

church, with all its offices, privileges and immunities, is to be equally open for all who give evidence that they are born of God. No other test of membership or standing is to be required. The church of Bro. Burns is constituted upon the same principles.

I asked Mr. Noel how he felt in his new position. "I feel," he replied, "like a bird out of its cage." I remarked that his position as a Baptist would diminish the interest which secretarians in America and elsewhere now felt for him.

"Of that," he replied, "I am fully aware. My aim is not popularity, but truth." It is well worth crossing the ocean to see such a man, and to witness the scene which we witnessed in his house.

The Life of an Editor.

There are few of the readers of newspapers who have any adequate idea of the incessant toil required in their publication. Capt. Murray, who in his lifetime had much better experience, held the full-wing language on one occasion, while writing on this subject:—"Newspaper literature is a link in the great chain of miracles which proves the greatness of England, and every support should be given to newspapers. The editors of these papers perform a most enormous task. It is not the writing of the leading article every week, whether inclined or not, in sickness or health, in affliction, disease of mind, winter or summer, year after year tied down to the task, remaining in one spot. It is like the walking of a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a fellow-feeling, for I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing. The labor is not manifest, nor is it the labor, but it is the continual attention which it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One paper is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition of toil, a constant weight upon the mind, a continual wearing upon the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to do the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery."

Ministers' Department.

A Spiritual Ministry.

The people who enjoy the ministrations of a truly spiritually-minded pastor, have a blessing, the value of which they are in but little danger of over-estimating. There is a worth in spirituality for which no greatness of natural or acquired abilities can compensate. Learning and abilities are qualities much more easily attained, and much more easily judged of: Piety does not lie on the surface; it is developed by the life. But its possessions is the best guaranty for that intellectual growth for which piety is too often sacrificed. The man of piety will grow in knowledge; his very piety supplies the most impulsive and sustaining motives in the universe for labor and study. The richer his experience in grace, the broader and brighter the fields of knowledge which will open before him, to invite to higher and higher attainments; but if he will not be cleared or philosophical, he has in his spirituality, a source of power far surpassing the utmost scope of influence that learning ever supplied. Preaching, in Protestant countries must respect the heads of people; but after all, in any congregation of immortal men who have souls to save, and sins to be forgiven, to affect the heart is the preacher's chief business. The difficulty in the way of the gospel, is not so much the want of knowledge, as of feeling. The preacher's desideratum is not so much the power to instruct as to move; light is needed, but warmth and life are more wanted. Piety which emits its electric fire from heart, to heart that gathers and wields the pathos and thrill of eternity, gets hold of

the moral susceptibilities of the soul, and rouses its latent powers to the mighty business of salvation.—*New York Evangelist.*

Parents' Department.

My Mother's Voice.

The Editor of the Cincinnati Atlas concludes a notice of a visit to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Columbus, Ohio, relating the following:—

"Of one, an intelligent and modest young lady, who had become deaf from sickness when two years and a half old, we inquired whether she could recollect any thing of sound or words. She answered that she could not. It occurred to us that there might have been at least one sound which might be remembered even from that tender age, and we ventured to inquire whether she had no recollection of her mother's voice. It will be long before we forget the sweet, peculiar smile which shone upon her features, as, by a quick inclination of her head, she answered, yes. What a world of thought and feeling clusters around such a fact! In all her memory there is but one sound, and that is her mother's voice. For years she had dwelt in a silence unbroken from without, but those gentle tones of love still linger in her heart,—There they can never die; and if her life should be prolonged to three score years and ten, o'er the long silent track of her life the memory of that voice will come, in loveliness and beauty, reviving the soul of weary old age with the fresh, lovely sounds of her cradle hours.

My Mother's Voice.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
I feel her hand upon my brow
As when in heartfelt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now!
Her hand is on my burning brow
As in that early hour,
When fever throbb'd through all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains,
With healing power.

My mother's voice! it sounds as when
She read to me of holy men—
The Patriarchs of old;
And gazing downward in my face,
She seemed each infant thought to trace,
My young eyes told.

It comes—when thoughts unhallowed throng,
Woven in sweet, deceptive song,
And whispered round my heart.
As when at eve it rose on high,
I hear, and think that she is nigh,
And they depart.

Though round my heart, all, all beside—
The love of friendship, love had died,
That voice would linger there,
As when soft pillowed on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest,
Or rose in prayer.

Children's Department.

What will the end be

When I see a boy aggr'y with his parents, disobedient, and obstinate—determined to pursue his own course—to be his own master—sitting at naught the experience of age—disregarding admonition and reproofs—unless his course of conduct is changed, I need not inquire, "What his end will be?" He not only disobeys his parents, and insults his friends, but he disregards the voice of God, and is pursuing that path that leads directly down to the gates of death and woe.

When I notice a little girl quite fond of dress, and thereby her pride is increased—dissatisfied and unpleasant at times if she cannot obtain them, and anxious to appear better clothed than her circumstan-

ces will permit—her thoughts occupied with what she shall wear, and what others will think of her dress—unless she changes her course of conduct, I need not ask what her end will be. She regards her apparel more than God; and although she may be fancied, and greatly admired by the world, yet, ere long, God will abase her pride, and punish her for her vanity.

When I see a boy in the habit of lying, and no confidence to be placed in what he may say—always ready with a falsehood upon his tongue—unless he alter his course, I need not inquire what his end will be. The curse of God is upon him. He is despised by the good, and his own friends have no respect for him. He must dwell through eternity with the unhappy number of the fearful, unbelieving, abominable murderers and liars, who have their part in the second death.

When I see a boy desiring the society of the wicked and depraved—associating with those boys who will swear, lie, cheat, and steal—seeking their company, making their friendships—I need not inquire, unless he alters his course, what his end will be. He will soon be as bad as his companions, or worse; and, of a truth, does not fear nor love God, or he would not seek the society of those that set at naught his counsel, and despise his reproofs.

But when I see a boy kind, affectionate, respectful, obedient to his parents; keeping holy the Sabbath day; found in the sanctuary, joining God's people in his worship; loving to pray to him; who is punctual at Sabbath school—attentive, quiet, with his lesson well committed to memory, and repeated accurately; keeping good company, forming good habits. I can predict, with almost a certainty; what the end of that boy will be. Respected by all that know him, a useful member of society, and an ornament desirable qualities as he advances in age, under the supervision of the God he loves; pursuing the path of the upright; having his heart sprinkled with that blood which cleanseth from all sin. The truth of the expression of Addison, "Behold how calm a Christian can die," will be verified in his death. Yes, when this his earthly tabernacle shall fall, he will find a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and exchange this world of sorrow for the abode of the just, in the paradise of God.—(*London Bible Class Magazine.*)

Farmers' Department.

Fair at Oberlin.

The good folks at Oberlin, (Lorain county), always contrive to have a 'good time' at their Agricultural Fair. They not only get up a fine display of the products of the farm, the garden, and of household art, but they also furnish on the occasion a rich intellectual feast, in the way of a stirring address, fine music, and sprightly reports. A writer in the Elyria Courier, after speaking of the show of live stock in favorable terms says:

At two P. M. we were assembled in the church to hear the orator of the day, Prof. Henry Cowles. His subject was Science and Agriculture. That the address would be an able one we expected of course. But we did not expect this sly wit with which he discoursed of weeds, nor the poignant humor with which he touched on the farmer's neglect of draining. We thought the speech too short—a fault we heard mentioned by others.—I trust we may see it in print. From the church we went to the show room. Here nature with her rich profusion of grains, fruits, vegetables and flowers, drew our attention on the one hand, while art on the other enticed our notice with many ingenious contrivances. This season has been very fine for the growth of vegetables, and we had quite a fine display of mammoth specimens. Among other objects worthy of mention we noticed an old sword elegantly converted into a bread knife, with the motto on its trenchant blade, "Thou shalt not kill," also an old

bayonet transformed into a "corn cutter," devices well worthy to be presented to the great Peace Congress by the ingenious contriver Hiram "Pease."

But the evening and the reports on all matters, I will not detain you upon particularly, as I presume they will be offered for publication. Let it suffice that the instruments "discouraged most eloquent music" from time to time. That the reports were in the main brief—to the point—and in good taste, and were listened to by a large and attentive audience.

Prospect for Beef, Pork, and Pelts.

Although cut meats are now low, we think there are causes at work, that will materially enhance the price, and that pork will bear a good price this fall and winter. The increased facility afforded by railroads for carrying fresh meats to market will enable the farmers generally to realize very good prices for their fat cattle, sheep and hogs. The price for tallow and hides will be good this fall, and beef packing if cattle have not to much advanced in price in the grazing districts of the west. The demand for pulled wool will be very active this winter and at good rates, so that pelts ought to command a high price, though we hope few sheep will be slaughtered, for there are not enough now.—*Wool Grower.*

GOOD CORN CROP.—John Eversole, of Hopewell township, Perry county, raised the present season, on one acre of land, one hundred and twenty five bushels of corn—measuring three half bushels of ears for one bushel of corn, which is a fair rule with the variety produced. It was planted on upland sod, where cattle had been fed during the winter; the rows and hills considerably closer than usual.

Biographical.

Mary Flick.

Consort of Abraham Flick, of Fairfield Co. O. Departed this life on the 17th of Sept. '49, in the thirty fourth year of her age.

Sister Flick lived a member of the church several years. She bore her affliction with submission to the will of God. She bade her friends farewell, till she meets them in a better world; and left an affectionate husband, and six small children and friends, to mourn their loss.

W. FERGUSON.

Jacob S. Lees.

Son of Adam and Polly Lees, near Phillipsburg, Montgomery Co., Ohio, died October 14, 1849; aged 2 years, 8 months and 3 days. The cause of his death was the flux.

"The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

"The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more."

The funeral being improved by the Rev. Summerset and Jacob Swank.

HENRY LEES.

Henry Pontius.

Son of Daniel Pontius, died October 21th, 1849, aged 31 years, 3 months and 29 days.

Brother Pontius was a worthy and exemplary Christian—lived a good life and died a happy death. He left a wife and five children to mourn an irreparable loss.

Mary Good.

Mother Good was called to the spirit world on Sabbath evening, October 14th, 1849, aged 78 years and 17 days.

She was a lively and active member of the United Brethren Church for the last six years of her life. On the same day of her demise in the evening, she walked two miles to hear the word of life, returned home in usual health, attended prayer meeting at candle-light, in which she was peculiarly blessed, manifesting it in shouting and praising the Lord aloud; after 9 o'clock retired to her own room to rest, but was found dead by her bed side in the morning by her friends; seemingly having been kneeling in prayer,—from which position she fell prostrate backwards; supposed to have died of apoplexy.

JOSEPH M. SPANGLER.