

MORNING STAR.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Star.

A FEW IDEAS ON THE NATURE OF PERFECTION.

The opposition to perfection proceeds from two causes. 1st. A wrong idea of the true nature of perfection; and 2dly, the impossibility of attaining to it while living in a fallen state—witness all professors of christianity. All who profess the scriptures to be the word of God, will acknowledge the testimony of Jesus Christ contained therein, for that cannot be unscripural.

"I have therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Math. v. 48. Would Jesus Christ require any thing impossible or unreasonable of his people? No. Then perfection must be attainable; for Christ does positively require it. The doctrine so frequently taught, and so extensively believed, that no one can be perfect in this life, is wonderfully calculated to ease the conscience, and encourage slothfulness and indifference in the duties of religion; for who will seek after that which he believes to be unattainable? We will attempt to show the inconsistency of such a belief.

1. A good and righteous God, can never require impossibilities of his creatures. If then perfection were not attainable in this life, God would never require it. Yet he does require it. He required it of Abraham; walk before me, and be thou perfect; Gen. xvi. 1. He required it of his favorites under the law. Ye shall be holy; for I am holy; Lev. xi. 44, and xix. 1. Perfection is therefore attainable.

2. It has been attained. God declared Job to be "a perfect and upright man;" Job i. 8, and ii. 2. Noah was declared to be "a just man and perfect in his generation." Gen. vi. 9. The apostle Paul saith, "We speak wisdom to them that are perfect;" and again, "let us as men be perfect, be thus minded;" 1. Cor. ii. 6, and Phil. iv. 25. Hence it is evident that there were those in this age, who were perfect. Perfection has therefore been attained in this life.

Any thing may with strict propriety be called perfect which perfectly answers the purpose for which it was designed. A child who is perfectly obedient to all the requisitions of its parents, is in that respect, a perfect child; for what more could be required of it? Yet that child, when grown to manhood, would be capable of doing more than he could in his childhood, and more would be required of him. So when man comes up to all the requirements of God, he stands perfectly justified in the sight of God, and is in that respect a perfect man, and walks before God with a perfect heart. Here we may see that perfection, in this sense, instead of being unattainable, is perfectly easy. The idea which most people have of perfection, is a state in which there can be no increase for the better. This is a wrong idea, such a state never will be attained, in time nor in eternity; for the life of all things which have life, whether animal, vegetable, or spiritual, consists of an increasing growth of some kind or other. Stop that increase of growth in any thing, and its life will begin to decay, and it will at length die. So with the soul of every true christian; if the increase or growth of the soul in the knowledge and nature of godliness ceases, its spiritual life must begin to decrease and will die. A soul in the progress of faithful obedience to the increasing light and grace of God, may become divested of all sinful desires and propensities; yet his life and happiness must consist in a further and progressive growth in the knowledge and nature of God, to the endless ages of eternity. And yet a soul who is perfectly obedient to the revealed will of God, is equally perfect before God, in every step he takes, ac-

ording to his capacity and God's requirements. The true nature of perfection, when applied to a christian life, consists in nothing more or less than in doing what God requires of us, which is to improve all our faculties in doing good, according to the best of our understanding and capacity; and in so doing every person who sincerely desires and rightly pursues it, may attain to perfection.

PUT UP THY SWORD.

This was the command of the "Prince of Peace" to the zealous apostle Peter, when fighting for religion he "smote the servant of the high priest and cut off his sword." Now if this act of Peter in drawing his sword at this critical time in defence of his Master, decorated the reputation, how much more reprehensible has the conduct of professed christians been for centuries, in fighting and worrying each other!

In all probability this command was for some time obeyed by the subjects of Him at whose birth, "heavenly hosts" proclaimed, "Peace on earth" and "good will towards men." But at length some of the pretended subjects of this peaceable kingdom forget the power into their own hands, and forgetting the state of peace, the statute, "Thou shalt not kill," sheathe the sword and cut off not only the ears but also the heads of those whom they considered heretics!

It is well known that the Pope, the pretended successor of Peter, has for a long time taken that liberty in using the sword, that Peter in obedience to the command of Christ never was permitted to take; and as he has used it with an unsparring hand, he will no doubt ultimately perish by him out of whose "mouth went a sharp two edged sword." Some sects of christians who never belonged to the Pope's jurisdiction, have each in their turn felt the effect of persecution, and many have closed death in the cause of Christ before the greatest preferments among worldly-minded persecuting professors. The time has now arrived when civil authority has ordered the religious bigot to stay his bloody hand and put up the sword in several nations, and one would suppose that strife among christians would now be at an end. But we see that good and wholesome laws do not destroy the hostile dispositions of men. Hence we see some assuming the title of orthodox, and representing others as heretics or deicides. This generally causes a strife, and it may with propriety be said of many who engage in it, their "words are drawn swords;" (Psa. 55, 21.) by which they mean to defend themselves and destroy their opponents. This is frequently carried so far in many places that one would be led to think an insurrection was breaking out in the dominions of the Prince of Peace, and his subjects were about to put down his laws and use the sword without restraint.

It frequently happens that preachers are not the last to engage in this inconsistent practice, and with shame and sorrow he said the ambassadors of Christ go to war in an enemy's land. What construction will be put on such conduct by those who do not profess to be Christ's subjects? How many of this class of preachers pretend to great benevolence, and much charity and liberality, and one would think by their pretensions they are entirely right and ought to be looked to as examples, and yet their writings as well as many of their other communications public and private indicate that "war is in their hearts;" that they wish to build up their own sect, and make others appear ridiculous, although they pretend much love and good will to all mankind and much pity for their deluded opponents!

How much more they would appear like Christ's obedient servants, if they would put up the sword, and instead of striving to draw away disciples after them, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness without, so that no man shall see the Lord."

Let us view this unpleasant subject in a little different light. See many among different denominations praying for the Lord to revive his work and send by the hand of whom he will. Perhaps a new preacher comes into the place, and begins to preach. It is soon ascertained he is not of "our religion." Sometimes we rise up against him and strive to fill our neighbor's minds with prejudice to prevent their hearing him. He and the denomination to which he belongs, are represented as in gross errors, and it is dangerous to follow them.

To make this appear true, the conduct of a few unfortunate or imprudent individuals is exhibited, and the preacher and his society are all judged to be as these individuals are, while the best men that ever existed in our belief are exhibited to show the superiority of our religion. This looks

like the pharisees boasting of Moses and the prophets, as being their religious ancestors while they were opposing Christ and his followers!

"To be a christian is not enough now—a day, but a man must also be something more or better; that is, he must be a strenuous bigot to this or that particular church. But where is the reason or propriety of this? I may indeed believe the same things which Luther or Calvin believed; but I do not believe them on the authority of Luther or Calvin, but upon the sole authority of Jesus Christ, and therefore I should not call myself by their name, as one of their disciples, but by the name of Christ, whom alone I acknowledge as the author of my religion, and my sole master and Lord."

Every man has a natural and legal right to judge, and choose for himself in matters of religion; and that is a mean, supple soul indeed, and utterly careless about all religion that makes a compliment of this right to any man, or body of men upon earth!—In the exercise of this right, and searching for himself, he will find that he agrees more fully in lesser as well as more important articles with some particular church than others; and he will suppose it is his duty to join in stated communion with that church; and he may if he pleases, assume the name which that church wears, by way of distinction from others; this is not what I condemn. But for me to glory in the denomination of any particular church, as my highest character; to lay more stress upon the name of a Presbyterian or a Churchman, than on the sacred name of Christian; to make a punctilious agreement with my sentiments and church, to make the party the last of all religion; to make it the object of my zeal to gain proselytes to some other than the christian name; to connive at the faults of those of my own party, and to be blind to the good qualities of others, or invidiously to misrepresent or diminish them; these are the things which deserve universal condemnation from God and man; these proceed from a spirit of bigotry and faction, directly opposite to the generous catholic spirit of christianity, and subversive to it. And yet how common is this spirit among all denominations! And what mischief has it done in the world!"

"To be a christian, in the popular and fashionable sense, is no difficult or excellent thing. It is to be baptized to profess the christian religion, to believe like our neighbor that Christ is the Messiah, and to attend upon public worship once a week, in some church or other that bears only the christian name. In this sense a man may be a christian, and yet habitually careless about eternal things; a christian, and yet fall short of the morality of many of the heathen; a christian, and yet a drunkard, a swearer, or a slave to some vice or other; a christian, and yet a wilful impenitent offender against God and man. To be a christian in this sense is no high character; and, if this be the whole of christianity, it is very little matter whether the world be christianized or not."—Davis' Sermon on the Christian Name.

MISCELLANY.

STORY OF A PLAIN MAN.

Thanks be to God, a few—the Lord increase their number a hundred fold!—a few have begun to taste the luxury of "doing good."

Would you hear the story of the plain man of this stamp? All along, his reputation for christian piety had been good and fair—all along, he had given what he could conveniently spare, to promote the interests of Zion. It was a pleasant morning in the month of May, when his wife and children were gathered around him to hear him read a chapter in the Bible. It was the 28th of Matthew. When he had read the chapter, the sacred volume still lying on his knee, his family sat in his countenance the workings of a soul waked up to some new and most interesting object. At length the husband and the father—the priest of the domestic circle—spoke out the feelings of his heart—the new emotions which were agitating his bosom—the steadfast resolutions with which his soul was struggling. I am, he said, no preacher; I claim no skill in sacred criticism; yet I plainly see that this last injunction of the Saviour extends its obligations to me. I am bound to do what I can, to bring all nations acquainted with the Gospel; to extend to the going down of the sun, the limits of the Church.—Hitherto I have not understood nor done my duty. Henceforth the great object for which I will exert my powers and expend my strength, shall be—bear witness to you, who hear me speak—the extension and

upbuilding of my Saviour's kingdom. Know, my sons and daughters, that henceforth when you see your father labor and sweat himself, it is not, that he may add field to field—that he may augment an estate to afford you the means of sensual gratification when he is dead—to be a bait, to lure your souls of your fathers—the cultivation of your heart is a thing he may not neglect. It is bound to train you up for extensive usefulness in this world and for happiness in heaven—to exert your own powers, to act well your part, on the stage of life. Beyond this my obligations do not extend—beyond this I cannot go. Henceforth my time, my influence, my substance are devoted to the cause of Christ—to the interests of the Church. This declaration made, he cast himself down at the Mercy-seat, and with his household sought in prayer the universal diffusion of christian light. And when the petition, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven," fell from his lips, they fell as words of weighty import. There was a simplicity, a fervency, an earnestness his supplications, which could no fail to give them power with God. As he went forth to his accustomed labors he thought his fields were clothed with a richer green than he had witnessed before—that never before had they stood forth so sweet a fragrance. When he wiped the sweat from his smooth and even brow, he felt it to be a privilege to toil for Jesus Christ. And when he filled his bosom with the golden sheaves, his harvest-joys were unspeakable. Now he exulted in the smiles of a gracious Providence, because he had made the world the scene of his subversive to the glory of his Master—to the upbuilding of the Church—to the advancement of his own eternal interests. No longer did he make his benefactions a mere matter of custom or convenience. He acted on principle. His exertions were the result of deliberate design—of a well arranged system. To do good was his leading object—An object, to which other things were made subservient. And with him, it was as much a matter of calculation and provision, how much he should attempt to do for the Saviour's cause, as how much he should expend to support his family. This man held on his way. The pages of his history were one continued illustration of the Saviour's memorable words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." When he died, it was an easy thing to settle his estate. It had been sent or to heaven and transmitted to eternal gold.—Speech of the Rev. Beriah Green.

VITAL RELIGION—ITS IMPORTANCE.

The worth of true piety is an object of such magnitude as exceeds all human calculation. The strongest imagination cannot paint it to the mind, neither can the utmost stretch of thought include it within its grasp. The value of religion is inconceivable, because the advantages arising from it, embrace eternity in their duration. That the happiest consequences result from the possession of real piety, is proved on this, that it gives us excellence, and imparts unto us the enjoyment of substantial happiness. In life, in death, in eternity, it bestows greatness on man; it qualifies him for the discharge of all his duties, and for the enjoyment of all lawful pleasures. Possessed of the religion of Jesus, we meet death with triumphant joy, and eternity bursts upon us with all the refrequence of immortal glory.

Under every circumstance in which man can be placed in the world, the religion of Jesus, when enjoyed in its life and power, is attended with very happy and glorious effects, because it raises the soul above dependence on created things, and fixes it on God, in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Such a soul is not much affected with the mutations of this miserable world. It rises above the influence of prosperity and adversity. It passes the trials of health or affliction, joy or grief, life or death, with a smooth uninterrupted course.—In the possession of independence, in relation to secondary causes, and in a firm reliance on the power of God, it remains unmoved even amidst the wreck of worlds.

If adversity be the lot of the pious man, he receives it with submission, and he feels the evils of life greatly diminished by the influence of religion. For this influence, when it operates without restraint, elevates him above the care, the anxiety, the vexation of spirit, attached to human life, and introduces him into the calm regions of resignation and peace divine. It diminishes the galling effects produced by his crosses—alleviates all his afflictions—and lightens all his burdens in life. By inspiring him with a wise and manly spirit, it saves him, in the presence of danger,

from cowardly timidity, and, under the operation of distress, from dejection of mind. If adversity, like an impetuous torrent, should it roll its waters upon him, yet he will remain immovably fixed on the Rock of eternal ages, while he puts his trust in the God of truth. Although his possessions, his pleasures, his honors, his friends, and his health, may be swept away, yet he will not be left destitute of security, nor without consolation. For under the greatest possible accumulation of natural evils, he will find himself within the arms of the Almighty goodness. Taught by that wisdom which is from above, he even rejoices in the midst of afflictions, and calamities; because he is persuaded, that his light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Oh, the happiness of those whose hearts are filled with vital religion! How sweet the peace, how pleasing the prospects of the children of grace, in whom the love of God rules with the mildest sway!

L. K. R.

FROM THE ADAMS REPOSITORY. THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

We need not go far in search of testimonials to prove to us how short and fleeting is our existence. Looking a round among our friends, we see them sickening and dying. Every day, some one is removed from this fair earth. — Nor friendless affliction, nor power, can stay the hand of death. Those who have loved us and who never again shall live in this world, and who have been beloved as they never shall be again, are called almost every moment to sep. rate forever. Go to the grave-yard: the removal of the sod, and the newness of the earth, will tell you a tale of recent death. It will tell it you every day, and every hour. Death's arrows are continually flying around us; they spare not beauty, nor age, and they pass as virtue. Youth often falls as soon as it blooms, and manhood as soon as it ripens. The tongue is often palsied as soon as it has uttered its first sweet accents; the limbs are often stiffened, soon after they have begun their exercise, and the eye is often closed as soon as it received the mellow light of Heaven; it is lighted up, and it brightens, under the impulse of affection; but death puts his finger upon it, and it is glazed and shut, never to be open or beam again.

"From death's arrow no age is free."

When we go back to other days and other scenes, it is only to be told how our youthful pleasures and friends have long since fallen into the sleep of death; how those scenes have changed, and how we ourselves are changing, and are growing older only to die. Hopes and plans, possessions and pleasures, all vanish from the tightest grasp, and even in that very grasp the hand itself becomes cold and nerveless. Companions and friends and kindred meet a few times, exchange a few tender words, impart a few kind offices, and they are gone, and are heard of no more. The sensible head and the warm heart are the useless, and the heart no longer thinks, a father can no longer fondle, a mother can no longer cherish, a friend can no longer comfort, a neighbor can no longer assist. The mightiest strength becomes powerless before the King of Terrors; the charms of beauty persuade him not, and all earthly ties are cut at his approach. The infant is often snatched from the maternal embrace, and a mother's wailings strain out in vain as she lost in the wide dark vacancy. Good men are as often shot down by the morning sun as the lowly, even when toiling for the commendation of some benevolent work. The most capacious intellect has not knowledge enough to evade the summons or the execution, and the most powerful potentate must bow obediently to the last stern command. We rise at morn, perhaps flushed with health, and are active in preparing for the pleasures or business of the day; but the coming night is frequently the night of death. The only first lesson we have at our waking, and invite us out from the morrow, but his setting rays may not be witnessed by us, and they may never rise again, only to shine upon our grave. We lie down, and close our eyes in sleep, and perhaps they are closed forever; not again to open, till the dawning light of another world shall break in upon the vision,—that blessed world, where there is no separation, no decay, and no uncertainty.

Let him, who cannot most devoutly pray as follows, fear that all is not right with him.

I WOULD SEE JESUS.

I would see Jesus in person, that her fascinating light may not lead me to a dreadful precipice; but that his good Spirit may whisper to my heart the noblest of things; that I may ever be saying, "What art thou, O Lord, that thou shouldst put it into my heart to do those things, when the earth is thine and the fulness thereof? Is it but thine own which I return unto thee?"

I would see Jesus in adversity, because he is a friend born for such a state, because, when all the fair cities pines of happiness give way, his single name alone supports the falling.

In adversity, that I might order my cause before him, for he has all power in heaven and on earth, and easily can arrange future events, so as to throw a lustre on the darkest circumstances.

I would see Jesus in health, that I may turn at his gentlest reproof; that I may not be full and forget God, and be devoted, body as well as soul, to his praise.

I would see Jesus in sickness, because he health all my diseases; he alone dispenses the balm of Gilead; he alone is the Physician there.

I would see Jesus in ordinances; for what are ordinances without Christ? He shows himself through the lattices, he appears in his beauty, he is as the dew upon Israel, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; his people sit under his shade with great delight; and his fruit is pleasant to their taste. They say continually in ordinances, "Make haste, O my beloved, be thou like a young hart upon the mountains."

I would see Jesus in social intercourse. What are a communion of friendship? What the refinement of taste? What the pleasures of culture? Are they not all unsatisfying and delusive, unless sanctified by the grace of the Redeemer?

I would see Jesus in my own heart, as Lord of its affections, of its purposes, of its pleasures; as the mover of its hopes and fears; the author of its existence and happiness.

I would see Jesus in death, as the Sun of Righteousness, whose beams in the darkest moments can spread light and healing. I would listen to his voice, saying, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." "Fear not, I have the key of hell and death." Arise, O thou weary follower of thy crucified Lord, and enter into thy rest.

I would see Jesus in glory; for what is heaven itself without him? But when we shall see him as he is, then shall we be like him, and be for ever happy in his presence.

THE HAPPY BLIND MAN.

Copy of a letter written by a blind man to his friend.

Worthy Sir, — Yours I received, and return many thanks to you for your kindness and prayers. I am blind, but, bless God, content. All that he doth is wise and just. All that comes in his will is welcome. His choice is better than mine. Eyes might be blinded, but blindness shall enlighten me. God hath not cast me off, but called me aside into the invisible world. The Jesus Christ is the only Sun. Mercy is a sea of infinite sweetness for faith to bathe in. The promises are as green pastures of comfort. God himself is the dew, that makes a spring of graces in the heart. Heavenly truths are the firmament over our heads. The pure air is the Holy Spirit breathing in saints and ordinances. In this world the blind have a prospect, and may see afar off, what lies beyond the line of time in another world. I may say it is good being here. I cannot see the outer world, but the new creature in the heart is a better sight than all the world. I cannot read the letters in the Bible; but if I have the quickening Spirit it is enough. The covenant may be felt to the heart. The promises may bud and blossom into grace, and notions may fire and be inflamed into holy love. The veil is upon my eyes; but my work is to rend off the veil of time by my heart, and to look into eternity to put out all creatures, and to have all in God, eyes and all, and this is the greatest possession. If I have all things in themselves, I have them all in God, I have them eminently, and in a kind of infinity. In willing I wait upon the Lord, till he incline and give me eagles' wings of faith, and I love to soar up to him. Near enough to him I cannot be. O that my soul might perpetually ascend to him, my love going forth in raptures after him! O for the circumcision of the heart! If the film were off my eyes, I should see the outer world, but if the flesh were off my heart, I should love the blessed God, which is infinitely better. Through grace I hope to come to that blessed region, where God is all. In his light shall we see light.

JOHN WESLEY.

In York, England, when the Rev. Mr. Cordeaux was incumbent of the living of St. Saviour's, he warned his congregation against hearing "that vagabond Wesley preach." Mr. Wesley came to the city on a Saturday, preached in Peaseholm-Green chapel, and again on the Sunday morning: in the forenoon of that day he went to St. Saviour's church, dressed in his canonicals. The clergyman in the course of reading the prayers saw a clerical stranger and sent an officer to invite him to take the pulpit. He accepted the invitation, and took the text from the Gospel read in the morning service, Matt. vii. 21: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." After the service the vicar asked the clerk, if he knew who the stranger was? "Sir," said he, "he is the vagabond Wesley, of whom you warned us." "Aye, indeed," was the reply, "we are trapped; but never mind, we had a good sermon." The Dean heard of the affair and threatened to

lay a complaint before the Archbishop. Mr. Cordeaux, afraid of the consequences, took an early opportunity, when some occasion brought him into the presence of his Grace, to tell him, that he had allowed Mr. Wesley to occupy his pulpit. "And you did right," said the prelate. The matter of complaint was never more heard of; and Mr. Cordeaux was so far from repenting of what he had done, that some years afterwards he made a second offer of his pulpit, and Mr. Wesley preached upon the right beatitudes. An aged disciple, still living, who was present on this occasion, says, that Mr. Wesley, in preaching from the words, *Heard art who are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven*—took occasion to remark, "Perhaps no man in England knows more what this means than I do." — *Zion's Har.*

The last time Wesley visited York was May 25th, 1788. He was then an old man, and well stricken in years; a shock of corn fully ripe for the garner of God. He mentioned from the pulpit that the Rev. Mr. Brown of Haddington, on his death bed, had, in reckoning up the mercies of God, acknowledged his having kept him from "following that man of sin, John Wesley." So he expressed himself, said the venerable preacher; but added he, rubbing his hands, and looking upward, "I hope to meet John Brown in heaven, and join him in the praises of God and the Lamb." — *J. B.*

MORNING STAR.

LIMERICK :

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1827.

YEARLY MEETING.

The yearly meeting convened at the "Free Meeting-house" in Gorham, on Saturday and Sabbath last. The weather was unusually pleasant, and the scene delightful. — After singing and praying, the meeting was organized by appointing Eld. John Buzzell, moderator, and Eld. Henry Hobbs, clerk. — There were but a few quarterly meetings regularly reported at this meeting. Good news however was brought from those heard from — Parsonsfield and Farmington reported as published last week — New-Durham reported agreeably to the Minutes published in this number. — Montville and Exeter Q. M. were reported by Eld. David Swett to be in a flourishing condition, with the exception of some trials of a local nature in each; and that there was a prospect of a speedy termination of these. Some churches in the Montville Q. M. have had large additions of late — one upwards of fifty. The Exeter Q. M. was represented to be budding and blossoming like the rose.

In the afternoon on Saturday Eld. David Blaisdel delivered a discourse from John 15: 5, "Without me ye can do nothing." Sabbath, A. M. Eld. Henry Hobbs preached, text, Heb. 11: 21, 25, 26. *By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused the crown of Egypt, because he desired to see the King of glory.* In the afternoon, Eld. Buzzell addressed the people in a discourse founded on Acts 22: 28. "But I was free born." All the preaching was impressive and instructing. The whole exercises were interspersed with appropriate prayers and exhortations, many of which were spiritual and profitable.

It was agreed hereafter to hold this Yearly Meeting in September, to commence on the third Saturday.

Elders John Buzzell and Andrew Hobson were appointed messengers to the general annual conference, at Tunbridge, Vermont.

We deem it proper to state that the yearly meeting was well accommodated at the Free Meeting-house at Gorham Corner. The assembly was large, and conducted with much sobriety and candor. The elders and brethren were well accommodated, and the people of the village, and indeed of the whole town, behaved with the utmost propriety. We hope for their labors of love, they will be abundantly rewarded at the resurrection of the just.

In a letter, dated September 11th, Eld. Enoch Place, after stating that he had lately baptized several in different places, writes as follows: "On the 2d inst. I preached to a great assembly and broke bread to the Freeville Baptist church in Dover. As the house in which the brethren usually met, could not hold the assembly, we removed to a shade under some oaks. Several brethren from the adjacent towns met with us round the communion

table. We felt the presence of the great Head of the church. Solemnity and tears were manifested in the congregation, while the Lord's supper was administered for the first time to a Free Baptist church in Dover. We then repaired to the river and baptized one."

In addition to the foregoing, the junior editor would remark, that a few days after the above meeting was held in Dover, as he was journeying, like Philip, towards the south, he put up for a night at the enterprising and fast growing village in that town. On being invited he attended a meeting with much satisfaction at the Court house. The notice, of course, was short, and not general, yet the meeting was attended by many of the citizens of the town. A very candid attention was paid to the discourse and other exercises; and the people conducted in a manner that becometh christians. It would be highly gratifying to him, could he be favored with an opportunity again to meet with the people in that place and enjoy with them a similar interview.

Mr. John Purkis has accomplished his voyage to England, and returned in health and safety. He attended the General Baptist Association on the last day of its session. He also had an interview with Adam Taylor, editor of their Repository, and likewise with J. G. Poley, Secretary of their Foreign Mission. He has brought from our brethren in England several books and periodicals which, it is believed, contain much interesting matter. As we have opportunity, we shall lay such extracts before, and make such observations to our readers concerning the same, as will be judged advisable.

We have had a personal interview with Eld. Rand of Portland, who informs us we mistake not, that he has baptized one hundred and ten, besides 15 or 20 that have been baptized by others and added to the church of which he has the charge in the course of the reformation which is witnessed in that town. — Before greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh unto thee; he is just and having salvation — His dominion shall be from sea even to sea; and from the river even to the ends of the earth."

We understand that a precious work of God's grace is progressing in the Society of Eld. Blanchard in the East Parish in Shapleigh. We are not authorized to state how many are the hopeful subjects of God's converting grace; but the work is said to be solemn and progressive.

ORDAINED

At Stratford on the 6th inst. (in the presence of nearly 1000 people) John Caverly, 4th — Sermon by Eld. Arthur Caverno — Prayer by Eld. Nathaniel Berry — Charge by Eld. Enoch Place — Right hand of fellowship by Eld. J. D. Knowles.

Also to the office of Deacon in the third church in Stratford, James D. Hale, prayer by Eld. Knowles.

NEW-DURHAM QUARTERLY MEETING.

The last session of this Q. M. was held at the Baptist meeting-house in Lebanon, Me. August 15th and 16th. Opened meeting by solemn prayer. Chose Eld. John D. Knowles, moderator, and proceeded to business. The accounts from the churches were in general very good. The first church at Gilmanton, Middleton, Candia, and second church at Barnstead, are blessed with reformations and additions. In the Q. M. we had a solemn meeting of worship. Eld. Knowles preached. The discourse was followed by powerful exhortations, and a sermon in the evening by Eld. Wm. Buzzell, which was very animating.

August 16th. — We assembled in conference at an early hour. Heard the experience and call to preach of Br. James McCutcheon, of Pembroke, and gave him a letter of recommendation. Heard and accepted a petition from the third church in Stratford, requesting the ordination of Br. John Caverly, 4th. — also a request for the ordination of Br. Edward Blaisdel of Lebanon, Me. Select committees were appointed to attend to the above requests. Met a large assembly at the meeting-house at the appointed hour of worship. Elders E. Stinchfield, and A. Caverno, preached. Br. E. Blaisdel related his experience, and was then solemnly ordained to the work of an evangelist. A collection was taken amounting to more than ten dollars for the benefit of our messengers appointed to

attend the General Conference, at Tunbridge. The number of churches belonging to this Q. M. is 29. Agreed to hold our next Q. M. in Brandon, at the third meeting-house in Brandon, on the third Wednesday in October next.

Exotic Place, Clerk

Stratford, Sept. 10, 1837.

REVIVALS.

Revival in Plainfield. We learn from Plainfield, Mass. that lately individuals, who have for different periods been cherishing some hope that their hearts were renewed, but not sufficient to bring them forward as candidates for christian communion, are expecting to unite with the church on the ensuing Sabbath. Seventeen of the number are heads of families. The revival has now become pretty general through the town; and is marked with great calmness and deep searching of heart. Opposition is unknown. The number thus far who give evidence of conversion, not including the above, is between 50 and 50.

N. Y. Obs.

Eighty-one persons of color received baptism by immersion, in Augusta, Geo., on the first Sabbath in July.

In East Guilford, Conn. the number of converts from the present revival conference is estimated at about one hundred. In New-Milford, a revival has commenced since the meeting of the conference of churches in that place. — *Rel. Int.*

We learn from the Columbian Star, that 20 persons have lately been baptized at South Quaker, 21 in Black Creek Church, and 53 at Mill Swamp, all in Virginia.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Death of Mr. Manning. The late arrivals from England, by the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Rev. Mr. Manning, of the Congregational Church, in the city of London. The disease which carried him off was lung disease, induced in all probability, by the long and arduous labors of his office, and the almost constant confinement he had necessarily experienced on his residence at the Prime Ministry. The death of this eminent statesman, has excited much interest in the country, and has been the subject of much conversation. He was a man of great talents, and his services to his country were of the highest importance. He was a man of great talents, and his services to his country were of the highest importance. He was a man of great talents, and his services to his country were of the highest importance.

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The Election.—It appears by the votes returned from the several towns composing the York Congressional district that Mr. McIntire has, 2196—Mr. Holmes, 1918—Scattering, 46.

Senators.—Demut, 1667—Sweet, 1692—1. Emery, 1509—Goodenough, 637—Scamman, 1108—C. Emery, 1234—Scattering, 154. Several towns remain to be heard from.

CUMMERLAND.—Dunlap, 1770—McGee, 1777—Mace, 1745—Fitch, 1293—Mitchell, 1245—Pike, 1220—Scattering, 104.

LINCOLN.—Kavanaugh, 1404—Miller, 1190—Smith, 1103—Richardson, 1205—Stebbins, 732—Barber, 720—Herrick, 992—Healy, 920—Scattering, 111.

In Kennebec, the following is the result of the votes in 39 towns, three only remaining to be heard from—Williams, 2143—Wellington, 1777—Fuller, 2251—Cutler, 1323—Cushman, 2563—Kingsbury, 1939. From which it will be seen that Messrs. Williams and Cushman are elected; whether the third candidate is chosen is uncertain.

Messrs. Washburn and Grover were re-elected in Oxford, without opposition. In Somerset, there is said to be no choice. In 14 towns, Mr. Western had 746 votes, Mr. Eastman 299, scattering, 77.

It appears by the returns from Penobscot that Mr. Parsons is elected over Mr. Wilkins by considerable majority.

It is supposed that Somerset and Penobscot Congressional District have again failed to choose a Representative. The votes in the Norridgewood Journal stand thus—Butman, 357—Hodsdon, 256—Seatt, 62.

Morgan.—It is stated in the Batavia Advocate, that a person has appeared before the Grand Jury of Ontario County, who, under oath, made the following representation: "That he was called upon in the night to take charge of Morgan, who, it was said, was about to reveal the secrets of the free masons; and when he rose he found a man tied hand and foot, and that he then, under the orders of several individuals, was carried to the magazine, and a discussion took place as to his disposal—that he was kept there five days—that during that time masons were devising plans to get others into their possession—that he was taken across the river and when in the boat said, 'Gentlemen, I am your prisoner, and I hope you will use me kindly'—that a person immediately replied to him, at the same time presenting a pistol at his breast, 'if you make any observations I will blow you through.' The object of taking him in Newark, was to put him in charge of the Canadians. He was asked what death he preferred—his answer was, 'I have been a soldier in my country's service, and I wish to die as a soldier.' He said this in the presence of twenty masons, and added, if you take my life it will be more injurious to you than all I can write or say. He then times freed himself from the cords with which he was bound, and asked them for a bible, which was refused. A rope was tied round his hands, neck and body, with heavy weights attached; and the unfeeling monsters roused out, and threw him overboard. The lodge at Lewiston met on the night of the murder, and means were devised to carry off other individuals. The names of the persons who plunged Morgan into the deep, have been given to the Grand Jury, of Ontario."

Trial for Murder.—On Saturday last, an examination took place in Portland, before Judge Fitch, of Charles Reed, Daniel Smith, George Whitton, Robert Cole, Wm. Woodworth and Samuel Lurry, of the above locality, who were charged with the murder of Samuel Davis, at West-brook on the 20th Aug. last. After a patient investigation of the testimony, in which the skipper of the Sloop, George Whitton, was admitted as an evidence.—Mr. Justice Fitch declared the testimony insufficient to induce him to commit the accused for trial.

Murder in Oswego County N. Y.—We learn verbally, but through a source that may be relied upon, that a most diabolical murder was committed in the vicinity of Cammerstown, on Monday last, by Levi Kelly upon a Mr. Spafford. The particulars, as related to us, are briefly these. Spafford was a tenant of Kelly's, working for him from six years, and lived in the same house with him.—Some misunderstanding existing between them, they had a dispute on Sunday, when K. threatened S. that he would shoot him. On Monday evening, while Mrs. Kelly was in the room with S. and his wife, Kelly entered with a gun in his hands and approaching S. presented the muzzle within three feet of his breast, and discharged the contents (coarse shot) into his body, when he fell and expired in about three minutes. Kelly was arrested and is now in prison.

The perpetration of this crime was a reputable farmer, in easy circumstances, though notorious for his irascible temper. He often gave way to the most extreme bursts of passion, and threatening those with whom he was offended with personal violence. What is not a little singular, and goes to show that public executions

do not deter from crime, it is a fact that this unfortunate victim of ungovernable passion so timed a journey to this city as to be present at the execution of Strang, two weeks ago this day, and yet in a few days he committed an act that will in all probability subject himself to the like penalty.—*Alb. Daily Advertiser.*

Dreadful Death.—On the 21st inst. while Mr. John Hight, of Bethel, Penn. was engaged in opening a lime kiln, the arch sustaining an immense weight of lime, gave way and precipitated him into it, the hot lime closing upon him up to his neck. No one was near to render any assistance; but the screams of two or three of his small children alarmed his wife, who arrived in time to receive his last words. He survived but a few hours after being taken out, having been literally roasted to death.

The American Traveller, published in Boston, says, "We have heard much of the wonder working medicine of Dr. Chamber's, and read accounts of its most marvellous cures it has effected; but no fact in relation to it, that has come to our knowledge, is more convincing than the following, which we have from the most unquestionable authority. In a place not a thousand miles from Albany, N. Y., resided three notorious drunkards, who were said to pay their sincerest devotion to the shrine of Bacchus, on every public occasion. On the last fourth of July, some ways of the town had provided themselves with a supply of Dr. Chamber's powders, and when our bloated heroes of the bowl made their appearance, under a pretence of treating, they piled them well with the medicated liquor. The consequence was, that they were compelled to leave the field and seek their lodgings at an early hour; but the next day found them completely metamorphosed into sober, temperate men. We are assured that they have not tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor since that day. Their motto now is, 'touch not, taste not.'"

New-Haven, Sept. 11. The Springfield Republican says, that a transient person, named Southwick, has been arrested in West Springfield, under suspicions of being the individual who recently attempted to poison a family at the Shaker Village. The magistrate, Hon. George Bliss, being satisfied that this was the person complained of in Connecticut, issued his warrant authorizing an officer to carry him to the confines of the state, and deliver him to the proper authority. The person stated that he purchased a quarter of a pound of arsenic the day before the poison was said to have been put into the well pump, and lost it on the next day.

John Sage, and a Mr. Woodman, both employes as mechanics in the city, lately had some misunderstanding; and on Saturday last the former attacked the latter, apparently with intent to kill, beating him upon the head with a stone and stabbing him at the same time. Sage immediately absconded, it is supposed for N-York, and has not yet been taken. The wounds of Woodman are said to be dangerous.

Captain Douglass, from Newbern, N. C. arrived at Norfolk on Tuesday afternoon, which place he left on Saturday, informs the editors of the Beacon that it was currently reported at Newbern that Captain Holden of the Cape Hatteras light ship, was lost, and that he received confirmation of the report from a pilot vessel from Ocracoke, who also stated that a brig, with \$175,000 in specie, had gone ashore near Portsmouth, N. C. Four rudders drifted ashore at Cape Lookout. A large copper bottomed schooner, from St. Domingo, bound to Philadelphia, with mahogany, struck near the same place, and part of the wreck had drifted ashore—crew saved. A sloop also went ashore near the Cape, and it is apprehended that the crew were all lost; a man's hand was washed ashore. Several pinecones run had also drifted ashore at the same place. The bridges between Newbern and Washington, N. C. have all been swept away.

The Charleston Board of Health reported one death by yellow fever on the 31st ult.—none on the 30th.

Mr. J. Birdsall, of Sing Sing, killed a rattlesnake. Just before he came up to the snake, he saw several young snakes making down the throat of the mother. On opening the snake, 33 young ones were found each ten inches long.

In Norwich, Con. an earthquake was lately experienced, which lasted about a minute, attended with a noise much resembling the report of heavy ordnance. So powerful was the tremulous motion produced, that in several houses, dishes, &c. were thrown from their places.

The shock was felt severely in other towns in Connecticut, and at Westfield in Mass.—It was also felt at sea, and occasioned an unusual swell.

The trade of London employs about 3500 ships, the cargoes entering the port being annually not less than 12,500. On an average, 1100 ships are in the river at one time, together with 3140 barges, and other small craft. There are also 2238 barges and other craft engaged in the inland trade, and 2000 wharves or small boats for passengers.

Remarkable effects of Lightning.—At Kettling, in Essex, on Sunday last, July 1st, the house of Mr. Hugges was struck with lightning. Of nine persons, being all in bed, not one received an injury. The bedstead of Mr. H. was delivered to the ground, and the curtains set on fire, and the house was consumed in the slightest degree. In the same storm, half a mile distant, a boy having got out of his bed for a drink of water, was killed. In London, the same day, attended by a loud clap of thunder, a small boat, containing a respectable master builder, leaped from his bed in the night, and fell down dead in a fit of apoplexy. The non-conducting or repellent power of feathers, indicates the property of repelling to birds for security in thunder storms. It would be perhaps a good plan, in all cases to pursue, for those persons whose nerves are weak, to resort to bed and allow their faces till the storm is past.—*N. Y. States.*

The Signs of the Times.—Every day's mail brings us abundance of these signs, but we find none half so valuable as the Missouri Quarterly announces:—"Health is perfect, business active, labor demanded, pay ready. About 1500 steamboat arrivals, which have been delayed, are expected. The season of the year is now opening. The demand goes on rapidly, but not to keep pace with the demand for houses. Every tenement is in requisition. The price of wheat and rye are good, provisions are cheap, excellent, and abundant, and a small sign were never so good in St. Louis before."

From Chili.—Capt. Low, arrived at Gloucester, from Valparaiso, reports that during the latter part of May, and first part of June, more rain fell in Chili than ever was known by the oldest inhabitants. It swept off most of their grist mills and 15000 houses at Santiago. It was estimated that the rain done would amount to two millions of gallons. The rivers rose so rapidly that the mail was not received from Santiago, a distance of 90 miles, for ten days. — *Saloon Gazette.*

MARRIED.

In Newfield, by James Ayer, Jr. Esq. Capt. John Poole, of Randolph, to Miss Hannah Mason, of the former place.

In Raymond, N. H. Mr. Benjamin Mallon, of Mount Vernon, Maine, to Miss Sarah Tucker.

DIED.

In Milford, 16th inst. Mrs. Sarah Rogers, aged 70.

In Hollis, 13th inst. Mr. Samuel Worth, aged 71.

DISTRICT OF MAINE.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this nineteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, the first day of the Independence of the United States of America, Mr. JOHN BAZZELL of the District of Maine, has deposited in this Office, the title of a book, the title whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to-wit: "The Life of Elder Benjamin Randall, Principally taken from Documents written by himself. By JOHN BAZZELL, M. D. Being dead, yet speaketh." (Rev. J. L. Loring, published by Hobbs, & Woodman & Co. 1827.)

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein expressed, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein expressed, and extending the benefits thereof to the widows and orphans of authors, and extending the benefits thereof to the widows and orphans of authors, and extending the benefits thereof to the widows and orphans of authors."

J. MUSSEY, Clerk of the District Court of Maine.

A true copy as of record.—ATTEST, J. MUSSEY, Clerk D. C. Maine.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the heirs of the estate of DAVID STOVER, deceased, who resided in the county of York, deceased, and all others concerned.—That ISRAEL BOODY has presented to me the subscriber, Judge of the Court of Probate, within and for the county of York, a petition for the last will and testament of said DAVID STOVER, the first Tuesday in October next is assigned to take the Probate thereof, at a Probate Court then to be held at an instance day, when any and where they may be present and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of said DAVID STOVER.

Given under my hand at Alfred this fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-seven.

Sept. 13. JONAS CLARK.

LOST OR STOLEN.

A LARGE CALF-SKIN POCKET-BOOK, containing eight dollars in money, six of which were in circular bills; one of said bills was on Hall & Augustus Bank, and one on Eastern Bank, the others were Saco, Portland, and other money.—Containing also a note of hand signed Libby & Sawyer for seventy three dollars and fifty cents, with an endorsement of said Libby & Sawyer, the remainder being paid and a receipt given; also a note signed Pennell Clark for five dollars; also a note signed Dennis Marr, for five hundred and ten dollars, and other papers, and a variety of persons, to some considerable amount, as near as the subscriber can remember. Whoever will return said pocket-book and its contents to the subscriber, or give information thereof, that he may recover the same, shall be generally rewarded.

EZRA EASTMAN.

Limerick, Sept. 5, 1837.

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting my wife, Polly Page, on my account, as I shall pay no bills or expense of her contracting, she having unlawfully and unkindly deserted me and her children.

JOSEPH PAGE.

Limerick, Sept. 20, 1837.

Co-Partnership Dissolved.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of LIBBY & SAWYER is this day by mutual consent dissolved. The affairs of the late firm will be settled by ALMON SAWYER, who is fully authorized and empowered to settle the same.

JOHN LIBBY, ALMON SAWYER.

Limerick, Sept. 1837.

LIFE'S PLEASURES.

Life hath its hour of joy—here falls
No gloom on childhood's sunny brow,
No care that bows—no bond that thralls
The heart, can life's gay morning know.
But oh! for childhood's sunny hours
In vain the heart in after years
Shall seek—when withered by the blight
Of disappointment's phantom gloom,
Of life are crowding on the mind,
When by fate's faithless phantom led
In search of joy, it mourns to find
The promised bliss for ever fled.

Of confidence and loves of truth—
When fancy with its lightest tears
Has lighted up the path of youth,
But soon or late a time must come,
When dreams of youth must pass away,
And sorrow cast its veil of gloom,
Before its bright and cheering ray;
The noblest feelings of the heart,
Of pure and deep affection born,
From the child's bosom shall depart,
With'er'd by cold neglect and scorn.

Life hath its hour of Love—it brings
A strange compound of hopes and fears;
Brightest of Life's imaginings
Is love in youth's unclouded years;
But oh! how oft its night hath past,
Life visions of the charm away,
Weigh'd o'er by disappointment's blast,
Leaving the heart in dead decay—
The fondest and the loveliest form
That e'er hath known love's rapturous spell
Hath sunk beneath a glooming storm
That on its true affections fell.

Life hath its bliss—the bliss that flows
From consciousness, of having done
Our duty as Life's weary cross;
When slowly sinks existence's sun;
When we can look ahead and see
No dark accusing spirit near,
When from the bond of earth set free
The weary soul hath gone to ease
As summons to a brighter land,
Where weary souls at length are found,
And when the dreary hours of life
Are left with all their cares behind.

MISCELLANY.

From the Christian Spectator.
THE LILY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A superficial observer of the inequalities of life might suppose that there is a greater variety of human happiness than corresponds with facts. The parade of power, the pride of birth, and the magnificence of wealth, seem to indicate an enjoyment far greater than can consist with the plain attire, the frugal repast, and the humble seclusion of the cottage. This would be a correct inference if the mind could be diverted happily by the parade of external circumstances. But contentment is the only source of happiness, and consequently, if "one flutters in brocade," and moves amid the refinements of society, and another is clad in homely attire, and occupies the sequestered valley, or the recesses of the forest, it is not certain that this variety of external circumstances furnishes an equal variety of happiness. If God has given to one the luxuries and the honors of life, he has given to another the ornaments of poverty and a quiet spirit. Hath not God chosen to the poor of the kingdom rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath prepared for them that love Him! And is it not that peace which flows from a title to the heavenly inheritance superior to all the pageantry of an ungodly world? So I thought when, in the bosom of one of those western wilds with which our infant country yet abounds, I was prompted by humanity, as well as by duty, to visit the lonely dwelling of a poor, afflicted woman. The path that leads to this cottage is over a mountain and through a forest which has never echoed to the axe of the husbandman. As I climbed the toilsome solitary way, I asked myself, what unhappy beings, rent from the bosom of society, have chosen to bury their sorrows in this noiseless retreat? I had not imagined that I should find so lovely a being as I have named the *Lily of the Mountain*. As I advanced, a little opening presented the cottage sending up its solitary wreaths of smoke. There is a charm when one first emerges from the bosom of the wilderness, and catches the smoke of a dwelling, and hears the barking of the jealous watch dog, which cannot be described, and which can be realized only by experience.

I had now reached the cottage, and stooped to gain admission through the humble door. The building consisted of a pile of logs unceremoniously rolled together in the form of a dwelling, and supporting with more than the usual amount of Gothic architecture the half thatched roof. There was no chimney, and the smoke was permitted to struggle through the aperture, or to yield to the repulse of an adverse wind, and circulate about the interior till it could escape through the interstices of the mansion. The fire necessary to expel the cold from this comfortable habitation, had turned to the semblance of ebony, and to the reality of charcoal, the adjacent logs were made to do the half office of a chimney; and the floor was of native earth, except a piece of refuse boards, and some flat stones which served chiefly for a hearth. There were no apartments in the dwelling, but a blanket venerable from age was suspended, as it seemed, for the purpose of half concealing the necessary domestic business from

the couch of sickness and languishing, dome pieces of broken shingles, fixed in the opening of the logs served for a shelf, and here were deposited some dusty tracts and an ancient family Bible, reminding one of the storm of New England piety. But it is time to say something of the inmates of the dwelling. One that near the fire lay a son, the support of declining age, with a foot half amputated by an unfortunate blow from the axe. The wound had been dressed by an empiric of the neighboring settlement; and the patient, left to the care of his widowed mother, was pursuing a much worn tract. Near by, upon the only couch, lay the interesting form which constitutes the subject of my narrative. The victim of consumption, she resembled indeed the beautiful, but fading lily. Confined from the sun and air, her complexion had assumed a delicate whiteness, and the slow wasting fever had tinged her cheeks with the most beautiful color. Her disease had reached that stage in its progress, which gives a transparency to the skin, and throws around the female form the loveliness of an angel, and awaking those mingled emotions which I shall not attempt to describe, it which excites the earnest prayer that death, having rendered his victim so positively beautiful, may relinquish his purpose. With indescribable feelings I drew near the couch of this interesting sufferer. Her expressive eye spoke of happier days, and the raven tresses that lay dishevelled on her pillow seemed to whisper that had this flower, thus

born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,

been transplanted to the parterre, it might have surpassed in beauty and fragrance its sister flowers. But I must have found the approaching destiny of the spirit that animated this form of loveliness. Do you feel that God is just in bringing upon you such great afflictions? "I am not afflicted, as if I were God is just." But you are unhappy, to lie in this wretched condition!

"I am not unhappy; it is better to be as I am now than as I was once, in health, for then I thought too much of the world." If, then, you are happy, and reconciled to your condition, you must have found something more than the happiness of this world. "I have—that which the world cannot give." Have you no hope of recovery? "I have no wish to recover."—Have you no fear of death? "I am not afraid to die. God is so good that I am safe with Him." Yes, God is good, but we are wicked. "O yes, (clapping her emaciated hands,) I have been so wicked that I do not suffer half so much as I deserve, but Christ is merciful." Have you no fears that you may be deceived?

"No fears now—perfect love casteth out fear." Are you not sometimes in darkness when you are in great pain?

"I do not think of pain, I am so happy, and shall soon go home." There was an affecting artlessness in all she said, which I cannot describe, and a promptness which beautifully illustrated the inspired truth, that, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I found myself in the presence of one who has learned much in the school of Christ, and who seemed just spreading her wings for the mansion of rest. Consolation, instruction, sympathy,—she needed none, for she had already passed within the veil. I remained silently admiring the pure influence of Christianity, while religion herself seemed to stand bending over her child in all the loveliness with which inspiration has arrayed her. This child of affliction, (for such without her parents she might be called,) had for two years indulged that christian hope. No ambassador of Christ had been here to lead her within the enclosure of the church—no pious visitor had entered the humble dwelling to impart the bliss of christian fellowship.—But ministering angels had descended, and she had learned of the Father. Resigned to the lot of humanity, and supported by that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," she had bid adieu to the world, and was waiting to be called to the abodes of the blessed. The widowed mother, too, could plead the promise made to the widow and the fatherless.

Having commended to the Great Shepherd this little group of afflicted, secluded beings, I bade them adieu for ever, and as I silently retraced my steps to the more busy scenes of life, I indulged the train of reflections suggested by the scene I had witnessed. An impression which it stamped so indelibly on my mind, I need not describe. There is still a freshness to the scene, (for I am relating facts,) which can be lost only with the power of recollection. The reader when he is assured that the page he peruses contains no fiction, will make his own reflections, and he will be impressed with the truth that true happiness is found in the humbler, as well as in the more elevated, walks of life. The gay and beautiful whose attention is devoted to the walks of pleasure, while they will feel the importance of seeking the religion which supports her in the hour of affliction, and which constitutes the loveliness of her character. The pious fair, too, who, in their sphere of benevolence,

resemble angels of mercy, will not, in their "walks of usefulness," forget the cottage of the poor. The cottage scene will often afford to the benevolent mind a happiness far superior to a visit in the halls of a palace. I love to recur, in my lonely meditation, to the lodge in the wilderness, and I would rather visit the solitary grave of this departed saint (for she now sleeps beneath the shade of the adjacent forest,) and read her rudely sculptured name, than to gaze upon "the storied urn and animated bust" of the proudest hero.

CURTOS.

Filial Piety.—Solomon, though surrounded by courtiers, and perplexed by the cares of a vast monarchy; though possessed of talents that bid defiance to those perplexities, and constituted their possessor one of the greatest of mankind; could nevertheless stoop from his great elevation to give instruction even to children. He seems to have been deeply sensible of the importance of filial piety. "My son," says he, "hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."—How amiable does the monarch of Israel appear in such passages as this, so many of which are scattered through his works; and how amiable will ever be the youth, and how honored by society, who keep this injunction; who shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck." meaning, no doubt, that the youth who honored his parents would be honored in his turn by his own children, and by the people; and as chains of gold were then, as now, worn about the necks of the rich, and especially of princes; virtuous youth were given to understand, that to love and reverence their parents, would be the means of exalting them to wealth, as well as to power. It will still hold good in our day. No youth can adopt a surer path to distinction and prosperity, than to "honor his father and mother," to reverence their gray hairs, and to do nothing that shall tend to bring them "with sorrow to the grave." Fear God—honor thy parents—and preserve thyself from "evil communications," which "corrupt good manners"—is what youth should ever keep in mind; for this it is, that will crown them with glory in this life, and in the world to come. —The *Audible*.

Advice to Youth.—How important are the periods of childhood and youth! In these periods, education is chiefly acquired; the character is then formed, the person generally becomes what he is to be for ever and ever. What is sown in spring, will be reaped in autumn. The impressions and passions of childhood and youth, will be experienced in old age. Every thing, my young friends, is important to you. As the atmosphere, in some places, conveys health, in others, death, so the place where you live may cause moral health, or spiritual death. The books which you read, the sermons which you hear, may convey saving truth, or fatal error. One wicked companion may be as fatal to you, as the serpent of paradise. One evil example may disturb your judgment, may fascinate your imagination, may influence your passions. One flattering word, one enticing look, may like enchantment, relax the rigor of your resolution, and plunge you down the gulf of ruin. Take heed, then, to all your ways, your labors, your amusements, your studies, your words, your thoughts; the objects which you see, the sounds which you hear. "He that walketh with the wise shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

Early reflection.—If the habits of serious reflection are not acquired in youth, it is almost impossible to attain them in middle life. No one need fear that seriousness can lead man to unhappiness, or that it will cloud the sunshine of decent cheerfulness. True wit is somewhat allied to melancholly, as the brightest rays of the sun are shot down to this nether world from between the gloom of thunder clouds. If a single hour in the four and twenty may sometimes be devoted to serious reflections, it would pay the individual with greater interest than all the stock jobbing concerns in Wall-street, or in the London exchange. Early reflection is a very important thing. On it may depend all our subsequent happiness through the vale of this world. The season of youth is the May time of human character, and if we do not then plant the seed of future usefulness, we can expect to reap the reward of public esteem and private affection?

Women in the Patriarchal Age.—The condition of women among the ancient patriarchs, appears to have been extremely indifferent.—When Abraham entertained the angels sent to denounce the destruction of Sodom, he seems to have treated his wife as a menial servant:—"Make ready quickly," said he to her, "three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes on the hearth." In many parts of the East, water is only to be met with deep in the earth, and is drawn up from the wells, is consequently fatiguing and unwholesome. This, however, was the task of the daughters of Jethro the Midianite: to whom so little regard

was paid, either on account of their sex, or the rank of their father, as high prize of the country, that the neighboring shepherds not only insulted them but forcibly took from them the water they had drawn. This was the task of Rebecca, who not only drew water for Abraham's servant, but for his camels also, while the servant not only a spectator of the toil. It is not natural to imagine, that, as he was on an embassy to count the damsel of Isaac, his master's son, he would have exalted his utmost efforts to please, and become acceptable?

When he had concluded his bargain, and was taking her home, he met with a circumstance worthy of remark. When the first approached Isaac, who had walked out into the fields to meet her, she did it in the most submissive manner, as if she had been approaching a lord and master rather than a husband and passionate lover. From this circumstance, as well as from several others related in the sacred history, it would seem that women, instead of endeavoring, as in modern times, to persuade the world that they confer an immense favor on a lover, by deigning to accept of him, did not scruple to confess, that the obligation was conferred on themselves.

"There is a spot upon earth where pure joys are more abundant, from whence the courtesies of life are banished to make room for egotism, contradiction, and half concealed insults. Remorse and inquietude, like indelible scars, torment the inhabitants of this place. It is the house of a married pair who do not love or esteem each other."

"There is a spot on earth where vice is never seen, where gloomy passions are unknown, where pleasure and innocence dwell in sweet union, where labor is sweet, care is light, and trouble is forgotten in social intercourse; where the past, present, and future afford a grateful enjoyment. This is the house of a married pair who love and esteem each other perfectly."

DE JUST, AND FEAR NOT.

Justice in the general acceptance of the world, that virtue by which we render to God, our neighbor, and ourselves that which is their due. It comprehends all our duties; and to be just, and to be virtuous, is the same thing. But we shall here consider justice only as a principle of equity which causes a rectitude of conduct, and enables us to render our species what in particular is due to it from every individual.

Civilians distinguished justice into two kinds. One they call communicative; and this establishes fair dealing in the mutual commerce between man and man; and includes sincerity in our discourse, and integrity in our dealings. The effect of sincerity is mutual confidence, so necessary among the members of the same community, and this mutual confidence is sustained and preserved by the integrity of our conduct.

Distributive justice is that by which the differences of mankind are decided according to the rules of equity: The former is the justice of private individuals; the latter of princes and magistrates.

Fidelity and truth are the foundation of justice. As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine Nature, to be so, to the utmost of our ability, is the glory of man.

No man is wise or safe, but he that is honest.

Of all the virtues, justice is the best;
Virtue without it is a common pest.
Fidelity and thence too oft with courage grace'd,
Shew us how ill that virtue may be plac'd.
'Tis our complexion, and our countenance bare;
Justice from reason, and from Heaven we have:
All other virtues dwell but in the blood;
This in the soul—and gives the name of good.

"He that is without man, without friends, without coin, without country, is still at least a man; and he that has all these is no more.—Sir Walter Scott.

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