

# MORNING STAR.

PUBLISHED AT LIMERICK, MAINE, BY HOBBS, WOODMAN AND COMPANY.—EDITED BY J. BUZZELL, AND S. BURBANK.

VOL. II.

LIMERICK; WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1828.

NO. 52.

W. BURR, PRINTER.

## TERMS OF THE STAR.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, if paid in advance, or within three months from the date of the first paper received; otherwise, ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS per annum; exclusive of postage.

Subscribers, however, who continue to take the Star, for a longer term than one year, and make yearly payments, will not be charged with the additional twenty five cents, for the preceding year.

All those who have procured, or may hereafter procure ten subscribers, and continue to act as Agents for the publishers, in collecting and making payment for the same, will be gratuitously entitled to their paper.

It should be understood that one year is the shortest term of subscription.

\* All communications should be directed either to JAMES BURR, Post-Master, North-Portland, York County, Me. or to SAMUEL HOBBS, Limerick, Me.

† No papers discontinued, until all arrearages are paid.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE STAR.

### A QUESTION ANSWERED.

Ques.—Why are so many travelling reformation preachers sickly and short lived?

Ans. There are several reasons that may be assigned, which tend to that end.

1st. Pain and distress of mind serves to impair health, weaken the constitution, and hasten an early grave. That the real servants of the Lord felt pain and distress for the welfare of their fellow men is abundantly proved in the scriptures. The holy prophets, in their distress, cried out, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the sin of the daughters of my people."

"My bowels, my bowels! my heart maketh a noise in me; I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard."

"O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war." They were in bitterness of spirit and the hand of God was strong upon them. An eminent apostle declared he had great heaviness and continual sorrow in his heart for his kinsmen and fellow men; and a necessity was laid upon him, confirmed with a woe if he did not preach the gospel. All who are led into the sanctuary of the Lord, and discover the awful end of the wicked, feel a deep concern for the welfare of their precious souls.

2d. The arduous and incessant labors of a faithful and zealous itinerant preacher, diminish health. The prophets were raised up and sent to the people early and late. Jesus the great Pattern and Head retired to the mountains and continued his prayers all night. St. Paul ceased not to warn his hearers day and night with tears. He sometimes continued his speech, or preaching, till midnight, and then talked till break of day. The humble servants of Jesus go forth weeping, and sow the precious seed of life, or word of God, in tears.

When a travelling preacher's conduct and conversation render his company agreeable, his newly visiting friends will often edify themselves, at his expense, till a late hour in the night. This is not only wearing to the lungs, but prejudicial to health; for the proper hours of sleep must be diminished, or the invigorating, healthy air of the morning must be lost by sleep.

3d. When young preachers commence speaking publicly, they often exercise more zeal than prudence—pitch the voice too high at first—strain the lungs by speaking too loud and too fast—make no proper pause to rest them, or take fresh air, till they have spoken forty or fifty minutes. This is not all. If he meets the people in a dwelling-house, which is common, he is often obliged to take his stand in a door, or entry between two rooms, or at a window, which is still worse, and inhale the stagnant, poisonous air which is continually passing through these avenues from a respiring or perspiring crowded congregation.

4th. When an engaged preacher closes his meeting, he is generally in a state of perspiration—the pores of the skin are all open, the lungs warm and craving fresh, open cool air. In this state often changes the warm stifled air of the house, for the open, damp and chilly air of the evening—this often inflames the lungs, produces hoarseness, causes cough, and ends in consumption.

5th. The travelling preacher, like a faithful physician, is exposed to all weather. Impetuous sinners must be visited, prayed for, and preached to, faithfully; even if he have nothing but curses from them for his salary. Appointments must be given out before hand, that the people may meet—These must be attended by the speaker, if he is able to walk or talk. And if his health begins to decline, he

finds but little time to rest and recruit, till it is too late.

6th. Many are injured, if not killed, by kindness, unawares.—A faithful preacher procures faithful friends. These, to manifest their friendship, enrich their diet. This serves to cloy the appetite, foul the stomach, and corrupt the blood. And when appetite fails, a strong cup of tea is recommended as a substitute. This received into the empty stomach, actually commences its consumptive operation upon the system—prevents sound and strengthening repose, which is so necessary to good health. Nor is this all. His kind friends will conduct him to a spare bed, if they have one, which, perhaps, has not been occupied for weeks. If so, the clothes by lying together have gathered moisture, especially if the weather is damp; this enters the open pores of the occupant, and frequently gives him a hoarseness and cold, for which he cannot account. We may add to this the doury loc; that is, when a bed, consisting of many feathers, has not been aired for some time, there is a kind of suffocating effluvia which arises from the down or feathers, and proves injurious to all, but especially to those afflicted with the asthma, who are obliged to change the down for straw.

7th. The humble and faithful laborer finishes his work, and early retires to rest from his labors and enjoys his reward. One talent prudently worked out is of more real use to the world, than a thousand rusted out in idleness.

### ORIENTAL TRAVELLER.

Montville, April 9, 1823.

FOR THE STAR.

### OBSERVATIONS.

We see society undergoing various and distinguished changes in the course of a short series of years. The place which half a century ago was the resort of beasts of prey, is now become covered with the dwellings of men. Those men who a few years since introduced themselves into a howling wilderness, are now the fathers of our country. Those who a short time since were the blushing daughters peculiar to our nation, are now the aged mothers whose virtues claim the esteem of the youth of our land. We view these changes with astonishment; but how are we surprised to see those who a few days ago were young men bidding fair for championships of virtue, and ornaments in society, now viewed as miscreants in the world, and the disarmed of the wise! Our laws of justice are crowded with criminals; our prisons have become the abodes of the fiend; we witness the conduct of the vile, while their ruin draws the involuntary sigh from our breast. On the other hand we see pleasing traits of society.—The illiterate youth is growing into the eloquent orator and filling the station of the councillor, or supplying the demand of his country for senators; the daughters of America are using the pen of the poetess. On every side we may see genius and virtue, bearing in their hands laurels indicative of honorable glory. The social circle is characterized by wisdom; the temple of error is assumed by truth.

ALEXANDER.

### SELECTED.

From the Baptist Magazine.

#### THE MISTAKEN SAINT.—Gen. xii.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,

And scan his work in vain;

God is his own interpreter,

And he will make us plain.—Cooper.

It is both interesting and profitable to trace the lives and sorrows of the people of God in past ages. As we read of the various incidents that attended them through life, we seem to possess their feelings, we desire to imitate their virtues, and are anxious to avoid their defects. We feel pity for them in their sorrows, and when they see them taking them to throne of grace, and deriving from "the God of all comfort" the support they need, we rejoice that we have the same God to fly to, the same arguments to plead before him, and the same encouragement to expect a gracious attention to our prayers.

Few of the Patriarchs present a more interesting character for our contemplation than Jacob. He was a man of genuine worth. That he was the subject of many imperfections we cannot deny, but that he eminently displayed many virtues is more equally evident. We may profitably by the account given us of his errors and mistakes; and it will be happy for us if the review of his inappropriateness should guard us from falling into them ourselves.

The view that even the good man takes of the divine conduct is very contracted; there remains in the hearts of the best

men a spirit of depravity prone to misinterpret and murmur against the providence of God; and Jehovah is pleased to clothe his dealings with us in mystery; these things may account for Jacob's saying, on the occasion to which our attention is now directed, "All these things are against me."

Language like this it is painful to hear, and the man who utters it must surely be in very distressing circumstances. What! No light clouds in the horizon? Is all darkness? Is there no sweetness in the cup of sorrow? Was there nothing to comfort him amidst his disasters? Of light and comfort he will not hear, he yields to the influence of despondency, and says, "All these things are against me."

And who that considers his trials can be surprised at the exclamation? What a series of troubles had his whole life been! Exiled in early life from the home of a kind and indulgent father,—called to endure the persecution and cruelty of a wicked brother,—compelled to labor as a servant for his food,—oppressed by his master, who ought to have treated him with kindness; and when he enters on the payments of domestic life, he loses his beloved Rachel, and then his darling Joseph; no wonder he thinks that all things are opposed to his happiness.

His present condition too is painful, and seems to justify the language. It had been well if his sorrows had past, and brighter prospects opening before him. But the present is painful, and the future gloomy. He has a family of ungodly children who pierce his heart through with many sorrows; he was threatened with poverty; his son Simeon had just been taken from him, and he dreaded the worst; the infirmities of age were creeping upon him, and he was called to give up his beloved Benjamin; in a word, he thought his grey hairs were hastening in sorrow to the grave. And who can wonder at his exclaiming, "all these things are against me."

But yet he was mistaken. His views were not correct. Had what he said been true, it was calculated to bumle him, and should have led to sorrow on account of sin. We have no right to complain of the dispensations of God, however severe; for "wherefore should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" If we are ourselves against God, we ought not to murmur if his providence is against us. But the language is that of mistake. These things were not against him; they would not bear him down into the grave. Let him look over his life again. If he had been exiled from home, God had found him another and a better; if he had labored, God had given him a reward; if he had been persecuted, he had also been supported under it; if he had been oppressed, the divine hand had interposed in his favor; if Jehovah had taken away his beloved Rachel, he had given him Joseph himself; and if he had indeed gone, he shall indeed see him, and his dear Rachel, in a future world. Let him look at his present state, and if poverty threatens him with its approach, is not God also at his right hand? If his children are wicked, if he cannot blame himself for neglect or improper indulgences extended to them, why should he be so much discouraged? If Joseph, and Simeon, and Benjamin are all removed, all is under the superintendence of him who must do right. What a mistake in reference to the future! The dark clouds that now hovered over him

Are big with mercy, and shall break in blessing on his head.

Joseph is yet alive—Simeon shall soon be free—Benjamin is about being elevated to honor—and a fine old age of peace and happiness awaits the patriarch himself. Ah, what mistaken views do Christians form, when they say, "All these things are against me!" No such thing; all work together for good to those who love God. All was now tending to accomplish the infinitely wise plans of Jehovah, to make Jacob's family happy, and "to save much people alive."

Christians now make the same mistake as Jacob did when afflictions overtake them, and sorrows seem to oppress their souls. But they are wrong, for they are designed to sanctify their souls, to teach them the sinfulness and vanity of the world, to endure to them the promises of God, to purify them, and the enjoyments of God in heaven.

But the mistake of Jacob was not only a great but a criminal one. Most of our mistakes are of a sinful character, and those which resemble this are very criminal. The language of Jacob seemed to reflect on the Divine character. Is not God the Father and the Friend of his people? Does he not love them, and can he change in the purposes of his love towards them? Why should such a thought be indulged? Has he not said "I the Lord change not?" And does he not possess all the power we need to protect us, and that is requisite to accomplish the design of his love? Has he not always delivered us, and would it not be our wisest plan to say, "he who hath delivered will yet deliver?" Why, because all is dark and enveloped in mystery, should we encourage our fears? If we love God as we ought to do, we shall induce a confidence that he would direct all for our good.

But the language of Jacob breathed a spirit of disbelief of the Divine promises. God had expressly assured him that in all places where he went, he would be with him, and that he would never leave him till he had accomplished all the purposes of his mercy towards him. Jacob had acted wisely for his own happiness, as well as honorably towards God, had he believed this, and allowed the whole of his conduct to be influenced by it. This, however, was not the case; and in this respect the people of Jehovah are ever too much like him. What room for repentance and humility! This criminal conduct was not confined to the person or the times of Jacob. Though God has ever been kind to his people, we have still what grieves him to say that all is against us, when if we could see the whole of his designs, we should know the reverse to be true.

Let us cast a glance towards Jacob when "the mystery of God" towards him "is finished," and he is settled in comfort in the land of Egypt. Would he not now be ashamed that ever he encouraged the feelings of despondency, or entertained bad thoughts of God? Would he not be ashamed to humble himself before the God of his mercies, who had raised him above all his fears? Oh what gratitude must he feel to that Being who had been his friend amidst so much murmuring, and notwithstanding so much impropriety of conduct! His future hopes would be encouraged by his recollection of what God had done for him. And he would be concerned to encourage his children and his children's children to let their faith and hope be in God. Let it be the concern of each of my readers in this respect to imitate the venerable patriarch.

"All things that shall come to those who love God." The grand inquiry then is, do we love Him? If so, we have nothing to fear, for he is our friend, his providence is on our side, and nothing can be against us. But if we have no love to Him, he is our enemy; nothing can be for us, but all is for ever armed in opposition to us. Let us possess an interest in his favor, and we shall then sing for ever "He hath done all things well!" J. B.

### ELDER JOHN LELAND.

This character is a very well known to many people of the United States, not only as an energetic preacher, but as a laconic writer. The following is an extract from a letter written by him to a female friend, under date of February 8, 1823, and published in a Richmond, Va. paper.

I have been trying to get ready to die. I have written a short history of the events of my life, and although it contains the best part of my life, yet when I look over the manuscript, it is but a ragged thing. I have also got the likeness of my person taken, as large as life, from the waist up; and others say it is a good portrait; but it looks like a crabbed image full of juices; so that boasting is every way excluded. My pecuniary concerns I have settled, so that my executor may have nothing to do; and likewise made my will, which is but a light affair. So far I am ready to die; but internal readiness in another thing. I have as strong attachments to life as I had in the year 1777, when at your father's house with brother Young. I cannot select the time when, nor the disease by which, I should choose to die. When I reflect back on my past life, a thousand things occur that were criminal or very imprudent. I had no fruit in those things of which I am now ashamed; and yet I still persevere in frovwardness, so that if Christianity was not a religion for sinners, to meet their wants and relieve their woes, I should have no hope.

I have been more than 53 years since I began to preach, in doing of which I have travelled 80,000 miles, preached 10,000 times, and baptized 1456 persons, a good portion of whom professed to be the zeals of my ministry. Was I sure that I had acted only for Christ, my soul would make her boast in God; but there is so much corruption in me, that the most that I can hope is that there has been some good

thing in me, amidst many bad ones. There is a solemn day approaching, where pleading that we have eaten and drunken in the presence of Christ—prophesied—cast out devils and done many wonderful works in his name, will not avail; and that if we add to these pleas, that we have given our bodies to be burned, and our goods to feed the poor, yet without charity (the union from the Holy one—the waters that spring up to eternal life,) we shall be disesteemed. While writing on this solemn subject, I feel like dropping my pen, and crying to God, with all the powers of my soul, that he would make me right—make me faithful unto death—assist me to fight the good fight—finish my course—keep the faith, and receive the crown.

Internal religion is the external mode and always will be; but the same modes of it, change like the fashions of dress. So many religious novelties have lately sprung up, that I have often exclaimed, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." But this alarm has been quieted by "What is the result to thee? follow thou me." In all the revivals that have been where I have administered, the work has operated as it did in Virginia from the year 1734 until 1759. A little damsel selected her father to purchase for her a London doll, with a china face, all clad in silk; which request was granted by the father and father-in-law. But soon little Miss grew sick of her doll, and exclaimed, "I want a baby that will cry and eat victuals." It is a truth that the living Jesus was meanly clad and hardly fed; but the dead Christ was finally shrouded and honorably interred. There is, however, a time spoken of when kings shall bring their gold, honor and glory in to the holy city.

From creation to the flood was 1656 years; in which term we may safely calculate that many millions of people lived; and yet no more than 27 personal names are found in the antediluvian history. There are a number of names so incorporated into the history, precepts, and promises of the Scriptures, that they must necessarily be perpetuated as long as the Bible exists. But there has been many *sons of men* that never bowed to Baal, whose names are buried in oblivion. Much has been done, and much is doing, by men to immortalize their names; but if my name is written in heaven, in the Lamb's book of life, not to be blotted out—if I have a room in God's house, among the living in Jerusalem, shall be made for eternity. It is not like this century hence, there will be many, if any one, who will ever have known or heard any thing of John Leland.

## MORNING STAR.

### LIMERICK:

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1828.

The present number closes the second volume of the Morning Star. We would embrace this opportunity to express our thanks to all who have lent us their patronage since our commencement, and hope that we shall in future be enabled to make our paper more acceptable and more worthy of patronage than it ever yet has been. We would also return our thanks to those who have contributed to our columns, and invite them to continue their favors. It has been our chief endeavor, and it will ever be, to make our paper useful and interesting—to show forth the importance, benefit and pleasures of religion, morality and virtue—to discountenance and expose sin, vice and folly, and every thing that is enemy against God. In this great cause we stand in need of the assistance of our brethren and friends, and we hope and trust that we shall receive it.

### ON CHRISTIAN UNION.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Ps. 133: 1.

In a former number of the Star we have shewn what constitutes a brotherhood.

In every age of the world it has been a pleasing sight to observe that children of the same family are united. It is pleasant indeed to the truly devoted Christian to see and feel a union existing in the family of heaven, the church of the first born, of which he considers himself unworthy as he may feel to be, a member.

It is good, and it is pleasant for Christians to be united.

1. Where union is wanting between brethren, love one for another is not of course enjoyed; and this effectually mars, if it does not entirely destroy those good feelings which are peculiar to those who possess the heaven-born principle that worketh no ill to his neighbor. Therefore for Christians "to keep the unity of

the spirit in the bond of peace is productive of the best of consequences." Disunion among brethren does seriously affect and disturb their communion with God. It is utterly impossible for a man to love God, and at the same time hate his brother; for love and hatred cannot dwell together. These principles, the former from above and the latter from beneath, are so opposite in their natures that they can in no respect commingle. Therefore if the disciples of Christ would enjoy sweet communion with their Saviour, which almost constitutes them really happy, they should labor to cultivate an affectionate union with each other. This is good—it is pleasant.

2. When brethren dwell together in unity, it has an influential and salutary effect upon those who are not of the household of faith. When the church is joined together in the same judgment and say the same things, each member possessing the same mind that was in Christ Jesus, who when he was reviled reviled not again, she "looketh forth as the morning, and is fair as the moon, clear as the sky, and terrible as an army with banners. She is like a city, that is set on a hill that cannot be hidden, and like a light that is set on a candlestick that gives light to all who are in the house. Then will 'Gentiles come to her light, and kings to the brightness of her rising.' The world is constrained to say, 'How these Christians love one another! What union exists among them! But if, contrariwise, the church be divided—some for Paul, some for Apollos—some for one measure, some for another, unpleasant consequences generally ensue. For the unconverted are naturally more ready to notice divisions and things that are bad among the professed followers of Jesus, than they are union and things that are good. Too frequently do Christians by their contradiction, give sinners too much occasion to say that there is nothing good in religion. Therefore we say it is good for brethren to be in union.

From the foregoing observations we infer that it is the duty of every Christian to labor on all occasions and in all respects to cultivate union with their brethren in Christ, and to avoid every thing that tends to promote a division in the same family. The circumstance of being members of different religious communities should not operate against the performance of so important a duty. It is essential that all the disciples of Christ should understand that being divided into temporary denominations (for truly these divisions are but temporary) does not, in the strictest sense of the word, produce the least division whatever in the church of Christ. Although ancient Israel, which is beautifully emblematical of the modern church, was divided into different tribes, yet they respectively had their possessions in the land of Canaan, and their various countries, though separated by line and lot, were geographically joined together. So it is with the church of God, which is composed of true Christians, although divided into different sects, yet spiritually they are but one people, for all who are born again by the precious word of God (none else are Christians) are baptized by one spirit into one body.

Hence that which, by a slight examination seems to be a division, on a more candid and thorough investigation will not appear to be such. It is not in reality a division for brethren to meet for social worship at different houses, even in the same neighborhood. If they are devoted disciples, their worship is one and the same. They all worship the one God who is a Spirit, and who seeks such to worship him as worship in spirit and in truth; and if their public exercises should close at the same period, and retiring, should meet, with Christian affection they could embrace each other and mutually inquire about their welfare and prosperity, and thus show to a gazing throng that those people, though returning from different places of devotion, are travelling in the same way, which is straight and narrow and which leads to life; that consequently they are bound to the same heaven, and will eventually, if faithful, join the same innumerable company in the realms of immortal

felicity. Such a course is indicative of Christian union; it is a pleasant sight.

Again. Opportunities will often occur when brethren, if they are so disposed, may unite in worship at the same meeting—such as prayer meetings, inquiry meetings, conference seasons, &c.; which are usually held on a week day, presenting an opportunity for brethren of different denominations to visit each other, and occasionally mingle their devotions together. Such practices are happily calculated to increase Christian union, and promote the fellowship of the saints, and convince the wicked of the beauties of religion and the excellency of grace. Ministers of the gospel of different orders may unite in their exercises on funeral occasions, and thereby show to the world that they have fellowship one with another as ambassadors of Christ. The practice is a good one. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for the messengers of grace to be united in the great and important point of the gospel.

Lastly. It is the duty of brethren to avoid every thing which either directly or indirectly tends to discord. It has been before remarked, that in some points of doctrine brethren disagree. As each has conscientiously adopted his own creed, it is his privilege to suppose that he is right, while his brother, who does not accord with him in those things, is erroneous. In this view of things when two or more such brethren fall in company, whether their interviews be of a public or private nature, as the sentiments of each are known to the other, they should not be discussed; they should not be so much as named among them. The measure would lead to an unpleasant controversy. In this way Christ, we believe, has often been wounded in the house of his friends. On such occasions the topics of conversation should be such that all may unite without a single discordant note. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, where the Lord commanded his blessing, even life for evermore.

## RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,

OR,

Spirit of the Foreign Theological Journals and Reviews.

We have received the first, second and third numbers of this work. As the title imports, the selections are made from the best European religious magazines and reviews, without any regard to sectarianism, but solely with reference to the merit of the papers, and their tendency to advance the interests of pure evangelical religion. We consider it a valuable and interesting work, and worthy the patronage of Christians of all denominations. It is published monthly by E. LITTELL & BROTHERS, 83 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, for six dollars a year, payable in advance. Each No. contains 96 large octavo pages with double columns, closely and neatly printed on superior paper.

The following are the contents of the first number. The contents of the second and third numbers, we shall publish next week.

Contents of the first No. of the Religious Magazine, or Spirit of the Foreign Theological Journals and Reviews.

1. A Sabbath in the Country. From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.
2. The Vale of Teems. From the same.
3. The Village. From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.
4. Heaven. From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.
5. Causes of the Prejudices of Worldly Men against Religion. From the same.
6. Christ stilling the Tempest. From the same.
7. A Review of the History of the Church of Christ. From the Christian Observer.
8. The Bell at Sea. From the Amulet.
9. The Reformation in Ireland. From the Eclectic Review.
10. Review of some Confessions of a Gamester. From the Christian Observer.
11. The Paschal Moon. From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.
12. Memoir of Mrs. Maria Calder. From the Western Methodist Magazine.
13. Religion in Germany. From the Eclectic Review.
14. Messiah's Advent. From the Amulet.
15. Amusements. From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.
16. On Meditation. From the Christian Examiner.
17. On the Motive of an Amorous Being. "Nunquam Satis." From the same.
18. On Conversation. From the same.

### NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

19. Interesting Narratives from the Sacred Vulgate illustrated and improved; showing the Extent of Divine Revelation, and the practical Nature of True Religion. 20. Babylon Destroyed; or, the History of the Empire of Assyria; compiled from Rollin, Prieux, and other Authorities. 21. Map, illustrating the Travels of the Apostle Paul, annotated from the History of the Rev. J. C. Crosthwaite, A. M. 22. Elements of Biblical Criticism and Interpretation. Translated from the

Latin of Ernesti; Koll, Beck, and Momm; and accompanied with Notes. 23. The Lives of Clements Romane, Ignatius, and Polycarp. The Habituages of the Reformation. Life of Oliver Zoungier, the Swiss Reformer. The Morning of the English Church. 24. Brazilia, the Gileadite; or, Considerations on Old Age; addressed to the Old and Young. 25. The Gilly Tongue. 26. History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times. 27. Eighteen Short Essays on Prayer and the Ministry of the Word. Miscellaneous relating to the Holy Scriptures, and other Sacred Subjects. 28. An English Harmony of the Four Evangelists.

By a letter from Eld. Samuel Rand, dated April 21, the truth of our statement last week relative to a revival in Portland, is corroborated. He states that the Lord has again revived his work among them. A number have of late found the Saviour to the joy of their hearts, and there are more in search for him. Twenty or more come forward at a time, and bow before the altar; and often some find comfort before they leave the place.

Br. Anthony Combs of Windsor, Me. states in a letter recently received, that the brethren in that place are very much neglected by preachers. He says, "A meeting house was erected here last season, and there is a small church in this town, the members of which are almost discouraged, feeling themselves at times nearly forsaken of God and the preaching brethren." Cannot some servant of the Lord make it convenient to visit that place?

By a letter from Eld. Samuel Whitney, dated April 5th, we are informed that he has moved from Brooks, to the pleasant and flourishing town of Newport, in the county of Penobscot, where he expects to reside in future. Eld. W. informs that there is no church of our Connection at present in that place; but that a considerable revival has taken place in the course of the preceding year. There is some prospect that a church will soon be gathered in the town. We trust that Eld. W. will be beneficial to the people and the cause of truth in the region where he now resides.

It appears by a letter from Br. Yates Higgins, that it is a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord in Warren, Me. He observes, "It is a very glorious time in this place, and has been for a number of months past; souls have been brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Br. Joseph Gowin has lately attended meeting with us, and a number have been baptized."

Hamden, Me.—We learn from a correspondent that Hamden and some of the neighboring towns are blessed with seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. About 20 have been converted or reclaimed in Hamden. Zion's Herald.

The following is a communication from Br. John Parkes, who came over to this country from England in 1826. He was, while in his native country, a preacher in the New connexion of General Baptists. He is now preaching in Gorham and vicinity.

Dear brethren and friends,—"When I think of England and the friends which I have left in that country, it causes me and my dear companion to cast a longing look toward the east, and raise a prayer to the Lord for those we love; although we have no expectation of seeing them again in this world, yet we hope through grace to meet them in glory. At the same time I feel it my duty to give thanks to the Lord for directing me, in his kind providence, to this land of liberty and plenty; where I hope to spend my days, if God permit, in trying to persuade sinners to come to the dear Saviour; the Lord grant me grace to be faithful. I wish also to thank all my friends in this country, who have in any way assisted me, my family, and me, in furnishing me with means to accomplish a journey to England, to seek a child which I had left. May the Lord reward you for all your kindness to a stranger.

As it may be interesting to some, I will now make a few statements relative to my voyage to England. I left Portland on the 2d of May last for New York, and arrived on the 8th. On the 18th I sailed from New York in the ship *Eliza*, Capt. Calt, for London. I found the captain to be a kind man. We held meetings on the Sabbath, and I discovered that the Lord was with us. On the 23d day of June we sailed 70 miles from London. I took a seat in the stage at this place for London, where I met with Adam Taylor, to whom I delivered a letter, books and papers from Eld. Buzzell, and received others from Adam Taylor for Eld. Buzzell. After spending two days with my relatives in

No one circumstance can more fully prove the  
 true and great demand for this Medicine, than  
 the numerous servile and contemptible imitations  
 in existence, some have so closely imitated the  
 name and type of the outside wrapper, as to be  
 difficult of detection except only by the omission of  
 the NAME. Therefore, as you value Life or Limb,  
 you are to ask for and receive WHITTELL'S Opo-  
 dore only, or you may be most wretchedly im-  
 posed upon.

The above is for sale at the store of JAMES  
 WYER, 8d. Newfield.

## POETRY.

### From the Spirit and Manners of the Age. THE VALE OF TEARS.

"In visions which are not of night, a shadowy vale I see,  
The path of pilgrim tribes who are, who have been,  
or shall be;  
At either end are lowering clouds impervious to the sight,  
And frequent shadows veil, throughout, each gleam of passing light;  
A path it is of joys and griefs, of many hopes and pains;  
Gladden'd at times by sunny smiles, but oftener dimm'd by tears.

Green leaves are there, they quickly fade—bright flowers, but soon they die;  
Its banks are lav'd by pleasant streams, but soon their bed is dry;  
And some that roll on to the last with undiminished force,  
Have lost that limpid purity which greeted their early course;  
They seem to borrow in their flow the tinge of dark'ning years,  
And e'en their mournful murmuring sound betrays the vale of tears.

Pleasant that valley's opening scenes appear to childhood's view,  
The soft green night, the turf is green, the sky above is blue;  
A blast may blight, a beam may scorch, a cloud may intervene,  
But lightly morneth, and soon forget, they mar not such a scene;  
Fancy still paints the future bright, and hope the present cheers,  
Nor can we deem the path we tread leads through a vale of tears.

But soon, too soon, the flowers that decked our early path are wither'd,  
Have droop'd and wither'd on their stalks, and on you have been died;  
The turf by noon's fierce heat is scor'd, the sky is overcast;  
There's a shudder in the torrent's tone, and tempest in the blast;  
Faintly is but a phantom found, and hope a dream appears,  
And none and none our hearts confess this life a vale of tears.

Darker and darker seems the path! how sad to journey on!  
When friends and hearts which gladden'd ours appear for ever gone!  
Some cold in death, and some, alas! we fear could not survive;  
Living to self, and to the world, to us seem cooler still;  
With mournful retrospective glance we look to brighter years,  
And find our solitary steps the thorny vale of tears.

Then wasting pain and slow disease trace furrows on the brow,  
The droop'd eye, alighting down, is felt a burthen now,  
The first cord is loosening fast its rattle, slender hold,  
The fountain's pacer soon must break, and bowl of pure gold;  
Oft comes it not to the heart that best hope which e'en death endears,  
How weary were our pilgrimage through this dark vale of tears.

## RECOLLECTIONS.

### THE VALLEY OF THE SEASONS.

"As the eases change, thoughtfully Father, these  
Are but the varied tides."

"Follow me," said the sage, "and I will lead thee to the Valley of the Seasons." I obeyed my conductor, and he brought me to an eminence, from whence looking down, I beheld a vale as fruitful as the season of Spring.  
"Let us descend the hill," said the old man, "and sit down by your fountain; from thence we shall perceive the seasons and their attendants, listen attentively to their songs, and I will explain to you the duties of each spirit, as it passes by." We descended to the fountain, and sitting down on the turf bank, beheld four beautiful females, each of whom was surrounded by many attendants. The principal figures glided, and each other in a wreathed dance. It is Spring; she comes over the mountains, sliding her dew, and flies through the valleys, dropping her flowers; she scatters beautiful foliage on the forests, and clothes the hills with verdure. She approaches; you will hear sing.

## SPRING.

Here in my garden, I, thy fly,  
Gathering blossoms in each flower;  
The first pale primrose I can espie,  
And thou assumest that peeps from the shady bowers.  
I gather them both, and fly, and fly,  
Where nestle the dew-drops;  
Then on the clouds of heaven I fly,  
To water the valleys and little hills.  
Over the earth I fly, I fly,  
Smiling upon the farrowed land.  
The reed-burst open where'er they lie,  
And nature looks happy on every hand.  
Unto the fold I fly, I fly,  
To bring forth the young of the laden dams,  
And the green fields o'er as I pass by,  
With the blessings of sleep, and the playful lambs.  
The genius of the Spring went by, and another spirit approached us, wearing a

coronet of pearls; she held an urn in her two hands, and her rainbow-colored wings were wet with dew. "This," said my guide, "is the genius of the Showers; she is the favorite companion of Spring, and follows closely after her, sprinkling the earth at intervals with water from her silver urn."

## THE GENIUS OF THE SHOWERS.

Nightly I go to the coral cell,  
Where the spirits of the water dwell,  
And oft as I visit their own cave,  
They fill me with their own blue wave;  
Drops such as these there are none—there are none  
Save in that fountain stream alone.  
On they are beat'ning all the while,  
On the happy vale and the quiet hill,  
At break of day my dew drops shine  
On the rose, and lily, and gloriole,  
The peasant goes forth to his work, and beholds  
All that the hand of Spring unfolds.  
He prays to the lark in his morning hymn,  
And prays to that God who hath saved him;  
When evening comes, he comes to the door,  
Of thanks, when he sees the morning's dew,  
That arches and melts while I gladden the plain  
With precious drops of the early rain.

"The spirit which now advances," said my companion, "is the genius of the soft winds. She wears a crown of seven stars. With a plume of the ostrich she rules the gales of spring. At her command they waft the seeds of plants and flowers across the earth, and scatter them in desert places, and in the waste ground is glad, and in the fields."

## THE GENIUS OF THE SOFT WINDS.

Softly o'er the vale below  
My fairy gundola glides,  
And morneth above the rocky loom,  
Where the proud eagle abides.  
Ariel, as I sweep along,  
His fairy horn is blowing,  
A white cloud is my pavilion,  
O'er the valley I fling.

When the sun is high to the west,  
And the heat of the day is done,  
And the cool wings whirled by her arm,  
To some far-off spot of the earth I come.  
By a silver river sitting,  
I mark to the music that softly along,  
From the skill with which sails fitting,  
"The loveliest singing his evening song."  
From the lonely watch-tower,  
And the castle's tower to the shore,  
There comes, on the breeze of the midnight hour,  
The watchman's voice—All a well-god night!

When this spirit had passed, many others glided before us, on whom my conductor made no observations. Of these, one held a green blade of corn, a second carried a variety of beautiful blossoms, and a third had a wreath of wild flowers on her head, and a pastoral crook in her hand. Then appeared a beautiful form, having her golden locks gathered into a silken net, and a band of roses bound on her brow. Her laughing blue eyes, her gleaming cheek, the swelling of her purple bosom, which the faint lawn revealed but did not conceal, excited a vision of female loveliness not to be described. She reined on a cloud of odors, and held in her hand a wand of gold. "This," said the sage, "is the genius of Summer. She goes forth to mature the fruits of the earth, that the promises of Spring may be answered by the gifts of Autumn."—*Imperial Magazine.*

## THE RAINBOW.

Little Susan had hidden her eyes in her mamma's lap during the violence of a loud thunder storm, and expressed herself as being much alarmed. But the thunder ceased to roar, and the red lightning faded to flash, and she ventured to walk towards the window, and hastily exclaimed, as she gazed upon the clouds, "Look, mamma, what a beautiful rainbow; how clear and bright the colors are!" "It is, indeed, a beautiful sight!" replied the lady, "here be the Bible, and you shall read the prophecy." Susan ran and brought the "Hebrew Book;" and, if my reader, you will take trouble to look in yours, you will find in the 9th chapter of Genesis, and the 11th verse and some following ones, the interesting part. There we have the kind promise of God that he will not again destroy the earth by water. The deluge was a great flood that swept over the habitable globe, and destroyed every thing that had life except what the ark contained; and when the awful destruction was all over, God gave his gracious promises, and said, "I will set my bow in the clouds;" and as a proof that this righteous Being has not forgotten his word, you may dear girl have seen this glorious sight. Whilst they were talking, the beautiful rainbow gently faded away, until it was almost gone; when Susan remarked, "How true was my minister's text last Sunday morning—'God is not a man that he should lie, or the son of man that he should repeat: hath he said, and will he not do it; hath he spoken, and will he not make it good!'" "Yes," answered mamma, "and our kind minister also said that God will be faithful to his threatening, as his promises; and if he has cleared that he will bless the saints, he has also assured us that he will punish the wicked; and little girls and boys should be very careful that they sin not in thought, word, or deed. God will by and by again destroy this lower world, not by water, but by the fires of the day, for the trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be raised, the stars shall fall from heaven, and this earth shall be burned up; then shall sinners be alarmed and afraid out of their close places, but children of the Most High, who, while sojourning below, lived for heaven, they shall be received to the climes of glory to no more out—May you, my beloved Susan, join that immense multitude which no man can number, and sing through the centuries, as the sons of Moses and the countless angels the song of Moses and the Lamb—Unto him who hath washed us in his own blood, be glory for ever and ever." Amen.

## THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

I silently stood beside the pall of life, and in mute sorrow gazed upon her placid features, beautiful even in death. There yet played about her lips her wonted smile, the same in which her happy spirit had passed from earth to heaven. True, the brilliancy of her eye was extinguished, but it seemed more as if she had softly closed them on terrestrial scenes in pity of their earthly joys. She had scarcely attained her twentieth summer—the vista of life was just opening—her path was strewn with the flowers of prospective happiness, and illumined by the lambent gleams of youth and buoyant hope, while the charms of youth were budding in profusion around her; but alas! the chilling frost has nipped their tender blossoms, and the blooming maiden now lies shrouded in the pall of death! Touching and mournful story was the sight, so young, so innocent, and lovely, and so soon from the arms of death to friends!

I tasted the "luxury of woe," and enjoyed a mournful, yet pleasing pleasure while bending o'er the bier where lay her remains, for she possessed "the peace that passeth all understanding;" her last moments were peaceful and happy; and in humble confidence of being welcomed by sister angels, her pure spirit winged its flight to brighter realms. Oh! Religion, thou wert the comforts that assuaged her sufferings and sweetly soothed her pillow; strengthened and upheld by thy aid, calmly she surveyed the approach of the hour of terror—thine was the smile that sat upon her lips when she meekly sunk into his embraces, and closed her sweet repose.

## PARENTAL DUTIES.

Content not yourselves with giving your children good instructions; but endeavor, by arguments, exhortations and reproofs, to form their lives according to these instructions.

Carefully watch their tempers and manners. If you discover in them a vicious propensity, check and restrain it, before it is grown into a habit. Let no passions and desires make you blind of the faults which appear in them or deaf to all complaints made against them.—But to avoid the partiality, you must not run into extreme severities, or unreasonable jealousies.

Ever carry a steady hand, and maintain a temperate discipline.

You may have occasion to use your parental authority; but see that you use it with prudence, moderation, and dignity. Give your children tokens of approbation or dislike, as they do well or ill. But take not severe notice of their mistakes and unbecoming slips; this would discourage them. Neither connive at dangerous faults; this would tend to harden them.

Hasty reproofs and passionate corrections should be avoided. These bring government into contempt. But then, to avoid rigor, you must not wholly let go the reins of government; a child left to himself, brings himself to ruin, and his parents to shame. Small faults, indeed, had better be overlooked entirely, than reprov'd and punished with sharpness and severity. But where a fault is great, and is often repeated, or obstinately persisted in, there lenity and connivance become criminal.

Let your discipline be cool and dispassionate, that it may appear to proceed from tender concern, not from wrath and revenge.

Frequent threatenings you must forbear.—These weaken authority far more than they deter from iniquity.

Choose the fittest seasons of addressing your children. The Lord's day, at awakening, providence, a fair affliction, and the death of a young person, may be improved to give weight and energy to your counsels.

In the present state good and evil are blended.—Our happiness has some bitter ingredients, and our miseries some agreeable mitigations; but in the eternal world good and evil are for ever separated. All will be pure unmingled happiness or misery. In the present state, good and evil are blended.—Our happiness has some bitter ingredients, and our miseries some agreeable mitigations; but in the eternal world good and evil are for ever separated. All will be pure unmingled happiness or misery. In the present state, good and evil are blended.—Our happiness has some bitter ingredients, and our miseries some agreeable mitigations; but in the eternal world good and evil are for ever separated. All will be pure unmingled happiness or misery. In the present state, good and evil are blended.—Our happiness has some bitter ingredients, and our miseries some agreeable mitigations; but in the eternal world good and evil are for ever separated. All will be pure unmingled happiness or misery.

or dwell with Satan and his angels, where the fire of God's wrath is never quenched.

A woman merely beautiful may attract; a woman merely accomplished may produce a sacred fascination; but it is sense and virtue alone that fasten on the mind.

TO CLEANSE AND PRESERVE THE TEETH. In the morning hold salt in the mouth under the tongue, till it melts or dissolves, and rub the teeth with it. This is good for the eruption yet known to cleanse and preserve the teeth.

## Temperance Department.

### A VOICE FROM THE WOODS.

An Indian Chief, of the Nova Scotia Tribe, has in person presented a petition to the Legislature of Nova Scotia, praying that the selling of RUM to the Indians may be prohibited. In the whole course of our career, we have met with nothing which has tinged our cheeks with a deeper blush of shame than this simple act—of an untutored man, it may be, but we cannot style him a savage. He has made an effort in favor of his red brethren, which should have been long since, not only in Nova Scotia and for the benefit of an uncivilized race, but throughout this country—in every State—for the safety of our institutions, the preservation of our country, and the happiness of the whole people—at least, it was not that sort of something more feasible and beneficial.

Is it not a lively proof of the prevalence and deteriorating effects of intemperance, when even the Indian comes forth from his wilds to supplicate the lawmakers of the land that they will prohibit the sale of strong drink to his brethren? What stronger commentary can we desire? He has felt the contagion spreading like a fire in his native forest, which lights every tender plant and devours the stately oaks;—and he has seen the strong limbs of his Chief become feeble and tottering, and his faithful bow his eagle eye loses its piercing light, his proud step its elasticity, his favored superiority its prebendancy. Yet more—he has seen his tribe wasting away under this baneful disease like a swift consumption, till it is reduced to a minority of its former greatness; he is convinced that speedy annihilation must ensue, unless the Destroyer be chained with fetters stronger than brass; and acting under the impulse of heroic philanthropy. He stands before the public council, prays for aid to rescue his infatuated and suffering people. [Nat. Phil.]

The use of ardent spirits has long been the bane both of savage and of civilized life; and it is extraordinary, and no small reproach to the latter, that it is among the former that the most numerous and the most unrelenting and alarming magnitude. As a "talk" of North American Indians, it seems, these people determined to abolish the use of ardent spirits, and to make them a curse to the nation, and to drive them from the earth. It should be left to savage life to discover and correct the numerous facts, reflects but little credit upon those civilized states, in which the practice prevails and increases thousands, and not only such resolution as this is come to, but where the very government connives at the madness and ruin of its subjects, and even consents to raise a large revenue by selling every lunatic in the London, be executed, for the purpose of tracing the origin of their awful calamity, none so general as it would be found. Pious, decent, and moral men, we have no doubt, are the producers of many; but those, and all other causes put together, would not, we are convinced, furnish any thing like the proportion in the fearful catalogue, which would be found to have lain hidden in the bosom of the nation. Were we asked, on the one hand, what it is that is more than any thing else destroying the nation, our answer to the people of these islands, we would say it is the use of ardent spirits, and to the people of the other hand, what it is that would bring them back to the habits and the character of former times, we should say that it would be by returning to the wholesome, and to the healthy, and to the virtuous, and to the hardy ancestors; all exchanged, indeed, for liquid fire.

London Morning Herald.

General Association of Connecticut, Amherst Meeting, Sept. 20th, 1827.

Resolved, That this Association do cordially approve of the principles and objects of the American Society for the Promotion of Temperance, and that we will exert our influence as patriots to prevent entirely the common use and all the abuses of strong drink.

In their Annual Report on the State of Religion, they say, "The influence of Intemperance, which we deem beyond control, is beginning to receive a check. In many places the important duty has been made, by actual experiment, that union and devotion, among the virtuous part of the community, transcending the use of Ardent Spirit, is effectual to check its progress—to guard the rising generation against it—and to diminish very greatly its attendant evils."

General Association of Massachusetts, at their meeting in Worcester, June, 1827.—Extracts from their Minutes.

Thursday, June 28th.—The following resolutions were moved and adopted, viz.

1. That we cordially approve of the object and operations of the American Society for the Promotion of Temperance, and are generally and uniformly in opinion, that the use of distilled liquors will become universal.  
2. That we will abstain from the use of distilled liquors ourselves; that we will not have them introduced, except as medicine, or for the purpose of inflicting it on our families; that we will not provide them as an article of entertainment for our friends; and that we will, in all suitable ways, discourage the use of them in the community.