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2. It is true, that words are sometimes used by way of accommodation to temporal things,

with much labor and difficulty taken down two nice large ones from their resting place in the store-room, where, there was an abundance of them, and all other good things, sh

emerged with them into the hall, one under each arm, as much as she could carry; and as was passing on as quietly as possible, trying to keep their heavy ends from thumping on the floor, when, to her astonishment and horror, her father entered the hall, facing her. She knew that she was doing wrong, and feared his anger. Her rich silk dress, too, was destroyed, and she knew not what to do. Her father raised his hands and laughed at her, and then asked whether she was

going in this way, and ascertained that he was going with the sausages, and for what. She had always been truthful, and now she knew it would be of no use to be otherwise; so she told him the whole story. He laughed yet more, and taking her to her mother told her he had found her, and inquired whether she was allowed to take from the store-room and give to the poor. Her mother advised severe punishment, but her father only rebuked and threatened her. At the same time calling his servant he sent to inquire respecting the sick

man. He returned saying that he was real sick, and his family in want; the servant we then sent back to find with such things - were needful.

I was asked to find that she was a Christian. I think truly so. She was conversant with religious subjects, and spoke there on, as on other subjects, with earnestness. She had connected herself with the church of her fathers, the Christian Church, and received her baptism, at the age of fourteen. Upon the subject of immersion being the only baptism, I made it a point to obtain her testimony; which she gave in emphatic terms. "We," said she, meaning the Greeks, "are not in the habit of baptizing by immersion. The Greek Testament is our own language, and we know that *baptizo* means to immerse, and that only; therefore, in baptism we are all immersed." She affirmed that sprinkling for baptism was a Popish practice, intricate and unscriptural. She said that, as an infant, she said their church was divided—some having followed the example of the church of

She was married at seventeen; but the marriage was not one of her choice. According to custom, her mother made the engagement, and it was for her only to give her assent. Unfortunately, the engagement was to a man she had seen only once or twice for a few minutes, and then only to dislike and despise. But he was an officer in the army, and her mother regarded him with favor. And so without being consulted in the matter, with out having once thought of such a connection

and while yet pursuing the favorite study of medicine, her betrothal came upon her like a thunderbolt. She knew that her social happiness for this life was ended; but she must (and did) obey her mother.

VIATOR.

For the Morning Star.

FRANKNESS AMONGST BRETHREN.

It is common amongst all classes to criticize. Now what should be the object of criticism? Certainly the good of the individual

criticized. Where can criticism be most profitably made? In presence of the erring one or by telling his errors and defects to others until you make his faults a matter of public scandal greatly to the detriment of his interest and reputation. We have all lived long enough to learn that no good ever comes by talking over the defects of others in their absence—except it may be in private council amongst the personal friends of the erring one while seeking advice as to the best means of securing his reform. Much injury arises to the cause of freedom, by publishing broadcast the real or fancied weaknesses, and defects of all our contemporaries.

and sinners are not sufficiently careful of each other's influence and reputations—are not so watchful as we should be to guard each other from harm. There is not half the zeal there ought to be in striving to do each other good. What is the matter? Where lies the secret of the difficulty? It is all found in a lack of love! Where love is, Christ is—where love abounds, God's presence fills the soul; and where the Holy Spirit dwells, all malice against evil speaking are put away. "God is love," and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." If a brother is fault-finding—he forms his own heaven and wherein he will form him—form him frankly, freely, but at the same time very kindly and affectionately if reasonable, make him perfectly assured it

his good and not his injury you seek. Be a friend with him as you would in speaking to others confidentially of his faults, and you will do your whole duty.

There are two kinds of the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." Many a man is ruined both in reputation and character, because his friends have not sufficient moral courage and nerve for him to faithfully point out his defects.

Many a kind hearted and intelligent man becomes inflated with egotism and self-conceit, and dashes himself to ruin on the quicksands of vanity, carrying spirits of Zion, and the want of a proper fulfilment of covenant obligations on the part of his Christian brethren. Affectionate rebuke, followed upon a few earnest exhortations, is the remedy for this malady.

There is one thing, however, which is almost intangible specific for such dangerous maladies. Frankness begets frankness, kindness reflects its own image, and wherever an intemperate is formed among brethren so closely connected, a brother's error is detected, and a brother's error is detected is kindly pointed out to him for correction, then the cause of God prospereth, the Spirit of the Most High dwells, and there is rejoicing in heaven.

Every man who has been made to feel the blessings of a kind brother's affectionate rebuke, or friendly criticism, is made happy in the grateful remembrance, both on the other side, which failed to seek his reform or carelessly, or wanted to

commented upon his "often infirmities" in absence. Brethren, love one another, love is the fulfilling of the law.

For the Morning Star.

**ETERNAL PUNISHMENT OF THE
WICKED.**

As Universalists assert their ability to see it appears that the words *forever*, *everlasting*, and *eternal*, do not mean endless duration when applied to the future punishment of the wicked. I am thought wanting in attention to the subject, not because I have passed it off in silence, but because I have not given a full explanation of the terms.

Let us understand the words to mean endless, for the following reason.—Because this is the proper signification of the Greek word *aiōn*, from which they are derived. It is applied in all able critics, ancient and modern, to the word this meaning according to its etymology—*aiōn*, *aiōn*, and *aiōn*, signifying an everlasting time, which conveys the idea of endless duration. The same must be understood of its derivatives. The term *aiōn* is often applied to God, *Theos aiōn*, "eternal, everlasting God." In this application of the word, Universalists admit it to be taken in its endless sense, and they apply it to the future happiness of the righteous. Why, then, should the word be taken in a different sense when applied to the punishment of the wicked? The things which are seen and felt, and which are temporal, are not eternal." The word *eternal* is thus understood to mean endless, because it stands opposed to the word "temporal," hence

the world. Our Divine employer must desire that we accomplish the greatest possible good, which our nature and relations will permit under the wisest and best arrangements. May we not, therefore, justly infer that he will comply, to the last, not only the most important, but also, the very least condition, to our highest success in his work. It only remains to

her feet. Every timber creaked and groaned while the sound of many feet and the shouting of the captain, proved that the gale was at its height. The noise and confusion in the cabin were terrible. Several ladies sprang from their berth and commenced dressing themselves. Others cried loud; and others too sick to arise, shrieked and loudly lamented.

just law can a non-resistant Quaker be excused from military service, and a non-resistant Baptist or Methodist compelled to serve?—Suppose that a new sect should appear with a new tenet of non-resistance, to the effect that governments should be supported by voluntary contributions, should the members of the sect be excused from taxation? And if the

Young Thornwell exhibited such a degree of natural talent as to attract attention; thus he became a charity scholar, and found scope for his ambition in the ministry of the Presbyterian church. He was learned in logic and theology, and the character of his theology, as to its letter and spirit, in relation to the

was regained, and the flocks and herds of the enemy were driven off. All of this will be found in the thirtieth chapter of first Samuel, from which let us learn that the slaves will not join our side in the great civil war until we swear unto them that we will not return them to their masters.

MORNING STAR.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Considering the state of our country, the condition of the church, and the trying circumstances of many individuals, it is not strange that this question should be reiterated. When we see the monstrous proportions the rebellion has assumed, the determined daring exhibited, and the reckless barbarity with which our government is assailed, we can but ask it. When our sons and brothers are falling by thousands in the bloody conflict, carrying grief to many a heart, it naturally occurs. When the mother with tearful eye and anxious heart bids farewell to her "Benjamin," or the wife takes her leave of her young husband, and follows him in imagination to the field of blood, and the news comes back that he has fallen, what shall she do? It is easier to ask the question than it is to answer it.

When we see how many of our churches are affected, the strong young men taken away and many of its members embarrassed by the times, surely we may inquire with propriety, what shall we do?

One inquired in olden times what he should do that he might save his soul, and it should be the first question with every one. Instead of having our minds diverted from it by national or local affairs, we should have them directed to it thereby, and be made sensible of the indispensable necessity of attending to the interests of the soul first. We are inclined to make them of secondary importance. We attend to other things first. We ignore personal duty until we have saved the nation and the church, when at the same time the neglect of this has imperiled them both. If the duty of man to God and to his fellow-man had always been scrupulously performed, there would have been no occasion for this bloody war; and no waste places in Zion.

When told by a man of secession tendency, that he thought the "clergy would have a great deal to answer for in this war," we replied that we thought they would; for if they had been true to the great principles of the gospel, and of genuine democracy, involving the duty of man to man, or the rights of humanity, and vindicated them boldly and uncompromisingly, this war would never have been. We think so now. If all the clergy had been right on the question of slavery in Bible and true democratic sense, and preached their sentiments faithfully, the south would never have initiated such an unrighteous rebellion.

A personal, anti-democratic wrong, which God abhors, has been cherished and pampered until it has become an imaginary right, attained giant proportions, and eaten out the vitals of religion and of democracy too, and substituted itself in their place, as the grand mainspring of them both. Just think of a religion of love, and a government of the people, with oppression for its soul! No wonder we have a spurious religion and a spurious democracy, imperceptibly grown into a government of domination. There is not a particle of democracy (people ruling) at the south; but a few—a class—fostered by slavery—are born to rule just as much as in the despots of the old world. These two principles are now at war with each other for the supremacy. It is not a war of factions but of principles.

Despotism and democracy have always been antagonistic. Now they are both found in a death-struggle on the same soil, and in the same republic. The arch fiend of domination, resting on the key-stone of slavery, breathes defiance against the only democratic government on earth which has any reasonable hope of success.

The tyrant has long plotted her overthrow, and plotted in vain as long as he stood aloof and recognized, but when he, in secret, commenced plotting in her midst unperceived, the danger assumed a different character. The arch of rebellion was laid in secret, and the keystone inserted in its place without exciting suspicion. Those who saw the danger and raised their warning voice, were silenced or controlled; and to them were ascribed all our troubles. They stirred them up. What a doctrine! and yet we have been blinded by it. The watchman, who gives warning of the danger, the cause of the danger! The picket, who does his duty—the cause of the ensuing battle! What kind of logic is this? It is the very way Democracy has been diverted, while Tyranny has for years been planning treason, and when his plans were consummated, and he thought he was sure of his victim, he made his assault. The only men who did their duty were accused of provoking that assault!

Even now, when it is asked, what shall be done, it is said to touch the keystone on which their superstructure rests, but conquer the rebellion first, and then look after such things. No wonder the war is prolonged. Knock out the keystone first, and what becomes of the arch and of the structure that rests upon it? It is much easier to commence at the foundation and do the work at once, than it is to begin at the top and take down a little at a time. Ten to one if while we are carefully taking down the little, they are not building up far more.

It stands to reason that we should look well to the cause, and not ignore and cherish it, hoping that by our kindness and consideration it will be overcome or disappear! How foolish! Such a course will prove our ruin. Then what shall we do? Do! Why, do our duty. God hates oppression, and if we as a nation are guilty of it, to God's displeasure, and he is saying to us, "Let my people go," how vain it is to refuse! We shall perish in a sea of blood worse than that in which the children of Israel were overthrown. It is vain to contend with the Almighty.

Then, in answer to the question, we are ready to say to the nation, to the church, and to the individual, "Undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke." Wherein we have been doing wrong, it is time to do right. God is having a fearful reckoning with us. We have all conspired against him, and we cannot escape the fist of him with whom we have to do. Our duty must be done. There is treason in our midst—in the nation—in the church, and no wonder we hear the cry, "Let slavery alone. Down with the rebellion, but don't touch slavery." We hope the nation and the people will soon be convinced that the way to "down with rebellion" is to knock out the keystone on which it rests. We think the prevailing sentiment of the people is correct, and we trust the government will see its duty, and not attempt to avert its overthrow. Let every man go forth from among us, and if the church will come up to their own work, "seek first the kingdom of God," and instead of giving up to discouragement and inaction,

apply themselves individually to prayer and labor, we do not believe God will suffer them to fail. If the church or the nation perish, it will be because we do not do our duty. Internal corruption will destroy us. It has already done more to destroy our army than the enemy has; and we know this is true of the church. Let our watchword be duty, and leave the event with God.

TRUST IN GOD.

The duty of submission to the Divine will is very plain and reasonable. God rules the universe, not by mere might, but in the fitness of things. He is the best ruler. He is not only infinite in power and knowledge, but in wisdom, goodness, love and mercy. He delights in the highest welfare of his creatures, and uses the most appropriate means to promote it. It is therefore not only a duty, but a privilege to trust in Him, and the height of ingratitude and folly to distrust Him.

In our circumstances we greatly need such confidence. We are in a world of change, of imperfection, of trouble, of temptation and sin. If we take a candid survey within, we find not much that is not as it should be; weakness, error, selfishness. Blind indeed to ourselves must those be who can indulge in a vain self-complacency. The best men, when brought to some just conception of themselves, have felt constrained to exclaim with Job: "Behold, I am vile: what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth." Or with Paul: "Of sinners I am the chief." And in our low estate, oppressed with a sense of guilt, where can we find refuge but in Christ, our almighty Saviour? He alone can give us pardon, peace, and hope.

If we look upon the world, we see abounding corruption, wrong and sin. The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty, and those most enlightened are less, if better. If there is not enough to destroy our confidence in our fellow-beings, there is to show what a wreck sin has made of the noblest workmanship of God. We cannot trust in man; it is not right to make flesh our arm. We are, too, in a world of adversity. None are exempt. Those seemingly the most prosperous have their cup of bitterness. Each heart knows its own sorrows. How greatly, then, do we need such friendship, sympathy, help, as can be found alone in God.

It is good, especially in times of trial, to meditate on the examples set before us in the divine word. With what earnestness and faith did good men anciently commit their all to God. Theirs was no stoical indifference, no shrinking from responsibility, no trembling and quailing before adversity; but a yielding of all to the Divine will, which most effectively served to nerve them to their duty, and prepared them to bear with equanimity the sorrows of life. "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." But we shall faint under trials, or what is worse, rush on to ruinous presumption, unless we have the Divine guidance and support.

Here is a resort open and free to all, and sufficient for every case. In the height of prosperity, when all seems to go well with us, we need it; but especially when brought low by affliction, whether personal, in the family, or in society. Then it is most blessed to have such a tower of strength and refuge as we have in God. We can feel that all is safe in his hands. This confidence and assurance will enable us to act the manly part, to bear necessary ills with patience and fortitude, faithfully discharge the duties devolving upon us, and commit our all to the disposal of Him who doeth all things well.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

In matters of the present life we sometimes have to hope against hope; a paradoxical expression indeed, yet one not without meaning. Things may be so adverse, that there seems little encouragement to hope in a certain direction; and as hope is a rational emotion, how can one exercise it without the needful conditions? He cannot. Hope is not always able to lay hold of specific objects, but it may rest on general principles. We may not have assurance that we shall succeed in a given enterprise, or that our views and wishes will be realized. But we may and should always rejoice in hope of the glory of God. He is worthy to be praised, and he will be exalted in heaven and on earth.

We may and should rejoice in hope that truth and right will triumph. So God has promised. There may be reverses, things will not always go as we would have them, but the result is sure. We know that frequently what has seemed most dark and forbidding at the time, has in the end come out most propitious; and then we would not have had it otherwise if we could.

We may and should rejoice in hope that wrong and oppression, pride and bigotry, deceit and wickedness in every form will be overcome. The wicked may have a seeming prosperity, but it is not substantial. In our own land the war will be overruled for good. Slavery will be destroyed. We have not a doubt of it, since it is in conflict with eternal right and justice. And having such grounds of hope, we may rejoice even in present tribulation.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

Never before was a louder call made on the young men of America than is made at this crisis of the nation; and never has call been more promptly and generously met. Never before has it been so clearly seen that the young men are the hope of a great nation, in perilous times. From all parts of the East, West, and North, are the thousands rushing forth, to their country's call, to defend the noble patrimony which has been bequeathed to us by our fathers and our fathers' God. As many fall in the conflict and new calls are made, other hundreds of regiments rush forward to the fight, and if need be to death.

Never before has history made record of such a conflict within any nation, as is here written out to-day among the American people. Such multitudes, a million of young men, and the lines of battle so extended, and so manifestly fighting for so opponent causes of Liberty on the one hand, and slavery on the other; or, if you like it better, for the support and perpetuity of a government the freest and best on earth, or for the rupture and final ruin of such a government. If ever there were cause to justify war, we have it now, to defend and preserve the government which our fathers established with their lives, fortunes and sacred honors, from the ruthless and suicidal hands which have been fostered by its care. Never was there a more patriotic pure, nor more noble, nor more promptly and enthusiastically responded to. All hearts are moved, as these thousands of our young men go forth from among us, to the fields of battle and of victory. Noble young men are they, worthy of such fore-

fathers and of such a country. But hearts fall all over the land that these are great sacrifices who bleed that the country perish not. In many a desolate household do mothers, wives, sisters, fathers, weep for the young men who already have fallen on the field of battle. And as six hundred thousand others march forth, the whole land is moved in sympathy and prayer.

We say again, never did we feel so forcibly that our YOUNG MEN are the nation's hope. A nation's prayers daily go up to God—for these young men, for the country, and for universal freedom of man. God shall crown them with success. From all professions they come—from college and seminary halls—from stores and offices and counting rooms—from mechanic shops—from the field and plow—from country and city. Friends are dear; but the honor of the glorious stars and stripes, the nation's life and noble American citizenship, are dearer. When the terrible war cloud is overcast; when this wicked rebellion is crushed out; and when the nation's peace and freedom are secured, broader, deeper, nobler than ever before—then will our noble young men, upon whom the war has mainly devolved, have the nation's appreciative and grateful remembrance. Those who fall in death, and those who shall be restored to free hearts and joyful homes.

GOING HOME.

Yes, we are going home. If heaven is home, we are going there. If hell is home, we shall reach it soon. Friends have gone; every year, every month, every week, we find us adieu, and leave, never to return. Our time approaches; we pass the way-marks rapidly; we have passed many already: signs of our proximity to the end manifest; pains, weakness, furrowed cheeks, gray hairs, hectic, myriad signs of mortality, all whisper, "the end is near." We fade as a leaf; all flesh is grass; as the flower of the field we droop; life passes like the weaver's shuttle; home is just before us.

But where is our home? Have we settled that question? Have we earnestly investigated, sought to know, whether we go? Many care little for this. Tribes fill the mind; they seldom think of the future; and when they do, they turn quickly from it. Sometimes they are startled by the fact, that they are being pushed along to eternity, that they must go somewhere, but they relax again to carelessness. Are they not insane? Has not some strange delusion seized their souls? What fatal apoplexy has stupified their powers? Bound to eternity, their endless woe at stake, bliss or woe their doom forever, and yet insensitive! Was there ever delusion like this? Will it hold these souls fast under its fatal charm till all hope has fled, till the day of grace is gone, and redemption is impossible? They are asleep, and yet they are going home; they know not, and care not, where or what that home is, but to it they roll on in the rapid train of mortal life. When they reach their home, how surprise, and fear, and regret, and woe will overwhelm them! What they trifled with here, will then be found of infinite importance; what they made no effort to avoid, they will find to be utter disaster and wretchedness; what they might have secured, they will perceive to be worth more than continents of gold!

Have we a good home before us? Is it the home that Jesus has purchased and prepared? Then we may bid the wheels of time roll swiftly on, for our home is bliss. We are pilgrims here; no rest can here be found; sorrows, tears, pain, sin, are ever troublesome; but there no sin can come, no grief, no pain, no want unsupplied, no hope repelled, no hearts bereaved. A holy home—a happy home, a home of love, and life, and bliss. If now in Christ, we shall soon be in this blessed home.

Do we regret then that we are going home? Would we live here always? Do we ask to linger upon these mortal shores? There are ties, attractions here, but when we have once seen and caught the spirit of the home above, worlds would not tempt us to return. How soon we shall arrive at our destined home! A few more trials, a few more days of earthly care, and then we pass. Are we ready? Are our lamps trimmed and burning? Have we on the wedding garment? Would the voice of the Bridegroom be welcome to-day?

We claim perfection or infallibility for none. Do the best we can, we shall commit many errors. But we are not on this account excused from doing the best we can. This is a world of trouble, affliction, sickness, pain, and death. We cannot expect to be exempt from the common lot. If we make a good use of our faculties and opportunities, we are clear; and thus only can we be approved.

ELD. JOHN LELAND.

Some little while ago, John Leland, a land well known, died in January, 1861, after having preached the gospel for sixty-seven years. His ministry was long and useful, his death triumphant. He began to preach two years before the Declaration of Independence, and he was an active and effective laborer in the religious and political revolutions which occurred in those days. His voice and pen were freely employed in advocating what he believed to be right, whether it promised popularity or not.

His zeal for religious liberty was a ruling passion. He assailed the "state church" party with terrible severity; his parables, allegories, and fables, were amusing, and expounding by him the "standing order," and the laws which proscribed and persecuted dissenters. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Virginia, he was active and successful in his efforts to divorce the church and state, and secure to every person freedom of worship. God according to his own sense of duty.

He relied upon a special Divine presence to aid him in preaching and praying, and records several occasions when a wonderful spirit of prayer burdened his soul for weeks and months, and great power was given him to preach the word. During these seasons nothing could stand before him; thousands flocked to hear him, and the hardest sinners would bend before his appeals, like forest trees before the gale, and scores and hundreds were gathered into the kingdom. During some years of his ministry as many as three hundred were baptized by him. Then again, he would suffer from periods of darkness and depression of spirit, when he would find no comfort in his preaching, and resulted in very little good to others. He did not, during these periods of depression, he did not lay off his armor, but he fought on, trusting in God, and obeying as best he could, though he walked in darkness.

ON KEEPING THE HEART.

Christians are commanded to "keep the heart with all diligence," and Christ says, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts." It is a cardinal that must be well guarded, lest evil enter, and the good be overcome of evil. Sometimes God permits us to live under circumstances, when everything is favorable to the work of grace in our hearts. Religion prospers; revivals are enjoyed; and you seem to move on in religious matters as if in a current. But it is often otherwise. We have to sail against the current, and contend against headwinds, and to overcome obstacles. The present is a time when other subjects press upon all minds. The engrossing topic of conversation is the state of the country, and great diligence and unsleeping watchfulness over the heart must be maintained, or pastors and people will lose spirituality; God's holy day be secularized, and the Holy Spirit grieved. These national interests must be

considered; it cannot be otherwise. At such a time, all should feel; and our feelings should be strong, and will be. The point is, to keep the heart right. The Union sentiment, the patriotic feeling, may be just as strong; but the spirit of Jesus should be constantly cherished, and the spirit of prayer kept aglow.

Keep the eye single to the glory of God; then shall the whole body be full of light. Christians will know whereabout they are. To this end, be much in the closet. Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright. In communion with God, is the heart kept from evil, and strengthened for the true warfare of life. It is true, that one renews his strength for the duties we owe to our fellow-men.

Calls for a high type of piety, deep Christian consecration, and for the conversion of precious souls, were never louder than they are to-day. Let Zion arise! let preachers give the trumpet the true and certain sound.

CARE OF HEALTH.

One great obstacle to a successful investigation of the subject of health is, that we do not go back far enough. We commence with present phenomena, and seek to apply remedies for the ill of life, instead of endeavoring in the way of prevention to avoid them. With most, the subject of marriage is too delicate to allow of any consideration of it physiologically. It is a matter of romance and fancy. We claim with such that it should be founded in love, but have yet to learn that this is wholly irrational or fortuitous. On the other hand, true substantial love arises with the exercise of reason. Mere fancy and caprice are not lasting.

How few in entering upon the family relation, so important and responsible, bestow attention upon the point here considered. One or both parties may in themselves or their progeny be deeply affected with a hereditary tendency to the most fearful diseases, but this fact is little thought of as an impediment to the union. When subsequently their children are suffering from scrofula, erysipelas, consumption, or other disease coming in the law of descent, they may awake to an apprehension of their previous want of prudence.

It may be said, would you then have a gentleman or lady who is contemplating marriage go into an investigation of the health of the proposed partner, and also of the family for generations back? We answer, why not? Would you have them marry without knowing anything of their family connection? Few would allow this. Few are so romantic, as to have no regard to family name, position, and pecuniary interests. But are these of more consequence than the physical constitution, health, and vigor?

No natural law is better established than that of hereditary descent. Persons may neglect it, may think lightly of it. But the law remains, and the disregard of it in the face of the clearest and most abundant evidence is amazing. How well it is known that intermarriage of near relatives is productive of most fearful evils. In some districts in Switzerland, where the practice has long prevailed, more than one-third of all the children are scrofulous, idiotic, or both; and everywhere statistics frequently exhibited show a similar result. Yet multitudes pay little or no regard to the fact.

Now it is manifestly the duty of all, before entering the marriage state, to make themselves acquainted with this subject; and in cases of forming relations for life, and which are to have so great an influence upon their offspring, impulsively and carelessly, to make the matter one of sober reflection, under the guidance of wisdom which is profitable to direct. This course is in no degree unnatural, and it accords with the purest sentiments, and may be productive of the best effects upon their own happiness, and the welfare of others.

We claim perfection or infallibility for none. Do the best we can, we shall commit many errors. But we are not on this account excused from doing the best we can. This is a world of trouble, affliction, sickness, pain, and death. We cannot expect to be exempt from the common lot. If we make a good use of our faculties and opportunities, we are clear; and thus only can we be approved.

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The elder was a warm friend of Washington and Jefferson, and his zeal for civil and religious freedom attracted their notice and commendation. His fourth of July orations show that he had carefully studied the principles of government, and foresaw the fruits which would result from the principles adopted. The aristocratic nature of the United States Court he earnestly and eloquently opposed; the appointment of Judges to serve for life he justly condemned, as inconsistent with true republicanism, and dangerous to liberty. He was also very anxious to see slavery abolished, as an act of justice to the slave, and of safety to the Republic. He consented to an election to the Massachusetts Assembly that he might assail the laws against freedom of religion, and his services were very efficient in bringing about the desired reform.

He was not liberally educated; and his poverty and abundant labors in the ministry, were not favorable to study and reading; but he was industrious, thoughtful, had a retentive memory, a vivid imagination, great powers of thought, and tact and skill in expression, and he became quite distinguished as an author. His prose writings are witty, pointed, laconic, and often eloquent; and he has given to the world some of the sweetest poetry in our language, which is still sung in social meetings, and the families of the saints of all denominations.

Here are a few extracts from his prose writings: "The rights of man, and the submission to just laws, preserve harmony, but the claims of aristocrats, and the licentiousness of the people, create confusion, war and destruction." "If you would rule well, never rule too much."

"Woman's smiles are hard to resist, her frowns are hard to bear, her tears are irresistible."

"Let malice and envy sit Judges on the bench, and the plea of truth and reason will be overruled."

"In human actions be first just, secondly accommodating, thirdly merciful, then become useful institutions."

"Our needs are many, our dangers imminent, our guilt for sin is heavy, all of which should prompt us to constant prayer, that God would supply our needs, secure us from danger, pardon our sins and remove our guilt."

"Some ideas are starved by a famine of words, but more frequently drowned by a flood of them."

Elder Leland preached the gospel many years in Culperville, Orange, and other counties in Virginia, where our armies have been fighting rebellion, and there he baptized hundreds of converts. In Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont, he also preached with success, and in all he baptized more than twenty-five hundred believers.

When his work was done, when 86 years of age, he died full of hope and consolation. His last message was sent to a prayer circle. "If you feel it in your hearts I am glad. Errors are nothing."

OUR WANT OF SUCCESS—WHAT IS THE CAUSE?

While conversing, a few days since, with an intelligent man, not a professor of religion, he expressed himself in this manner upon the subject of the war. "I can't understand it. I don't see how it is that our folks, with all the men they have around Washington, have been driven back in the way they have." Can it be adequately accounted for without taking into account the agency of a power superior to man, who is able to turn all our wisdom into foolishness and our strength into weakness. If God be against us, the reason of our discomfures is obvious enough. But why should God be against us? Because of our sins? But some one may ask, is not the South a greater sinner than the North? God only knows. But if it be so, it does not follow that our sins are not the obstacles in the way of our success. Recall the history of Israel and Achan. No doubt Achan's individual sin occasioned Israel's discomfure by Ai, and no success could be obtained by Israel till Achan's transgression was discovered and punished. It may not be easy to see how or why Achan's covetousness should have caused Israel's defeat, but so is the inspired record. Now, whatever may be the sins of the South, or of our sins numerous and grievous? Look at the Sabbath breaking, profanity, infidelity, drunkenness, licentiousness, and general disregard of God's law that pervade our land, and is it any wonder that God turns away from us? Even in the matter of slavery, how much less guilty is the North in its present position than the South? If we have more light on the subject, so much the more our responsibility for our action increased. They are fighting for slavery. We are not fighting against it. According to the declaration of the President, our only object in the war is the selfish one of maintaining our supremacy over the whole country; and all questions of right, justice, and humanity are to be postponed, if need be, to this end. Is there anything in this to commend us to God's favor? How different this object from that of our fathers in the revolution, who declared that content to be for the establishment of the rights of man, and not merely their alone.

Then again, how little dependence upon God's blessing for success has been manifested by our leaders, and how much vain glory and self-reliance. "We shall have no more retreats, no more Bull Run's," says one of our Generals. "No more retreating and talk about base lines," says another. Vain boasts! As if by rebuke of these very utterances the most notable action of the one has been a retreat, and the other was compelled to seek the shelter of the entrenchments of Washington, to maintain communication with his base of supplies. Is it any wonder that with this spirit actuating our leaders, they are jealous of each other, and all sympathy and cordial co-operation with each other is wanting? Can anything but disaster flow from divided efforts? O when shall we have leaders who are simply resolved to do their whole duty, recognizing their dependence upon God for success? We have had a few such; for example, Major Anderson and Commodore Foote. Who does not wish for more of such God-fearing, hard-fighting men? Who shall say how much of the confidence reposed in the personal character of President Lincoln is due to the requested prayers of God's people, and his acknowledged need of God's help when about to enter upon the duties of his high station? Ought we not as a people diligently to seek help from God while endeavoring to help ourselves? So far as a public recognition of God's government is concerned, is it not true that the South have more frequently observed days of public fasting and prayer, than have we? If there be an efficacy in public humiliation and prayer, (and who that believes the Bible can doubt there is,) would it not be well for us as a people to publicly seek to return to God, that he may return to us? Let us endeavor to secure his intervention in

our behalf. Such intervention will be a perfect shield from foreign intervention, and prove more potent than even bayonets and border states.

BELIEVER.

The editor of the *Congregational Journal* states the number of our denomination in this state at 6,000. Where did he get his information? If he will look into our Register for the current year, a copy of which we send him, he will find it to be 9,984.

EARL RUSSELL ON THE WAR.

A recent dispatch of Earl Russell to the *London Times* of Lord Lyons at Washington, contains the views of Her Majesty's Minister on the American civil war. The writer discloses sentiments which will place the South more than the North, and this both by the substance of what is expressed and by the manner of the expression. "Victories," he observes, "have been gained, reverses have followed; positions have been reached in the near neighborhood of the capital, and of the Confederates, and these positions have been again abandoned." Why again? He advert to the "great loss of life in battle and in hospital," which, of course, applies to both sides alike; but when he animadverts on the "increasing bitterness of the strife," he finds evidence of the fact, not in anything that the Confederates have done, but in "such measures as the Confiscation Bill, passed through both Houses of Congress, and the proclamations of Gen. Butler and New Orleans." This is extremely one-sided, to say the least.

In like manner, when looking forward, the Foreign Secretary thinks only of what the Federals may do, still regarding the Confederates, it would seem inevitable, that anything to which the strictest or the humanest spectator could object. Mr. Seward, in the dispatch to which Earl Russell's is a kind of answer, had forewarned "a servile war" as the probable issue of the conflict, and the "policy" meaning, no doubt, encouragement to the slaves to rise and assert their freedom. Earl Russell does not say he hopes the slaves will succeed. He does not even say that their present masters ought to follow British example by setting their slaves free and accepting the terms which Mr. Lincoln has in a manner proposed. He only observes that this would be "another element of destruction added to the slaughter, loss of property, and waste of industry, which already render the country so lately prosperous and tranquil."

Now, there can be no doubt that the blood shed, loss, and waste have been more than enough, and that more of them is much to be deprecated. But what is to be lamented is that this apostle of liberty and spokesman of non-interference should have contrived to make his every remark a passing-by of the Confederates, as though they had done nothing to provoke criticism, while he conversed implied censure upon the Federals as solely answerable for all the mischief retrospectively or prospectively lamented.

But this one-sidedness becomes yet more manifest, when the Earl proceeds to indicate the position of the British government in relation to the combatants. The very terms in which the origin of the war is described betray a leaning that will gladden the South and grieve the North: "Nine states and several millions of inhabitants," he says, "have seceded from the Union, and made war on the government of the President." At least, this admission that the strife was begun by the seceders is the only clause of the whole dispatch which possesses the least appearance of being a fair and impartial statement.

When, therefore, Earl Russell boasts that the government which he represents has not "swerved an inch from an impartial neutrality," he will be reproached, and justly reproached, with the partial and partial betrayal in this dispatch. For the same tone continues throughout, for instance, when he speaks of "the insults constantly heaped upon the British name in speeches and newspapers," and of "the abuse of the name of a practice of nations which the Queen's subjects attempting to break the loose blockade of the southern ports have been treated." What, in the name of official propriety, to insinuate that the British government has been so treated? For the same tone continues throughout, for instance, when he speaks of "the insults constantly heaped upon the British name in speeches and newspapers," and of "the abuse of the name of a practice of nations which the Queen's subjects attempting to break the loose blockade of the southern ports have been treated." What, in the name of official propriety, to insinuate that the British government has been so treated?

And, of course, the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known that all are safe. And, of their safety, and the safety of a number of others, a significant and thrilling tale is to be told. These missionaries had gathered around them the small remnant of the tribe, and were about to be slain. For instance, the missionaries at Fajutaze, and at Yellow Medicine, were at first reported all murdered; but it is now known

Poetry.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"They turn many a righteous soul to ash
As they forever ever—Danell 123.

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to
repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision
rose—
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in mid-
night,
I heard an angel's silver voice, and radiant filled
my room.
A gentle touch awakened me, a gentle whisper said:
"Arise, O sleeper! follow me, and through the
air we fled."
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it
seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our path
way streamed.

Still on we went: my soul was wrapped in silent
ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next should
meet mine eyes;
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless
fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was
clothed in white.
We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to be-
hold,
We passed before a city of gleaming pearl; on
streets of purest gold.
It seemed not the sun by day, nor silver moon by
night.
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself
in light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet mu-
sic filled the air,
And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns,
from every clime were there.
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them
round the throne.

All worthy is the Lamb, they sang, "the glory
be to him."
But fuller far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's
face,
And as I gazed he smiled on me with wondrous
love and grace.
Lonely I bowed before his throne, O joyed that I at
last
Had gained the object of my hopes—that earth at
length was past.

And then in solemn tones, He said, "Where is the
diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with
many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on me, and life, through me,
is thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that to my bright
crowns should shine?
Yonder thou'rt a glorious throne, and stars on
every gem."
For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel none;
And such thy bright reward to me they wear a jewel none;
If thou, indeed, shouldst wear a crown, it would be
of peace to lead.

"I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of
life alone;
But that the clear and shining light which found thy
footsteps should
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright
home of rest.
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hast thyself
been blessed."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer
spoke;
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I
feared to break.
And when at last I gazed around, in morning's
glorious light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's
awful might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt
below;
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by words
to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying
love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home
above.
And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this
shall be:
"To live no longer for myself, but Him who died for
me."
And graven on my inmost soul, this word of truth
divine,
"They turn many a soul to ash, bright as the
stars shall shine."

The Family Circle.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

By V. G. N.

The night, gloomy and dark with clouds,
crept down among the tents. The pickets
had been changed, the sentries posted, and the
weary though idle soldiers had eaten their
comfortable supper, and were gathered in
groups around the fires. The prisoner was
in solitude and darkness. The shutters had
been closed, and the door locked. He could
hear the voices of men without, who kept
watch and ward over him. "What hope was
there of escape? But he remembered the
words of his savior, and resolved not to sleep.

At length all was still without. Everything
which intercepted his vision seemed with-
drawn, and he looked away into the distance,
and saw scenes which were hidden in the
daylight. He saw a cottage among the hills,
where in a dimly lighted room a fair woman
knelt beside a cradle bed;

"And he knew the mother was trying to trace
The father's look in the infant's face."

But her own was clouded with anxiety, and
pale with watching. He saw her tears fall on
the face of the child, which slept unconscious
of her sorrow; and he heard words of agoniz-
ing prayer in which his own name was men-
tioned. He looked again and saw another
home, where a father and mother, bowed with
sorrow, more than age, sat by their solitary
hearth. "Thank God," he said, "they do not
know the worst! But why is this permitted
to come upon us? What is it that has set
brother against brother, and father against
son, involving the whole nation in sorrow
and in blood?"

Then his thoughts went back over the his-
tory of the past years, and in the midnight
darkness of his prison, a light was shed on
the course of events, which revealed the hand
of God in them, as he had never seen it before.
He remembered the words of that song, which
it was forbidden to sing beyond the Potomac:

"We went beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly did God recast
And mould our nation's fate."
Not turns the fire
When wrongs expire,
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil."

He repeated several times,
"Hot turns the fire
When wrongs expire."

And then, clasping his hands he murmured,
"O God! how long?"—and must the innocent
suffer with the guilty? Must the righteous
and the wicked perish together in the
flames we have kindled?"

There was a noise outside. A bolt was
cautiously withdrawn, and a shutter opened.
Captain Park raised the window, and a voice
whispered, "Massa's on de lookout when de
moon sets?"

"Aye," was the whispered reply.
"Get out den—sofly—sofly."

The command was obeyed and the prisoner
found himself in the open air. He took the
black hand extended to him, and without a
word he crept several rods through the
darkness and rain. The negro stopped and
said, "We's got to face de sentry, but I've
got de word."

"Are you sure, Sam?" was the anxious
reply.

"Yes, Massa, sure." And he whispered in
his ear. An eye got de Capt'n's overcoat
too. "Tien's de color ob Massa's, so he'd
best put it on, and den dar'll be no spions
raised."

"A wise precaution," thought the Captain,
as he donned the coat.

They walked boldly up to the sentinel, who
levelled his piece, saying, "Who comes
here?"

"Captain Park," was the truthful reply.
The countersign was given, and they were
permitted to pass on.

The darkness covered them, and the heavy
falling rain prevented any sounds of their
footsteps being heard, and so they crept un-
observed between the pickets, and soon found
themselves in the open road beyond the en-
emy's lines.

When they were at a safe distance, Sam
drew a long breath. "Bress de Lord!" he
said, "de coast is clear."

"Do you know the way?" asked the Cap-
tain, quite bewildered.

"Yes, Massa, sure I know de way. Been
over it 'nough times for ole Massa—pity if I
can't go dis time for myself."

"And how far is it to the Federal camp,
Sam?"

"Ten miles, Massa. Lor dat's nuffin—
good road all de way."

"We may be followed—were there not
men sent to guard me?"

Sam laughed. "Yes, Massa, but no dan-
ger, dey'll wake 'fore mornin'. I gib'd em
medicine 'nough to last em dat long."

"How is this, Sam? You give them medi-
cine?"

"Yes, Massa sees, I use took care of de
sick soldiers, and de doctor gave em powders
to make em sleep. Den says I, dese vore
may come handy some day; so I saves some;
and yesterday, while I tink what to do,
some ladies drove up to Massa's tent, and
gave me a box for Massa, wid der compli-
ments. I jest peep in—der's pie, and plenty
'nough good tings. So I takes a pie, and
lifts up de top, and spreads de powder in;
and to-night, when all is still, I carries it,
to de men, who's set to watch de yankee,
and says I, Cap'n Park sends dis vore to you.
Dey's mighty glad to get it, dey say, de Cap'n
ber kind. O lor! Didn't dey eat it quick.
No need fear—dey'll sleep sound as babies."

The officer laughed. "You are not a fool
Sam," he said. "You want freedom, and
you set yourself to work for it. You have
cunning. You can plan and execute; but
have you courage? Can you fight?"

"Massa, de black man can fight, if he has
weapons; but who gibs em to him? De ar's
one ting he knows. Slavery's teachin' him
dat 'ar—he knows how to die."

"Would you die for the freedom of your
race?"

"I'd die for much less 'an dat ar—I'd die
for de freedom ob my wife."

"Your people do not all feel so. They are
generally contented and happy."

"Massa doesn't know," said the negro, in-
dignantly.

"Why then do they not rise and take their
freedom?"

"'Cause de word was hissed between his
clenched teeth. Massa knows why.
Blood 'nough's been spilt in vain—now we
bides our time."

Just as the morning dawned they reached
the Federal lines, and the Captain was joyfully
received by his companions in arms, who
had mourned him lost, perhaps dead.

Not many days after this, the army moved
on Fort Donelson, and Captain Park
was among the men engaged on that hard-
fought and bloody field. He knew that
brother, once so tenderly beloved, still indeed
so dear, was probably among the foe, and
though he did his duty as a brave man should,
yet a strange horror at times almost stopped
the beating of his heart.

The battle was over—the Fort had sur-
rendered, and the Federal army had entered
the entrenchments. It was Sabbath; but how
unlike any other Sabbath those men had seen!
Some utterly exhausted, and indifferent to
everything but rest, stretched themselves on
the cold, wet ground and slept; others busied
themselves among the dead and wounded,
performing alike for friends and foes, those
kind offices which humanity will not deny to
the vilest enemy.

Captain Park and his Colonel, followed by
the negro Sam, walked through the trenches
where the gallant Smith charged upon the
rebels. The dead lay in heaps, and the
ground was slippery with blood. Sam bent
over an officer, who had fallen forward, and
turning his disfigured face to the light, uttered
an exclamation of horror. Park turned—
a glance told him the fatal truth. Pale, and
faint with horror, he staggered back. The
Colonel caught his arm.

"Are you sick, Captain?" he said, "or is
this too much for you?"

He stood still, gazing with fixed, stony eyes
on the mangled corpse—Sam came to his
side. With a look of pity, he said, "Massa,
what shall I do?"

"What do you mean, Sam?" demanded the
Colonel. "Who is this man, if you know?"

The captain turned to him. "God help
me!" he said, "He is my brother."

The Colonel said to Sam, "Stay by the
body till I return;" and he led his friend to
his tent.

Truly, O God, "Thou hast showed Thy peo-
ple hard things; Thou hast made us to drink
the wine of astonishment;" and coming gen-
erations will bide the pages of our history
with pitying tears, saying, "Alas for the
people which trusted in oppression, which be-
came vain in robbery! When God rose up to
avenge the down-trodden, He made them like
the chaff of the summer threshing floor."

They walked boldly up to the sentinel, who
levelled his piece, saying, "Who comes
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"Your people do not all feel so. They are
generally contented and happy."

"Massa doesn't know," said the negro, in-
dignantly.

"Why then do they not rise and take their
freedom?"

"'Cause de word was hissed between his
clenched teeth. Massa knows why.
Blood 'nough's been spilt in vain—now we
bides our time."

Just as the morning dawned they reached
the Federal lines, and the Captain was joyfully
received by his companions in arms, who
had mourned him lost, perhaps dead.

Not many days after this, the army moved
on Fort Donelson, and Captain Park
was among the men engaged on that hard-
fought and bloody field. He knew that
brother, once so tenderly beloved, still indeed
so dear, was probably among the foe, and
though he did his duty as a brave man should,
yet a strange horror at times almost stopped
the beating of his heart.

The battle was over—the Fort had sur-
rendered, and the Federal army had entered
the entrenchments. It was Sabbath; but how
unlike any other Sabbath those men had seen!
Some utterly exhausted, and indifferent to
everything but rest, stretched themselves on
the cold, wet ground and slept; others busied
themselves among the dead and wounded,
performing alike for friends and foes, those
kind offices which humanity will not deny to
the vilest enemy.

Captain Park and his Colonel, followed by
the negro Sam, walked through the trenches
where the gallant Smith charged upon the
rebels. The dead lay in heaps, and the
ground was slippery with blood. Sam bent
over an officer, who had fallen forward, and
turning his disfigured face to the light, uttered
an exclamation of horror. Park turned—
a glance told him the fatal truth. Pale, and
faint with horror, he staggered back. The
Colonel caught his arm.

"Are you sick, Captain?" he said, "or is
this too much for you?"

He stood still, gazing with fixed, stony eyes
on the mangled corpse—Sam came to his
side. With a look of pity, he said, "Massa,
what shall I do?"

"What do you mean, Sam?" demanded the
Colonel. "Who is this man, if you know?"

The captain turned to him. "God help
me!" he said, "He is my brother."

The Colonel said to Sam, "Stay by the
body till I return;" and he led his friend to
his tent.

Truly, O God, "Thou hast showed Thy peo-
ple hard things; Thou hast made us to drink
the wine of astonishment;" and coming gen-
erations will bide the pages of our history
with pitying tears, saying, "Alas for the
people which trusted in oppression, which be-
came vain in robbery! When God rose up to
avenge the down-trodden, He made them like
the chaff of the summer threshing floor."

San Gardiner was sent for. He was told
that he should be free if he accomplished
what Gen. Mitchell desired him to do. The
tall form of the negro straightened; his face
gleamed with an almost superhuman intelli-
gence. The man who was but a despised
body-servant, seemed suddenly to have
been transformed into another being. In re-
ply to questions propounded to him, he sug-
gested a plan by which daily information
could be obtained of the enemy's movements
along the line of 120 miles.

His plan was adopted, and that very day
put in execution. From that day until Gen.
Mitchell left for Washington, information was
obtained of all that was transpiring in the
rebel camps. The rapid and brilliant suc-
cesses of Gen. Mitchell (he frankly admits)
could not have been accomplished without the
aid of the negro, and that aid never could
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