

MORNING STAR.

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COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE STAR.

EXPERIMENTAL NO. 3.

After the soul has submitted to God, it soon receives the spirit of adoption. But as the first exercises of mind differ in some degree, yet there is a likeness; so in the second there may be, and is a difference. Some immediately on submission receive pardon and are filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory; while others remain in the dark for some time, and through unbelief, pray, but little peace, yet there are as afraid of sin as those who are rejoicing; and they are generally more solemn than those who are brought as it were in a moment from a state of despair to a state of joy. Here too, the natural passions of some being more easily raised, occasions a difference in their relation of exercises; some expressing what they feel or have felt in a great way, while others doubting and fearing, relate the same in a subdued way. But it is undoubtedly the privilege of all even the most doubting by trusting in God and obeying his voice, "to know in whom they have believed, and to be persuaded that he is able to keep what is committed to him." To the soul that has submitted to God, old things have passed away and all things become new. He feels not the motions of sin in the flesh, he thinks he shall never feel them more; he says, "if these sins have been, they have destroyed I shall see them no more forever. I will obey God; I will not cast away my confidence, but I will tell to all around me that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." How the soul desires the Salvation of sinners; what a union it feels with God and his cause. Thus he sails pleasantly along on the ocean of love, directed by the spirit of love, and feeds on the love of God. Jesus appears lovely; the soul exclaims,

"Could I raise a song of praise
Half equal to his name,
The heavens would ring while I should sing,
Through all the world above."

Thus he continues for some days or weeks, rejoicing continually and giving thanks in all things. The chaffiness of the day does not disturb him, all the children of God are his brethren, and those that bear most of his name, "if these sins have been, they have destroyed I shall see them no more forever. I will obey God; I will not cast away my confidence, but I will tell to all around me that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." How the soul desires the Salvation of sinners; what a union it feels with God and his cause. Thus he sails pleasantly along on the ocean of love, directed by the spirit of love, and feeds on the love of God. Jesus appears lovely; the soul exclaims,

disposed. Yes, those preachers that in time of revival found occasion often to visit them, who manifested so much concern for the welfare of souls, leave the ground and that too without giving the instruction that young converts need.—True, they tell them that they must trust in God and obey him, yet that instruction needs need not be given, (and I have thought that the great reason is the preachers are too easy and contented and have never travelled on to perfection.) Hence then the cause why so many backslide from God, is first for want of good advice; secondly, not following the counsel of the wise.

The Lord shows converts the evils of their hearts, not that they may always feel them, but that they may cry to God for complete redemption from them. It is necessary that converts should feel convicted of the evil remaining in them as for them to be first convinced of sin. Why does God show mankind that they are sinners? Is it that they should continue in sin and rebellion? No! God forbid. It is that they may be freed from sin, that they may be forgiven, that their sins may be blotted out. So also in the after experience, the good spirit impresses the mind with a sense of the inbred corruption of the flesh, not that we should always be perplexed about it, and be brought into bondage to it, but that by resistance, by fighting against it in the strength of the Lord, we may overcome it. But this is not the work of a moment, it is a gradual work in the heart. There must be resistance unto blood, striving against sin. But the soul must fight by faith, if it would overcome; it must trust wholly to the Lord for this great work, and still strive against all the motions of sin. The soul must fight with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon; first, the sword of the Lord. This must always be first if we would conquer; then the sword of Gideon. The Lord must always come first in redemption as well as conversion. We must overcome the evil propensities of the flesh by the Blood of the Lamb, and the word of our testimony. We must overcome evil with good, and out stretch ourselves beyond measure.

As the Lord discovers the hidden abominations of the heart, the soul for want of instruction begins to doubt the goodness of the Lord, and unbeliever takes possession of the heart, and being thus disarmed of their shield, they are liable to be overcome of evil. Finding themselves overtaken in outward sins, they perhaps come to a stand, and pray to God and promise to do better; (here I would observe that we under the deepest obligation to God, without promising to do better) and after promising a few times, and failing to establish their own righteousness, give up all hope of deliverance and return again to the world.

Others that hold fast their confidence still longer, and begin to discover the sad state of themselves and the greater part of the christian world that find some deliverance from sin, and strive for a season to overcome evil with good, yet seeing a still greater lack in themselves, and being neglectful of their brethren, gradually lose their confidence in God and live steady lives but without the enjoyment of religion.

But there are sometimes a few that for years stand measurably in the counsel of God, that run with patience the race set before them, and so run that they obtain. These are the excellent of the earth. These are they who have come up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. These follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, through evil as well as good report. These are careful to watch over the ways of their hearts and lives, but particularly over the heart. They have seen that the heart is deceitful above all things, and of course it needs a constant watch, lest by its deceitfulness the soul is cheated of its birthright. O how jealous of themselves, how fearful of departing from the Lord. How desirous to glorify him in all that they do.

But is it thus with those who rest at measure attained, and allow themselves in lightness and vanity, justify the wickedness of their hearts? No, by no means; their hearts are neglected, and backsliding always begins in the heart. Instead of peace with God, they are at war against him, and their minds become filled with the doctrines of men and hatred takes the place of that love that once filled their souls; contention and strife, when they meet, take the place of prayer, and they part in aversion, hating each other for their isms sake.

But one will cry well, if this is the case that converts backslide from God for want

of instruction, then I am clear; but let me ask, have you followed the good advice you have received? If you have and still fall short, then you may well say so; but if you have disregarded the voice of truth, and have not lived in the light, you are without excuse.

Having written all that I feel on this part of the subject, I close this communication by desiring that young converts may go on to perfection and not rest as many have done. G. C. WATERMAN.

MISCELLANY.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.
It is necessary to have a little pride in order to be decent.

In answer to the above question of a correspondent, it may be said, that, although the word pride is used by some authors to denote a laudable esteem for one's self, yet, as this word is used by theological writers, and as it is commonly understood by mankind, certainly pride cannot be useful, and therefore is not necessary for any son or daughter of Adam. The following is a quotation from Martindale's Dictionary of the Bible: "Pride, inordinate and unreasonable self-esteem, attended with insolence and rude treatment of others. 'It is sometimes,' says a good writer, 'confounded with vanity, and sometimes with dignity; but to the former passion it has more resemblance, and in many circumstances it differs from the latter. Vanity is the parent of loquacious boasting; and the person subject to it, if his pretences be admitted, has no inclination to insult the company. The proud man, on the contrary, is naturally silent, and wrapt in his own importance, seldom speaks but to make his audience feel his own inferiority.—Pride is the high opinion that a poor little contracted soul entertains of itself. Dignity consists in just, great, and uniform actions, and is the opposite to meanness. Pride manifests itself in praising ourselves, adorning our persons, attempting to appear before others in a superior light to what we are, contempt and slander of others, envy at the excellencies others possess, anxiety to gain applause, impatience of contradiction, and opposition to God himself. The evil effects of pride are beyond computation. It has spread itself universally in all nations, among all classes, and it may be said the first sin, as some suppose, that entered into the world, so it seems to be the last to be conquered. It may be considered as the parent of discontent, ingratitude, covetousness, poverty, presumption, passion, extravagance, bigotry, war, and persecution. In fact, there is hardly an evil perpetrated but what pride is connected with it in a remote or proximate sense."

Decency is certainly commendable, and ought to be encouraged in all, but there are motives enough to induce us to be decent in dress and manners, without the necessity of pride, either in a great or small degree.

We by no means wish to speak against decency. We consider decency a virtue—one of the fruits of the spirit, without which the christian's high calling cannot be honored. But we do not discover the necessity of pride, as the spring of this virtue.—Indeed, if this position were granted, we must admit that pride is necessary even in heaven; for there, with the most profound decency, the glorified spirits worship their God; we must admit a plain contradiction—that a moral evil is necessary to the existence of a christian virtue—that the remains of the old man, which are corrupt and unholy, are essential to the existence of the new man, which is righteousness and holiness. But we are commanded to do the will of God on earth, as it is done in heaven. Most assuredly, then, it must be done without pride.

But to be entirely satisfied whether pride is necessary, it would be well to ascertain whether it is a sin, and if it be found to be such, it cannot be necessary, for Providence has never made sin of any sort necessary for the comfort of mankind.

To the word and to the testimony—"Pride and arrogance do I hate." Prov. viii. 13. "Hear me, and give ear; he not proud, for the Lord hath spoken." Jer. xiii. 15. "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom, pride," Ec. Eccl. xvi. 49. "Those that walk in pride, he is able to abase." Dan. iv. 37. "God resisteth the proud." Jam. iv. 6, and 1 Pet. v. 5. Prov. vi. 17, "A proud look" is ranked with several other abominable sins, all of which are declared to be things which the Lord doth "hate," and of pride, as well as of the rest of them, it is affirmed, that they "are an abomination unto him." When our Savior gives us one of the most

striking pictures of the corruption of the human heart which we have in all the Bible he tells us (Mark vii. 22) that "pride" is an evil thing, which "comes from within, and defiles the man." In 1st of John ii. 16, "the pride on which" is placed in this catalogue of sins, of which it is said, they are not of the Father but of the world.

It is easy to perceive from these passages of Scripture, as well as from the word of God in general, that pride is a breach of the divine law; that, as well as other sins, it is abominable in the sight of God; and that it exposes the soul who possesses it, and yields to its direful influence, to the just judgments of God in another world.—And however the divine Being may hear with those who fear him, while the root of his evil remain in their hearts, yet it is vain for them to flatter themselves by pretending that pride is necessary to keep them decent. The word of God has made no excuse for pride, nor for those who possess it; nor permitted us to indulge even the smallest particle of it; but has most unequivocally condemned it, as an abomination in the sight of Him who made us. That pride may secure "luck in the hearts of some who bear the external appearance of humility, that it may sometimes be the main spring of action in those who appear mean under a mistaken notion of humility, or in order to appear humble in the estimation of others; and that, in some instances, it may mingle itself with religious exercises which bear the appearance of zeal and piety, we would not pretend to deny. But these unwholly facts cannot be pleaded in justification of the manner and dress of those who visibly carry the marks of that temper of heart, which, in Solomon's time, was exhibited by a "proud look."

But what shall a professor of the Christian religion do, who, on examining his heart, finds it more or less infected with pride? He must look to Christ. He came to destroy the works of the devil. Pride is one of them. Christ is able and willing to destroy this and all the other evil tempers and desires of the heart, and to fill that heart with pure love. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Reader! do not try to cover or excuse thy sin, but confess it to Christ, have faith in him; he will deliver thy soul, and make thee every while whole.

FROM THE PASTOR'S SKETCH BOOK.

In one of the midland counties of England, lives a blind man, whose occupation sometimes leads him to travel, and who is in the habit of distributing religious tracts wherever he passes. About two years ago, this good man, in one of his journeys, offered a few tracts to a woman, who thankfully received them, took them home, and read them.

It happened that she had a relation married to an attorney in a neighboring town, to whom she sent the tracts after reading them herself. The attorney was an infidel, and openly professed his contempt of Christianity; but the tracts found their way into his house without his knowledge, and were read by his wife with great pleasure.

One day while she was reading one of them, her husband came unexpectedly into her room, and, seeing how she was enjoying an eagerly inquired, why she read those pedlers' books and if there were not good books enough in the house, without reading that trash? Unwilling to irritate him, she quietly closed the tract and laid it aside. It happened however, that while reading again, her husband a second time made his appearance. His anger was now extreme; he scolded, ridiculed, and threatened her; declaring, that she was an angry inquirer, and that he would find it out, and give her a horsewhipping. She endeavored to pacify him as well as she could; but the tracts had brought home the truth to her conscience, nor was she now to be turned aside by human violence.

There was one only child, a daughter, aged fourteen, at this time at a boarding school. But on her return home at the holidays, her mother thought it her duty to put into her hands the books that had been so useful to herself, and engaged her to read them.

On one occasion, while thus engaged, and thinking themselves secure from interruption, the father suddenly burst into the room. His indignation at this discovery can hardly be imagined. "What," cried he, to his affrighted partner, "are you not contented with reading that rubbish to yourself, but must put it into your daughter's hands?" And threatened that his daughter with some severe punishment if ever she dared to read those tracts again. The child, with much sim-

licity and affection, endeavored to calm his anger; she saw his temper gave way, and perceiving: the advantage she had gained, requested his permission to read something to him, that he might judge of her improvement at school. He consented, and the child took up one of the tracts, and began. The father listened; the sentiments of the tract touched his conscience; a gush of mingled feeling rushed to his heart. In spite of his infidelity truth prevailed; a tear stole from his eye, which he could not conceal; his opposition was conquered, and though he said nothing, yet he left the room thoughtful and melancholy.

He could not, however, rest after what he had heard. The very next day he came to his daughter, and requested her to read to him again from the poet's books, as he called them. To this the child readily assented; again and again he renewed his request, till he had heard the whole of their contents.

The numerous references made by the tracts to the Holy Scriptures, directed his attention to the Bible. He began to make it his study, but discarded the idea of the study of his mind. It was obvious, however, that his opinions and feelings were changed.

A short time after he had a paralytic stroke: it was not fatal, and he began to recover. But a divine power had written his heart; sin lay heavy on his conscience, and he expressed much concern about his condition. He was filled with grief at his past conduct, and afraid that he could not ask his partner, whom he had despised and persecuted for her piety, to pray with him. This was a victory which angels might behold with joy. She had seen with pain the approach of his disorder, but how did the change in her husband lessen the severity of the stroke!

From this time the afflicted man began to converse freely on the state of his soul; and daily became more softened. He accepted with gratitude the pure instructions of his sister, and was made a partaker of the consolations of the gospel. The illusions of infidelity vanished, and the hope of glory shone upon his heart. How merciful was this visitation! Had not the tracts been introduced to his house, in all probability he would have sunk under his affliction, without God, and without hope.

Scarcely had he begun to taste the blessings of religion, when he was visited by a second stroke, which was very soon followed by a third, which proved fatal.

He was, however, enabled to trust in that Savior, whom he had formerly despised, and his latter end was joy and peace. During his illness he was visited by many of his old acquaintance, to whom he spoke freely of the charge that had taken place in his soul, and faithfully and affectionately recommended an immediate attention to the concerns of their salvation. The period of his demises arrived, and his faith triumphed over mortality.

His wife and daughter are still alive, and are walking under the influence of those principles which they had so happily embraced, in hope of meeting, in a better state the relative whom they were the instruments of preparing for the bliss to which he has entered before them.

CHRISTIANITY A RULE OF LIFE.

From a discourse upon this subject we extract a few eloquent remarks, which we do with the more readiness, as they abound in all the fulness of truth.

—Is it necessary, that the curtain which hides a future world from our sight should be withdrawn, that the glorious rewards of immortality should be displayed before us in their full figure, and measure, in order to excite our solicitude after a blessedness, which is greater than eye hath seen, or ear heard, or imagination of man can conceive? Let us remember always that the sanctions which the divine law are momentous; that a future life and an exact retribution are certain; that the judgment of God will be without respect of persons; and that the consequences of our present character and conduct are eternal. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

—There are feelings and views, a temper and conduct, which are peculiar to the devoted followers of Jesus Christ. True Christianity is a divine principle implanted in the heart. It is the result of the mind to any articles of faith; nor the observance of external rites; nor the fierce and vindictive spirit of sectarian zeal; nor the heat of an unrestrained and vivid imagination; nor the ebullition of passion. It is not the possession of what is commonly termed a good heart, that is a benevolent and amiable disposition; for this is often found associated with many vices. It is not merely what passes in society under the name of a good moral life; that neither the heart nor the mind is free from the influence of evil; and which obviates the rule of society, and which obviates truth and justice; but at the same time is entirely distinct from the gospel, and indifferently to its peculiar obligations. True Christianity is a much nobler principle. It is far from being, in the limited sense in which we are accustomed to speak, a mere moral life; it is a divine

life. In an advanced and improved state, it is the annihilation of all selfishness, and the love of God and of mankind, motivated by knowledge and chastened by judgment, diffusing itself throughout the man's forming the temper, controlling the thoughts, desires, sentiments, and passions; inspiring exalted and generous purposes, and in their prosecution, arousing all the energies of the body and mind. True Christianity is the image of God, reflected from the soul. It makes the man the friend of man and the child of heaven.

Until the gospel comes to us as an habitual, supreme, and universal rule of life, it is not what it was designed to be. Its requisitions are arduous and great: But with the duty, God in his mercy provides the aid and facility, and in all its requisitions, it has no other, it can have no better object, than that, which is perfectly competent to effect, your present honor and peace, and the final felicity of your nature.

From the Boston Recorder and Telegraph.
NIGHT SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

After a pleasant day's passage upon the Mississippi, we landed, for the night, on the borders of an extensive plantation. At an early hour we retired to our births to rest. I had been asleep between two and three hours, when I was awoke by the sound of a human voice. I went up on the bank, and listened; it was the voice of one in fervent prayer, proceeding from a log cabin a few rods distant. It was a beautiful scene. The moon, full orbed, was shedding her mild and placid rays upon the surrounding objects; the river, like one vast mirror, extended up and down as far as the eye could reach; and, except the broken accents that at intervals fell upon my ear, an universal silence pervaded the whole scene.

I walked softly towards the cabin whence the voice proceeded, and found between twenty and thirty slaves, assembled from this and neighboring plantations, holding a religious conference. I stood uninvited at a little distance from the door, which was partly opened, to observe their manner of conducting the meeting. After prayer was concluded, one, who, as I was afterwards informed, usually officiated, rose and addressed the meeting. Never did I witness a more solemn and interesting scene. The speaker, who appeared to have more piety than learning in his broken dialect gave a description of that world of sinners, whose souls were indeed hell, and will be the inevitable portion of all who did not repent of sins, and make their peace with God. He urged them in strong and forcible language so to do; portraying to the penitent, in the same broken sentences, the happiness of heaven as their everlasting reward. Many were affected to tears.

After listening some time to the earnest exhortations of this humble preacher, I returned home, and was indeed held in bondage, but whose soul had I, I trust, been brought into the "glorious liberty of the sons of God." I returned to the boat, hoping we should one day meet in that blessed world where there is neither bond nor free, but Christ is all in all.

The next morning I made inquiries respecting this meeting, and found that it was regularly held by these slaves every Saturday evening, with the consent and approbation of their masters, who told me it had been productive of much good.

T. A. D.

From the Methodist Magazine.
A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MA-NUNCU, an Indian chief of the Wyandot nation, and a convert to Christianity: furnished by himself.

I am now fifty years old. I was born at Sandwich, Upper Canada, of Wyandot parents, belonging to the Little Turtle tribe. My parents were members of the Roman Catholic church, in consequence of which I was baptized in my childhood, in that church. When I was about seven years old, my parents removed to Mow-ga-go, where we lived about ten years; and from thence to Brown's Town, where I lived, until I removed to Sandusky about twenty-two years ago. Although my parents were members of the Roman Catholic church, yet they were destitute of the power of religion. My mother sometimes told me not to do certain things, which she said were wrong; but she often did those things herself: I followed her example, more than her advice. At about the age of seventeen, I began to learn to drink, to box, and fight.

At Wayne's battle, I was there, and came near losing my life: many balls went through my clothes. When I was about eighteen, I commenced hunting, and got married. For twenty years I lived a hunter; but such are the customs among the Indians that I made no riches by hunting; although a good hunter, particularly for beaver; pursuing them on horseback, through all kinds of woods. Once I came near being caught by a wounded bear, by going into a thicket on foot after him, but I was preserved. At the time the Shawnee prophet, (Tecumseh's brother), was stirring up the Indians to war through his lies, I was appointed to speak to the people from this I was led on to what I now am.

Although I had been baptized, yet I still held the traditions of the Indians. When Br. John Steward came among us, and preached to us the gospel through an interpreter, who had been raised among us, it caused me to wonder, and struck conviction to my heart: but I did not yield, nor forsake the old traditional customs of the nation. When brother Finley came among us, and preached the same doctrine, I was convinced. I took to the Bible; it took to me like a father, and got him to read it to me. This book told me what sort of a man I was. I was now completely convinced. I now set out to seek the Lord.—I looked back on my life, and saw all my evils.—I was led to see that God was merciful and good in bearing with me, —so God led me on to find his mercy.

When I now look back on my sinful life, I feel I was a devil in sin. Three years I sought the Lord. Two years ago, God overtook me in the plain: I fell on my knees to praise the Lord; the Spirit said, Ma-nuncu, you was a hunter of bear and deer; now you must be a soul hunter. Blessed be the name of God, I feel like going on. March 10th 1827.

MORNING STAR.

LIMERICK:
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1827.

LIFE OF BENJAMIN RANDAL.

As several orders have been received for copies of this work, we deem it necessary to state, that it has been sometime in press, and will be issued in the course of five or six weeks; when all orders will be promptly and punctually attended to.

FREDRICK BAPTIST REGISTER.

We would inform those who have ordered Registers to be sent by mail, that the Postage on them is so high, and hoping to meet with opportunity to send them by private conveyance, we have hitherto delayed to send them. However, if we do not meet with a chance to send them privately, we shall forward them agreeably to their request.

BOWDOIN QUARTERLY MEETING.

Bowdoin, Oct. 5, 1827.
Br. Burbank.—As the columns of the Star are open to receive communications of a religious nature, I now favor you with a short account of the state of Zion through this section of the country, as we received it at the last session of the Bowdoin quarterly meeting, which convened the third and fourth of the present month in Topham. A goodly number of preachers, brethren, and sisters, having met at the meeting house from various parts of the country, the meeting was opened by singing and prayer. Then we proceeded to organize the same by choosing Eld. Abner Bridges, moderator, and Br. Silas Curtis, assistant clerk. Reports of the committees, which were chosen at the last session to visit the several churches through the quarterly meeting, were received, most of which gave a favorable report that love, union, harmony and good order prevailed among the churches.

We then received information from the several churches by letter and messengers, but in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, there were a few of the more distant churches, that were not represented. The church on Small-Point, which had for a long time been in a low and scattered condition, has recently been visited with a refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The old saints have been comforted, backsliders reclaimed and sinners converted, and the work is still going on in the church. God. This church was visited by a committee, who labored among them and sat things in order, and the Lord has blessed their labors. There is also some revival in Lewiston 2d church, and some other places in this quarterly meeting. Upon the whole, it appears that the brethren and sisters are striving to be overcomers through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony; that they may at last be counted worthy to stand before the Son of man. There is a general resolution in this quarterly meeting to attend to the order of God's house, as directed in the scriptures of truth; and we hope that the day is not far distant, when the King's highway will be cleared, every stumbling block be removed out of the way of poor sinners, and the day springing from on high again visit us, and all who profess the religion of Christ. O, that we all might feel the weight of the cause so to rest on our minds, as unitedly and most fervently to lay siege to the throne of Grace, and pray for the spread of Immanuel's kingdom, pleading the promise of our Lord, saying, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, it shall be given you." The promises of the Lord are verity and truth, and there are none who come to God, humbly pleading the merits of Christ, that shall be sent empty away.

We also met on Thursday morning agreeably to appointment, and enjoyed a

refreshing season, while sitting under the word preached by Eld. Knott. After sermon in the afternoon, the subject of ordination was attended to by a committee of Elders, when Br. Silas Curtis of Lewiston was set apart to the work of the ministry, by the laying on of hands. Eld. George Lamb made the introductory prayer. Eld. Abner Bridges gave the charge, and Eld. Allen Pillsbury the benediction of fellowship. Concluding prayer by Eld. A. Bridges. The service terminated. STEPHEN PIERCE, Clerk.

Copy of a letter from our Countryman, sent to the editor, dated Kingston, N.Y. Sept. 29.

Dear brother—I thought it might not be amiss for me to write a few lines to you, respecting the dealings of God to me in my travels. Since my last to you, I have travelled into a number of towns and plantations. This eastern country, and indeed some of the good world of the Lord in a number of places, which still encourages me to trust in God, and strive for humility. Some may think it strange why I should travel so much in the wilderness part of the land, where there are no roads, that I sometimes have to leave my horse, and travel on foot by spitted-line, from log cottage to cottage. I remember a Nehemiah, while travelling around the walls of Jerusalem, came to a place where there was no road for his beast under him to go. He did not stop his journey for that, but left his beast and journeyed onward. Are we better than he was? I remember of hearing my fathers and mothers in Israel, in the Sandy Brook country, tell how they used to travel from six to twelve miles, and some of them by spotted lines, to get to conference meeting, when the little churches were first planted in that country. Now see the numerous bodies of brethren and sisters in that land. Many of them can now have a large Conference in their own neighborhood, but I must forbear. My least burns within me, whilst I see the large field for labors in this eastern country. O, my young brethren in the ministry, let us go forth into the gospel field, and sow with an Isaiah, "Here am I, Lord, send me." Let us not be afraid of the bad roads and log cottages. O, may I be more humble, so that I can be more useful. I attended the Easter quarterly meeting, which was held on the 15th and 16th of this month, when I heard the reports of the churches, and saw the low state of Zion in general in this quarter. I could say, "O that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears; that I could weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people." I think there is the appearance of a cloud attesting of the big rain of heaven over this town and the adjoining plantation. There has been of late been a revival of religion in the town of Madison. I have baptized seven, and Eld. Merrill, a number more. I have baptized ten in other towns since I wrote to you, and have now a meeting appointed in the town of Hamilton for baptism. LEONARD HATHAWAY.

"The wrath of man shall praise him." We have each a letter from a gentleman in Virginia to his friend in this city, dated Sept. 24th, giving an account of a camp meeting which he attended, the week previous, about forty miles from Charlottesville, at which, from two to three thousand persons were present. "And Satan came also among them," with some of his valiant soldiers, armed with darts and other carnal weapons, threatening vengeance on the children of God. But "the angel of the Lord encamped round about them, and delivered them." The hosts of the enemy were smitten by the hammer of God's word; and some of them deserted the cause of their master and came over on the Lord's side. One man, who had a gambling table erected in the woods, some distance from the meeting, hired a man to attend to it, and went himself to the encampment to seek for customers among the people. But while there, the Lord sent an arrow from a well drawn bow, which fastened in his heart, and he fell prostrate on the earth, confessing his sins, crying for mercy, and (in the language of the writer) "told all his gambling establishment." He was reckoned among the sixty converts who found peace and pardon at this meeting.—Chris. Adv.

Ecclesiastical Affairs of Colombia.—The Norfolk Beacon contains a translation of a letter addressed by Pope Leo XII. to Gen. Santander, Vice President of the Colombian Republic, confirming the appointment of Archbishop Bogota and Caracas and Bishops of St. Martha and Cuenca. It appears however, that the Colombian Envoy was unable to obtain the Bull and Robe of Ceremony necessary for taking possession of the Mitre without first pledging "His Holiness," a considerable sum of money. The Colombian editor, from whose paper the letter is copied, comments freely on the avaricious disposition betrayed by this act,—more freely than a Catholic community would bear, if not already disgusted with the conduct of the Pope.

On the whole, it may be doubted whether the latter has at all increased his influence by the course he has taken; since without regaining the affections of the new Republics, he has offended the government of Spain.

The Clergy of Colombia now consists of 1 Archbishop, 4 Bishops, and according to an official report within the present year, 94 Parishes, 892 Curates, and a number of various grades, amounting in all to 1694 persons. The population is 2,800,000.—N. Y. Obs.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Portland, Oct. 2.—Improvement.—We understand that a number of gentlemen of this town, have purchased the site at the head of Long-wharf, fronting Fore-street, recently vacated by fire, for the purpose of erecting a *Missionary Church*. To promote this valuable object of benevolence and assist in building the church, several thousand dollars have already been subscribed by individuals of Portland. This enterprise reflects great credit on the philanthropy of the gentlemen who have interested themselves in the accomplishment of so valuable an object. In addition to the amount to the town and security against future conflagration, it promises still greater and more durable monuments to their praise, in the benefit it will be a means of conferring on the hardy sons of Neptune. It will instruct them in the principles and use of that compass, the direction of which will enable them to steer safely through the treacherous and billowy, and amidst the rocks and shoals of life prosperously, and safely land them at the haven of eternal rest.

Temperance.—The members of the Medical Society of New York have, from time to time, exhorted their brethren in Massachusetts, by denouncing the use of spirituous liquors, as the cause of disease and death, and inexorable in any one who wishes to regain his health or strength. We take pleasure in thus adding another to the already numerous testimonies of medical men, to the utility of ardent spirits for the promotion or recovery of health. The influence which physicians have over the public, in every thing relating to health, is very great, and if they would use it in a proper manner, they would become the honored instruments of rescuing many victims from the altar of intemperance; and, in fact, of bringing about an entire change in the opinions of a large portion of community in relation to this subject. Of this fact they are becoming more convinced, and appearances indicate that those who are exerting themselves for the promotion of temperance will ere long find active and able coadjutors in the physicians of our country.—*Philadelphia.*

Philadelphia, Sept. 27.—Ship Wreck from the Rocky Mountains.—A letter dated "Sweet Water Lake, July 21st, 1827," received by a gentleman of this city, says,—"Mr. Smith, one of our readers, arrived a few days since, in forty days from the Gulf of California. He has explored the country south of this. He informs us that he was on board of two merchant vessels from Boston—the ship Courier, Capt. Cunningham, and a schooner, the name of which I cannot remember. Capt. C. was taking in a cargo of hides, and the schooner Mr. Smith had been given up for lost. His sufferings were extreme, owing to the vast snail deers lying between this place and the Gulf."

Casden, (S. C.) Sept. 22.—On Wednesday last, an Alligator was discovered, by a negro man crossing the main road a short distance below the Bridge over Pine tree creek. He was pursued, and the alligator was killed. It was brought to the place and measured ten and a half feet in length, and weighed 346 pounds.

Singular Death.—A letter from Lyons, N. Y., of the 20th, has the following:—"Last Sunday, when the storm raged, Mr. B. proprietor in the environs, perceived that a gust of wind had raised a bee in his garden; he ran to raise it up, but instantly the whole swarm of bees lighted on him, and covered him with stings. Mr. B. attempted to cry out, and many of these insects got into his mouth, and he died from suffocation in consequence.—*Sternately Cabinet.*

Gov. Clinton, of N. York, has removed Eli Bruce from the office of Sheriff, for violation of his duty as a good citizen and a faithful officer, in being concerned in the abduction of William Morgan.

Land of Stately Habits.—A father and son have held the office of *Town-Clerk* of Norwich, Conn. From the year, 1826 to the present time—101 years.

Mrs. Hannah M. Carrels, of Montpelier, N. C., while in an indigo patch, cutting that plant was barbarously shot at, one shot passing through her nose and right cheek, two others through the back part of her head, one in her right breast, lodging under her arm, and one in her left hip; the other two men shot holes in her handkerchief, and about the same time she did not see the person who shot her, she suspected her husband, and charged him with being the perpetrator of the brutal deed; upon which he was apprehended, and committed to jail.

Beaver, (Pa.) Sept. 21.—Distressing Decider.—Two boys, Robert M. Clain and Lambert Riley, aged about 15 or 16 years, were digging clay for brick out of a bank 6 or 7 feet high, at New Brighton, about 4 miles from this place, when the bank fell down on them, in such a quantity that they were completely buried, and the surrounding objects were covered with a sulphurous dust. This process of expelling the sulphur and pulverizing the mass of pyritic rock, is very similar to that of slacking lime, heat being produced in the same manner.—From these heaps the pyrites is thrown upon a sledge, and the live drawn into leaden vats. Lead is used in the construction of the vats because other metals are liable to decomposition from the action of the liquid. In these vats the live becomes reduced to a proper degree of strength, when it is conveyed into wooden vats and left to form crystals of copper upon the sides or upon boards thrown in for the purpose. The form of the crystals is rhombic, and the color a beautiful green. The works are owned by a company in Boston, and have been in operation for many years, they have been made more extensive lately. The quality of the copper is very good, and it is generally used through the country, nearly ten thousand tons being annually sent to market from Stafford.

The National Intelligencer adds:—"We do not believe that fewer than 50 deaths have occurred exactly in the same manner within the United States, during the last twelve months. Mr. O'Neal, one of the persons lately injured by a similar accident in this city, died of his bruises on Saturday last."

More Rich Treasures discovered in our Mountains.—An extensive bed of "Manganese" of the purest kind has recently been discovered in Clarendon, in this county, on the farm of Volcott H. Keen. We are informed that 50 tons has already been dug. Mr. Jacob Day of Fairhaven, and Mr. Barnard, of Clarendon, are engaged in it, and it is apprehended that it will prove to be a very handsome business to them. It is said to be worth about \$50 per ton.—*Rutland Vt. Her.*

Lead Mines.—We have been informed that a lead ore has been found in Shelburne, N. H., of a quality much superior to the best found in mines, which yield that which is considered good. We have seen a piece of it, which, if it is any thing of a fair specimen, would lead us to conjecture that it is very pure. We have not heard that it has yet been assayed sufficiently to ascertain the extent of its bed; but have been informed that it is supposed to be very abundant.

We have also conversed with a gentleman of high respectability, who informed us that the lead mine owned by Hon. J. W. Ripley, of Freyburg, in Eaton, N. H. was very extensive, and that Dr. Webster, of Harvard University, had visited it the present season, and pronounced it to be of a superior quality to any that had ever come under his observation.—*Oxford Observer.*

A Mr. Paul Brown has published a sketch of "12 months in N. Harmony,"—to the truth of which he has obtained the certificate of 12 of the local residents. The Narrative professes to "disclose the real views and genuine character of Black Omen, and to unmask his hypocrisy." If this be a true account, the "transformations of the place, it must have deserved any other name sooner than that of New-Harmony—it must have been a new sort of Harmony.

Speedy Justice.—The Seonington, Conn. Telegraph mentions that a fisher who got drunk at that borough on Wednesday last, knocked down a citizen, was himself taken up, fined seven dollars and cost, and condemned to thirty days imprisonment, and all this in two hours. There is nothing like our law to mete out justice to a man who will insure to himself a jail or a halter, with a bottle of rum, more than with any other legal means that we know of.

The Kentucky Reporter relates the following incident of a recent occurrence. The time of service of an excellent blacksmith lately expired. The keeper of the prison was desirous of retaining him, on account of his mechanical skill, and offered him 50 or 60 dollars per week, and he was to be paid at the end of each week. He had seen but a short time since, perhaps only a few days, before he stole a horse, and was again sentenced—so that he has resumed his station without wages.

The New-Hampshire Journal, a paper published at Concord, has received within the last five weeks an addition of 618 subscribers, and although it is but a little more than one year since its commencement, it now numbers upon its subscription list, three thousand persons.

The corresponding Proprietors of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, have received an order, from South America for twenty printing presses.

A new town is to be built on the river St. Marks, in Florida, to be called Magnolia. The site is chosen about five miles distant from the fort of St. Marks, and is said to be secure, healthy, and very advantageous for trade. St. Marks itself is low, unwholesome, and frequently flooded.

Abridgement of Scott's Napoleon.—An abridgement of Scott's Napoleon, has lately been published by Messrs. Collins & Hannay of New York. The maker of this abridgement observes in an advertisement to the work, that his aim has been to render it what its author expressly says he originally designed it to be, "a brief and popular abstract of the most wonderful character, and the most extraordinary events of the past twenty years."

At Columbus, Ohio, on the fifth ult, three persons of the name of Saul, father and two sons were killed by "fire damp," in descending a well.

Yellow Fever.—The last accounts from New-Orleans state that the yellow fever is still prevailing in that city. Several cases have been reported by the board of health both in Charleston and Savannah.

Canal Boats.—On the 2d and 3d instants, one hundred and thirteen canal boats arrived at Albany, and seventy-four cleared with merchandise.

A fire broke out in Elizabeth city, (N. C.) on the first inst, which destroyed eight houses.

15,000 yards of cotton cloths are stored daily at Lowell, Mass.

Windsor, (Vt.) Oct. 6.
Stafford Coppera Works.—Nine miles north of Norwich, Vermont, on the side of a hill, are situated the Stafford Coppera Works. The soil of the hill is thin, and covers an immense quantity of massive pyrites. Immediately above the pyritic rock, is found an incrustation of argillaceous earth, mixed with petrifactions of nuts, leaves, &c. The rock is fissile and undergoes the following process, in order to be converted into copper:—

It is first broken into small pieces, and thrown into large heaps, in which situation it is allowed to remain for some months; during which time, the sulphur with which the rock is strongly impregnated is partially expelled, and the pieces of rock become completely pulverized, or disintegrated. The smell of sulphur is very powerful, and the surrounding objects are covered with a sulphurous dust. This process of expelling the sulphur and pulverizing the mass of pyritic rock, is very similar to that of slacking lime, heat being produced in the same manner.—From these heaps the pyrites is thrown upon a sledge, and the live drawn into leaden vats. Lead is used in the construction of the vats because other metals are liable to decomposition from the action of the liquid. In these vats the live becomes reduced to a proper degree of strength, when it is conveyed into wooden vats and left to form crystals of copper upon the sides or upon boards thrown in for the purpose. The form of the crystals is rhombic, and the color a beautiful green. The works are owned by a company in Boston, and have been in operation for many years, they have been made more extensive lately. The quality of the copper is very good, and it is generally used through the country, nearly ten thousand tons being annually sent to market from Stafford.

FOREIGN.

The Greeks.—An arrival at this port from Smyrna, brings Gibraltar papers to Sept. 6th. A Russian fleet consisting of 4 sail of the line, 4 frigates, and a store ship, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar on the 5th ult. Capt. G. Lord left Smyrna, Aug. 8, at which time a large naval force, Russian, English, French, Austrian, &c. was assembling there. All the U. S. Squadron was in the Archipelago, destined for Smyrna.

The Vice Roy of Egypt was represented as hastening the departure of the fleet; a part of which had already sailed. An Algerine frigate, and a corsair remained at Alexandria, in consequence of occurrences at Algiers. The plague has been prevented by precautionary measures. Almost every vessel from Trieste, Leghorn and Marseilles has been overhauled by the Greek Pirates, and their cargoes, in whole, or in part taken from them. Lord Cochrane was at Paros, with the Hellas and some smaller vessels.—*Bost. Trav.*

TRIESTE, Aug. 20.—Letters from Corin of the 5th August state, that Lord Cochrane, on the 1st of the month, fell upon a division of the Turkish fleet near Zante, and attacked it with such impetuosity that the Commodore, leaving his vessel of war in his power. On the 2d, Lord C. made sail with his prizes for Castle Tornese. The brig St. George, commanded by a nephew of Lord C. was ordered to pursue the fugitives, and, if possible, capture them. This happy occurrence will probably restore the spirits of the Greek marine, and confidence in the Greeks in Lord Cochrane.

Aug. 25.—Messrs. Pailleur and Peyronnet, French physicians, who were charged with a scientific mission by the Paris Geographical Society, will embark at the end of the month at Antwerp for Colombia. They will land at Carthagena, from whence they will begin their excursions. The correspondent division of the Geographical Society has prepared for these young natural philosophers very interesting labors, the contents of the natural, moral, and political history of that country, with a view to continue and complete what Humboldt has left to be done.

The French government have authorized a scientific research to be made, on a very extensive plan, in the interior of Asia. It has been suggested by the professors of the King's Garden, and is to be under the direction of Monsieur Victor Jacquemot, a highly distinguished naturalist.

Gambling in London.—We find in the London papers, appalling accounts of the number, extent, and rapid multiplication of gaming houses in London, and the King's ministers are loudly called upon to enforce the existing law, or, if they are inadequate to the suppression of the evil, to enact new ones. The proprietors of the Pandemonium in James-street, has now raised a grand edifice, the estimated expense of which is 72,000; and it is stated that, to the disgrace of twelve hundred individuals comprising some of the first names among the nobility and gentry, so many have been seduced to subscribe each a sum of 500, towards erecting such a structure.—N. Y. Spy.

A Curious Circumstance occurred at Elford, Herts, Eng. a few days ago. A fine little child, about two years and a half old, was missed by his father who is gardener in a gentleman's family. Concluding that the child had fallen into one of the ponds in the garden, they were searched, but nothing found which could lead to a discovery.—The out houses, in fact the neighborhood, were searched, but no trace of the child was found. In the evening a boy, who was passing the dog house, which was chained a large Newfoundland dog, which usually plays no one had ventured near, except the little infant fast asleep in the humming-bird's nest. The dog, on seeing the child, and the animal would round the child's neck. On his attempting to approach the child, the dog showed symptoms of determination to retain possession of his little captives, and the mother of the boy to call the father of the child to his rescue. He then was denied approach, but the infant being awake, was immediately permitted to leave the kennel, to run to the arms of its overjoyed parents.

Eng. paper.
A new way of describing housekeeping. Last week about ten o'clock at night, the inhabitants of the Church way, North Shields, were alarmed by an extraordinary noise at a house in the lane leading from Bedford street. A constable was sent for, and on his demanding admittance, the door was instantly opened. A scene of a description rarely witnessed was presented. A man perfectly sober, of decent appearance, and good character, was breaking every article of furniture in his house to pieces, and it was all of the best quality. He was covered with the sweat of his conduct, he, with the greatest mildness, replied, "Gentlemen, I have used every endeavor to keep a house above my head for the last three years, but on account of my small capital, and find it impossible to do so any longer." Every article in the house lay in the middle of the floor, broken to pieces, except a table, which it appears, was the property of his wife before she died of the small pox.

Time-Mercury.
Herring Shower in Scotland. A singular phenomenon occurred at Montrose one night last week, being nothing less than a large shower of herring, which fell upon the town, and covered the ground at the north end of the town. The surprise which filled the minds of the people at that quarter, in the morning on seeing nearly a acre of the fish, with the vegetables and roots in the garden, and the inhabitants of the deep, may easily be supposed. The only way of accounting for this strange occurrence is, that the fry had been conveyed thither by a water spout from the Atlantic Ocean.

MARRIED.

In the town, on Sunday morning, by Eld. John Oliver Moulton, to Miss Susan M. Kuzick.

In Cornish, 1st inst. Mr. Clark C. Cole, to Miss Mary E. Briggs, both of C.

DIED.

In Farnsworth, on the 10th inst. James W. D. Davis, a child of Mr. Moses Davis.

In Bangor, Miss Dorothy C. Loughton, aged 20

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Limerick within and for the County of York, on the first Tuesday in October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-seven.

ALICE HASTY, administratrix of the estate of **WILLIAM HASTY, late of Waterbury in said county, yeoman, deceased,** having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, to the Court of Probate, she doth hereby give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Morning Star, printed at the County of York, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Alford in said county, on the first Tuesday in January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

JONAS CLARK, Judge.

At a Court of Probate held at Limerick within and for the County of York, on the first Tuesday in October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-seven.

SARAH CURGIN, administratrix of the estate of **JOHN CURGIN, late of Limerick in said county, deceased,** having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, to the Court of Probate, she doth hereby give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Morning Star, printed at the County of York, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Alford in said county, on the first Tuesday in June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

JONAS CLARK, Judge.

At a Court of Probate held at Limerick within and for the County of York, on the first Tuesday in October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-seven.

JOHN CURGIN, administratrix of the estate of **JOHN CURGIN, late of Limerick in said county, deceased,** having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, to the Court of Probate, she doth hereby give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Morning Star, printed at the County of York, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Alford in said county, on the first Tuesday in January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

JONAS CLARK, Judge of said Court.

A true copy—Attest,
WM. CUTLER ALLEN, Register.

Oct. 11.
At a Court of Probate held at Limerick within and for the County of York, on the first Tuesday in October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-seven.
JOHN CURGIN, administratrix of the estate of **JOHN CURGIN, late of Limerick in said county, deceased,** having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, to the Court of Probate, she doth hereby give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Morning Star, printed at the County of York, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Alford in said county, on the first Tuesday in January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

POETRY.

"LOOKING UP TO JESUS"

Thou, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,—
Thy blooded labor done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

Man may no longer trace,
In thy celestial face,
The image of the bright, the viewless One;
Nor may thy sacred bear,
Save with faith's raptured ear,
The voice of tenderness, God's holy son!

Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in thee;
Before thy Father's face,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread,
Whom shall we in dust and blood,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread!

O thou, who art our life!
Be with us through the strife!
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed?
Rise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend! Guardian! Savior! which doth lead to thee!
Christian Economist.

MISCELLANY.

[Boston Spectator.]
THE ATHEIST.

The sources of human happiness and misery are as various as the events of human life. It is the duty of the philosopher, thoroughly to investigate the springs from whence flow these different streams, and to choose the limpid and salubrious waters of virtue, rather than the foul and poisonous element of vice. The former flows through a land stamped by nature with fertility and peace—the latter rolls its murky and viperous tide through a desert, beset with the wants, woe, and curses of life. Here the Atheist "pitches his tent," surrounded by dark vapors, which obscure and pervert objects by its distorting medium. Let us take into consideration the sorry situation of that man who says "there is no God." Need we search beyond the horizon of this life to find him a moving image of despair, from whose path peace flies as from the fair of the tiger? We will survey him in his best state: high in all the pride of intellectual energy—the votary of science, of ambition—scheming to reach that world that which binds him to his Creator, yet a uniformity of wretchedness pervades him in every situation. Let us first view him in youth, rushing forward into life, and rising the alluring height of ambition with the swiftness and brilliancy of a meteor. The splendid scenes which surround him, the plaudits of his fellow men, the huzzas of the despicable mob, and the approbation of those he is ambitious to please, will banish for a while that intruder, thought! But the ideas that he is but, for a day—that these scenes will pass away, and he return to his original nothingness—that the iron sleep of death is an eternal slumber—that his path through this life will be like the track of the ship through the pathless ocean—the waves may sparkle round him in his course, yet the waters of oblivion will close over it forever. These thoughts will shatter his aerial fabric of pleasure, and misery will bear away amid its ruins. He anticipates with a vague horror, the time when his eyes, now beaming with intelligence, will be closed in the sleep of ages—when the crawling worm shall fatten upon his fair form, trembling with corruption. He conceives that no morrow will light up the cold regions of the grave with the fair sun of eternity. His life is an island winter—where chill Despair binds in chains his best energies. Is he an orator? who would condescend to be taught by that man who has conquered all every thing human and divine? Though his eloquence, like the resistless extract, might bend down opinion, prejudice, and passion in its course, yet reason's returning tide would sweep from the mind every argument the atheistical orator would establish. For who would not distrust the eloquence of that man whose life and doctrines were a contradiction of the first principles of reason? How splendidly sover his talents, yet they being up to us what the watching bug would on some night to the midnight mariner—a warning to avoid its dangers. We will view him again as the father of a family, blessed with all those delights such a situation is capable of bestowing—rolling in wealth and viewing his offspring rising up around him in beauty, health, and knowledge. He must leave them with the idea of never again meeting them. He can commend them to no Almighty arm to protect and educate them—he believes not, in that

power. He cannot teach them the path of duty by declaring future rewards and punishments—he believes not in that futurity. He leaves them a defenceless prey to vice, which he would avoid for the unguarded and endangers the unprotected. Sensible of these things, he in vain basks in the sunshine of power and prosperity—the verdure of hope can never flourish in his bosom. In spite of the gifts of Providence, scattered profusely around him, still his forehead wears the deep lines of care. Like some rock that protrudes itself in the face of heaven, though the sun has shone and the rain descended upon it for ages, yet still it is bleak and barren, and bears the marks of its brow but the channel of the torrent and the desolation of the tempest. Let us pause for a little time and view the old age of the Atheist. Ye who weep over the remains of former grandeur, who shed the tear of sorrow over the place where Athens stood and Rome flourished, approach and contemplate this wretched ruin of human intellect! The periods of hope and ambition are passed away—youth has fled with its sunny days, its joys, its infirmities, and its hopeless season of age has arrived. What is the prospect?—either an eternity of misery, or an unbounded nobility awaits him—the consequence of his belief and conduct. The scene darkens around him—the hour of death comes, and where is the calm smile irradiating the face of the dying Christian? The companions of his youth are gone—the pleasures of life, in a quick succession, have vanished—those who trod with him in the flowery paths of literature have fallen in their career—those who directed his aspiring genius, have yielded to the all-controlling power of death—and he is sensible that his own heart, with all its generous, open vessels, must in a little time become a mere clod of the valley. Age, at best, is "dark and unlovely," but when divested of the consoling hopes of the Christian, man experiences the climax of human misery.—Atheism deserves the severest frowns of society, in whatever time or period of life it is seen. It is a doctrine beneath the combat of reason, and like a heinous crime, should experience only our detestation. Ye maidens, whose smiles and frowns in a great degree regulate the conduct of the viper, rather take the spotted, envenomed viper to your bosoms, than him who disbelieves the existence of a Supreme Being—the one will at once inflict the deadly blow, yet the other will but protract your a lengthened life of misery. Though he comes clothed in honors and riches, though the angelic smile pervade his features, though he speak with the voice of eloquence, yet beneath these seeming flowers lurks a deadly poison, which will destroy your pleasures here and endanger those of futurity. Ye "men whose suffrages place virtue and talents in power," is that man a candidate of responsibility, whom no oath can bind?—who needs only to bask the feeble bonds of morality to free him from it? Is he a worthy member of society whose life and doctrine strike a deadly blow at its root? Your character as men, your duty as Christians, equally demand that you neglect the most brilliant talents when found with such a companion as atheism. The Atheist should stalk through life unhonored by any responsible trust—though the tongue of the Christian should ever be ready to assist him in the way of truth, and the tear of the philanthropist ever flow for his wretchedness; but the duties incumbent upon Christians to assist him in any manner, denouncing the *Atheist*, though you may admire the man. All his other qualities receive an additional embellishment from his talents. By these, his character is so ornamented, as to appear so beautiful, when in reality it is vicious. As the setting sun illumines the clouds which overhang it with a lustre resembling the most brilliant gold, yet take away the borrowed brightness, and these same clouds are dark, dull, and a collection of mid-winter vapors. Thus we see the miseries of the Atheist, as it respects this life alone, are immense; he has no comfort to assist him in bearing up against the tide of injustice and calamity an injurious world may direct against him—his way in life is comfortless and sad, and when he dies, with all his talents,

"He will fall like a bright exhalation in the orb of fate,
And no man see him more."

From Freuden's Journal.

"I'LL DO IT TO-MORROW."

"What'er thou purportest I'll do,
With an unwearyed zeal pursue;
To-day is time—improve to-day,
Nor trust to morrow's distant ray."

It is the nature of man ever to procrastinate. Allured by the bright prospects of to-day, he is flattered, that the morrow will bring him some change. While to-day, man basks in the grove of pleasure, and lulled in the lap of *Eate*, he forgets that to-morrow may witness all his hopes blasted, and he a son of competency, and the dupe of capricious fortune. Ever apt to defer business of the most momentous nature till the dawn of to-morrow's sun, his language is—"To-morrow I will do this—I will execute that thing"—I will finish such

a piece of work.—I will meet such an engagement.—I will marry such a mechanic, father of large families, were One to call on him, at any time, would be discovered indolently seated in their houses, or in their yards, with their feet resting in a chair, or against the sills of a door, with one hand in their loosens and the other in their breeches' pockets, with a pipe in their mouths, and with their eyes neither opened, or entirely closed, while their business is neglected, their children clothed in rags, and their wives unhappy and the object of pity—and the language is ever "To-morrow I'll go to work."—To-morrow I'll unfold my arms—I'll be vigilant.—To-morrow I'll provide for my children, and to-morrow I'll restore my wife to happiness." Is not this the character of *Harry the carpenter*? Ask him when you will, to frame a building, or to repair a barn, and he will tell you, "Not to-day—it is too warm, or it is too cold—not to-morrow!"

He is a man of family, and his children are distinguished as the children of the neighborhood by their ragged appearance, and his wife is not less known, by the dejected melancholy, which Harry's procrastination to execute the matters of his family has caused to veil her countenance.

Notwithstanding Mrs. L. cannot attend divine services on the Sabbath, her bonnet being opposed to decency, and neither the little boys or the girls have attended the district school, the husband and father, Harry Stothill, is in good health, and spends his time either at home, with a pipe in his mouth, or in a tipping cellar, full of political matter.

"Father," said Joe, the eldest boy, "will you get me a pair of shoes? I should like very much to attend the Sabbath school." "Yes! to-morrow," was the reply.

It was during the revival, when Mrs. L. desirous to attend the public baptism, of such were to be to be admitted into the fellowship, asked her husband for a bonnet and a pair of shoes, in a manner, which exemplified her amiable disposition, and she received of him the usual currency of "To-morrow!"—"Harry," said she, "why don't you go to work?" Here, Mr. L. has called several times, wants you to go to work for him: the materials for building are all ready. If you would only go to work, we should soon have many things that we stand greatly in need of. "Yes! said Harry, to-morrow I'll go to work."—"I will go to work."

"Day rolls on day, and year on year,
And nothing yet is done.
There's always something to delay
The business of another day.
And thus in silent waiting stand
The piles of stone and piles of wood,
'Till Death who in his vast affairs
Ne'er puts things off—as men do theirs—
And thus, if I the truth must tell,
Does his wife find her husband's will
Worked at his finger as he goes,
'Your house is finished, Sir, at last!
A narrow house—a house of clay—
Your palace for another day!"

THIS IS A STRANGE WORLD.

Yes,—and a strange sort of beings inhabit it! Indeed I am of opinion the world is not so much to blame as the inhabitants; and was every person strictly to examine his own conduct, I am persuaded, instead of laying the blame on the world, he would say, of himself, "this is a strange creature," but to attend to the consequence of our own conduct, is a task too burdensome; it is much easier to lay all the blame upon the world. The preacher who, by his dullness, has driven all his people from the church, looks around (after he has delivered a soporific) at the empty pews, and sighs out, what a dull congregation! "this is a strange world."

Authors who "painful vigil keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep,"—when they find their works neglected and themselves sinking into oblivion, marvel with their readers for their want of taste, this, say they, "is a strange world."—Farmers who mix rye with their wheat, pour water with their Cider, tie up swinging looms with their Flax, and practicing many other frauds with their produce; when they find it will not sell, lay the blame on the merchant for endeavoring to keep down the market, "this is a strange world," say they, with deep groans, as they return home, having been forced to sell their adulterated produce at half price.—The merchant who has jockeyed, shaved and bit his customers until none but those who are forced by their poverty, will deal with him, when he perceives his honest neighbor taking his best custom from him, exclaim! "this is a strange world."—The haughty Spark paying his addresses to a lady of prudence and sensibility, depending on the riches of his father, and his own fashionable many caped coat and curled locks, to carry every thing before them,—when he finds himself neglected, and the affections of the lady placed upon some industrious, worthy, poor man, he begins to think all women are fools and that "this is a strange world." The parents of the lady who have always looked upon riches as the "one thing needful," and who considered men without wealth, as the

Mahometans do women, as having no souls, will be ready to tear the hair from their daughter's head.—Here I am ready to cry out myself, what a strange world! The other, when he is urged to give a note at the year's end, for the long string of dittos and dittos, and is threatened, unless he does it, that the old notes will be put in suit, mutters, "this is a strange world." But I am afraid, when he is to pay those notes, he will be sensible, that it is not the world that is so much to blame; he will then find out that he is a *strange creature*, and that not only that, but that he is a *terrible poor creature*.—[From an old Magazine.]

PENITENCE.

When Dr. Franklin walked into Philadelphia, with a roll of bread in his hand, little did he think what a contrast his after-life would exhibit:—and yet, by perseverance and industry, he placed himself at the tables of princes, and became a chief pillar in the councils of his country. The simple journeyman, eating his roll in the street, lived to become a philosopher and a statesman, and to command the respect of his country and of mankind.—What a lesson for youth!

PROVERBS.

This world is a field sowed for another life.
The most incurable disease is ignorance.
Where the heart is inclined there also will the feet turn.
The little which suffices is better than the much which disturbs us.

WOOL FLANNELS.

WANTED by the Subscriber, a large quantity of COUNTRY FLANNELS (in the raw state) Also, FULLY and PRESS CLOTHS, for which GOODS will be given in exchange at fair prices.
HENRY POOR, Esq.
Portland, Oct. 11.

FRESH FALL GOODS,

(At Wholesale & Retail.)
HENRY POOR,
At No. 3, Union Row, Middle Street, PORTLAND.
HAS JUST RECEIVED for sale, cheap, a large lot of STOCK OF SILK, LINEN, COTTON, and WOOLEN GOODS: Consisting in part of PRINTS, PATCHES, LUXURIOUS—STRIPE and PLAIN CLOTHS, FRENCH STRIPES and DRESSING, new articles, CARPET STAIRS, new Goods for Fall and Winter Dresses—CAPES, CAMERES, MELVINS, TAFETAS, Gro de Naples, Damasks, Lace Veils, Double Ground Silk Laces, for working Veils, &c. &c.

—ALSO—
53 Pieces Black, Olive, Claret, Drab, rich Brown, Steel, Oxford, and Gold mixed BROADCLOTHS.

(Which will be offered very cheap.) —
15 Pieces CASSIMERES.

25 do SATINETTES.
Real and Imitation Goss Hair Camlets, Plaid, Blacking, Flannels, Bombazines—Shoetings and Shirtings, Sea Island, Shetland and Shirtings—Ticking, Yarns, Threads, &c.

ALSO, just received (of the present year's growth, and prime quality)
15 First-CLASS GEESE FEATHERS Do.
10 " " " " " " " " Do.
10 " " " " " " " " Do.

With a great variety of other articles which will be sold low.
If Ready made Ticks, and Beds filled at short notice. Prompt and particular attention given to customers. Buyers will not find it strange to call before they purchase.
Portland, Oct. 11.

JUST PUBLISHED

AND FOR SALE at this Office, THE FRENCH BAYLIVE REGISTER FOR 1828.
Price—12 1-2 cents single—10 for one dollar.—Those who wish to receive copies to retail on commission will be allowed 25 per cent. All orders for this work must be directed (post paid) to SAMUEL BUNBAC, Limerick, Me.
Limerick, Oct. 4.

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the premises now occupied and improved by him, containing one acre and a half of fertile land under good improvement. On which are fifty apple trees; a new story finished dwelling house, and small barn, and a convenient blacksmith's shop with two forges, and a good well of water conveniently situated. The whole will be sold on reasonable terms, and a good will given. The above premises are situated at Wren's Corner, so called, in Parsonsfield, adjoining land of JAMES FURNOLS.

JONATHAN M. JOHNSON.
Parsonsfield, Oct. 4, 1827.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

YORK ss. Taken on Execution, all the right and equity which LEVI MOULTON, the 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 twenty 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 Shipheigh, thence by Gamaliel E. Smith's land to Whitcomb Hill, 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 Deed to ARY SYRACUS for about one hundred and fifty dollars. The right of redemption will be sold by public vendue 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. The said public vendue due 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, 1827.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber, in his friend and the public, that he has taken the shop lately occupied by H. Brackett, where he intends to carry on the Blacksmith business in all its various branches.
ALVAN WELLS.
N. B. A. F. has employed a first rate workman for the present season.
Limerick, Oct. 4.