

THE TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED BY A JOINT COMMITTEE OF THE TEXAS ANNUAL CONFERENCES, FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.—C. GILLESPIE, EDITOR.

VOL. IV.—NO. 7.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 423.

THE MISSION OF METHODISM.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. SEAY.

CHAPTER XII.

Deep Piety in the Ministry—Personal Devotion—Mutual Watchfulness—Union among Ourselves—Holiness—Devotion.

No one can read attentively the Methodist Discipline, without recognizing as a prominent design, the enforcement of deep and thorough piety upon the ministry and membership of the Church. This is especially true of the ministry, because of their important office, and work of feeding and guiding the flock of God. The questions propounded to candidates for admission into full connection in the itinerant ministry were noticed in the preceding chapter. This thorough culture of ministerial piety is continued. Let every preacher read again and again, the very useful section headed, "Of the Duty of Preachers to God, Themselves and one Another." How important the questions, how weighty the admonitions contained in this section.

Ques. 1.—How shall a preacher be qualified for his charge?

Ans.—By walking closely with God, and by understanding and loving discipline—ours in particular.

Ques. 2.—Do we sufficiently watch over each other?

Ans.—We do not. Should we not frequently ask each other—Do you walk closely with God? Have you now fellowship with the Father and the Son? etc.

In view of the great importance of deep personal piety in the ministry, as having a powerful bearing upon the extension and success of the cause of God, surely, we should, as ministers, diligently watch over one another in love. No meeting, whether of few or many, should be permitted to pass without close and earnest conversation on our personal experience of the deep things of God. Were the wholesome advice of this section practised, did we use at every opportunity this mutual through examination of our spiritual state, in reference to our faithful use of all the means of grace, and our progress in religion, the result would be immensely beneficial. The younger preachers would be greatly encouraged, those of more experience would more rapidly grow in grace, and the whole ministry, as a class, would more rapidly and successfully "go on unto perfection." But if, on the other hand, the time be spent in "foolish talking and jesting," instead of spiritual culture, it may well be inquired whether our meeting together be, in the highest results, an advantage or an injury, a blessing or a curse.

Closely connected with the foregoing, in spirit and tenor, is the section on the necessity of union among ourselves. Holiness is "perfect love to God and man." Where there is love there is union, and where there is union there is holiness. This is the mighty principle that unites man to God, and to his fellow. If love be absent, its place in the soul is filled by such disorganizing, disuniting passions and feelings as anger, wrath, hatred, malice, revenge, envyings, jealousies, evil surmises, productive of variance, sedition, division and strife, with every evil work. And he knows little of himself, whatever his position and state of piety may be, who feels not the necessity of watchfulness and prayer against even the darkest passions of fallen humanity, especially in their covert attacks and insidious influences. These make sad work when kindled in the membership of the Church. Abundantly more disastrous is their influence, even when existing in the lowest degree, in the Christian ministry. How beautifully and heavenly the Saviour's prayer, and how overwhelmingly important in its application to his own ambassadors among men: "That they all may be one as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us," and again, "that they may be made perfect in one." A sanctified heart is a united heart, a purified Church is a united Church, a holy ministry is a united ministry. O, let us guard the heart against the strange fires that consume the hands and cords of brotherly love, and "endure," in spite of all obstacles, "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." Let all, in the improvement to the utmost of their various talents, in the diligent use of all the riches of grace they can attain, occupy faithfully and contentedly the respective positions assigned to them by Providence, and the work of God will go on with mighty power. "Let us be deeply sensible (from what we have known) of the evil of a division in spirit, principle, or practice, and the dreadful consequences to ourselves and others. If we are united, what can stand before us? If we divide, we shall destroy ourselves, the work of God, and the souls of our people."

"What can be done in order to a closer union with each other? 1. Let us be deeply convinced of the absolute necessity of it. 2. Pray earnestly for, and speak freely to each other. 3. When we meet, let us never part without prayer. 4. Take great care not to despise each other's gifts. 5. Never speak lightly of another. 6. Let us defend each other's character in everything, so far as is consistent with truth. 7. Labor in honor each to prefer the other before himself. 8. We recommend a serious perusal of the Canons, Evils, and Cures of heart and Church divisions."

The following question and answer contained in the first section on "Employing our Time Profitably," is quite suggestive.

Ques. Why is it that the people under our charge are not better?

Ans. Other reasons may occur, but the chief is, because we are not more knowing and more holy.

The answer to the question, "why are we not more knowing," is, "because we are idle," not "diligent" as we should be, sometimes "unemployed," frequently "triflingly employed," spend more time at one place than is "strictly necessary," "talk too much," or "read whatever comes next to hand." How simple and yet important is the advice: "1. Read the most useful books, and that regularly and constantly. 2. Steadily spend all the morning in this employment, or at least five hours in the four and twenty."

May we be allowed to ask, in view of the night work before us, a work that filled a Saviour's hands, and whose worthy performance on our part requires all the "sense" we have, and all the knowledge and "grace" we can attain to, we read, and study, and pray as much as we should, that we may grow in grace, and in

the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." Let us employ all our precious time in active labor, or in diligent reading, accompanied by serious meditation, and the highest exercises of independent thought, and the strongest liftings up of the soul to God in earnest prayer. Then shall the pleasure of the Lord prosper in our hands, and our "profit shall appear unto many."

"Why are we not more holy? Why do we not live in eternity? Walk with God all the day long? Why are we not all devoted to God? Breathing the whole spirit of missionaries?"

Ans. Chiefly because we are enthusiastically looking for the end without using the means. To touch only upon two or three instances: Who of us rises at four, or even at five, when we do not preach? Do we know the obligation and benefit of fasting or abstinence? How often do we practice it? The neglect of this alone is sufficient to account for our feebleness and faintness of spirit. We are continually grieving the Holy Spirit of God by the habitual neglect of a plain duty. Let us amend from this hour."

WESTERN BRANCH OF THE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Mr. Editor:—We rejoice to know that our "Island City" is in such a prosperous condition, with flattering prospects lighting up the great future. Texas is improving in a thousand ways, and I see not but that the gospel keeps pace, in some sort, with this improvement. The Methodist Church and Ministry have been identified with Texas toils and triumphs, in some way, all the time, and as the field widens and ripens to the harvest, the responsibility increases upon our hands.

By those possessing foresight and good judgment, many enterprises have been set on foot, which are an honor and blessing to the country. Some liberal souls have been giving for years, for the purpose of sustaining the Texas Christian Advocate, and their little help has set in motion, and kept in motion, an agency that preaches once a week to many, even thousands, doctrines pure and palatable, and full of comfort.

May we not say that the publication of the Texas Christian Advocate and German Apologist in Galveston, by the two Texas Conferences, is purely a Texas Enterprise? We in Texas, as a part of the Church, South, feel the importance of these publications, hence our efforts to sustain them, and make them what they should be, to command the attention and respect of the Church and the world, even at a great expense. The present state and future prospects of our country, with its rapidly developing resources, imperiously demand at our hands that we should appreciate our position and circumstances, and turn everything to the best account possible.

You talk about a lot and building for the *Advocate*, and Depottery. Why not say a bit larger enough, and well enough located, upon which to have suitable buildings, *creationally*, for a western branch of our publishing house, and the foundation need only a little larger, and the immediate outlay a little more, while the benefit would be twofold.

Can it be premature to make this suggestion now? I presume not. New Orleans has expressed her wish and got her desire—a Depottery; but Texas must grapple with her own difficulties as best she can. Now, let Texas project wisely, concentrate her wisdom and energy, and see what can be done. The Southern Church is not doing much of doing good, and, by your permission, I will, through the *Advocate*, even dare to throw out this suggestion before the whole Church, South, be the result what it may. We in this vast country, know better than others the great interest the whole Church, South, has in the West, and we should fairly represent this interest, both for the information of the Church and the world.

There is a qualified sense in which Texas must maintain independence, at the same time that we acknowledge, and distinctly recognize the great connective principle of Methodism. We should do all we can to promote the general prosperity of the whole Church everywhere, and for this very reason we should do all in our power to develop this vast West, the importance of which is not now understood.

We should do all we can, and then if we need help, ask of those who are able to help, with the confidence the justice and catholicity of our cause requires; and if it is made to appear at hand quarters, that to help us is to help the Church, a response equal to their ability to help, and to the dignity and importance of the work to be done, will be promptly made.

Texas has received much missionary aid from abroad, for which she is grateful; and furthermore she is indebted to many, like Dr. McFerrin, for their labors in Texas. But we wish to know if they "love indeed and in truth."

Touching book matters, we are held at a respectful distance, or at such a distance as would almost preclude the idea that we are cared for at all.

We think, everything considered, that we are doing well with our publishing interests in Texas, and, with a good conscience, we might say, Texas, in her weakness, has done it herself, but with few smiles, or tears, or prayers, or dimes from abroad; but we have lost much by not taking time by the forelock; we have been too slow, both in procuring and executing, and the whole Church is loser.

We have prayed for a Depottery at Galveston, but that is refused us. The last General Conference gave the Book Agents discretionary power in the premises, and while they have found it both convenient and prudent, as they judge, to establish depotteries elsewhere, and east of the Mississippi river, the great, growing, vast West, in her distance and destitution, is pacified, as far as may be, with various excuses, through which any body can see at a glance. Our wants are reiterated, but all to no avail. The promises are all conditional, and the condition is fatal to us. It is useless to try to keep us hoping any longer. It is a failure. When we send to Nashville for books, we are from one month to twelve getting them, and sometimes longer. Such are the "strictly business principles" on which we get them, that before they arrive we may be dunned for the money, and paying interest on it. Many of the preachers have become discouraged, and some of us have endeavored to be loyal and advance the interests at head quarters, till we are nearly ruined ourselves. By delays and dilations, and the stringency exercised, we are bound in self defence to cease so ruinous a business

wrought upon Eden and Eden's lord! No longer was it to be spread with its carpet of emerald verdure, or fragrant with its blooming flowers; no longer was man to be the happy occupant of its desolate bowers, but was doomed to be driven forth from its once hallowed precincts, a helpless exile. And true to the sentence passed upon him, he wanders to-day the pitiful subject of a thousand untold cares and blighting curses, but finds not one that opposes him more steadily, in his onward march up the rugged steps of life, than that which proved his first and greatest enemy—the *deception of the world*.

In day's past and gone, it has placed upon time's escutcheon many a polluting stain which can never be obliterated. Under a false garb of justice, it has wrested from the grasp of the homeless orphan the last remaining furling of a handsome fortune, and left him to make his way through cares and disappointments down to an ignominious grave. It has wrung from the heart of the defenseless widow the expressions of untold regret, and caused the brow of wrinkled old age, and caused the tear of brooding sorrow to trickle slowly down her faded cheek.

It has changed the rose that bloomed on beauty's face to the pallor of death, and transformed the virtue of youth to the infamy of a hopeless old age. It has been the cause of the guilty criminal from his pending doom, and made him the suffering victim of a thousand wrongs. And it finds its advocates among the enlightened sons and daughters of this auspicious age.

It may be seen in the shining exterior, the deceptive smiles, the interested motives, the occult words and perverted actions of those with whom we mingle from day to day. It lives and breathes in the very atmosphere of our cities, towns, and even our social circles. It lurks in the morning breeze, and is gently whispered in the evening zephyr. It extends from the inmost recesses of the human heart to the furthest limits of a pompously decorated exterior. Many things dazzle but to deceive, and shine but to lead astray. Trust not to appearances, for

"The world is seldom what it seems."

And to the young and unsuspecting let it be said: It is not to be deceived by the seductive influences of the world; guard against the smiles of those who only seem to be your friends; trust not everything you see; believe not everything you hear. Beware of false friends, for in an evil and unsuspected hour, if they do not stab your person, they will your reputation. And let every one whose wretched touch tips the slender prospects of our social existence, or foul "slander, whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile, upon her mouth, then, alas, for truth and virtue, for real merit and pure of character!

The heart may hate, and burn with envy dire. And burn and burn, but viewless is the fire. But let foul slanderer open his lips of gold. Destructive words in burning torrents fall. More fearful, than, to mask thy hideous face. With smiles that would a heavenly vision grace—To utter homilies, and call him friend—Whose noble deeds and many virtues blend—Then damn his name by that mean, little word—That "by which the fairest rose is blured. The wretch! who will do such the subtle art. That thou canst fold within the human heart. First blotch the form, if thou wouldst better see. The blot with which thou'dst stain its purity."

For the Texas Christian Advocate.

NORTH-EASTERN TEXAS.

Mr. Editor:—I collected a few items from a little trip which I have just made, and thus present them to the notice of your numerous readers. Henderson is a very handsome place, and there are manifestations of public spirit and enterprise. There are some very good and substantial buildings being erected, among which is one large brick hotel, which would have been equal comparison with the "Tremont House," in your surpassingly beautiful "Island City." The place is tastefully laid out, and the arrangement of their beautiful streets, which adorn their sidewalks, surprises, if possible, the neat and orderly yards which they front. We left this pleasant place early, with the intention of arriving at our good, old, lively, happy, hospitable friend and Brother, Job Taylor's, in time for dinner, so you may judge as to what our gait must have been—the distance being twenty-five miles. The lands through this section are generally good; the most of them high, and produce well. Notwithstanding the severity of the drought, there will be a supply of corn made, and from appearances abundant cotton crop. Risk county, like old Cherokee, is generally made up of good and strong lands, and well adapted to wheat. Jefferson, Cass county, is an important and large town for Texas, and quite a commercial place. Business has been heavy during the past season. The houses, and they are many, are filled with large and select stocks of dry goods and groceries. Jefferson is at the head of steam navigation on Big Cypress Bayou, which empties into Soda Lake, some ten or twelve miles below. Navigation has hardly been suspended (if at all, a very short time), since about the first of last November, and there is plenty of water still. The good citizens of this place are making important preparations for cleaning out the bayou, which will greatly facilitate the passage of boats up and down. There are now some very important improvements going on in the place, in point of buildings, among which is a large brick edifice designed for a Methodist Church, Masonic Hall, etc.

Marshall is rapidly and handsomely improving. The railroad is progressing finely it was informed, and will be ready for use soon. Marshall is soon to be the most important town in Eastern Texas. It is a most desirable place. The residence of my father being my point of destination—three miles from Jefferson—I was soon there, and again united with the family at the mansion of my beloved. Around the altar, where by example and precept I was early taught to fear and reverence God, we were all again assembled. How consoling! From time to time I met old associates and friends, and our conversation, like some strange current which had come up from the past, constantly introduced occurrences which long since had been lost to memory. Brother Hamill, the station preacher in Jefferson, was with us, and we had good two days' meeting at the old Jefferson camp ground. I felt much blessed. Truly God is good. There has been much sickness in and around Jefferson, in common with other places, the result of which was many deaths. In my next you will hear some good news.—Respectfully, T. W. R.

A SPLENDID PHENOMENON.

Mr. Editor: On Sunday last, about 10 o'clock, P. M., I had just left the house of evening prayer. (Rock Spring). The sacred songs of Zion were still vibrating in solemn sensations upon the cords which held my spirit in its prison-house of mortality. My mind was sweetly drawn out to a reverie, as I rode slowly along the beaten path homeward. The last words I had uttered in the sanctuary of God were in company with me—"The night is far spent, the day is at hand, the night of sin and sorrow is almost over with us, and the dawning twilight is breaking forth upon us"—when I heard a sudden blinding snow a few paces in my rear, and saw the dazzling flashing on the sandy road before me, of a beautiful phenomenon, far outshining the silvery beams of the moon! I turned my head to behold this great—! a flash of lightning as I thought at first—but there was no cloud in the range of vision. I have seen many fine exhibitions of fire-works, but never was in proximity to anything so splendid as this appearance. My spirit was stirred within me with wonder and awe! I beheld a stream of fire from one to two hundred feet in length, proceeding from a focus, parallel with the horizon, ascending above the tops of the trees, pointing North and South. Every moment I expected to hear an explosion, and pushed onward my horse to prevent sparks, or whatever it contained, from falling upon me; but it gradually ascended, moving a little Eastward, becoming less luminous in its ascent. After a few minutes, it assumed the colors of the rainbow, then diminished by degrees until it became merely a white streak of smoke, still ascending, until nothing was visible of it more than a line of thin fog or mist. The height which it attained, I do not know, but probably he some five or six times the height of the trees, from out of which it emerged at first.

I have never seen any meteoric body like it in this country. I once saw a fire-ball, or ball of fire, in England, in the vicinity of several collieries. Its movement was horizontal over a mile or two of surface, when it fell to the ground about two paces from me, and the percussion of its fall, caused sparks to ascend, which had all disappeared when I reached the spot. But this one contained neither sparks nor ashes, and was wholly vaporous; not a spark seemed to fall from it. It disappeared, might probably be some five or six times the height of the trees, from out of which it emerged at first.

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LONG BEFORE I WAS PREPARED FOR HIS CARES AND RESPONSIBILITIES, MANHOOD HOLED IN THE DISTANCE.

Released from a father's care, and beyond the reach of a mother's watchful eye, I started early in life to contend with its stern realities.

It was a fortunate circumstance, or rather, a good providence of God, that I was blessed with pious parents, and that their precepts and example had a salutary bearing upon my mind in after life. They had taught me the importance of prayer. Directed by the Spirit of God, and through the instrumentality of the Methodist ministry, at the age of nineteen years, I embraced the religion of the Bible, more than 2,000 miles from the snow-capped hills of my own native clime. So much for the past.

The present finds me a Methodist preacher of fifteen years, standing in a titanic doing battle for the Lord in Western Texas, far less useful in the cause of my master, than many on the walls of Zion.

What can be said of the future? How dark and mysterious! Must we endure afflictions, realize a reversal of fortune, deposit our near and dear friends in the cold grave?

Solomon has said, "that which hath been, is now, and that which is to be, hath already been." Taking this view, we may conclude that the future will be a mixture of joy and sorrow; and that we may achieve victories and sustain defeats; that in our travels to the better land, we may encounter rough roads, with occasional smooth places, to render the journey more desirable. We may join the company of those who may prove agreeable and profitable companions, finding others exceedingly troublesome. There will be those who speak the language of Canaan, and those who have learned the dialect of Devils. In view of life's diversities, its sorrows and joys, its honors and reproaches, we should fix principles, adopt the course pursued by the Apostle Paul, who could say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound."

Many weary months have passed since we had any tidings from thee, my brother. Thought is often busy in conjectures as to thy long absence. Has an absence of five years so estranged thy heart from "loved ones at home," that no moment of thy time is devoted to their remembrance, or the family circle, where you have spent so many happy hours, ere thou hadst learned to forget? No! we cannot think that thou hast forgotten home with its endearing ties and associations.

Has sickness visited thee in a strange land, where no kindred being can administer to thy wants, or cheer thy drooping spirits? Or has death, with cruel hand, snatched thee from earth, and thy grave been made in the far west? We vainly would banish such gloomy thoughts, and fondly hope that thou art well and happy; and that thou wouldst kindly turn to the old homestead, or the family circle, where you have spent so many happy hours, ere thou hadst learned to forget? No! we cannot think that thou hast forgotten home with its endearing ties and associations.

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DOMESTIC LOVE.

Next to the blessing of God, the most beautiful and heart-inspiring blessing, is the love that unites and cheers the hearts of the happily married man and wife.

OUR PUBLISHING INTERESTS AT GALVESTON.

We invite particular attention to the article on the first page, from the pen of Rev. J. Shook, Presiding Elder of Woodville District, East Texas Conference.

We have already suffered great injury from this cause. Of the size and importance of this great country, and of those North and West of it, to all of which Galveston is bound to be the commercial center.

We desire to emphasize the assertion, which is well understood all over Texas, that never, in the history of American Methodism, has such a large, promising, and unobstructed opening been presented to our Church as Texas now affords.

always believed that Galveston would be the most suitable point. It will rapidly grow into a large commercial seaport city, commanding more territory west of the Mississippi than any other.

CAUSES OF THE INDIAN REVOLT.

Light is beginning to be thrown upon the causes of the great rebellion in India, by the official correspondence recently laid before the British Parliament.

That the Hindoos are, and have been alarmed at the efforts made by missionaries and others to introduce Christianity, there is no doubt. The horrid suttees (widow-burnings) were abolished by Lord William Bentinck, twenty-five years ago, and more recently a law has been introduced to allow Hindoo widows to re-marry.

That the too faithful performance of their duty by Christians and christian missionaries, should be made a matter of complaint by the press of christian England, is shameful in the extreme.

THE NEWS MISAPPREHENDS US.

The Galveston News, while cordially endorsing our proposition to establish a paper in New York, under the control of the Southern Methodist Church, partially misapprehends us.

The editor quotes the platform of the Southern Church, which we propose that the new paper should advocate, as "the scriptural position of a New Testament Church," namely, "eccelesiastical connection with no political question whatever."

And in this is manifested the superior obedience to scriptural authority in the Southern Church over that of the Northern Church. Most of the members of the Northern Church are anti-slavery in sentiment, and have suffered their political opinions to mould their religious creed and their ecclesiastical government.

SUNDAY AT WASHINGTON CITY.

A correspondent of the North-Water Christian Advocate, gives the following account of his observations on a certain Sabbath at Washington City.

Yesterday, Sunday morning, we walked a few squares from Brown's, to discover the signs, as well as to enjoy the fresh breeze from the Potomac. All was still—all doors closed, and during the day we did not see a man intoxicated, except at night, but the proprietor told him he was sorry that they had made the circumstances such that he could not accommodate them.

THE ENGLISH CLERGY IN TROUBLE.

The English clergy having re-narrated as a body against the Divorce Bill, Lord Palmerston thus rapped them on the knuckles: "The Church of England has stood hitherto on ground very different, in some respects, from that of churches in other countries. It has never assumed to itself the right of being an ecclesiastical inquisition. The clergyman of that church have contented themselves with being the guides, the instructors, and the friends of the laity. They have set an example of purity of life, which has commended to the laity the precepts that have come from their lips; but if they should think that this concession entitles them to assume to themselves that authoritative interference in the affairs of private life, which is too frequently claimed by the clergyman of other countries, I am afraid they will do the greatest possible injury to the Church, by creating feelings toward that Church very different from those which hitherto have prevailed.

MR. CAUGHEY REJECTED BY THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

Rev. James Caughey, the greatest and best loved Methodist preacher in the world, who has before been to England, and was instrumental in the conversion of multitudes of thousands of souls, has, on his recent arrival in England, been rejected by the British Conference.

Some very interesting statistics respecting Congregationalism in Massachusetts, have recently been given to the public. The following will be read with interest: "On the 1st of January, 1857, there were 472 Churches in connection with the General Association—embracing all of our denomination, but 404 of these Churches have 350 pastors and 60 stated supplies. There are 150 ministers reported without pastoral charge—making 520 clergymen, in all. These Churches have a male membership of 21,057; a female, of 45,248; total, 67,596—an average of 143 to each Church. There were admitted to these Churches, during 1856—by letter, 1,710; by profession, 1,848; total, 3,558. There were removed from them, during the same time—by death, 1,181; by dismission, 1,849; by excommunication, 153; total, 3,183, leaving a balance of 975 as the net addition of the year. During the same year there were baptized—adults, 793; children, 1,370; total, 2,165, or an average of between four and five baptisms to each Church. There are 70,187 reported members of the Sabbath schools, or an average of 147 to each school. The four largest Sabbath schools are the following:—Pine Street Church, Boston, 730; Winthrop Church, Charlestown, 552; Maverick Church, East Boston, 526; Winnisimmet Church, Chelsea, 502.

The oldest four Churches are the following:—West Barnstead, gathered at Southwark, London, 1616; Tabernacle Church, Salem—August 6, 1629; First Church, Lynn—1632; South Marshfield, Lynn—1692. The largest four Churches are the following:—Park Street Church, Boston, 705; Mount Vernon Church, 666; First Church, Pittsfield, 642; John Street, Lowell, 518. The ministers who have been settled a half century or more, in one place, are the following:—Dr. Cooley, of East Brookfield—Feb. 3, 1796. Dr. Snell, of North Brookfield—June 27, 1798. Dr. Brannan, of Georgetown—June 7, 1799. Dr. Emerson, of South Reading—Oct. 17, 1804. Dr. Emerson, of Salem—April 24, 1805. Dr. Kimball, of Ipswich—Oct. 6, 1806. Dr. Ely, of Monson—Dec. 17, 1806.

We have held an unusually large number of Camp-Meetings lately, and they have been attended with glorious results. The attendance has been large, and more than usual spirit manifested in sustaining these social gatherings. Camp-Meetings are a fixed fact among us; they enter in as an important part of our Methodist arrangements for spreading the Gospel among the people.

Except our Camp-Meetings, but little has been doing recently in religious matters. The summer season with us is a do-nothing season, as far as religion is concerned. In our cities and large towns, many of our people are away, either on business or residing at the watering-places, and the consequence is, that our congregations, for a season, are quite scattered. The summer with us is the devil's harvest-season, and no one doubts but he improves it well. Forster's Magazine was started some eleven years since in Boston, as an experiment. It was then doubted whether a magazine devoted exclusively to the young could be sustained, but the enterprise has proved successful. It has become a great favorite with the young everywhere. One object of the publishers has been to give a religious and high moral tone, and thus make it a safe publication to place in the hands of all our youth. We see that Mrs. S. S. Park, of Galveston, is agent for the work in Texas. We doubt not a large number of Forster will be circulated in Texas.

Who Father Forster is, who writes such interesting articles for children, is yet so ununknown. We will only say, we have seen him—a fine-looking old gentleman, and a minister. We may give your readers a personal description of him by and by. Be sure and get his magazine, only one dollar a year.

THE EXPLORATION OF THE COLORADO.

Lieutenant Ives has left for California, as the head of an expedition that is to explore the Colorado. Great results for science and commerce are expected from the expedition. The Colorado is the largest river, save one, of any west of the Rocky Mountains. The lower portion of the valley at points where it has been crossed by exploring parties, has been found to possess a soil of unsurpassed richness, and the region through which it flows is believed to possess mineral resources of the most valuable kinds. Trappers tell extravagant stories of the sublimity of the scenery on the higher portions of the valley, and of the gigantic canons or gorges through which the river passes. The new Territory of Arizona, which borders the lower portion, is being filled up by emigrants. From Salt Lake, too, the Mormons are pushing their settlements toward this valley, and are now within thirty-five miles of its most western bend. It is thought possible that Lieutenant Ives may find the river navigable for his small steamer as high up as the thirty-seventh parallel of latitude, which will bring him to a point at no great distance from the Salt Lake region, and solve the problem of a short and direct water communication between that Territory and the Pacific Ocean.

MURDER OF DR. VOGEL.

The official confirmation of the murder of Dr. Vogel at Wara, the capital of Wall, has been received. He was beheaded by order of the Sultan, Corporal Maguire, Royal Engineers, was murdered by a party of Turuicks, some six miles to the north of Kuka. Apprehending danger, he had traced a few lines, in pencil, to our vice-consul at Murzak, requesting him, in the event of his death, to discharge a small sum to his people. The gallant fellow made a desperate defence, and despatched several of his murderers before he fell. The melancholy events tend strongly to confirm the opinion that no profitable commerce can be opened with Central Africa over the desert from Tunis or Tripoli. The true way must be by means of its great rivers—the Nile, the Niger and the Zambesi.

NEW SCHOOL METHODISM.

The above is the name given to a class of sentimentalists, said to exist in Western New York. The defection is said to have originated in an Annual Conference, though since, it has embraced large numbers of the membership. And that the paper formerly published under the title of the Bulletin Christian Advocate, having deflected the significant word Christian, and taken the name Advocate only, has become the organ of this party in the Church, and is now devoted to the promotion of the doctrines and interests of this New School. It is also claimed that this doctrine "does not relate to things indifferent, but to those of vital importance" to both doctrine and practice.

Some of these sentiments are found thus stated in a late number of the Advocate, published at Buffalo:—"Christianity is not characteristically a system of devotion. It has no religious features which must distinguish a religion grounded on the idea that to adore the divine character is the most imperative obligation resting on human beings. It does not describe any particular mode for paying homage to the Deity. It eschews all exterior forms, and teaches that they who worship God, must worship him in spirit and in truth." "The characteristic idea of this system (Christianity), is benevolence, and its practical realization is achieved in benevolence. It consecrates the principle of charity, and instructs its votaries to regard good works as the holiest sacrifice, and the most acceptable which they can bring to the Almighty. Whatever graces may be necessary to constitute the christian life, the chief and principal one of these is love to man."

A writer in Zion's Herald thinks this an infusion of "humanitarianism." "There is apparent a tendency to merge the worship of God into a too refined spiritualism, and supplant godliness by a charity that may be void of religion. Whence is this? Has Parkersburg, and its professed benign liberalism, attracted any from the 'old paths'?" Or has any one of the forms of popular infidelity, by stealing from the Church its watchword of "Reform," and professing to do for society what the religion of the past has failed to do, suggested a better way to save men than through the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost?"

METHODISM IN OREGON.

Our Church has no representative in Oregon, in the shape of preachers, that we are aware of; but she should have. If the thousands of our local preachers would but consider their duty to God and the Church, and the souls of men, many of them, less trammelled than others, would emigrate to that country, and plant our glorious banner upon its shores. The climate is mild and pleasant, and men from the South would not suffer materially by the removal. The leader in this enterprise is yet to be found. "Who will go for us?" The Pacific Methodist, our organ in California, is beginning to circulate in Oregon, and the people generally are bitterly opposed to the abolition fanaticism of the Northern churches. The Pacific Christian Advocate, the Northern Methodist paper there, though very mild in its anti-slavery articles, has stirred up a storm of opposition from the political papers. A writer in that paper defends the South, and overwhelms the editor. It is strongly believed by some that the pro-slavery party will succeed in the contest upon the formation of the State Constitution. But be this as it may, both California and Oregon are incongruous with the abolition fanaticism, and will become more so, particularly toward ecclesiastical abolitionism. One thing is perfectly clear, according to our best judgment, namely, that Southern Methodism would flourish in Oregon with tenfold more vigor than Northern Methodism. Shall not some of our preachers be sent there? Why is there not more "private enterprise" in our Church? St. Paul never had wider openings to travel, found Churches, glorify God, and write his name high upon the spiritual temple, than the preachers of the present day, surrounded by the vast American continent.

POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Our poetical contributors must not be offended when we publish some of their effusions and reject others. Sometimes a writer of this class sends us a perfect gem; we publish it, and express our grateful pleasure. Then, again, the same writer floods us with poetic contributions, but few of which have any merit, and all inferior to the first one. Quality is the point, not quantity. One good poem will immortalize the author; twenty feeble ones will write him down a hopeless duncie in the eyes of good judges. Do not send us any more mere rhyme; send us poetry. Rhyme without the genuine spirit of poetry is like the "salt which has lost its savor. It is therefore good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." To speak to the point, we are insufferably bored by the trash of those who cannot write poetry, and find it more than a waste of time to read it. We never can, and by the careless effusions of some of our best writers, who have written good poetry, and who can do it again. But they draw upon the fountain of their poetic genius too soon after it has been emptied, and instead of sending forth the living waters, they produce something else. Unfortunately, however, they sometimes think they are the best judges, and consider the editor either a hypocritical simpleton, or prejudiced against them, and partial to others. This is all wrong. Keep in good humor.

BISHOP EARLY.

We have seen it stated, says the Richmond Advocate, in several papers, that Bishop Early has been quite sick at his residence in Lynchburg, Virginia. We are informed by a gentleman in this city, having heard through a member of his family in Lynchburg, that the health of the venerable Bishop is now improving. We hope he will be found, as heretofore, punctually present at the sessions of the fall Conference under his episcopal supervision.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. O. and H. M. THERREAU, Galveston, Land Locators and General Agents, are reliable business men, and well acquainted with the State, being "Old Texans." Business from whatever distance will be faithfully and promptly attended to by them.

REV. B. L. PERE has plenty of fine plants at Galveston, Houston, Matagorda and Chappin Hill, where he may be addressed. See his card. RIDDER and BRIGGS has just opened a new and fine stock of Fall Dry Goods. Call soon, if you wish first choice. Their establishment is a splendid one. I take pleasure in stating that I have used Dr. W. W. Scott's Negative Electric Fluid, for some years past, and have found it a most excellent medicine, as a safe and efficacious remedy for all nervous and febrile diseases. It has no equal as far as my knowledge extends. I would recommend it to the public, and no family should be without it. J. D. FIX.

FROM STORMS A SHELTER.

Nothing below the sky, nothing less than grace divine, has such power upon the human heart as this affection. To the mariner at the farthest verge of the green earth, it is a star of attraction, as potent to his heart as the North star to his needle. It melts the heart of the rough sailor and makes it as soft as that of a child. To the ruler soldier, far away from the home of his love and the wife of his youth, enduring the privations of the camp, and fronting the dangers of the battle, no inspiration is equal to that of the love that fills his heart with fire. To the lonely sejourner in distant lands, the image of her who makes the residence of his soul to be in a different country from that in which his body dwells, gives more joy to his spirit than all the novel scenes the wide world can present to his gaze. The heroic man, in whatever department of life, high or low, battling with the difficulties that environ us all, and toiling for competency, usefulness, and honor, finds the love of his wife, next to the promises of God, "the oil of gladness" for the worn machinery of nature. When all other encouragements fail, and all imaginable misfortunes overwhelm, the heart takes refuge in this last earthly inspiration, throws the rubbish of its enthusiastic and poetic affection over the leaven of disunion, and, amidst tribulation and difficulties into sublime mountains to be scaled, rises superior to all opposition, and makes its possessor a hero of the highest order. And the love of the true wife for her husband? Who can fathom its depths, or what language describe its transcendent power? Its undying constancy is the most universal of human virtues; the world is full of its literature; history is a monument of its power; and poetry is laden with the perfume of its praises.

One of the greatest excellencies of domestic love is the poetic charm with which it illumines the hard, work-day necessities of common life—the life among the lowly. In the humble cabin of the frontier settler, in the rude hovel of the poor everywhere, in the midst of coarse and bare circumstances and exterior, with hard labor as the lot of life, how beautiful the love that sends the sunshine of joy into their hearts, cheers and adorns the rough pathway of their lives with the odorous flowers of peace, and places the soft pillow of contentment under their heads at the hour of repose! How beautiful is the love of a rude backwoodsman for his plainly attired wife! How charming to witness manifestations of the love of her stalwart and burly husband? What more pleasant than to hear rough, unlettered men, everywhere, pronounce the homely christian names of their wives! Truly, domestic love is the poetry of common life. It is as delightful to observe, as it is to find sweet green vines and beautiful flowers festooning the doors of a cabin in the wilderness.

Domestic love is a priceless treasure. It should be sought with an earnestness approximating that with which we seek the salvation of our souls. It should be cultivated with as much assiduous care as that with which we seek to "grow in grace." No fool is more outrageously amiable, be he man, or be she woman, who fails to appreciate, and neglects and destroys the precious treasure of the love of wife or husband, given of God. Hast thou this blessing, friend? Hide it away from the touch of whatever would pollute, profane, or wound it, in the inner cabinet of thy heart. Above all, let it be sanctified by the word of God and prayer. No blessing has good root in any other soil than the favor of God. Love has no nourishment so enduring and vital as the "spirit of grace." Thus grounded and nourished, it will never grow old. It will bloom beautifully in the midst of gray hairs and furrowed cheeks; and, at death, it will only be transplanted into a more congenial climate.

"Where love shall never die."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, as we learn from the Columbus (Ga.) News, has a Northern and a Southern price, fifteen cents a copy at the North and twenty-five cents a copy at the South. If this is so, it should shut Harper out from the South entirely.

SEVERAL OF OUR "ITEM" HEADS ARE CROWDED OUT THIS WEEK.

Let us say a few words about a "Western Branch of our Publishing House." Such a branch will, we are of opinion, have to be established at some time. It would be well if it could be done soon. The great West will never be well supplied until it is done; and the West needs such supply, oh, how much! We have

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