inform you respecting the situation of the Zion of God in the western climes. I have spent the greatest part of my time in this country for a year and a half past, there is no other one of our order, who labors much in this section of the country.

One year ago, a goodly number, I humbly believe, were brought from nature's darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, many of whom I had the joy of waiting upon in the ordinance of baptism. During this revival, there was an addition to the church in this town, and to the churches of other orders in the adjacent towns, of one hundred and twenty or thirty. At present, religion is not so prosperous as we would wish, yet the professed followers of Christ seem to be generally steadfast, and manifest a decided determination to press their way by the assisting grace of God, and persevere until they shall be welcomed beyond this tempestuous ocean of affliction.

I rejoice to think that the Lord has recently been pouring out his spirit upon the different parts of the Erie Q. M. of which I am a member. Numbers have been added this winter.

I have just returned from visiting Wayne Q. M. in Ohio. I travelled from place to place, and tried to preach a free gospel to the people, and enjoyed many refreshing seasons from the presence of the Lord.

I think that the Wayne Q. M. is in a more prosperous situation at present, than it ever has been heretofore. I think that I can with the greatest propriety adopt the language of our blessed Lord, "The harvest truly is great and the laborers are few."

I am ready to say, "Pity the nations, O our God, Constrain the earth to come, Send thy victorious word abroad, And bring the strangers home."

My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that Israel might be saved, and that the Lord would roll the worth of souls on some of his faithful servants in the East; and that they take their lives in their hands, having Christ for their portion, and having the good cause of God in their view, and would come and range these western regions. I remain your unworthy brother in gospel bonds.

AMOS C. ANDRUS.

GIBSON QUARTERLY MEETING.

Brother Chase,—By request of some of the brethren, I had the attempt to give you a brief account of our Gibson Q. M. held in this town the first Saturday and Sabbath in December, 1825.

The meeting commenced on Saturday by singing and prayer, introductory sermon delivered by Elder Daniel Chase,

which was solemn and interesting and was followed by weighty exhortations. The afternoon was spent in hearing reports from the different churches, &c. which were generally reflecting, though some of the churches are in a low state.

Sunday the meeting commenced by singing and prayer. First, sermon was delivered by brother Wm. E. Robinson. The intermission was employed in ordaining the ministry. Introductory prayer, the solemn charge, and right hand of fellowship, were all delivered by Elder Chase, concluding prayer by Dr. Smith, belonging to Oswego Q. M. In the afternoon we were favored with a discourse from Eld. Chase, which was followed by weighty exhortations. Before the meeting came to a close, we had the satisfaction to see some sinners weep on account of their sins, and some backsliders returning again to their Father's house. The charity hope the opportunity has been owned and blessed of God.

This Q. M. is holden on the first Saturday and Sabbath in March, June, September and December.

The next Q. M. will be holden in Lawsville, Pa.

Ordained preachers in this Q. M. are Daniel Chase, Mountpleasant, Pa. and Wm. E. Robinson, Greensfield, Pa.

Unordained preacher, John Webster Lawsville, Pa.

Churches.	Members.
Ten mile River	21
Cochecton	17
Gibson	20
Greensfield	20
Jackson	12
Lawsville	16
Windor	24
Total	130

JOHN CHASE, Clerk.

Windor, N. Y. Dec. 5, 1825.

ERIE QUARTERLY MEETING.

Belonging to the Holland Purchase Yearly Meeting are four ordained preachers, three unordained preachers, eleven churches and about 270 members.

Elders Nathaniel Ketchum of Pike, Albion County, Richard M. Carey, Boston, Erie County, Amos C. Andrus of Portland, Chataogue County, Thomas Grindol Hanover, Cataraugus County.

Unordained preachers, William Gay of Pike, Albion County, J. L. Wiant, Edon, Erie Co. L. W. Lee of Wales, Erie Co.

The following is a statement of seven of the churches in this Q. M.

Pike	15
Boston	40
Portland	25
Hanover	21
Edon	30
Wales	8
Ashtford	50

TRUMAN CAREY, Clerk.

Boston, Nov. 5, 1825.

MORNING STAR.

LIMERICK.....THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1827.

The present number concludes the first volume of the Morning Star. It was commenced under an impression that the cause of our Christian community required a publication of the kind. We have been indefatigable in our labors to render our paper useful to the public. In consequence of a multiplicity of avocations which have unavoidably attended the management of an infant Press, we have not been able to furnish our columns with so much editorial matter for the first volume as could have been wished; especially in the commencement of the volume. It will, however, be readily perceived, that we have done much more for our paper, in this respect, in the last, than we did in the first six months. Judging from this circumstance, the business of the Office becoming more regular, we are of opinion, should the smiles of the Most High be continued to us, that we shall be enabled to do more with our own pen, for the second, than we possibly could have done, under those circumstances, for the first volume.

We gratefully acknowledge the aid which we have received from our correspondents, by which our columns have been much enriched. We earnestly request a continuation of their favors. We would remind our patrons that the number as well as the labors of our correspondents, is increasing. This circumstance is highly favorable.

With respect to the patronage which the Star has received during the first year of its existence, it is greater than was anticipated, when the publication thereof was commenced. The subscribers, individually, are deserving, and the publishers would be exceedingly ungrateful should they withhold their thanks from the patrons of the Star. A few of our subscribers

CASH paid for RAGS at this Of-

BOHEMIA.

FOR THE STAR.

Messrs. Editors.—The following lines were said to be written by an eminent gospel minister in England, and were selected from the memorials of his life.

Sweet are the gifts which gracious Heaven
On true believers pour;
But the best gift is grace to know
That Jesus Christ is ours.

Our Jesus—what rich drops of bliss
Descend in copious showers;
When ruin'd sinners such as we,
By faith can call him ours.

Differ we may in age and state,
Learning and mental powers;
But all the saints may join and shout,
Dear Jesus, thou art ours.

Let those who know our Jesus not,
Delight in earth's gay flowers;
We glory in our better lot,
Rejoice'd that he is ours.

When hope with elevated flight
T'wards heaven in rapture flows,
'Tis this supports our vent'rous wings,
We know that Christ is ours.

Though Providence with dark'ning sky,
On lands terrestrial shrouds;
We rise superior to the gloom,
When singing Christ is ours.

Time which this world with all its joys
With eager haste devours,
May take inferior things away,
But Jesus still is ours.

Haste then, dull time, and terminate
Thy slow revolving hours;
We wish, we pray, we long, we pant,
In heaven to call him ours.

From the 2d No. of the Boston Lyceum.
TO LAURA W., TWO YEARS OF AGE.

Bright be the skies that cover thee,
Gild of the sun's benignant rays,
Bright as the dream flung over thee
By all that meet thee now.

Thy heart is beating joyfully,
Thy voice is like a bird's;
And sweetly breaks the melody
Of thy imperfect words.

As I know faint that gushes out
As gently as thy tiny smile,
I could that thou might'st ever be
As beautiful as now—

That time might ever fade as fire
Thy yet unwritten book
I would life were "all poetry"
To gentle measure set.

That might but chasten'd melody,
Might stain thy eye of jet—
Not one discordant note would I
Till God the coming harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these
With woman's lot are wove;
Wrought of intenser sympathies,
And served by potent love.

By the strong spirit of discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of sin,
To woman woe is bound.

"Her lot is on thee," lovely child,
God keep thy spirit undefiled!
I feel thy gentle loveliness,
Thy winking tone and air,

Thy eyes' benignant earnestness,
May life to thee as they
The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters countless down.

Breathe on it as thy love,
Ye may fling back the gift again,
But the crown'd flower will leave a stain.
What shall preserve thee, beautiful child?

Keep these as thou art now!
Bring thee, a spirit undefiled!
At God's pure throne to bow?
The world is but a broken reel,
And life grows a cruel dream.

Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up to Him?
He, who himself was "undefiled"
With him we trust thee, beautiful child!

only son of a respectable merchant—had the advantages of a liberal education—and, to crown the preferment, had assumed the holy union of D. D. With all these commendations, who would have suspected that he should stoop to the vile seduction of female innocence and vanity? For a long time he visited her, and with every mark of respect, seemed to delight in her company. But if he loved her—he loved her with that intensity, which so often misleads the minds of the young. At length, he proposed to accompany her, on a visit to some of her friends, who resided a short distance from her native village; to which she consented without suspecting his cruel intentions. Soon after they sat out, he proposed to her an elopement! "Thimderstruck, at the proposal, she fell senseless from the prostrate; He, however, supported her, and began to explain to her his intentions, and promised, if she would submit to accompany him, after an absence of a few months, to return with her again to her friends. She obstinately rejected all his offers and continued firm in her virtuous principles for a long time: but with his "much fair speech" he at last prevailed against the voice of reason, and she consented to his wish—to accompany him a few hundred miles, where he promised to embrace the first opportunity of having their nuptials celebrated. He told her that he had many relations and friends in the city of ***** to which he was going, with whom she would have an opportunity of forming an acquaintance. But, although he endeavored to divert her, by every art he could devise, yet she often sighed when she thought of home—of her parents whose very lives were bound up in hers—of virtue's path, which she was now forsaking. But she soothed the anxiety of her mind, by thinking—can Adelpus prove deceitful? He has pledged to me his word, his life, and his sacred honor! Doubtless he has some good reason for this proceeding—perhaps his friends oppose his choice—I cannot distrust him. When he arrived in the city, he took her to a respectable inn where, for a few days, he treated her with all the affection, which he had manifested, during the long intimacy which had subsisted between them. He renewed his assurances, but still left his promises unfulfilled. At length, one morning, he came to her, and taking her by the hand, informed her that it had become necessary for him to be absent a few days. "But," added he, as he left the room, "I shall come, you again!" She was treated with great kindness by the family in which she resided, and passed a few days very agreeably. Soon, however, she began to feel anxious for his return. Day after day, she watched from the window, the street as they saw him retire. But in vain! days stole on, and several weeks elapsed, yet she saw not his tidings from him. After sometime, one morning as she sat at the table, she received a letter from him, the purport of which was, that she must relinquish all hopes of ever seeing him again, as he had sailed for "Indian climes" on business of consequence, and never expected to return. He also sent, by the same hand, a purse of gold to enable her to return to her parents! "O! Heavens!" she exclaimed, "how can I thank my friends and tell my parents for giving me O, Adelpus! cruel Adelpus! How canst thou thus triumph over departed innocence! How canst thou exult over the ruin of Virtue!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, and fell senseless on the floor! every exertion, possible, was used to restore her, and she, at length, so far revived, as to be able to declare the cause of her distress. Information was quickly detached, by letter, to her parents, that she was in such a situation. In the meantime, every thing, which humanity or benevolence could devise, was done to relieve the distress of Adeline. But in vain! she pined away, and was soon confined to her bed, from which she never arose. About six weeks from the fatal morning in the twilight of evening, a chaise drove up to the door—a gentleman alighted, and made inquiry for one Adeline Deland. She heard the voice, and shrieked out, "It is my father!" and fainted away! She was, however, soon restored, and her distressed parents entered the room. She immediately raised herself, and stretching her hands towards her parents, exclaimed, "Can you forgive me?" Their emotions choked their utterance—her father clasped her hand in both his, and lifted up his streaming eyes to heaven in silent gratitude to God, that he could once more behold his daughter. "O my parents," said she, "I know the wound which has pierced your hearts on my account.—In an unguarded hour I was led astray—but God has forgiven me—and, I ask again, can you forgive me?" "We can," answered her mother, "be assured that we can." "Then," said she, "I die in peace."—Her effort was too much—she sunk, helpless and silent, upon her pillow.—Every effort was exerted, in order to recover her—but to no purpose. She languished for three days, and then her spirit took its eternal flight from this world of sorrow.

Fly for her shall thou the string,
And sympathy shall sigh,
When gently glows the breath of spring,
In mournful melody

In the graveyard, beneath the shade of a bending willow, she reposes. There the flowers of spring shed their odors, and the winds breathe in soft murmurs over the grave of departed innocence, and ruined virtue!

To Youth.—The uprising generation are the beauty and glory of the land—on this part of our population patriots and Christians look with an eye of anxious anticipation. Yes, youthful readers, you are viewed as the future hope of our country, the ornaments of society, the comfort of parents and friends, and the polished pillars in the house of God, that shall with unswerving steadfastness support that spiritual building. You therefore discover at a single glance, the importance and responsibility of the situation in which you are placed. When your minds are brought seriously to bear on this matter, do not some such thoughts as these revolve in your hearts? Will the expectations of our companions be realized? Do I possess, and shall I reduce to practice those honorable and virtuous principles which serve as the safeguard of national liberty and independence? Have I embraced, and do I cherish in my soul that vital piety, that divine religion, which qualifies me for the acceptable service of the sanctuary, and which shall enable me to supply the place of the humble Christian when he shall have been consigned to the house of silence? We would have just remark to the dear youth who read our paper, that those who are strangers to such reflections; that those in whose bosoms such thoughts do not revolve, have great reason to fear, that the hope indulged of their future usefulness and happiness will be disappointed. Precious youth, much depends with regard to your future condition, on the start which you take in the commencement of life.—Be careful whom you select as your friends and early associates. If they be the votaries of sinful pleasures; fond of those amusements which kill time, and estrange the heart from the exercises of religion. If they belong to the ungodly and heaven-daring class, who profane the name of Jehovah, and violate his holy sabbath; rest assured the prospect relative to your future course is gloomy, and continuing to love and delight in such evil, and evil evils awaits you. "He that loveth wisdom shall be wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." It is an imperative duty that you now, in the spring time of life, give your hearts to your God and Saviour, and "let your eyes observe his ways," and be inseparably connected. This important and solemn truth you will best appreciate, on that day which "will reveal a God in grandeur and a world on fire."

Albany Herald.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Ps. cxxxiii.

There is no sight which presents itself to the human eye, or which can be compared to the assurance which affords such pleasurable sensations as to see children of the same family living together in peace, mutual good will, and harmony. We are delighted with the beautiful tints of the rainbow, glowing in their brightest hues, and softly blending into each other to form the original family of colors. We are charmed to see the variety of flowers blooming in gayety and pride, forming the delightful and agreeable bouquet. We have a sensible pleasure in viewing the brood of innocent little nestlings, chirping and fluttering, and sleeping by each other's sides. The heart bounds with a soft and innocent pleasure while the flock of bleating lambs gambol in the same pasture or lay down peacefully in the same fold—but there is a higher, nobler pleasure to see brethren dwell together in unity. Children of the same parents, nourished from the same milk, fed at the same table, resting under the same paternal roof, guarded by the same arms, instructed from the same lips, educated by the same care and for the same general purpose—meeting at the same altar, and offering up the same petitions and thanksgivings. How many, how tender, how strong the inducements to live together in unity!

Each one, from the infant of days up to the young man and young woman, feeling a pleasure in each other's company, and mutually giving and receiving delight, and all contribute to the general stock of happiness and pleasure. Is one sick, they are all anxious—is one distinguishedly favored, they all rejoice. They honor, reverence, love, and obey their parents. They love one another. Behold how good it is to have such dispositions, and to be making such exertions! Behold how pleasant it is to the eye of the affectionate parents! What gratitude do they feel to God for this inestimable blessing! How comforting to them in sickness! How soothing to them in death! It is a sight which angels may behold with rapture. Dear children, be persuaded to live together in unity.

Zion's Herald.

AFFECTED SIMPLICITY.
The address of Capt. Timothy Wheeler, at the time when the British were destroy-

ing the public stores at Concord; in April, 1775, merits applause and deserves remembrance. He had the charge of a large quantity of provincial flour, which, together, with some barrels of his own, was stored in his barn. A British officer, demanding entrance, he readily took his bayonet and gave him admittance. The officer expressed his pleasure at the discovery, when Capt. Wheeler, with much affected simplicity, said to him, putting his hand on a barrel—"This is my flour; I am a miller, sir, younder stands my mill; I get my living by it—in the winter I grind a great deal of grain, and set it ready for the market in the spring—this, pointing to one barrel, is the flour of wheat; this pointing to another, is the flour of corn—this is the flour of rye; this, putting his hand on his own, is my flour; this is my wheat; this is my rye; this is mine." "Well, well," said the officer, "we do not touch private property," and withdrew, leaving the important depository untouched.

Virtuous Poverty.—If we are good and virtuous, notwithstanding the outward meanness of our condition and appearance, we shall possess a certain eminence and nobility of spirit, which cannot fail of meeting with a suitable reward in the end. It will be well within, our outward condition is hardly worth the minding. We have no reason to suspect that God neglected us because we are not placed in the midst of affluence. While we bend our steps towards heaven, let us not repine at the hardships of the way nor the roughness of the passage.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRINCIPLE.—Dr. Johnson, when speaking of a person who maintained that there is no difference between a virtuous and a vicious man, said, "Why, sir, if the fellow dares not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honor he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he do really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our house let us count our spoons."

From the New-England Farmer.
POTATOES.

Judge Buel, of Albany, one of the most scientific practical agriculturists in the United States, has published the following remarks on the culture of Potatoes:

"A practice has been recommended to me to prevent the deterioration of this crop, a misfortune which seems to follow planting, successively, seed raised on the same farm. Two years experience has tended to satisfy me of its utility. The recommendation is, to select seed of good size, to cut off and throw away a slice from the seed end, and to cut the residue into two, three or four pieces, according to the remaining number of eyes. Its utility is based upon the supposition, and I may say the fact, that where the several stocks grow close together, the vegetable will be of a diminutive size; and that the discarded slice, which has from the middle pieces, may be correctly prepared to the tips and bulbs of the ear of the seed corn, which are rejected as useless, because they produce invariably sickly plants. The best potatoe soil is one which is cool, moist, and light, such as is afforded by swamps abounding in vegetable alluvion and well drained. The seed should not be planted so deep, nor the plants earthed so high, as to be under the influence of air and light, but frequent stirring under with the plough or cultivator, are highly material."

This statement of Judge Buel is corroborated by a communication published in the New-England Farmer, vol. 1, page 62 with the signature "J. W. Ryegate, Vermont." This gentleman observed that he "took a quantity of middling large potatoes, and cut off the butt and top ends (one each), and cut the middle pieces into quarters, and planted a row with butts, another row with tops, and the third with middles, and placed five pieces in each hill, throughout the whole. It did not weigh nor measure the produce, but found that the middle pieces produced much the largest crop. The produce of the other two rows was about equal; by which it appears that to reject both ends and plant the middles only, will produce much the best result." There is an observation respecting cutting potatoes which was obtained. It is said that a part of the piece of the root will exude on issue from the wound. But this may be avoided, and the growth of the plant hastened by rolling the slips or roots in pulverized plaster of Paris. Some of the plaster will adhere to the parts of the roots which have been cut, and thus prevent the loss of the juice of the potatoes, which is intended for the nourishment of the young plant. The Farmer's Assistant says, "It has been found that wetting the roots, and then rolling them in gypsum, immediately before planting, greatly assists the growth of the crop." Mr. Loudon says, "the time for cutting the sets should always be some ten days before the planting, that the wounds may dry up; but no harm will result from performing this operation several weeks or months before the hand, provided the sets are not exposed too much to the drought, so as to deprive them of their natural moisture."

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE STAR.

Messrs. Editors.—The following sketch, I received from a respectable source. Should you consider it worthy of a place in your paper, you may gratify some of your juvenile readers; and possibly it may serve as a warning to some youthful mind, and thereby be rendered useful.

LYRAE.

"The moralist then, as the core she resign'd,
And, weeping, spring flowers o'er it laid,
Thus said, 'so to fare with the delicate mind,
To the tempter of fortune better laid—
Too tender, like thee, the rude stroke to sustain,
And deny'd the relief which would save—
She's lost—and, when pity and fondness are vain,
Thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave."

COPPER.

Adeline was young and beautiful—her cheek glowed with the smile of youth, and her eye sparkled with all the vivacity of the age of expectation. She was beloved and respected by all who knew her amiable disposition; and her attractive person and chaste deportment, drew after her a crowd of admirers. But she had the wisdom, as common to the virtuous of age and station, to refuse the tribute of admiration, and reject with becoming disdain, the offers of those whose highest ambition extended no farther, than the obtaining of her hand. She wisely considered the felices of youthful hearts, and reflected that her judgment was, as yet, incapable of that cool discernment, and deliberative choice, so necessary to insure the tranquillity of domestic life. Happy had it been for her, had she never to have traced that virtuous principle, for which she was so conspicuous in the morning of life.

Among her admirers was Adelpus R., a young man universally esteemed, as a person of worth and talents. He was the