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RELIGIOUS.

THE VANITY OF YOUTH, AND THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE, REASONS FOR THE IMMEDIATE CHOICE OF EARLY PIETY.

A divine writer, when urging on the young, the attention to eternal things, which will secure their souls from evil, and prepare them for the bliss above, employs this solemn argument: "Childhood and youth are vanity;" as vain, and frail, and fleeting as a vapor or a bubble. And is it not so? Perhaps even now, while you breathe, you die. Perhaps the sword has passed the loom, that was your wedding sheet. Perhaps in yonder shop, has rolled up, and ready to be severed off, that piece of cloth, destined to be your shroud.

The admonition of the Lord is, *Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth*. What is there so firm in youth, or health, or strength, that on their continuance, you should venture the salvation of an immortal soul? On an evening of the year can you positively say that you shall see the evening; or on an evening can you be certain of beholding the approaching morning. Such is the uncertainty of life, that they who promise fair for most years in this world, may be the very first to enter the next. Possibly even by to-morrow, you may have forsaken this world for ever.

Consider, what others were a few seasons ago, that are now fixed in the eternal world. There were young, and perhaps, as gay as thoughtless, and as gay as you. When you pass through a burying ground, look at its graves; read the inscriptions there; and see how many, in the bloom of life, have been cut off and called to meet their God. There lie the young, the healthy, and the strong. There lie many whom the world once charmed, and who for it slighted their immortal souls. And what is the world to them now? Perhaps before twelve months more depart, your youth and healthful body, may be like them; your active limbs may be mouldering into dust; your eyes closed upon the pain; and all its pleasures, will neither pain nor please you in the grave. Where are they now, and where must you shortly be? They a few years back, were as gay as you can be, but O! all earthly things are for ever past with them. You are young now, so were they then; but youth and vigor have forsaken them. You are healthy now, so then were they; though since numbered with the dead. The world then seemed as enchanting to them, as it can do to you; they were as eager as you for its delights; and as much set upon its dying pleasures; but, they are gone; and O what is it to their poor breathless dust! What will it soon be to yours! They are mouldered back to dust. Their very coffins are decayed. Their business is done. Their gaiety is over. Their joys are past. They are gone into the world of spirits. Prepared or unprepared, they have met their God. O what new scenes have opened upon them! With what terror have they, who have refused God's grace in this world, been dragged, by his hellish fiends, to everlasting burnings! Could some of these unhappy creatures now address you, did not the malignity of their nature prevent them? They might say, "Avoid our folly. Shun our misery. Sin and the world have undone us; heart-rending thought; undone us for ever. A little while back, pleasure, health and youth, were ours! Then we were as eager in the pursuit of fancied happiness, as you can possibly be. The world appeared dressed in as gay colors to us, as it now does to you. We trusted in our youth, which at last we were forced to see. Vanity and pride filled our hearts; pleasures were our idol; and the world our delight. Alas!

we lived as if it were our home, and forgot that we were but travellers through it, to eternal scenes. We quenched the warnings of conscience; we scorned the admonitions of pious friends; and thought those strangely impertinent, that reminded us of death and the grave, though alas! we were so near to both. We deemed religion a melancholy thing; and scorned those blessings, for which we should now think a thousand worlds a little price. We ridiculed the folly of professing to be strangers and pilgrims upon earth; and looked down with contemptuous pity on those whose chief concern on earth, was solely to reach heaven. We thought our folly-wisdom, and their true wisdom folly. We heard the tolling bell, but forgot that it would toll for us. We saw the opened grave, unimindful that that land of silence would quickly be our long home. Trifling as you, we stopped not to consider what we were, and what we soon must be. But youth failed us, death arrived, and the lying vanities of life fled at its touch. Then we saw our want of grace is gone. We are us! Our day of mercy is now unheard by us. The blood of Jesus can never cleanse us; nor the compassion of God reach us now. For the vain pleasures of a moment, we have ruined a whole eternity."

O my young friend! would the tale of horror, that such unhappy creatures, if permitted, could relate, make you feel how vain is youth? remember, I beseech you, that it is as vain, as if you could hear their doleful lamentations. Millions of the young die every year. It has been computed, that more than half mankind die before they have reached their twentieth year; and have stated that where twenty die at sixty years of age, sixty die at twenty; and what is there in you, to shield you from so common a lot? are you stronger, or healthier, or more sure of life, than others? Perhaps,

"The young disease, that most subtle at length,
Has grown with you, growth, and a redden'd
With your strength."

Or how easily may a fever seize upon you, and in a few days reduce you from the highest health, to feebleness, and death! How quickly may your sudden change from heat to cold, or many other causes, inflame your lungs, or some other vital part, and in a few days, lodge you—where? In the eternal world. How soon may a cold turn to a consumption, and before you could turn yourself seriously in, you may be incurably so! How soon may numerous other diseases, at God's bidding, accomplish their awful errand!

"Lord grant that this awakening truth,
May every heart engage;
A worm in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.
No present health can health insure
For yet an hour to come;
No medicine thought of then cure,
Can always break the tomb."

You perhaps now look forward to future years, which probably will never be yours, but if they should how soon the years now to come, will be long separated! Others are now well tread upon your grave, and thoughtlessly as you do on theirs, who went before you. You live in a dying world, in a land of graves. On some spot of earth or other, fresh graves are ever opening. No minute passes in which some do not die. While you breathe some breathe their last. While you taste of eternity, others as young as you, are passing thither, enraptured or dismayed. Ah! hapless state of an unhappy world! Some dying in youth, and others feeling their precious youth away. Some going to give up their soul around a good officer, swelling the black list on earth. Some neglecting early piety, and others, too late, mourning their folly in doing so. Some trading with a Saviour, and others trembling before him as their Judge. How soon, if you be long to the former of these classes, will time number you with the latter! You are on the verge of eternity, and some younger than you are daily dying, and entering on its amazing scenes. O then remember that youth is vanity, and life itself no better. And should you continue careless of the Lord, you will have no better reason for the remembrance of your wasted youth! This one short and vain life is the only season, in which you may obtain peace with God, and receive the gift of life eternal; and would you still throw this one away? Alas, unhappy youth! who are so truly wretched as they, who do this, excepting they who have done it! Would the starving beggar that has but one penny, toss that away! or the sailor that has but one way of escaping shipwreck, neglect that one! or the traveller who sees but one path for his journey, neglect that one! and will you waste so sinful delays, the flower and prime of that one vain life, in which

eternal life may be sought in Christ and surely found? O rather! indulge those reflections on its vanity, which will lead you to unite in the Psalmist's prayer, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Indulge such reflections as these on the passing scenes around you.

That sun is setting, and has once less to set on me; in time I may soon behold it rise, but enter eternity before it set. This year is closing, and will never enter close on me; it is finished, and has brought me so much nearer to the hour when time itself shall end with me.

Do I see a leaf in summer from the bough, on which it grew? such is my life. We all do fade as a leaf. Like the leaf, when the winter of time comes on, it must fade; but as a summer storm may tear the leaf from the tree, and cast it to the ground, so disease may attack my health, and lay my body among the clouds of the valley, and send my spirit to God who gave it. O may I flourish in faith and love, and thus being found waiting, I may welcome the coming of my Lord, though at the most unexpected hour.

Am I taking a journey, and riding in a carriage that goes rapidly along? the trees, the hedges, the fields, the houses, seem all hastily passing by me; and would lead me to think, that I am sitting still to observe them glide away. But ah! no, it is I, who move, and they are still! I am approaching space to the end of my journey, how heedless I never I may be of its progress. Thus far am I hastening to the end of my journey of life, though I should mark not its progress, or be thoughtless of its close.

Do I observe a sportsman aiming at a flying bird? it has left no track behind, and probably his shot, may bring it to the ground, and prevent its passing through the expense before. My past years are gone as the years before the flood; and the years that are before me I may never enter. Death, the surest of marksmen, may have already received his sad commission, to mingle me with the dead. O may faith and love prepare me for eternity before I feel the awful stroke of death! Seek then, my son, O seek without delay these precious blessings! My stay here is all uncertain. My youth is vanity. My days are swifter than a shuttle; but what will become of them, if these fleeting days should end, and thou shouldst then be found in the present state? O let me seek in Christ deliverance from my sins. The grave shall wake even the vanity of youth a blessing rather than an evil.

"Be wise, my soul, be timely wise,
Flue to the shining sacrifice;
The gospel promises embrace,
And trust thy all to Jesus' grace."

J. G. PIERCE.

WHAT I HATE, AND WHAT I LOVE.

I hate to be compelled to listen to the dull, monotonous, prosing work of an hour, under the name of a gospel sermon, however sound or learned it may be.

But I love to see a minister ardent and pathetic in addressing his fellow men; and to hear him bold and undaunted in his denunciations of sin and sinners.

I hate to have a preacher put me off with *ex professo* nihil, nothing but sound, when I am hungry for the bread of life.

I hate to have a preacher attempt to amuse me with little details of geography and history, and Greek grammar, when I want to hear him thunder forth the terrors of the law; and in accents sweet as angels use announce to impenitent sinners the infinite fullness of forgiving love.

I had rather hear the most blundering declaimer, who has the root of the matter in him, and who deals out the plain truths of the gospel, with force and affection, although his language and style may be unpolished and incorrect.

I hate to hear a preacher who is evidently embarrassed for ideas, tell his hearers of the amplitude of his subject, and how much he might say upon it if time would permit.

I sincerely hate all those artifices and flourishes by which many in the sacred desk attempt to win the attentions of their hearers.

In man or woman, but far most in man, and most of all in men that ministers, and serve at the altar, in my soul I loathe all affectation. To my perfect scorn; Object of my implacable disgust.

I hate to have a minister take an abundance of pains to set off his discourse with philosophy and morals and say a great many of those learned and curious things which would become a literary essay, or sermon, but which in a gospel preacher are exactly those refinements I don't wish to hear. But some John the Baptist preaching faith and repentance in the plainest terms I should altogether prefer.

I hate to have a man make me women's visit, especially when I am so hurried that I have not a minutes' time to spare. I hate to hear a preacher deal much in apologies either at the commencement or the conclusion of his discourse; and most cordially do I hate to hear him inform his hearers of his unpreparedness for his task. I choose to be my own Judge in such cases, and strongly protest against an imputation on my right.

But I love to see my spiritual instructor come directly to the point, and drive forward with all his might in the best possible manner; and be sure to leave off when he has done.

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

What an invaluable treasure is the sacred volume—and loudly are we called on as individuals to its frequent and studious perusal of it. If God has revealed in that volume all those truths, which it is necessary we should know and feel, and love, and obey, in order to our attainment of eternal life, how guilty are the ingrateful and benighted, who receive the tokens of divine benignity—the presumptuous indifference, with which they cast away the inestimable price thus put into their hands to get wisdom! How many are there who either neglect their Bibles altogether, or but occasionally, and carelessly turn over the sacred pages, to gratify an idle curiosity—to pacify an accusing conscience—or wear away a tedious hour of holy time. A little is generally known of the contents of a book, compared with which all the productions of human learning or ingenuity are "less than nothing and vanity."—A book which unfolds the scenes of all futurity—proposes terms of reconciliation between man and his Maker—and directs every honest inquirer in the safe and sure path to glory, honor, and immortality. Here are precepts of infallible correctness, and of universal application. Here is intelligence not only from distant ages and continents, but from distant worlds, most interesting in its nature, and most unquestionable in its authority. Here are discoveries, which no geographical researches, or astronomical observations have ever equalled. Here is a faithful portrait, in which alone the subject is faultless, the resemblance complete, and the hues unfolding. Here is history which carries us back beyond the first period of increased duration. It records not only events, but their causes; not only motives, but their motives; and with their most important relations, and less results. Here is Poetry, in all its beauty, sublimity, and pathos—unobscured to the pigments of a sportive fancy—the tumult of unhalloved passion—or the shadowy forms of a superstitious mythology. Yet this book lies unopened while the fictions of romance are eagerly sought and diligently circulated, perused, and reperused.

THE SUM OF RELIGION.

He that fears the Lord of Heaven and Earth, shall surely love him; he thankfully lays hold of the promise of Redemption by Jesus Christ, and strives to express his thankfulness by the sincerity of his obedience; he is sorry with all his soul when he comes short of his duty. He walks watchfully in the denial of himself, and holds no confederacy with any known sin; if he fails in the least measure, he is restless till he has made his peace by true repentance. He is true to his promise, just in his dealings, charitable to the poor, sincere in his devotion. He will not deliberately dishonor God, although secure of impunity. He hath his hopes and his conversation in heaven and dares not do any thing unjustly, be it ever so much to his advantage; and this because he sees Him that is invisible, and fears him because he loves Him; fears Him as well for his goodness as his greatness. Such a man, whether he be an Episcopalian, or a Presbyterian, an Independent, or an Antislavery; whether he wears a surplice, or wears none, whether he kneels at the communion, or for a science's sake stands or sits, he has the life of religion in him; and that life acts in him, and will conform his soul to the image of his Saviour, and go along with him into eternity, notwithstanding his practice or non-practice of things indifferent. On the other side, if a man fears not the eternal God, he can commit sin with presumption; drink excessively, swear vainly or falsely, commit adultery, lie, poison, cheat, break his promise, lie loosely, though at the same time he may be studious to practice every ceremony, even a scrupulous exactness, or may, perhaps, as stubbornly oppose them. Although such an one should cry down the Presbytery; though

be should be rebaptized every day, or declaim against it as Heresy; and though he fast all the lent, or feast out of pretence of superstition; yet notwithstanding these, and a thousand external commodities, or zealous oppositions of them, he wants the **Life or Religion**.—*Chief Justice Hale.*

Mortality, what art thou? A frame of bones, staking with pride; a bundle of sinews, cracking in discord; a heap of dust, snuffed at by the air. Can one lay his palm upon his breast, and count its beatings, and not tremble at himself; or can he stretch himself out on his bed, without reflecting how soon he must be stretched out in his coffin? How often doth one have to follow very near a brother. How soon will he be said the couch is empty, and the grave is filled. En our dreams mock us with heaves, and tombs, and epitaphs. Doth any one need an auditory homily of the unsparring universality of mortality, let him ponder over a roll of those, who once had a name to live, and there find prefixed the asterisks of death—dead—dead—dead—all among the stars.

MORNING STAR.

LIMERICK:

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1828.

We have received the First Annual Report of the *American Temperance Society*. This document furnishes much interesting matter, from which we propose to make such extracts from time to time as we think will be beneficial to the cause of Temperance.

The Society was formed in Boston on the 13th of Feb. 1826, and it has been very prosperous in multiplying its members, and in increasing its funds. Ten men have subscribed 300 dollars each, and one, \$1000, one, 250, one, 200, one, 125, and eighteen, 100 each; thirty-nine, 50 each; four, 30 each; twenty-eight, 25 each, and a large list of subscribers of sums less than \$25, from 1 to 20. The whole amount of funds \$13511 53. Hon. MAJORS MORTON is President, and Hon. SAMUEL HUBBARD, Vice President, besides whom there now are eleven *Honorary Vice Presidents*. There is an article in the Constitution which provides that any person may become an *Honorary Vice President* by paying the sum of \$250, and any person may become an *Honorary member* by paying the sum of \$50. WM. ROSES, Esq. is Treasurer. JOHN TAPPAN, Esq. Auditor, and there are five who constitute an Executive Committee. There are 113 members, besides 34 *Honorary members*.

The members are scattered in the states of Maine, Vermont, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

Rev. NATHANIEL HAWLEY, of Fairfield, Conn. is *General Agent* of the Society, to whom all communications, relative to the general concerns of the society should be addressed. The secretaries of societies which are or may be formed for the promotion of Temperance are requested to transmit copies of their Constitutions, Reports, Addresses, &c. to the General Agent.

The Clerks of the Synods, Presbyteries, Associations, Conventions, Conferences, and churches are requested to transmit to the General Agent copies of their respective bodies relative to the promotion of Temperance.

It is also earnestly requested by the Society, that Ministers of the Gospel, in whose parishes or towns measures have been taken on this subject, should communicate to the General Agent as minutely and accurately as may be, the result of those measures.

Ministers of the Gospel, Physicians, Selectmen, Clerks of Courts, and philanthropic men generally will render this Society and their fellow men essential service by making out answers to the following inquiries, and transmitting them to the General Agent, viz:

1. What is the population of the town in which you reside?
2. What quantity of ardent spirits is annually consumed?
3. How many distilleries, and the quantity of spirits annually distilled?
4. How many paupers, and what proportion of them were reduced to want by

intemperance, and the annual cost of their support?

5. How many intemperate persons, distinguishing the sex and age, and whether married or single?
6. How many deaths are occasioned directly or indirectly, by the use of ardent spirits?
7. How many divorces take place in consequence of the same cause?
8. How many crimes are committed by intemperate persons, or others in a state of intoxication?
9. How many and what fatal accidents have occurred in consequence of the same cause?

We have noticed this Society, that our readers might have some knowledge of what is being done in our land for the suppression of Intemperance, and we also feel it our duty to lend a helping hand, though it may be but a feeble one, to this laudable cause.

We have received a letter from Eld. Jesse Heath of Snow Hill, Green Co. N. C. accompanied by the minutes of the people of his connexion. Their Annual Conference was held at Wheat Swamp meeting-house, Lenoir Co. on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of November, 1827.

Eld. Levi Braxton served as moderator, and Thomas Hood as clerk. It appears by their minutes that they receive letters and hear from the state of the churches in Connexion, much in the same way that we practice. Several resolves for the good of the cause were passed. They agreed to spread a free table in seasons of communion. Eld. Jesse Heath was re-appointed to superintend their correspondence with us, and is authorized to make any arrangements that may be judged beneficial to the cause of truth. The next annual conference is appointed to be held at Dr. Williams' meeting-house in Pitt county, and will commence on Thursday before the second Lord's day in November next.

The following elders, ministers, and preachers are reported to be in fellowship, viz:

Frederick Fonville, Isaac Pipkin, Levi Braxton, Jesse Heath, Henry Smith, Jesse Alfin, Nathaniel Lockhart, Reading Moore, John Stephens, Jesse Haskins, Jeremiah Heath, Jesse Braxton, James Price, Caleb Spivy, John Creekman, Rich Witherington, Brinson Hollace, Mark Andrews, Jeremiah Rove, James Moore, Robert Bond, Everett Davis, John Gurgences, William Latham.

The following churches, with the number in each, constitute their Connexion.

North East, Duplin Co. 23. Beaver Creek, Jones, 26. Luzen Swamp, Lenoir, 66. Wheat Swamp, ditto, 87. Stony Creek, Orange, 25. Clay River, Pitt, 34. Gum Swamp, ditto, 15. Tar River, ditto, 17. Little Creek, Greene, 83. Grimsey Meeting House, ditto, 85. Stony Branch, Craven, 30. Bachelor's Creek, ditto, 23. Spring Creek, ditto, 43. Little Swift Creek, ditto, 29. Bay River, ditto, 30. Brice Creek, ditto, 15. Beard's Creek, ditto, 16. Newborn, ditto, 14. Poncey, Beaufort, 10. Beaver Dam, ditto, 28. North Creek, ditto, 30. Piney Neck, Craven, 19. Sumter District, South-Carolina, 23. Whole number of members, 345.

Our brethren will perceive how well united in doctrine these people are as well as, when we inform them that a letter addressed to Eld. Heath by Eld. Buzzell, which gave a general account of our doctrine and discipline, was by a resolve of the Conference annexed to their minutes as their only circular letter to the churches. By a careful perusal of the minutes we can perceive nothing which does not accord with our own sentiments. In the letter which accompanies the minutes, Eld. Heath says that he shall soon write again, as he has things of an interesting nature to communicate. We hope we shall soon receive his favors.

Extract of a letter from Eld. Wm. Pitts, of the Independent Methodist society, to the editors, dated Greenville, N. Y. Feb. 17, 1828.

Dear brethren—Eld. Samuel Montague and myself attended the Susquehanna yearly meeting in January last. In Pricklyash, Pa. a revival of religion had taken place under the improvement of Bishop A. Buzzell of the Free Will Baptist Connexion; 7 or 8 had found peace. At Clifford, about the same number had experienced a change of heart, and were

waiting patiently for the arrival of brother Asa Dodge, that they might be baptized. While we were at Gibson a council was held to adopt measures for the support of itinerant preachers, and the plan adopted was similar to the one which I forwarded to you some time since. The Quarterly meeting was lately held at Union, N. Y.; the brethren approved of a travelling ministry, and intend to adopt measures for its support at the next yearly meeting which will be held at Windsor, N. Y. in September next. The day following the quarterly meeting Br. Asa baptized two persons, and received them into fellowship. This was a day of weeping and rejoicing.

Wm. Pitts.

Br. Pitts in this letter gives the lamentable intelligence of the death of Eld. MATTHIAS BARKLEW, of the Independent Methodist society, who died the first day of August last. For a number of years he watched over the brethren of his denomination in Monmouth county, N. J. and in his death they have suffered a great loss. Br. Pitts, after expressing his sorrow on the occasion, has the following as a token of respect for his departed brother in the ministry: "If the old prophet had cause to respect the younger prophet on account of the truth of the prophecy against the altar of Baal, and to order his sons to bury him by his side—surely I have great cause to respect my departed brother Matthias for the truth which by him has respectfully been declared in preaching the everlasting gospel, which promises to believers the sanctification of the Spirit; in other words, the seal of that Holy Spirit of promise through which many of his brethren were encouraged to seek for this further salvation, and have received this precious gift of the Holy Ghost. Br. Barklew was very liberal in his sentiments, greatly desiring union among all the followers of Christ, and did all that he possibly could do to effect it. He was one who formed a union with the Free Communion Baptists at Mount Pleasant, Pa. in the year 1811. Since then he assisted in opening a correspondence with the Reformed Methodists. He was a delegate to the Convention of a number of dissenting Methodists held in New-York in 1826. It was he who wrote the message to the Free Will Baptists proposing union, which was agreed to by them at Vermont in May 1827. Thus, I believe, was the last effort of this kind of our beloved brother. He was also the author of a publication in vindication of the truth, and the compiler of the Union Hymn Book. But he both finished his course and fought a good fight."

Br. Pitts wishes us to inform the brethren in Monmouth county, N. J. that agreeably to their request he expects to attend the yearly meeting, which commences on the last Saturday in May next at the chapel at Shark River. He requests us also to inform Eld. Montague that he wishes him to commence his journey to that meeting so as to be at his house by the 23d of May.

From The Citizen, (Worcester, Me.)

Revival of Religion—Since issuing the number, in which we noticed the revival in this place, it has extended through every age, rank and sect. There are from one to three well attended meetings every evening—and frequently one during some part of the day, either by the Congregationalist, Baptist, or Methodist Societies, or by a union of all, and it gives us pleasure to state that we have witnessed nothing of the asperity or bitterness of sectarian prejudices. The several officiating clergymen have all appeared to view each other as fellow laborers in the same vineyard—a fact, highly creditable to their characters as men and as Christians. It is impossible to state at present the number of converts—quite a number have joined the Methodist Class—and a number also are considered as candidates for admission into the Churches of the other Societies.

A few weeks since these meetings were but indifferently attended. Now the evening meetings, at our town Hall, (one of the largest in the State,) are so crowded that it is difficult to find entrance after the service has commenced.

The following account of a former revival of religion in the place of the author's residence is inserted by request.

"Do not let the word revival excite your prejudices. I use it in its ordinary acceptance, as expressive of that general and simultaneous awakening of men's minds, which at particular periods and in particular sections, calls up the great question of salvation. It is not the workings of a vain imagination, nor flights of

fancy from nervous excitement, which I shall describe, but the operation of God's spirit upon the human heart, through the medium of the human intellect. For I am no more a believer, than the rest of you, in the permanency of those impressions which are made directly on the heart, through the medium of the senses, without the previous exercise and final consent of the understanding.

It is sometimes difficult to ascertain the precise manner in which the operation of God's holy spirit commenced. Like the lightning of Heaven, it more frequently gives to him afar off sublime and awful warning of its existence; but there are times when to him who is nigh the first evidence of its existence, is the shock it produces.

The subject of a revival must first be awakened, at least so far, as either privately or publicly to be in a state of inquiry; and the first question that naturally occurs, is, "what shall I do to be saved?" The moment he has honestly made this inquiry, he has ascertained that he is intellectually diseased and that he is now beginning to ascertain what is meant by the health or welfare of the soul. That phantom, human perfectibility, which had been floating in the dim twilight of a dawning soul, is now vanishing before the first rays of spiritual light.

The private meeting of professing Christians are now, more generally attended. There is a devotedness—a solemnity—a silence in the house of God, which betokens that the "still small voice" is there! Its whispers are listened to as the mariner listens to the nightly moanings of a coming storm—he is on a desolate ocean; but now he confides in his nautical skill and the excellence of his bark. Again he doubts—for when he considers the mighty rush of elements—the headlong power of a running surge—he cannot but learn from the comparison, the miserable frailty of the fairest work of human hands!

In such a state of doubt, anxiety and pain, are the subjects of a revival in the holy sanctuary, whose convictions are awakened to a sense of their danger. They may have reckoned on their own good works of benevolence and charity—on the sanctity of the place and on the prayers of their pious friends.—They think that they are on an ocean of doubt, and in the darkest hour of mental night, and the clouds are gathering around them, and they begin, for the first moments of their lives, to feel, that in such a scene nothing can aid and cheer them but the "light of God's countenance"—no voice can encourage, can save them, but that "which even the winds obey!"

But the angel of mercy is at length seen hovering around them—it whispers peace to the trembling sinner, and salvation to the penitent, who seeks it through the merits of redeeming love."

Boston, (Eng.) 2d. Jan. 1828.

Yesterday was observed as a day of invocation for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on the church at large. The meetings of the Churches were full, and prayers fervent. Some met at half past seven A. M. and again in the evening. All seemed excited in beseeching the throne of grace with a Revival of Religion similar to those refreshing showers which the great Head of the Church has vouchsafed to the American churches.

Above 200 Infant Schools have been established in Great Britain the past year. They are excellent nurseries for the church. Do it them all you can.

It has been a dreadful winter for the shipping. We are all very guilty concerning our brethren, the seamen. We are making new exertions; and I hope soon to say that no ship leaves the port without Bibles, books and Tracts, in abundance. Prey men and officers are on the increase. Oh American Christians! Be faithful to your trust. Think of—pray for—and aid these poor wanderers, that they may be brought into the fold of Christ. Now, while you have opportunity, is the time; you may never see them again, after they leave your shores. Let not their blood be found on your skirts!

I remain yours affectionately.

N. F. Oberster. STEPHEN PRATT.

MONTHLY PREACHERS—In the month of June, 1826, the Rev. Austin Dickinson commenced in this city the publication of the National Preacher—in addition to which there are now published, the "Liberal Preacher," Unitarian, at Keene, N. H. edited by Rev. T. R. Sullivan; the "Baptist Preacher," at Boston, edited by Rev. William Collier; the "Christian Preacher," at Dover, Del. edited by Rev. Mr. Campbell; "The Virginia and North Carolina Presbyterian Preacher," at Fayetteville, N. C. edited by Rev. Colin McVey; "The Gospel Preacher," Universalist, at Providence, R. I. edited by Rev. David Pickering; and "The Western Preacher," at Leroy, N. Y. edited by Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss.—16.

A society for the promotion of Temperance has recently been formed in Gardiner, Me.

The Constitution of Union Temperance Society will be published next week.

