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BIBLE GEOGRAPHY.

No. 11.

AMMONITES—MOABITES—EDOMITES.

South of the Syrians, on the east border of the possessions of the children of Israel, dwelt the kindred nations of the Ammonites and Moabites, descended from Lot, the second son of Abraham; Gen. xix. 37, 38. Their country extended from Mount Hermon beyond the southern extremity of the Dead Sea; and formerly included a considerable part of the fertile plains on the western banks of the Jordan, which thence acquired the appellation of "the plains of Moab," Num. xxi. 1, &c. Of this tract, they were deprived by the arms of the Amorites, who raised up in this conquest the kingdoms of Heshbon and Bashan; Num. xxi. 26—29. Moses subdued these usurpers, and gave their country to the Gadites and Reubenites; but the children of Lot still occupied the eastern border, and proved themselves very unfriendly neighbors to the descendants of Abraham. They were often the instruments of inflicting the vengeance of God, on the rebellions and sins of his chosen people. About a century after Joshua's death, the Ammonites, Moabites, and Amalekites oppressed the guilty Israelites eighteen years, and Esau king of Moab took up his residence at Jericho. But on their turning to the Lord they were delivered by Elisha, who slew Eglon and defeated the Moabites with a slaughter of ten thousand men; Jud. iii. 12—30. And in the days of Jephthah, the Ammonites over-ran the country of Gilead, and pushed their incursions over Jordan against the cities of Judah and Ephraim. For eighteen years, they again oppressed the Hebrews, till their sufferings brought them to repentance; and their gracious God delivered them; Jud. x.

The first exploit of Saul after his elevation to the throne was against Nabash the Ammonite, who had penetrated with an hostile army as far as Jabesh Gilead; and nearly forced that place to a disgraceful capitulation. But Saul repulsed him with great slaughter, and totally dispersed his forces; 1 Sam. xi. David, the successor of Saul, had received much attention from the king of the children of Ammon, probably when he was hiding himself from the pursuit of his jealous prior; and therefore, on the death of his friend, sent a message of condolence to his successor. The young monarch, misled by his suspicious counsellors, insulted the ambassadors. This brought on a war in which, after many bloody battles, the Ammonites were utterly subdued, their capital city taken, and the whole population reduced to slavery; 2 Sam. x. xii. 26—31.

This signal overthrow incensed them from troubling Israel for some time; as more than a century elapsed before they encountered again the power and independence. Their circumstances then must have been prosperous; as the king of Israel paid an annual tribute to the king of Israel of one hundred thousand lambs and one hundred thousand rams. This wealthy chief league with the Ammonites and the inhabitants of Mount Seir, and raised great forces to oppose the Israelites; but they were totally defeated; the country of Moab miserably ravaged and its capital taken and pillaged. Very extraordinary proofs of the interposition of God in favor of his king accompanied these transactions; 2 Kings iii. 2 Chr. xx. These triumphs continued in objection to the Jews, and towards the Babylonians, until they were again divided distinct kings reigning over them; Jer. xl. 11. The armies of Nebuchadnezzar subdued them as well as their neighbors, and carried numbers of them into captivity; most of whom probably returned into their own country with the Jews. During the successive changes which

afterwards took place in the government of Asia, they appear to have remained in peace and greatly increased. They made an unsuccessful attack on the Jews, were dreadfully repulsed by Judas Maccabees; and suffered much for a long time. Two centuries after Christ, they were still a numerous people; but soon after that period, the distinction of Ammonites and Moabites were absorbed in the general name of Arabians; and for fourteen centuries, the children of Lot have "not been remembered among the nations." Ezek. xxi. 10. Thus have the threatenings of the prophets against them for their wickedness, and especially for their cruelty towards the Jews when they were suffering for their sins, been amply fulfilled; Isa. xvi. xlvii. xlviii. 1—6. Ezek. xxi. 1—11. Amos i. 13—15; ii. 1—3. Zeph. ii. 8, 11, &c.

The Ammonites lay on the north and spread themselves from Mount Hermon over a great part of the mountains of Gilead, and possessed besides a large tract on the east of those mountains. The Moabites joining the south of the Ammonites stretched along the eastern plains of Jordan and the Dead Sea to Mount Seir. The capital city of the children of Ammon was *Rabbah*, which was situated in the east of Gilead, near the source of the Arnon; Deut. ii. 11. When David took it, this was a wealthy and populous city; 2 Sam. xii. 29, 30. Its inhabitants joined with their countrymen in their cruelty and insults to the Israelites; and were threatened by the prophets with a severe retribution; Jer. xli. 2, Ezek. xxi. 10, xxi. 5. Amos i. 13. These threatenings were doubtless fulfilled, when the forces of the Babylonians destroyed the city and carried its kings and princes into captivity. It afterwards rose to splendor, and was called Philadelphia. In the second century after our Saviour, it contained a number of churches.

The capital of Moab was *Beth*, which was situated on the Arnon. This city is mentioned in scripture by several other names; as Kir; Isa. xvi. 1. Kir-haresi; Jer. xlviii. 31, 36. Kir-haresi; 2 Kings iii. 25. Kir-haresi; Isa. xvi. 11; and perhaps Rabbah; Josh. xii. 25. It was burnt by the Amorites, Num. xxi. 28, and captured and pillaged by the Babylonians. It afterwards flourished; but was finally destroyed by an earthquake in the beginning of the fourth century of the christian era. On the south of the Moabites and of the Dead Sea, the descendants of Esau, the brother of Jacob and grandson of Abraham were settled. Esau was a rough man, and an expert hunter, and seems early to have retired to these hilly countries, for the purposes of the chase. They were then inhabited by the Horites, a powerful tribe. A leading person among them was Seir, from whom the district was called Mount Seir. The nomadic settlers, at first were on friendly terms with the settled inhabitants; and Esau's son formed a connection with one of Seir's daughters; Gen. xxvii. 12, 22. In process of time, however, the strangers acquired strength; attacked and defeated the Horites, expelled them from the country, and dwelt in their stead; Deut. ii. 12, 22.

Esau early obtained the name of *Edom* or the *Red*; either from the color of his hair and complexion, or from his fondness for Jacob's red pottage; and this country is therefore most usually called, in scripture, the *Land of Edom*. The inhabitants, *Edomites*. The Greeks corrupted Edom into *Idumea*; and, in a few instances, the sacred writers have adopted this term; Isa. xlviii. 5, 6. Ezek. xxxv. 15, xxxvi. 5. The Edomites spread themselves from Mount Seir over a region which extended from the borders of the Ishmaelites eastward to the Desert of Paran westward, and from the Dead Sea on the north to the head of the Red Sea on the south. On the eastern bay of the Red Sea, they possessed two important ports *Eloth* and *Ezion-gebar*; and by the latter, it is probable, that part of the ocean took the name of the Sea of Edom or the Red Sea.

This country was remarkable for high, inaccessible mountains of rock, on which the inhabitants depended with great confidence, for defence against attacks of an invader. To this circumstance, the prophets often allude: "The pride of thine heart has deceived thee," says Obadiah to Edom, "O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that said to his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground?" Obad. 3. See also Jer. xli. 16. The land was formerly fertile and agreeable, though mountainous and rocky, and well furnished with promise which Isaac made to Esau; Gen. xxvii. 39. "Thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above." Yet, for a great

number of centuries past, it has exhibited only barren rocks, parched with drought, affording nutrition for neither animal nor vegetable life, and over-run with noxious reptiles. Its present desolation indeed is a literal accomplishment of that divine threatening. "I laid his mountains and his heritage waste, for the dragons of the wilderness;" Mat. i. 3. "Edom shall be a desolation; every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof;" Jer. xli. 17.

The Land of Edom was divided into districts, several of which are mentioned in the Old Testament. *Teman* seems to have been a considerable province, peopled by the descendants of Teman, the grandson of Esau; Gen. xxxvi. 11. The Edomites were noted for mental and bodily superiority. Hence one prophet inquires, "Is wisdom no more in Teman?" is counsel perished from the prudent? is their wisdom vanished?" Jer. xli. 3. Another threatens, "Thy mighty men, O Teman, shall be dismayed, to the end that every one of the mount of Esau may be cut off by slaughter;" Obad. 9. It was over this province that the glorious symbols of the divine presence passed to Mount Sinai: "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Paran;" Hab. iii. 3. Of this district also was Eliphaz, the chief of Job's friends. And, as we learn from Lam. iv. 21, that another district of Edom was called the Land of Uz, perhaps from Uz the Horite, Gen. xxxvi. 28, it is probable that Job himself was an Edomite; Job i. 1, ii. 11. Some have thought him to be the same with Jobab the son of Zerah, the great grandson of Esau, mentioned Gen. xxxvi. 10, 17, 33; and that his friend Eliphaz, Teman's father; (ver. 15.) Bedan too is noticed by some of the sacred writers as belonging to Edom; though we cannot ascertain its exact situation; Jer. xli. 3. Ezek. xxi. 13.

Bosrah was a principal city of the Edomites. It is placed, by most authors, a considerable distance south of the Dead Sea; and was probably in the province of Teman; as Amos, when threatening the vengeance of the Lord against this country says, "I will send a fire upon Teman which shall devour the palaces of Bosrah;" (ii. 12.) See also Isa. xlviii. 6. It was so famous for plenty of cattle, that Micah, when predicting the number of Jews who should be restored, compares them to "the sheep of Bosrah;" (ii. 12.)

We know very little of the religious character of the Edomites. There is some reason to hope that they did not immediately forget the God of their pious progenitors, Abraham and Isaac. If indeed Job and his friends were inhabitants of this country, as is highly probable, we have a pleasing specimen of the piety and morality of some of the leading men among them, several ages after Abraham. It is not till the decline of the Kingdom of Judah, that we read of "the gods of Edom;" after which Amaziah and his subjects sought. At that time, and for many previous and succeeding ages, they were notorious for cruelty and depravity.

The descendants of Esau multiplied and flourished under their native princes, during the period that the posterity of Jacob sojourned in Egypt. They had long been lords and dukes; and before the Israelites enjoyed the privileges of a settled government. When the Israelites fled from the bondage of Pharaoh, they solicited leave of the king of Edom to pass through his territory; but he refused their request, and "came out against them with much people and a strong hand."

Israel was therefore obliged to turn away from him. Num. xxi. 21, 21. The Edomites appear to have enjoyed uninterrupted tranquillity till the days of Saul, who amongst other enemies, brought sword against Edom; but he did not however subdue till his successor, David, sent his general Joab into their country, which he most dreadfully ravaged for six months, and put every male to the sword. 1 Kings xi. 15, 16. In order to secure his conquests, David "put garrisons in Edom, throughout all Edom, put he garrisons, and all they of Edom became David's servants;" 2 Sam. viii. 14. Thus, after a lapse of upwards of seven hundred years, was the blessing of Isaac to Jacob fulfilled in his posterity. "He will over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee;" Gen. xxvi. 29. To Esau the venerable patriarch had also said, on the same interesting occasion, "Thou shalt serve thy brother;" but he had likewise added, "and it shall come to pass when thou shalt have dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck."

There was another *Bosrah*, which is the same word as *Bosrah*, on the confines of Moab; Deut. iv. 43; Josh. xx. 8, which was probably the place indicated by the prophet; Jer. xlii. 24.

(ver. 40.) This part of the prediction too was literally accomplished. After making some partial efforts to shake off the authority of Solomon, the Edomites continued tributaries to Judah, for about one hundred and fifty years; when they revolted from Judah, and asserted their independence; 2 Chr. xxi. 8, 9. Sixty years afterwards, Amaziah king of Judah, made a fierce attempt to reduce these rebels; but, though he slew twenty thousand of them, and took their city Seibah, and treated them with great severity, yet he could not retain them in subjection; 2 Kings xiv. 7. 2 Chr. xxv. 11, 12.

The Edomites seem to have cherished deep resentments against the Israelites for their various incursions and ravages in their country; and took every opportunity of seeking revenge. During the attacks to which the Jews in the decline of their state were subjected from their hostile neighbors, the Edomites assisted the invaders, purchased the prisoners that were carried off and kept them in slavery. Hence Amos denounces the wrath of God against Gaza and Tyre, "because they carried away captive the whole captivity to deliver them up to Edom;" (i. 6, 9.) When the Babylonian forces advanced to the siege of Jerusalem, the Edomites encouraged them to treat it with the utmost severity. "Rase it," they cried, "rase it, even to the very foundations thereof;" Psa. cxxxvii. 7. And Obadiah, after describing the cruel pleasure with which they contemplated the calamities of the wretched Jews, expostulates thus with the children of Esau, "Thou shouldst not have laid hands on their substance in the day of their calamity; neither shouldst thou have stood in the cressway to cut off those that did escape; neither shouldst thou have delivered up those that did remain in the day of his distress;" &c. Obad. 10—16.

For these cruelties and for her other wickedness the prophets denounced the vengeance of the Almighty against Edom; Obad. 1—16. Jer. xlii. 7—22. Amos i. 11, 12, &c. and their threatenings were dreadfully fulfilled. When the Medians had reduced Jerusalem, they laid waste the neighboring countries; and the land of Edom suffered severely. The government appears to have been weakened, and confusion ensued. During the captivity of the Jews at Babylon, a sedition arose, and after great intestine conflicts, the two factions continued irreconcilable. One party retiring northwards seized the lands of the Israelites which then lay unoccupied; and settled themselves in the south west parts of the land of Canaan, which took their name; and is the Idumea from which the multitudes followed our Savior; Mark iii. 8. The other party retired westward, and joined the Arabians, with whom they were soon incorporated. Thus the land of Edom became a desert; and has remained so to the present day.

The Edomites who had seized the deserted land of the Jews maintained frequent wars with the former possessors after their return from Babylon. They kept possession for nearly four centuries, till they were routed with great slaughter by Judas Maccabees; and afterwards totally subdued by Hyrcanus, about one hundred and thirty years before the christian era. Being reduced to the alternative of leaving the country, or embracing the Jewish religion, they chose the latter, and were, from that period, reckoned as Jews. All distinction soon vanished; and the descendants of Esau were lost amongst the children of Jacob.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

REV. EDWARD PAYSON, D. D.

Died, in Portland, on the 22^d ultimo, the Rev. Edward Payson, D. D., aged 44 years, for several years pastor of the Baptist church and congregation at that town. His health had been declining for several months. For most of the year past the nature of his complaints was such as to preclude any confident hope of his recovery; and during the few last weeks of his life he may be said almost literally to have died daily—so excruciating were his sufferings, and especially at the seasons of their periodical return: yet "the joy of the Lord was his strength." His spiritual comforts and anticipations of heaven were so rich and abundant as greatly to outweigh his agonies. Instead of uttering a single complaint, he was continually speaking the praises of the Lord, and resting in joyful assurance on the supports which the divine presence and promises afforded him. It was a favorite expression, and one often quoted in seasons of the greatest agony, "I will bless the Lord at all times;" &c. He could speak of his extreme sufferings, as, *light afflictions, not worthy to be compared*

with the glory to be revealed; nor indeed with that which he actually experienced—for, to use his own vivid language, "he could find no words to express his happiness; he seemed to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which was carrying him on to the great fountain."—"God is literally now my all in all. If he is present with me, no event can in the least diminish my happiness, and were a sword to pierce my heart, trying to reach to my comfort, they could not add one drop to the cup."

The following sentences show the rapid enlargement of his conceptions of the adorable God, as the time drew near when he should "see Him as he is."

"Hitherto I have viewed God as a fixed star, bright indeed, but often intercepted by clouds; but now it is coming nearer and nearer, and spreads into a Sun so vast and glorious, that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain. And his mind was away to every view of the subject, may be seen by the expressions which follow:—"I see clearly that all these same glorious and dazzling perfections, which now only serve to kindle my affections into a flame, and to melt down my soul into the same blessed union, would burn and search me like a consuming fire, if I were an impure sinner."

It is remarkable, that notwithstanding the amazing power of his disinterested love, his body, his mind, and his spirit, seemed to increase in strength and the activity of his operations, and retained its balance perfectly. The imagery of the following expressions descriptive of the pantings and aspirations of the new-born soul to rise to her God, is not surpassed by that of Pope's "Lord, lend mine wings," &c. To Mrs. P., who while ministering to him, had observed, "your head feels hot and seems to be distended," he replied,—"It seems as if the soul disdained such a narrow prison, and was determined to break through it, and reach angel's territory, and I trust with no small portion of an angel's feeling, until it mounts on high." Again—"It seems as if my soul had found a pair of new wings, and was so eager to try them, that in her fluttering she would rend the fine net work of the body's pieces."

His humility increased with his joys:—"I find no satisfaction in looking at any thing I have done. I want to leave all this behind—it is nothing—and fly to Christ, to be clothed in his righteousness. All my joy comes from looking at him." Again—"I have done nothing myself. It seems as if I had not fought, but Christ had fought for me—I had not run, but Christ had carried me—that I had not worked, but Christ had wrought in me. Christ has done all."

His views of the obligations and privileges of the Christian, he was heard to express in the following soliloquy:—"What an assemblage of motives to holiness does the Gospel present! I am a Christian—what then? Why I am a redeemed sinner—a pardoned rebel—all through grace, and by the most wonderful means which infinite wisdom could devise."

"I am a Christian—what then? Why I am a temple of God, and surely I ought to be pure and holy.—I am a Christian—what then? Why I am a disciple of Christ, and must imitate Him, who was meek and lowly in heart, and pleased not himself. I am a Christian—what then? I am a child of God, and ought to be filled with filial love, reverence, joy, and gratitude. I am a Christian—what then? Why I am an heir of heaven, and hastening on to the abode of the blessed, to join the full choir of glorified ones in the Song of Moses and the Lamb; and surely I ought to learn that song on earth."

The following letter he dictated to a sister, a few days after an attack which it was feared at the time would prove mortal.

September 19th.

Dear Sister,
Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I must date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for several weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me; its breezes fan me; its odors are wafted to me; it sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant fall, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter, as he approached; and now he fills the whole hemisphere—pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float, like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wonder with unfeigned wonder why God should design thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart, and a single tongue, seem altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion.

But why do I thus speak of myself and my feelings? Why not speak only of our God and Redeemer?—It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of them, my words are all swallow-

ed up. I can only tell you of the effects their presence produces; and even of these I can tell you but very little. Oh, my sister, my sister! could you but know what awaits the Christian; could you know only so much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing and even leaping for joy. Labors, trials, troubles, would be nothing. I would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations; and like Paul and Silas, sing God's praises in the darkest night, and in the deepest dungeon. You have known a little of my trials and conflicts, and know that they have been neither few nor small; and I hope this glorious temptation of them will serve to strengthen your faith, and elevate your strength.

And now, my dear sister, my dear, dear sister, farewell.—Hold on your Christian course but a few days longer, and you will meet, in heaven.

Your happy and affectionate brother,
EDWARD PAYSON.

MORNING STAR.

LIMPRICK:
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1827.

EDITORIAL TOUR—CONCLUDED.

Monday 15th. After breakfast, singing and prayer, though rainy, we renewed our journey. The rain soon discontinued, and the weather became very pleasant; but the travelling was considerably bad, in consequence of the rain which had fallen. We passed through Norwich, in which town is a pleasant village, which appears to have been founded, and indeed it does not now wear the appearance of decay. This village is handsomely laid out, and on a beautiful plan, on the western bank of the Connecticut. The military Academy, formerly under the direction and instruction of Capt. Putnam, is located here. It is a superbly built edifice four stories high. The land adjacent to this seminary embraces a considerable portion of the plan. This Academy and its appendages are much better to the place. One mile from Norwich, on the opposite side of the river, is Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College, long celebrated as a useful seminary of learning. We are of opinion that the college building in appearance is very different from the actual edifices, to which Christ compared the ancient Series and Pharisees. These appeared beautiful outward, but within were full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanliness. The college building appears to be a very ancient it does not, of course, present a very beautiful external appearance. But considering the condition of the college, with respect to its government, the systematical regulations in its various departments, the Library, and the multitude that have obtained an excellent education here, it is believed that it is surpassed by few in the United States. The building is of wood and but three stories high, very pleasantly situated upon an eminence moderately elevated on the eastern side of a beautiful green which spreads itself in front, and renders the whole truly delightful. It seems that all the village was studiously laid out for the accommodation of the College. We were informed that the erection of a new and more magnificent college building was in contemplation.

Leaving the place where the Arts and Sciences are taught, we passed through Lebanon, where is another village of considerable importance, and appears to be growing. Here appears to be a good water privilege, which adds much to the growth of any place. Among a variety of mills, a Cotton Factory is established here. Here also is a Green, which is erected, though not directly in the center, an elegant meeting-house in old-fashioned style, with a lofty spire, a bell and a clock. All these are more so in the interior. This house, we were told, is occupied in rotation, by the different denominations in town, these being in all four, each claiming and enjoying their proportion, determining the same by the number in each Society. We had not passed this village but a few rods, when we beheld a novel sight. [The apostle of the Gentiles requested a person to whom he was writing, to bear with him a little in his folly. Our readers will keep in view that we are performing the part of a Tourist.] We saw in one enclosure thirty-seven asses. Although there was a man who lived in it that owned more than thirteen times as many, yet we never before saw in the same herd, a number one seventh part so large.

We passed on to Euclid. Here is a large and apparently wealthy family of Shakers. To those who are acquainted with this order of people, it need hardly be said, that every thing both within and without doors, has the appearance of industry, frugality, neatness, and good order. The sons of this society. Therefore every person who passes a Shaker village, has an opportunity of beholding that which is worth observing. Here is the largest village and territory that we have yet seen, belonging to the Shakers. About one mile from these people on the road to Concord, is a flourishing neighborhood, where Eld. Chase resides, with whom we put up for the night. In a large commodious hall, owned by Esg. Willis, we attended a meeting in the evening, which had been previously appointed. Eld. Tobey preached a very satisfactory discourse to an attentive assembly.

Tuesday, 16th. Having a great day's ride to

perform to reach Gloucester, in which town the New-Durham Q. M. commenced the next day, we started early in the morning. The weather for the season, was unusually cold. We travelled on the turnpike, leading to Concord, through Spafford and Wilmet to Andover. In this town we parted with elders Tobey and Loring. They proceeded homeward by the way of Concord and Boston, and we journeyed toward the rising sun. Our interview with Eld. Tobey had been extremely agreeable, and we separated, indulging a benevolent hope that at a future period, we should meet again.

— "A land of pure delight,

Where sinners in many a clime,

Infatuate ev'rywhere the night,

And pleasures banish pain."

We passed onward through Salisbury. In this town on the western bank of the Merrimack, is a village of no inconsiderable importance, which has recently been built within a few years. We crossed the river at Eastman's bridge into Northfield. Here, on the outlet of the Wampissee lake, are several Cotton Factories, a paper mill, which, with the factory building, and other dwelling houses, constitute an enterprising village, which has been entirely built, since we before passed this place, (within the period of a very few years.) Passed on to Serlinton, and arrived at Dea. Philbrick's about dark, with whom we put up for the night. This evening at Dea. P.'s, Eld. Morrison had a meeting appointed. A part of the people had gathered when we arrived. As the meeting was unexpectedly attended by us, Eld. M. declined speaking. Eld. Robbins spoke understandingly to the assembly. After he finished several others spoke. It was an agreeable season.

Wednesday morning we started for the Q. M. from which we were distant five miles. We have before published a short account of this meeting. Friday early in the morning we set out for home. Our company was now reduced to four in number. We passed through Andover, New-Durham, Middlebury, &c. and to Newfield, where, having performed a great day's journey, we put up.

Saturday, before we started home, feeling grateful that our families had been blessed with health, and that we had been in like manner favored, during our absence.

We entertained an idea that it might be well to publish Eld. BARNES' last epistle to the quarterly meeting; but as his life will be published in a few days, we judge it advisable not to insert it in the Star. The following short extract is all that we shall make from that work. It is the substance of a short dialogue which took place between him and another minister of the gospel, a few days before the death of Eld. H.

Minster. Brother Randall, dost you sometimes long to die, that you may get into heaven?

Randall. No; for I am in heaven now, and have been through all my sickness; I have enjoyed the presence of God through it all, and that is heaven to me.

Minster. But dost you think that you will enjoy a greater measure of happiness, after you leave the body, than you can enjoy in it?

Randall. Yes; but I am full now, and I shall only be full then, when a vessel is full, it is full; and if a vessel is full, if it don't hold a gill cup, it is as happy in its measure, as it will be as big as a gallow-pot.

Minster. Dost you expect that when you leave this body, you will be rewarded for all your labors here below?

Randall. No, blessed be God, the Lord is not in debt to me. I expect to go to heaven when I die, but I don't expect to enjoy heaven as a reward for my labors. I have had my reward all the way as I came along, and expect to go to heaven gratis!

Copy of a letter from Eld. Leonard Hathaway to the editor, dated Brigham, Nov. 13, 1827.

Brother Burbank.—Bro. Cyrus Stilson and myself came to this town a few weeks ago, and found the church in a low and scattered state. They had not held a conference meeting for a number of months. A few however had been praying that the Lord would send some of his servants this way, and revive his people. We began to attend meetings, and the Lord blessed our labors. Backsliders were reclaimed, and sinners converted. I have baptized four, who have been received into the church in this place.

There has recently been a good work of the Lord in the town of Emden. I visited the place on the 14th of October, and baptized seven. I made them another visit on the 23d of the same month, and baptized six more. In the evening of this day, a church was organized, consisting of fifteen members; we expect a number more will soon be added. The next day I attended a meeting in the town of Concord, and baptized a young man. The day following, I went to the town of Andover, and baptized two young women. I have attended a number of meetings of late in the town of Harmony, and the minds of the people appear to be much called up to the welfare of their souls, especially among the young, a number of

whom have confessed their need of reformation for the first time. There has been a reformation within a few months past, in what is called Bridgton, under the improvement of Eld. E. Sprague Johnson. He has baptized six, and expects some more to be baptized more. I have baptized two in that town. I met with Eld. Johnson in this place a few days ago, and we emboldened a young number of brethren and sisters to a church; and we hope the time is not far distant when the borders of the River quarterly meeting will be much enlarged with happy converts.

L. HATHAWAY.

Copy of a letter from Dr. Wm. L. East to the editor, dated Chelmsford, Me., 11, 1827.

Dr. Burbank.—I would inform you and all the friends of Zion, of the state of religion in this eastern region. The great Head of the Church has made his glorious appearance in this country. The work of the Lord, of which I am about to write, began among the Baptist brethren, in the plantation called Biddstown, and then spread into the plantation of Blacksburg. This plantation was very much given to all kinds of wickedness. Things now wear a different aspect. The number of converts is not yet ascertained, but it is thought to be nearly twenty. Backsliders have returned to their Father's house, and instead of feasting on the tannities of this world, they are now feasting on the "bread of eternal life." Bro. Enoch W. Bradford of Friendship, and Dr. Rogerson from Wells, are now laboring with great success in that plantation. Those that have heretofore visited the grogshop, are now praying for mercy, and some of them have found peace in believing in Jesus. The brethren, sisters and friends met on the 23rd of Oct. for worship, and the King of saints was in our midst. A very appropriate discourse was delivered by Bro. Bradford in the forenoon, and in the afternoon a good discourse was delivered by Eld. Page of Garland. At the close of this meeting, Bro. Bradford was not apart to the work of the ministry, by laying on of hands. Eld. Harry of Atkinson made the introductory prayer. Eld. Page gave the charge and right hand of fellowship. Concluding prayer by Eld. Davis. The meeting is most solemn scene I ever witnessed in the plantation. The next day a church was organized, consisting of ten members. O, that the kingdom of darkness may fall to the earth, and our Lord's Kingdom be built up upon this earth.

Wm. L. EASTON.

The Southern Recorder says that more than 130 converts have been added to the Methodist churches in Tennessee, during the recent year. A considerable number also have been added to the Presbyterian and Baptist churches. The Boston Conference Messenger says, at a camp-meeting near Blountville, on the 23rd of September, forty were added to the church, and about thirty professed to have found Jesus.—Religious Messenger.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

Five of Fiddlers.—In the town of Hawley, Mass. the church of God has again been visited in mercy. Among other subjects of a converting power of God, were a young couple from one family. Their house had been a house of sin and folly—a resort of the blither and gay to follow the enchanting sound of the devil's master piece—the violin. But thank God the blessed Jesus passing by and converting the "house of mirth" into a "house of prayer," my colleague and myself had the uncommon pleasure of warming our cold hands and shivering bodies by a fire made of "fiddlers."

May the great Head of the church in mercy grant that every violin used to accompany the afflictions of the youth of our land may be converted, through the same cause and to share the same fate.

October, 1827. N. LUCKEY.

TAVERNS WITHOUT BAR-ROOMS.

In a late journey of several hundred miles in the New-England states, I met with two public houses without bar-rooms; and it gives me pleasure to say that these were the best conducted in that I met with in the journey. For my witness, I met with a quiet, comfortable inn, in respect to a quiet, comfortable dwelling. Liquors were had, if wanted for refreshment, but they were only brought forward when asked for, from a sideboard or a closet, and were not set out to view in many a labelled decanter, obtruding themselves upon you in the first room you entered. As there was no bar, there were of course no bar-keepers. All the guests you saw were travellers like yourself, stopping for refreshment and rest.

Bar-rooms are by no means a necessary appendage to a tavern, as these instances may show. On the contrary they are a great nuisance. How annoying to travellers, especially to ladies, to know that in one part at least, of the house in which they are to pass the night, fish and tipping are privileged, if not even revelling and profaneness. Many a lady, not to speak of her fellow-travellers of the other sex, eats her meals with a poorer stomach for the dirtiness of the bar-room, and sleeps the less lightly for the voices that

POETRY.

The following is the experience of a young woman, of whose sickness, conviction, conversion, baptism, and restoration to health, a particular account is given by Eld. David Marks, Jr., in a letter dated Canandaigua, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1826, and published in No. 23, vol. 1, of the Star.

Come all young people far and near,
This warning take, live in God's fear;
Christ now is knocking at your door,
O, bar him from your heart no more.

As I have done full sixteen years
In precious apple-cheeked years,
I live in deep peace from day to day,
And share the thoughts of death away.

God often called by times of dread
While lightning flash'd around my head
Demation war'd me in the face,
I felt the need of saving grace.

Oh to the ball-room I did go,
Which fill'd my parents' hearts with woe;
They often said I did so,
Pray dear daughter stay away.

At length the Lord on me did try
His casting lots both night and day;
Playmates were call'd for with speed
To give relief in time of need.

I tell my father's love and friends,
And journey'd to the western climes;
Two months and more I did remain,
Thinking my health for to regain.

The doctors came with anxious care,
And for my health no pains did spare;
Ere I'd turn'd myself both night and day,
While sickness wore my flesh away.

All call was but to eat and to sleep,
No help on earth for me remain'd;
I cried aloud, "What shall I do?"
Must my poor soul be ruin'd so?

The day was dark'd with solemn gloom,
And night was shrou'd in gloom;
Week after week I then did pass,
No peace at home, nor rest by day.

Could were the trials of my heart,
To think I must from earth depart
To unknown lands beyond the tomb,
Where all must meet their final doom.

But O, alas! I was my race,
From death did stark and in the face,
While all did stare and stare,
And my poor soul was in a race.

Off did I hear the fatal bell,
Which seem'd to say, "You'll think to tell."
But still I knew not where to flee,
For Jesus' face was hid from me.

For many months I tried my best
To bring the Savior to my test,
But was defeated in my plan,
For no relaxation was I given.

At length, relying on his word,
I lent my love to the Lord,
And to his Savior gave up all,
Then Christ and glory fill'd my soul.

My darkness then was turn'd to day,
My clouds of gloom quick fled away,
The King of kings took near my bed,
And on his breast I lean'd my head.

Sweetly my heart rejoic'd in God
When he with'drew this clay from rod,
And wash'd away my load of sin,
And made me to rejoice in him.

O hallelujah to the Lamb!
From earth to heav'n the tidings rang,
And angels took their harps to praise
To God a song of noble praise.

Then from the west I was brought home,
Thinking me not to be home;
Till I was call'd away by death,
And made to yield my latest breath.

But death had not its fearful gloom,
And pleasant now appear'd the tomb,
With joy I waited for the day
When there my body I should lay.

Then I arose and was borne home,
And buried in the water tomb,
While my dear Saviour stood by,
And said to me, "Be of good cheer."

But from the tomb I was quicken'd,
From sickness I began to rise,
For Jesus could not let me go,
And daily fill'd my soul with peace.

All glory be to God's dear name,
His love to me remains the same;
My soul is fed with his love,
His faithful kindness, O how good!

Come all ye young friends, rejoice with me,
For Christ the Lord has set me free;
Through grace I'll praise him till I die,
Then he'll remove me to his high.

Justus, at N. Y. July, 1827.

MISCELLANY.

AMETION.

If there are any dark spots in life upon which we may look back, where the bitter waters of affliction have been mingled in the chalice of joy, their origin may be traced to impure and unbounded passions. I would not gainsay the truth, that reasonable aspirations after honor, or riches, or fame are laudable. There is perhaps no feeling of the human heart more interwoven with our nature than the passion of Ambition. It is the sweet fond of our fancy, when we awake in the glowing and hazy days of our sunny youth—while we are irresistibly led to contemplate life as but a gilded panorama, wherein all bright and beautiful objects are concentrated—when the visions of hope spring up like flowers in the youthful bosom—when no storm is lowering—when no tempest hath gathered. Were it possible that the dreams of our ambition—that one half of our youth yearning for honor or fame could be fulfilled, might the aspiring bosom thrill with delight—then might this earth be deemed but another Eden,

where the spirit of joy shed its hallowed ecstasies—where the clouds of evil were not permitted to lower—where the full and fervid disappointments of life came not in their bitterness to the tranquil spirit.

But alas!—as time bears away on its troubled wave, the dim leapers of our faded years, to mingle with the shoreless ocean of Eternity, how do the thronging phantoms of human ambition decay within that breast where they spring? The dark and sorrowful truth of mature years, is presented in bitter exchange for the gorgeous and over-awful colors of the young and over-enthusiastic youth. It is only experience—that constant prince—that bitter monitor which may tell us how futile are many of our fond expectations—and it is not until we have found the garlands of our young existence withered—until we find the teppet clouds of disappointment lowering daily above and around us, where we had deemed the sun of pleasure poured a flood of glory from the resplendent zenith of his course—that we are forced to exclaim, as we look back upon the bright morning of our childhood, with the shadows and sunshine of our departed existence that—

—'Twas then that—
Fare from the mind as vigor from the limb:
And life's enchanted cup o'er sparkles near the brim."

A thousand objects, as we start into life, conspire to fill the soul with the passion of Ambition. Who can look with the clear and ardent eye of youth, upon the flowers with which life's path is strewn, and not seek to weave a wreath of their varied and glowing colors? Who can contemplate the star of Fame glimmering amidst the clouds that tremble around her dizzy height, and not feel his bosom swell with emotions which he cannot entirely conceal? It is this which causes the proud conqueror to rejoice, as he sits on his triumphal chariot, with the gathered spoils and trophies of the conquest which his future path of life appears to be strewn, and not seek to weave a wreath of their varied and glowing colors? Who can contemplate the star of Fame glimmering amidst the clouds that tremble around her dizzy height, and not feel his bosom swell with emotions which he cannot entirely conceal? It is this which causes the proud conqueror to rejoice, as he sits on his triumphal chariot, with the gathered spoils and trophies of the conquest which his future path of life appears to be strewn, and not seek to weave a wreath of their varied and glowing colors?

But this may be reasonably inferred, that the thoughts of our own dissolution can never have a place in our bosoms, while they throbb with the restless and aspiring emotions of our dawning years. Could this be—how soon would they vanish away, and the musing spirit be brought to ponder on the mutability of all earthly objects. It is DREAM, which is the terror and the bitter enemy to inspire, and which awakens the soul, since it is the sound of many waters—as the great deep, which "lifteth up his hands on high," and it speaks to that ear which is not more deaf than the adder, saying, "All is vanity."

Ask him who turns away in utter hopelessness of his spirit, and the brokenness of his own sorrowful heart from the grave of one he loved—perchance a wife—a kind parent—an attractive brother—or an affectionate sister, to whose sympathizing heart he submitted all his sorrows, and who joy—Ask him where is the syren's song of pleasure which beguiled them on earth—Ask him if the recollection of their buoyancy of spirit brings back the fire of life to the pale and mouldering clay—The convulsive sigh—and the burning tear will be his mournful reply—Ask the warrior as he lingers upon the bed of death—what is the tumult of the camp—the gle of the garison—the clattering of the war hoof—the deafening clanger of the trumpet and the din of arms?—His broken voice, and struggling accents will exclaim—

"They are as the westwind and the grave will soon shut out their memory." Ask the man of pleasure—where are the darling visions—the unreal fantasies, which he has pursued from his childhood—and he will tell you that the smiles of realized ambition have been "few and far between"—that his hopes have been unrealized, and his felicities denied. Then will he regret and acknowledge, that his brightest hours were all mis-spent, and the channel of his ambition misdirected. Then will he too deeply feel and express, that although there has been a time with him, when all the kindly affections might have been nurtured in his soul—yet one master passion has driven them from his bosom and that the frailty of existence had never received a moments serious weight in his mind. But now the prospect of death has descended deep into his spirit, and the overwhelming reflection has at last overtaken him, that life and its honors are as uncertain as the morning cloud—or "as the vapor that riseth and soon passeth away."

From the Trenton Emporium.

THOUGHT AND MOTION.

If every one did right, this would be, at least comparatively speaking, quite a peaceable, comfortable world to live in. The great mass of evils which perplex us have their origin in wrongs of some kind—those of ourselves or others—and it will not be hazardous much to say, the credit of the greatest amount of our sufferings is due to ourselves. To may sound a little singular. It is so. But man is a strange sort of a being for a rational creature, to make the best of him; and with all the particular delicacy of an old bachelor, I

must say, woman is not a great deal less so.

Some plain matters are suggested by this state of the case. And as it is our main business to get through the journey of life in the easiest and best way possible—we may without any infringement on the rules of politeness, talk about the business, a few moments as we go along. Blessed indeed as we are, with so many good and religious—with at least a sufficient number of commentators on both—to apply a sea phrase, to a land subject, it is all plain sailing enough—yet still life is a road tax—the traveller gets more than the worth of his money in additional ease and facility with which he is enabled to pursue his journey.

The proper management of the business of life depends entirely upon two things—the right direction of thought and action. Some people think easily and constantly, and naturally enough, but get foolishly. Others act with considerable energy and patience, but do not get along well. In these cases the right direction of both faculties is wanting—and here the difficulty is found. But let us proceed.

And first there is some brush in the way which we will just clear off as we pass—There are two classes of affairs and things in the world—the first class are those which concern us. Now in all our business it is of the utmost importance that we fix and keep our whole attention on the matters that concern us and let those which do not, alone. This single stroke cuts off half the troubles that perplex half the world. For how much misery arises from the single habit of meddling with the affairs of others to the consequent neglect of our own, it is impossible to estimate.

Having so far succeeded in giving to our thoughts and actions a proper direction—by bending both exclusively to our own business—there are a few very simple and plain rules, which may be borne in mind.

The first is a rule which concerns the mind—it has been a thousand times told, and will be told a thousand times more before it is as much practiced as it should be—aim steadily and constantly to acquire and cherish a contented spirit. If the heart and the head are both right, it will not be difficult to arrive at this point. Five minutes of correct thinking will at any time render a man contented with his situation—and in five minutes he will cease to make anyone else his enemy, if in misfortune caused by them—and be induced cheerfully to go about redeeming his circumstances as well as he can. This easily and speedily will thought reach depth in philosophy, if it is properly directed. The reasoning in the case is very plain.—It is a positive duty to be contented—and discontent alters no man's destiny—needs no body's case.

Besides this it is necessary, under all circumstances, and in all situations to keep cool—a hot temper melts away a man's judgment in a moment—and without judgment he is like a ship without a rudder—he is left at the mercy of the winds and waves of passion. Keep cool, and look to the main chance—There's nothing like it.

Thought, properly directed, operates upon conduct like a lever—it moves every thing on steadily and powerfully. A well regulated mind always produces well directed action. In business it teaches a man industry and economy—in morals honesty and benevolence—in religion, loyal faith and corresponding practice. Results how incalculably important.

O. Oaxwood.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I very well remember the morning I left my paternal abode. I had lived till then a retired country life, and was about to exchange it for a residence in the bustling city. I had lived almost alone from temptation, and under the eye of a child, who had instilled the pure principles of virtue into my early education, and I was leaving them at a tender age, to mix with thousands of the gay and thoughtless, the profane and intemperate. I knew this, and yet my young heart feared not—trusting in its own strength, and exulting in the thought that I could show my parents that their labors had not been lost. But they knew more of the world and its allurements, and knew my danger. Few were the words of counsel they gave me, but those few have been of more use to me than volumes of studied lectures on morality. Among these admonitions was one from my mother—"Beware of intemperance!"—which astonished me. Surely, thought I, that caution is unnecessary. My tender parent probably saw surprise in my countenance, for she added, "You may think there is no fear of this sin; but it is indigestible and wary, gaining by little and little, till it cannot accomplish at one bold stroke. As you value the happiness of yourself and parents, beware of intemperance!" O, how often I have thought that mother for the caution! Often when the tempting draught was offered, has that tender voice sounded in my ears, "beware!" Often, when a friend requested me to call

with him at a tavern for a social glass, has it whispered "beware!" And then the recollection of the almost offended manner in which I received the caution, has come knocking at my heart, with the thought that, had it not been given, the ruin of that fatal sin might have been mine. Often, too, when I have seen the young, glowing cheeks, in the society of a dissipated man, thinking that a little intemperance can do no harm, has the thought struck me, "Would to God you had a mother at your ears, to sound the words which mine did, 'beware of intemperance!' Then would the paternal and humiliating association, that but for those three words, I might have been far onward on the road to ruin."

[From the Western Quarterly Review.]

The Mississippi Valley.—The study of natural history, becomes, to a rightly constituted mind, not only a source of pleasure and instruction; but it ought to awaken conceptions of the Author of Nature, and originate religious feeling. New points of wisdom and design develop at every step. God is found to be the same Being in the hues and fragrance of a flower, as in the rich coloring of the clouds, the splendors of the firmament, and the indubitable grandeur of the starry heavens. We trace precisely the same wisdom, design, and arrangement of means for an end, in the minute as in the vast expanse of his works; and find it the impress of the same hand "That gives its gliding to an insect's wing, And wheels his throne upon the rolling wave."

How often, while wandering in the deep flowering forests of the Mississippi valley, in Spring, have these sentiments forced themselves upon us. We have looked up at the prodigious alcove of verdure above, and the splendid variety of flowers around us. The wild vines, in their course through the air, seemed, like the interminable wires of an Aeolian harp, as they sped to their repast of nectar. All the irrational beauties appeared, by these incessant exhibitions of exalted movement and joy, to render deeply into the beauty and grandeur of what was before them, as we did. Although there was but a visible rational worshipper, we could not but consider this scene of solitary grandeur and beauty, as a temple. We imagined unseen and higher intelligences enjoying the spectacle with us, and united in the same delightful sentiments of admiration and worship."

Last Words of Robert Emmet.—If the spirit of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life. O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with serenity upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill in my youthful mind, and for which I am now suffering. My mind, my heart, you seem impatient for the sacrifice—the blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your life. It circulates warmly and unruined through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave; my race of light is nearly extinguished; my life is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sit in the bosom of the Lord. I have but one request to ask of my departure from this world; it is the clarity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain unvisited, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!

Beauty of the Nile.—We came upon some extensive ruins on the left bank of the river, where we landed to examine; indeed, from hence to Bagdad, this now desert tract bears the marks of having once been a rich and fertile country. The soil of ancient Assyria and Babylonia consists of a fine clay, mixed with sand, with which, as the waters of the river retire, the shores are covered. The composition of the soil is hard and solid, and forms the finest material for the beautiful bricks for which Babylonia was so celebrated. We all put to the test the adaptation of this mud for pottery, by taking a lump of it from the bank of the river, and then moulding it into any form we pleased. Having been exposed to the sun for half an hour it became as hard as stone. These remarks are important, as a description of mud, which has been used in the construction of other countries, the universal substitution of brick for stone being observable in all the numerous ruins we visited, including those of the great Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and of Bagdad. Bagdad itself, for which we have the authority of Scripture, that her builders "had brick for stones, and slime had they for mortar." The ruins now before us, exhibit a most singular and beautiful view, which has a deep and solemn attraction of a traveller, and have at first sight the appearance of sandy hillocks. On a nearer inspection they prove to be square masses of brick, facing the cardinal points, and their corners sometimes being worn by the weather, built with much regularity.—Kemp's Journal.

He whose passions conquer his understanding, stands surely perished. The life of youth is an easy road to death.