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**MORNING STAR.**

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**COMMUNICATION.**

FOR THE STAR.

**EXPERIMENTAL No. 2.**

In my first number I endeavored to state the principal heads of the common exercise of sinners under conviction. I would not however be understood, that God always works on the heart in the same manner; and it is by not attending to the different operations of the same spirit, that many are groping their passage through in darkness and unbelief, when on earth healing the sick, raising the dead, casting out devils, was not always confined to the same means. To one he said, "I will be true clean, and immediately his leprosy departed," while others he took by the hand and they arose. One was partially healed and saw men as trees walking; and afterwards in obedience was entirely healed; another was restored to sight, by the application of dew and spittle and washing in the pool of Siloam. To one he said, "thy sins be forgiven thee." Saul lay in darkness three days, and in the bitterness of his soul exclaims, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" the jailer was almost instantaneously converted, and so were the three thousand on the day of pentecost. Zacharias must come down from the tree before Jesus can abide at his house.

There are some, who for months are exercised solemnly about their soul's concern, whose distress is not so great and at length find some peace, but will generally say, "I have lost what little conviction I had, and I know not what to do; I sometimes enjoy something that seems like peace but I am afraid I shall be deceived." These are fearful of committing sin, they are sincere and more humble than those who have run longer on the race, and are sometimes knowing with love, and sometimes sink almost to despair. They are the most tender and loving converts yet seen, and if they are not overcome with unbelief, but rise above it, they seldom backslide entirely from God, or need that repentance, that many need, who at first are filled with grief and anguish for sin, afterwards filled with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. These doubting Christians walk measurably in the dark, and as there are always some in every reformation it is necessary that teachers feel the case of such, and administer that consolation they so much need. Some in their first experience know but little of the work of the law, their distress is not great, but they are more troubled with the law afterwards, and it generally hangs about them during their pilgrimage below.

There are some in all reformations it is to be feared, who want Religion because their majesty want it, or have obtained it; they weep because others weep, they are distressed because others are distressed, but their grief is not that truly sorrow that worketh repentance unto life. Godly sorrow has its seat in the heart, but their sorrow is in the head. They appear sincere, and indeed are so, not knowing their situation. They believe with their heads, but it is with the heart man believeth unto righteousness. These live so long as religion is fashionable but when religion appears to decline, they fall away. And there is hope even for such converts as these because others are distressed to walk in darkness, but gradually lead them to their situation, and by persevering they may find that faith that works by love and overcomes the world.

There are some who are ministers converts. I heard a young preacher make the following observation, "I have," said he, "a great many converts in the world, but there is a great, very great difference between mine and the Lord's; my converts

talk like this when they go to meeting." "I wonder if Samuel will be there to night?" I declare I hope he will, it seems to me I shall not have a good meeting if he is not there. Oh dear, says another, it is no use for me to go to meeting if he is not there, and we do not expect him to night, and so I will stay at home;" but the Lord's converts go to meeting praying, "Lord keep me from the evil in the world, Lord grant that I may be solemn;" and inquiring "Lord what wilt thou have me to do." These go to meeting and can not fail of a blessing, while others are disappointed and like the heath in the desert. It is no wonder that such converts as these fall away and die, almost as soon as the minister leaves them. But it may be asked, perhaps, why does not the Lord always work in the same way? I answer first, there is a great difference in the natural constitution of people some; are more easily depressed and humbled than others, some always relate their exercises in a great way, while others that have passed through the same relate theirs in a small way. There are some that are great sinners, than others, and it would be unreasonable for a tender hearted female to expect the same degree of sorrow that would be necessary to humble the most hardened villain. But he who works as I may, whether deep and powerful, or more gentle and moderate, the sinner must be born again, he must be humbled as in the dust, he must trust in God for mercy and hope in him for salvation, before he can be cleansed from all sin; he must forsake sin and turn to God.

Since then God sometimes rises up as the storm, and sometimes appears in the still small voice; let us lay aside all narrow views of Religion, and receive those as Christians who speak as such, who bring forth the fruit of the spirit, are redeemed from sin, and delight to run the way of God's commands. Let all malice and evil speaking be laid aside, and suffer it not to be said that brother goeth to hear with brother, and that before unbelievers.—There are doubtless some good men among all orders of professed Christians, and as some bad ones let us despise no one because he does not believe as we do, but let us put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness, and remember that we are liable to be in error, that we are not infallible, that we are human and may therefore err. Let us put on the whole armor of God that we may be able to withstand the wiles of the devil, and having done all in this evil day to stand. May we run as to obtain an incorruptible crown, undefiled, and that fade not away." C. C. WATERMAN.

**MISSIONARY.**

Mr. Sutton's journal in his own words concluded.

**VISIT TO BERTHAMPORE.**

To-morrow I go to Berthamport, not knowing the things which may befall me there; it may be an important trip in the history of our little Mission. Grant, O Lord, that it may receive thy blessing! and then it must be well.

19th. (Monday).—I set off this evening on my journey to Berthamport.—Sent the horses on before me with the palkee, and followed myself on horseback till I overtook them, when I sent my horse back.—Reached Narsingampatam about 8 or 9 o'clock, when my bearers wanted some kana (food). I waited till nearly 12 o'clock before I could get them to start, and then it was with so ill a grace I feared they would not go far. My fears were too well founded, for they would not cross a river while the water was high, and I was obliged to return and sleep in my palkee under a tree.

20th.—Next morning, after a deal of trouble, set off again, but got my palkeebed completely soaked in crossing the river. I then turned back, and my horses and I trudged barefoot over the sand for 6 or 7 miles, by the side of the Chilika Lake. The thought came across my mind that this was the journey Buchanan took when he sat down on the banks of the Chilika and reflected on the long and bloody reign of Alloch: similar feelings operated in my breast in an unspeakable manner. I scarcely knew how I felt at the recollection that I came 16000 miles over the sea, now roaring at a distance, and that I had just seen my parents, my brethren, and my native hills, for my truest object here contemplated.—Met a man in the midst of my journey and gave him a book, with the caution that I had given him the knowledge of salvation. Afterwards met another, and gave him a book, with something similar. At 10 o'clock reached Molo, a fishing village, and declared my message to a lot of poor fishermen. They

heard very well, and understood what I said.—Could not find one that could read, but left a few books for those who might be able. Afterwards I saw a Brahmin that could read a little. At 10 o'clock reached Manickapattam, and preached to several the message of mercy. They said it was "Tic," viz, solid argument. Some seemed surprised. One or two heard brother Bampton last year. I left several books at this place. As the Hindoos are too holy to admit Europeans into their houses, I was obliged to sit under a tree and wait for my dinner, or breakfast. It was not a very savory meal, viz, fish and rice boiled up together, but hunger is the best sauce; and, as I had eaten nothing since I left home, it went down very well. At this place my bearers refused to go any further, so that I was obliged to get a small boat, made of two old trees hollowed out, to proceed toward Rumbha, with my cook.—Sent some books ashore to two small villages by the side of the lake.—Road Chamberlain's life, and scribbled letters in my journal, and so I reached Sath-pore, where I got a larger boat.—Preached to the people who came to the side of the boat, and left some books. We then proceeded up the lake towards Rumbha, which I reached at 2 o'clock next day, 21st. This is a most delightful place, and the holiest scenery I have met with in India. I am seated in the middle of a delightful amphitheatre. The bold mountain scenery forms a sort of horse-shoe form around me. The hills are very high, and covered with trees and shrubs. Wild beasts are in great abundance in their neighborhood. Before me, at the only opening, spreads the beautiful Chilika Lake covering an immense space. I have sailed over 20 koss of its surface, and in many places the eye cannot reach from shore to shore. I have taken up my quarters, for the day, in a fine house, built many years ago by a gentleman now in England. Here I am obliged to halt for want of bearers.

After making a hearty meal, I posted off to the village of Narsingampatam, to make known the glad tidings. The first place I saw likely to suit my purpose was a new idol-temple, about half built. I went up to it, seeing some people, but found it covered with the most beastly and obscene figures that can be conceived of. I tried to conceal my feelings, and began to preach to a large crowd, but was sadly opposed. I then walked round the temple, but was so disgusted I did not know how I felt; I was obliged to leave with shame and sorrow. I being now dark, I distributed a few books and returned.—Placed my palkee upon a hackery, and reached Ganjam about 1 o'clock in the morning.—Set my palkee in the verandah of a Catholic Chapel, and slept comfortably till morning. I saw a few of the Catholics: they are very poor and ignorant, and have no pastor. A priest comes once a year from Vizagapatam, about 50 miles.—Proceeded, at 12 o'clock to Berthamport, our road lay through the jungles.—Stripped about three hours at a small place by the way, to refresh the bearers, when I preached the everlasting Gospel to a few Oriyas, and gave books to some good readers, both in Oriya and Telinga. I was much pleased with this opportunity. I also got a cup of tea, which was refreshing. About 2 koss from Berthamport I saw two or three black bears in a field through which we passed. About 2 o'clock in the morning reached my place of destination, and set my palkee in the verandah of an empty house, where I slept as well as the cold would permit till morning, when I was awakened by the drums an hour before sunrise, which let me know that I was in Cantonments. I then got up and recommitted till breakfast time. Just as I was sitting down to breakfast, the doctor, hearing of a stranger having arrived, sent to invite me to breakfast; this I declined, but called upon him immediately after, and got a little information about the place. The regiment appears to be 1000 soldiers. They had 10 or 12 European officers, two or three European sergeants (invalids), and about twenty drummers who talk English; they call themselves Christians, or rather Catholics. The priest preaches to them with a whip in his hand, and has his place of worship hung round with images of terror, and from all I can learn they are little better than heathens. There is also a doctor, a collector and sub-collector, one or two European Europeans, and about twenty country-bred soldiers. The doctor gave me a list of the Europeans, and told me there was one gentleman would be glad to see me, for he was favorable to missionary exertions. This was refreshing news, and I soon called on Mr. Newbott, and found him a very pious, humble man, and desirous of doing good. He gave me a hearty welcome to take up my abode with him during my stay, which I gladly ac-

cepted. I also received an invitation from the colonel to dine with the mess during my stay at Berthamport, which kindness I felt obliged to decline as politely as I could.—This evening I went through the bazar, and round the native part of the town, to look about me. I found it pretty large, and thickly populated, but felt some discouragement about the language, it seemed so different from what I knew any thing about. I therefore returned much perplexed and divided in my mind, whether to choose or to refuse, but committed myself to God, and left him his direction.—24th.—I rose early and rambled through the other parts of the town, and felt a doubt whether, from its promising appearance, I ought not to think more about it, even though the language should be different to what I had begun from. After breakfast I set to with Mr. N. (who had commenced the study of the Oodea, as the natives call it,) to examine the language more closely, and soon found it was the same language as the Oriya, spoken at Pooree, and Cuttack, with little variation in the pronunciation of some of the letters: for instance, one d, which in the Oriya is pronounced r, is by the Oodeas pronounced as d, and the third b as r, &c. In the evening I went into the bazar, and got some of them to read my books, and found they understood them very well: I then began to talk to them, and was surprised and delighted at the opportunity. I gave away my whole stock of books to a very eager multitude, and promised many, who were disappointed in not being able to get one, that I would come to the same spot in the morning. In the evening, after my return, had some further conversation with Mr. N., and found he had already made an attempt to instruct some of the children, and had a school-master in his pay at six rupees per month. I had a most delightful opportunity with him, conversing on the things which belong to our eternal peace.—Mr. N. is the sub-collector for Mr. N. appears to be an amiable woman, but of very delicate health. She seems, however, to have chosen the better part.

25th.—Christmas-Day and the Sabbath.—I rose to go into the bazar, according to promise; but the natives gave me no opportunity for this, for early in the morning they came in flocks, of all ages and pursuits, from the proud, Byraggee Brahmins, to the little child, Oriyas, and Telinga, to hear about the new doctrine and get a book. I never had such a day in my life: as soon as one group left another came, so that I was perpetually engaged from morning till night, to different sets, in preaching and giving away books: indeed I talked till I could talk no more, and was obliged to steal away in my palanquin for a little ride and relief.—I spent the evening very profitably with Mr. and Mrs. N., and received very pressing desires to come and fix my lot at Berthamport. After all I found that I had been too much; but blessed be our heavenly Father, though I slept but little, from having my mind so intensely fixed upon the difficulties and discouragements and encouragements of fixing my abode here, yet I arose in the morning pretty well recovered, and prepared for my return to Pooree. On Monday morning many more came for books before I left: indeed, I think altogether, I may say the whole city came together to hear me. Mr. N. was highly delighted with the feeling which had been excited, and was very sanguine of good being done. Before leaving I examined the language with Mr. N.'s learned man, and had my own ideas of it confirmed, and was informed that the language was spoken for nearly 100 miles beyond Berthamport. Mr. N. then walked with me, and pointed out a piece of ground where he would build a school-room, if I should come, and at my suggestion engaged to make it large enough for places of worship on Sabbath days. Mr. N. took me to the house of a kind friend, with the conviction that my brethren approved. I ought to return as soon as possible and commence my labors. Berthamport is nearly 70 miles from Pooree and is the last station in the Northern Circuit under the Madras presidency. It is situated in a very high situation, surrounded with hills inhabited by a wild race of Oriyas, under six or seven independent rajahs. The population is much less than at Pooree or Cuttack, but the villages near it are numerous and populous. The inhabitants of which three-fourths are Oriyas and one-fourth Telinga, many of whom talk English, are not so tenacious of their cast as in other places; and many features in their character seem favorable for missionary labor. The climate is considered tolerably healthy, and very prolific.

Preached at Ganjam in the bazar in the evening and distributed books; then walk-

ed to Rumba, about seven miles, and got on board the boat about 12 o'clock, and reached Nursingpatam by 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning, after three hours' lagging upon the water. I then took off my shoes and stockings, as I could get no bearers, and then walked to Pooree, 7 miles, which I reached about 9 o'clock, and found all well. Blessed be God for his goodness and mercy to me during this journey, and for raising up friends who I least expected them. 'Tis now probable my lot will be fixed at Berhampton: I tremble at the awful responsibility attached to the undertaking. O Thou that hearest the prayer of Solomon, give me wisdom and an understanding heart, to perform my vast undertaking as I ought, that I may save myself and them also among whom I labor. Amen.

### General Miscellany.

#### THE PRAYING MOTHER.

In a seaport town in New-England, lived a pious mother of six daughters. At the age of sixty she had been for many years subject to disease and infirmity, which confined her to her house, and almost to her room. To the writer of this she said, at one of his first interviews with her, "I have not, for many years, known what it is to go to the house of God in company with his people, and to take sweet counsel with them. But I have another source of grief greater than this; one, that weighs down my spirit, day and night, while disease and pain bear my body towards the grave. I have six daughters; two are married and live with me; but not one of them is pious. *I am alone.* I have no one for a christian companion. Oh! that even one of them were pious, that I might walk alone no longer." Such was her language. She was evidently a woman of a powerful spirit, beseeching the Lord with much entreaty. Soon after this, a revival commenced, of which her four single daughters were among the first subjects. A fifth was soon added to their number. But the other, the eldest, was unmoved. "Mother," said one of these converts, "let us all unite in observing a day of fasting and prayer for our unawakened sister." The agreement was made. The day was observed. Of this the subject of their prayers had no knowledge. But on the *same* day, while engaged in her domestic concerns at home, her mind was solemnly arrested; and she was soon added to the christian sisterhood. The praying mother lived a few years to enjoy their christian society. They surrounded her dying bed, received her last blessing, commended her spirit to God, and now follow the faith and patience of that mother who is gone to inherit the promises. She "being dead, yet speaketh."—*Conn. Obs.*

**The Shepherd and the Hybrid.**—A traveller from a commercial house in London, crossing the extensive plains in Wiltshire, was joined by a gentleman passing the same road. The traveller, a pious man, observed with regret, that the conversation of the stranger was of a light and trifling cast, often bordering on profaneuess, and resolved to take the first opportunity of slipping away from so unprofitable a companion. Before, however, such an opportunity occurred, he reached a part of the town where the road separated; wondering in which way to take, they proposed to inquire of a shepherd boy who was remaining near the spot with a book in his hand. The stranger, disposed to exercise his profligate wit on the simple peasant, thus addressed him:

"Hallo! my lad what book are you reading?"

"The Bible sir," was the reply.

"The Bible! what! you read that in haste to find out the way to heaven?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well—that read I neither know nor care any thing about; you tell me, if you can, the road to Salisbury, and I will leave you to dream about the other at your leisure."

"That, (pointing with his crook,) is the road to Salisbury; and the road to heaven, blessed be God, is so plain, that 'the way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.'"

"Well said, simple shepherd," thought the townsman, as he pondered his thoughts in gratitude to the "Lord of the world," earth, who hath hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes;" and thus out of the mouth of the weak and mean, in other respects, hath ordained strength, to still the enemy and the strength.

Children who are taught to read and revere the sacred scriptures, perhaps you may at some time or other meet with those who fancy they show their learning and wit, by attempting to shake your faith, and ridicule the blessed book on which it is built; but regard them not; they can never disprove a single verse of its sacred contents. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the Saviour's words shall never pass away. See that they dwell in you richly in all wisdom, that you may be ready to "give to every one that asketh you, a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." All the shafts

of infidel wit shall fall harmless at your feet, if you are by grace enabled to say, "I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

#### A DREAM.

On a summer's eve, as Corylus was looking on the descending sun, he was led to reflect on the termination of his own life. "Oh! that I could sink into my grave with the same composure as the light of the world has left my country!" He sat down, reclined his head upon his hands, and fatigued by the labors of the day, fell asleep, and dreamed that he was with his deceased brother, in his father's house, who announced to him his speedy departure from time to eternity. "I have obtained permission from God," said he, "to make yourself in your sickness—disengage the anguish of death—to lead you through the dark valley of death, and to introduce you into the presence of God: for I have often heard you say, there is no one returned to tell the sad tale of what it is to die." Corylus, then asked his brother what dying was. "I am not authorized," said he, "to say what it is, but am commissioned to be your guide and comfort in your afflictions. Remember that I am your brother, you never doubted my affection towards you while living. I remain the same, have full power from God to minister to you every possible comfort that wisdom can dictate, or kindness perform. I have suffered, and can therefore sympathize. I have died, and know what dying means." Corylus was comforted, he waited for the summons, but looking round on his family his affections were wounded, and the tumult of his heart awoke him from his slumbers. He arose and wished his dream realised: when putting his hand into his pocket, and taking out the Bible, he found that he had that sanctified and they that are sanctified, are all one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren, saying, I will declare thy name unto my brethren, in the midst of the church, I will sing praises unto thee." "Yes," he said, "my brother has died indeed, and is alive again; I have trusted in the merits of his cross; I have hoped in the prevalence of his intercession; and I will rely on the veracity of his promises, and the perpetuity of his affection: for he can separate me from the love of Christ." Yet though he walked through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

—*Ex. Mag.*

**Prayer.**—Prayer bows the soul as well as the knees, and there is no prostration so low as that of the broken spirit.—Yet it is delightful while lying in this low valley of humiliation to feel the breath of the Spirit, like gentle winds from the south, begin to fan and refresh the suppliant; afterwards a soft hand is placed under the drooping head, and an everlastingly sustaining the whole man, and as the tide of prayer rolls along the soul catches an elevation, and is soon where Moses stood, with God on the mount. From the mount the Christian always comes down with renewed strength—with more faith—and perhaps his face may shine with the animation and fervor of his renewed graces. Such is prayer—not learned by rote, or read from a book, but spoken in the deep communion of spirit with spirit.—*Z. Her.*

**Happiness.**—All happiness drawn from worldly enjoyment is in its nature uncertain, fading and transitory. It may indeed fill the mind with an ecstasy of joy. But when the short lived feelings it extends have subsided, it leaves an aching void. It burdens and surcharges, while it lasts, but it can neither satisfy the desires of an immortal mind or cheer it in the time of adversity. Amid the glow of health or the smiles of worldly prosperity, it can excite passions or animate the gayer feelings, but it cannot cheer the soul when clasped in the chill embrace of death, nor dispel the thick gloom of the dark valley, nor lift the soul for heaven, nor even protect it from the merciless fangs of adversity.

—*Rep. Her.*

**Whitefield's Eloquence.**—Reading the account given by Dr. Franklin, of the extraordinary effect which Whitefield's eloquence produced on his hearers, in drawing from his pocket, first his pen, his pocket Bible, and, at last, his crook, we were reminded of similar anecdote told us recently concerning "old father Flynt," formerly a tutor in Harvard College. This gentleman was noted for his parsimony, and had, several times, reproved the students for attending Whitefield's preaching. One day he yielded to a request of another officer of the college, and went with him to hear Whitefield. There was a collection made for some assylum at the south, and Flynt, being transported by his eloquence, unconsciously drew from his pocket his pen, his pocket Bible, and dropped it in the box. He invited his friend later to take tea with him, and on the way scarcely opened his mouth. As soon as Flynt entered the room, one of the students, who boarded with him, asked how he liked Mr. Whitefield. "Like him?" replied Flynt, "why the dog has robbed me of a five pound note!"—*Salom Obs.*

## MORNING STAR.

LIMERICK:  
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1827.

### HYPOCRISY.

Hypocrisy, in a strict sense, is *intentionally* acting under a mask, and pretending to be that which we know we are not. It is commonly used in a religious point of view, to denote a person who, with some sinister motive, such as promoting his interest, elevating his character, or gratifying his ambition, affects great attention to serious things, considerable concern for the interests of religion, love to gospel ordinances and profit from the means of grace, while his heart is not touched, and the whole is only pretended. Such were the hypocrites of which we have a description by our Savior, who devoured widow's houses; and with an intention to cover their villainy and injustice, made long prayers.

Such also were careful to bestow their alms in the most crowded places, and offer their prayers in the streets; not from benevolence to the poor, or piety to their Creator, but from a selfish desire to be seen of men and admired for their generosity and religious devotion.

The question, "Can a person be a hypocrite, without a knowledge of their hypocrisy?" has often been asked in our hearing. We answer negatively. If the foregoing is a true description of a hypocrite, it most assuredly implies a consciousness of being one in the party guilty of it. For it is not easy to conceive how a person would propose to himself an object which he knew to be improper, and take such methods to obtain that object as require constant and long continued attention, without being aware of what he is acting, and knowing that he is pretending something which he is not. The very essence and quintessence of hypocrisy consists in performing religious duties and professing religious experience, with a design to impose upon associates and conceal the real character. It is, however, difficult to conceive how a person of this description can entertain any hope of spiritual benefit from such a course of dissimulation; and yet we read concerning the hope of the hypocrite, and are assured it will perish, and that his trust shall be as a spider's web; Job 8: 13, 14. But from the context it is very probable that the writer intends the expectations which the hypocrite nourishes of accomplishing the unworthy objects for which he has made the profession. In this the hypocrite is often greatly disappointed, and finds all his deception and fraud fail of obtaining the ends at which he aimed. But should he succeed, as, perhaps in some instances he may, in these base objects, his final condition will, notwithstanding, be miserable; "For what is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?" Job 27: 8.

But the term is sometimes in conversation, and perhaps in scripture, in a more extensive sense. It is frequently used to denote such as profess to be partakers of the graces of the christian religion, whether that profession may have been taken up and continued with a design to impose, or through custom, or with a design of meriting salvation by it. Thus the Savior calls those hypocrites, who draw nigh to him with their mouths, while their hearts are far from him; Mat. 15: 7-9. In this application, it may be possible for a person to be a hypocrite, and, unless he be exceedingly cautious and vigilant, remain unconscious of it. He may, in consequence of a religious education, pious connections, or from some other cause be systematical in the outward duties of religion, while his heart is a stranger to genuine repentance and faith in Christ, and consequently destitute of true holiness. This is a peculiarly dangerous state; and every one should institute a critical self-examination, accompanied with earnest entreaties to the Father of lights for divine illumination, and an assiduous use of the instruction afforded by reading and hearing the word of God. If this course be pursued, with a sincere desire to understand his ways, the well disposed may

hope by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, to be preserved both from hypocrisy and self delusion.

In addition to the foregoing remarks, we give the following characteristics of hypocrites.—They say and do not, Mat. 23: 3.—They make divers performances merely to be seen of men, 7.—They affect popular applause, 6-12.—They hide their own heinous sins under a more show of virtue, 15.—They are strict in matters of little consequence, and omit important duties, 23, 25.—They are rigorous in externals, but not concerned about the sins of the heart, 25, 27.—They magnify the righteousness of former ages, but hate those present in their own times, 29-31.—Hypocrites pray only in time of sickness or danger, when they are driven to it, Job 27: 8, 9.—For small faults they judge others severely, being themselves guilty of greater crimes, Mat. 7: 5.—They are more for outward ceremonies, and human traditions, than for the true spiritual worship of God, 12: 2 and 15: 2, 7, 8c.—They are generally cruel and covetous, P. 35: 10, Mat. 23: 14, Acts 5: 12-14 public calamities they are fearful, Isa. 33: 14.—May "sinners be afraid, and fearfulness surprise the hypocrite."

### REVIVALS.

GRANGETOWN, Sept. 15, 1827.

Brother Burbank.—With pleasure, I embrace this opportunity to communicate to you the pleasing account of a reformation that has recently taken place in the town of Philipburg, in a place called Small Point. Several years ago there was a church gathered there by Eld. George Lamb, consisting of twelve or fourteen members, but as there was no public gifts among them meetings were too much neglected, and they got much scattered, but there were some among them whose cry was, "Lord revive thy work." The Lord heard them, and has of late, by his Spirit, visited a people: backsliders begin to return to the Lord, and sinners to cry, "God be merciful to us." The Lord has heard them; a number have been delivered from the power of sin and brought to praise the Lord for what he has done for their souls. On the whole there appears to be signs of a general reformation in that place. JOHN LEMAN.

Extract of a letter received in this City from Rev. John Engles, dated Surrey County, Va. August 30, 1827.

"We are experiencing at this time a most wonderful revival of Religion among us. Since the time I moved away before, you do I expect to see the like again. The Lord is doing great things for us, whereof we are glad. There is not a night in the week, but there is a prayer meeting in some one of the neighbor's houses, and when the people assemble together, the children of God are so built up, and poor penitent souls so much distressed, that they seldom fail to last all night. I am engaged not only every Sabbath, but almost every night in the week.—O that it could be my near and my drink always to dwell among such happy souls! I was not educated amid the loud declamation of joy and shrieks of grief in religious assemblies, and always have been opposed to it;—looking upon it as ostentation or an indulgence given to the passions, particularly that of sympathy; but the stoutest heart could not enter one of our meetings even in the public meeting-house on Lord's day without shedding tears. In a respectable and fashionable audience of several hundred people it is very common to hear the congregation to hear the piteous groan, the heavy sigh, and in the most pathetic manner the sound of these words, 'O Lord have mercy on me a sinner.'"

Indeed I have been somewhat alarmed in seeing some persons so much affected, fearing lest some of them would go into fits of despair. On the 3d Sunday in this month I preached to a large congregation from first Peter, 1st chapter, 9th verse.—When I came to discourse of your unexpressed and full of glory, I never before experienced any thing like it in my life, nor in a congregation of this kind. I was not educated amid the loud declamation of joy and shrieks of grief in religious assemblies, and always have been opposed to it;—looking upon it as ostentation or an indulgence given to the passions, particularly that of sympathy; but the stoutest heart could not enter one of our meetings even in the public meeting-house on Lord's day without shedding tears. In a respectable and fashionable audience of several hundred people it is very common to hear the congregation to hear the piteous groan, the heavy sigh, and in the most pathetic manner the sound of these words, 'O Lord have mercy on me a sinner.'"

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**Bibles in foreign languages.**—Mr. Henry White, an Agent of the American Bible Society, has conceived the project of raising One hundred thousand Dollars, before the close of 1828, for the express purpose

Portland, Oct. 11

## POETRY.

### MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"Was Sabbath, and I need my way  
Into the churchyard's gloom;  
The earthly passions were:  
Two setting sun its mild beams shed,  
As straight I sought among the dead,  
A Mother's hallowed grave.

A Mother's grave!—that Mother's voice  
Of me my infant heart regret,  
And kind instruction's ray:  
Oh! dying to her faithful breast,  
She's hush'd my anxious fears to rest,  
And here's that Mother's grave.

She taught my youthful heart to feel  
Each vicious course, and revere:  
She bid me never love,  
In watching pleasure's stream:  
She's gone, alas! 'Twas but a dream,  
And this is now her grave.

Oh, bent in supplication there,  
Her closet vestment fervent prayer,  
Heaven's richest gifts to crave,  
Upon my head,—a thoughtless child,  
Who wandered there she never smil'd—  
Here's now that Mother's grave.

Membrings I hear her warning voice—  
"Beware, my son, the foolish choice,  
And let not vice ensue;  
Beware at pleasure's shrine to bend,  
Beware the drunkard's shameful end!"  
But no! for here's her grave.

She died, Ah, who can tell the power  
Of sorrow in that parting hour,  
That bade me madly rave.  
A Mother gone!—a thoughtless friend,  
To whom my best affections bend,  
And here was made her grave.

Time since has passed—went with it I  
Have left none own nativity,  
To worldly cares a slave,  
It not of that I come here,  
To pluck a flower and shed a tear,  
E'en on a Mother's grave.

Her grave? Ah, no! she is not here,  
With that brighting she'll soon appear,  
Whom Jesus came to save:  
My mourn, I for the grave dead:  
She lives, and her heart's in prayer,  
"To get her spirit's grace." Nat. Phi.

## MISCELLANY.

### [Saturday Evening Post.]

#### THE VANITY OF PRIDE.

Why all this toil for trappings of an art?  
What though we waste in wealth, or coast in fame,  
Earth's highest station sits in here lies here,  
And "dust to dust" concludes her nobler name.

Pride may be considered one of the strongest passions or emotions of the human mind; but we more frequently see it united with ignorance than with sense. There is a portion of vanity and pride necessary to the preservation of the human character; but when it is carried to an extent beyond that medium, it becomes disgusting in the sight of modesty and humanity, and never fails to render the possessor contemptible in the eyes of the shrewd and uncorrupted. Adversity is necessary to the state of man, to prevent that redundancy of pompous independence, and to reduce that plethora of the soul, by which he forgets the true source from whence his blessings flow. Prosperity continued, soon wraps him up in his own consciousness greatness, and he disdains the humble avocation of offering up thanks to that Being who has strewed his path with plentiful abundance, and given him the means by which he may be happy.

What is man? Is he a being of celestial origin, and are the destinies of time and eternity in his hands? Did the grand creation be framed from nothing, and did he say "let there be light," which was immediately obeyed? Did he snatch that flaming sphere, the sun, from the dark caverns of chaos, and hurl it, with ponderous arm, to be fixed for ages in the vast wilderness of the universe? I say, did he bid order and regularity pervade the immensity of space, and did he form those immutable laws which every where exist throughout the vast profound of nature's realm?—No, he did not! So far from having the sceptre of command in his own hands, he was formed after the great fabric of the universe was framed. He has but one circumstance connected with his formation which he may boast, which is that he was made in the image of his great Architect, the Sovereign of the universe. Man is but a worm. He is superior to the different orders and genera which surround him in the point of intellectual reason, but like them he falls by the winter of age, by casualties, by disease, and by any other frailties incident to animal matter. He is so near upon the earth. Scarcely has he enlivened upon the tempestuous waves of time, before the current turns from the course which he is pursuing, and finally lands him, with all his boasted greatness on the unknown shore of an awful eternity. From the moment he makes his entrance on the stage of action, he is gradually undergoing the process of decay, and hastening along, without perceiving his rapidity, to a final dissolution. The particles of nature, or the atomic portions of animal matter, are continually changing, and the same flesh which covers his body to-day will, in the course of a few years, be entirely carried away by the astonishing process of nature, and be imperceptibly replaced by a new formation. Thus he is ever changing, until the final scene of life is closed,

when he is given up a prey to the insects of the earth, and there to be transformed, and his semblance lost in the cloths of the valley. How humiliating the thought! Shall man then presume to be proud of that body which is destined to be the food of loathsome worms? Surely not! He is but a traveller on this tenebrous ball, and already are the shades of evening beginning to gather round him, and the dark mantle of night will envelope the torch of his mortal existence, and he is left to gaze in the night of death! Shall he then cease to behold the dazzling flocks of youth dancing in festivity around him, and soon will he cease to hear the sweet melody of music, or the song of the warbler in the solitary grove. Scenes which delight, and scenes which inspire, will be shut out from his vision for ever. Nor is it hoary age alone which is doomed to this melancholy catastrophe. The tender flower of youth is often cut down by the cold arrows of death, and the young man, who is full of life and vigor, no age, sex, or condition it exempt, but all alike are levelled in the dust. Let us approach yon wide repository of the dead, and seek there for distinction. There is the tomb of the ambitious man, whose aspiring soul once plunged a nation in war, and whose name is written in human blood upon the tablet of remembrance, handed down to posterity! But behold here he lies in his own insignificance.—Here is the grave of the proud man, who considered himself superior to his fellow mortals, and looked down with disdainful contempt upon those who considered themselves equal with the ties of nature.—What is presented now? Let us wrench the firm portals which lock him from our sight, and search after the difference between him and the pauper at his side.—Lo! it is done! Ah! me, what an appalling spectacle his remains present to the astonished sight. A ghastly skeleton is all that is left, and even that cannot be recognized to have belonged to so boastful a being. See his bones are beginning to be covered in dust, and then, there will be the proof that he never existed on the earth? None, none will then be found. He will have returned to his mother earth, and his pride all forgotten. The clownish ploughman will pass by his grave unconscious of his greatness, and whistle his lullaby at the evening hour. A short space is allotted to his relics in this solitary ground, and the same circumference is given to the beggar who slumbers at his side. Miserable thought to the proud man, but alas, he cannot deny it! There is a sleep which the skull which once was filled with all the Utopian dreams, as that which gazes with vacant stare upon it. Heart-rending idea to the proud man! He there views the state to which his own frame must be subjected, which he now thinks is too good almost to tread the earth beneath him. Thus sleeps great Cesar, and thus slumbers Tarquin the proud. Their pride could not retrieve their fall, and their boasted superiority could not escape the yawning jaws of the grave. Death, without remorse, his millions at one meal, and slays youth, beauty, power, and grandeur, nor casts a single glance on his indiscriminate choice. What rivers of briny tears have swept their course from the eyes of relatives, for the loss of their dearest friends.—Pride was carried away in the overwhelming deluge, and its brother, ambition, sunk at its side. There is not a single day swallowed up in the vortex of time that does not carry with it to the vast labyrinth of eternity, the lives of about eighty thousand of the human family. Where is pride in this wasteful famulus? Alas! it is destined to fill the famulus' mass of death. The brilliant eye, the blooming cheek, and the blushing lips of beauty, before whom the great and the grand have bowed down in adoration, are all destined to perish in the gloom of the grave. How strong is the admonition to improve the mind, and prepare it for the enjoyment of supernal felicity, instead of availing on the frail body of dust the gaudy trappings of earthly vanity which vanish into nothing at the silent slumberer's death. In his cold hand on the warm cheek of beauty, thus we see that pride is unbecoming such frail mortals, and when life comes to a conclusion, we are convinced of its vanity. Let not the proud critic say, as Voltaire said of Rousseau, that I give virtue in words, and vice in deeds; for his own reason will teach him that I write the truth, unvarnished with sophistry, without the embellishment of false imagery, and unpolluted by the gilded gloss of fascinating fiction. Go ask the grave—go ask the silent slumberer wrapt in his pale cold shroud—ask him of the world, and at whose nod the millions of mankind trembled, and they shall tell with the voice of inspiration, as with a voice of thunder, the vanity and insignificance of all human pride.

#### MILFORD BARD.

#### THE LAST HERRING.

"Hoot away despair!  
Never sild to sorrow—  
The blindest sly may wear  
A sunny face to morrow."

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine cottage sat by her blazing log, with her fire tattered children at her side,

endoring, by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter; she thought no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amidst the bending pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed; and no wonder if her forlorn desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she could not heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that he whose promise is to the widow, and to the orphan, cannot forget his word. Providence had many years before, taken from her, her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the seas, since which she had heard no note or tidings of him; and in later times had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her lonely pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet at this hour she had been upborne; she had not only succeeded in providing for her little flock, but had never lost one opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, and charity has not quite closed her hand, and he may have some one on his misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children—far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of Pine cottage; but as she bent over the fire and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came unbidden across her mind—

"I am old, and feeble senes,  
But trust him for his grace,  
Behind a smiling providence  
He hides a smiling face."

The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and a loud barking of the dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children started to open it, and a weary traveller in tattered garments, and an apparent indifferent health, entered and begged a morsel of food, and a mouthful of food; "for," said he, "it is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not round her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and share of all she had she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

The traveller drew near the board—but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes towards heaven in astonishment—"and is this all your store?" said he—"and a share of this do you offer to one who you know not?—then never saw I charity before! but, madam, said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your children by giving part of their last mouthful to a stranger?" "Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards you as I would that others should act towards him—God, who send manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel—and how should I, this night, offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home even poor as this—were I to turn you unrelieved away."

The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms—"God has indeed provided just such a home for you wandering son—and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress—my mother! oh my mother!"

It was her long lost son; returned to her bosom from the Indies, abounding in riches. He had chosen that disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was 'surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one, comfortable, and indeed, beautiful in the valley, and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and the delightful employment of virtue; and at this day the passer-by is often pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad and green above her grave, while he listens to the recital of this simple and homely, but not altogether worthless tale.

#### THE BURIAL SERVICE.

The singularly beautiful ritual, of the Burial Service, has often been, and with

much propriety, the theme of Panegyric. The sublime truths of Christianity are so forcibly and solemnly illustrated, that the heart is fain to yield for consolation, to that source which declares itself the "resurrection and the life."

I recently witnessed the last sad obsequies of a young and interesting female. One whose life had been an example of virtuous affection, and who, secured by her unimpaired purity, a worthy sphere, than our own sinful world. The cold and lead like weight that drops upon the heart of the mourner, and the sense of utter desolation, so withering in its effect, were gradually removed or dispelled, as the servant of our Redeemer, portrayed in the sublime language of the service, the happiness that awaited the followers of the Lamb. "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, 'from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord—ye shall rest from their labors.'"

Mankind are naturally prone to place their expectations of happiness in the idea of a lasting reciprocal affection—and when this fond hope is prostrated, when we feel that dreary vacancy of the soul, which the world with all its allurements may never supply, then it is that we unconsciously turn to that mystery, which "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and in the fulness of our hearts, endeavor to humble ourselves to its dictates. How energetically, and how true, is the valley of this expectation depicted. "Man did realize of woe, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower: he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord." I have marched to the martial but solemn sound of the muffled drum as it heralded the way of a deceased brother in arms, to his last resting place. The reversed arms, and the solemn standard, pointed to the end of undivided terms. "The good old reality. Occasionally an accidental clashing of steel would break upon the ear, and again it was a scene of deep, sad, and unbroken silence. At the light tap of the drum or the low note of the bugle, the necessary evolutions were performed with the precision and nicety of complicated machinery.

The sawed volley was fired above his grave, and with softened hearts we left him in his narrow bed, to till the last bugle should again summon him to his arms. This was a scene calculated to awaken the energies of our nature, but failed in effect to draw the heart, to the throne of the Redeemer. We could not in spirit and in truth exclaim, "Behold thou hast made my days, as it were, a span long; and mine age even as nothing in respect of thee; and every man living is altogether vanity." Malcolm C. S.

## JUST PUBLISHED

A NEW and full Office, THE FAIRVIEW, DARTMOUTH STREET, 1838.  
Persons who wish to see the office—those who wish to see several copies to retail on commission will be allowed 25 per cent. for this work must be directed (post paid) to Messrs. Buxbaum, Limerick, Ma.  
Limerick, Oct. 4, 1837.

## FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the premises now occupied and improved by him, containing one acre and a half of land, with a good improvement. On which are fifty apple trees; a one story finished dwelling house, and small barn, and a convenient blacksmith's shop with two forges, and a good well of water, with buildings thereon. The whole will be sold on reasonable terms, and a good will title given. The above premises are situated at Week's Corner, so called, in Parsonsfield, adjoining land of JAMES PARSONS.  
JONATHAN M. JOHNSON.  
Parsonsfield, Oct. 4, 1837.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

YORK: Taken and Extorted from the right in equity which LEVI MOULTON and LEVI MOULTON, Jr. of Newfield, in said County of York, yeomen, have in redeeming a certain tract or parcel of land lying in said Newfield, containing about forty acres, more or less, with buildings thereon, being the farm on which the said LEVI MOULTON now lives, bounded by the road leading by said Moulton's to Shapleigh, thence by Gammon's to Smith's, thence by Hill's to the road, and by Hill's land to the road that leads to Balch Mills, so called; and the same is under the incumbrance of a Mortgage Debt to ARTHUR SWANBROOK for about one hundred and sixty dollars, and the same will be sold at public auction, to be held on Saturday the third day of November next, at the store of John Adams & Co. in said Newfield, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Conditions at the sale.  
JONATHAN HAYES, Dep. Sheriff.  
Sept. 26, 1837.

## NOTICE.

THE Subscriber would inform his customers that he is about closing business in this town, and requests all who are indebted to him, by Note or Account, to call and settle with him within thirty days.  
HUMPHREY BRACKETT.  
Sept. 27.

## NOTICE.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he has taken the shop lately occupied by Wm. Brackets, and he intends to carry on the Blacksmith business in its various branches.  
ALVAN FELCH.  
N. B. A. F. has employed a first rate workman for the present season.  
Limerick, Oct. 4.

## CASH paid for RAGS at this Office.