





TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. GALVESTON, TEXAS. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1857.

TRAVEL.

Travel-Facilities for Texas-Galveston-Dr. Keener-the New Orleans Editor-Michael's Churches and Pastors-Vicksburg-Jackson-The steamer Eclipse.

The passion for travel is very strong in persons who stay at home, and the passion for home is equally strong in those who travel. But the travel-mania soon subsides; the home-feeling never. One of the greatest advantages of travel is, that it reconciles people to stay—where they ought to stay—at home. There is nothing better for man or woman, than to have "a local habitation," and an occupation calling out all the energies of hands, head, and heart, and to stick closely by both.

During our stay in the city, we enjoyed the social and comfortable hospitalities of Rev. Dr. J. B. Walker, Pastor of the Fidelity street Methodist Church. He has a magnificent congregation, and is one of the most popular preachers in the city. A revival is now progressing in his church, several having been converted during our stay. We shall never forget the kindness shown us by himself and all the excellent wife. Rev. L. Parker, Pastor of the McGehee Methodist Church, Carondelet street, is also doing a good work in his very important charge. He also had a revival in progress, though we were not permitted to visit it.

The Advocate Office and Depository were removed to No. 112, Camp street, while we were there. They have rented a spacious four-story building, which they expect to buy. At any rate, they will soon have a suitable building for a large wholesale Depository for our Church. Publications, and for the Advocate Office. The success of this enterprise, of the Advocate, and of our Church, in New Orleans, are matters of great interest to the whole connection. New Orleans is rapidly becoming the New York of the South, and it is important to plant good seed abundantly in that teeming soil.

At Vicksburg, Mississippi, we had the pleasure of a half day's association with Rev. C. Marshall, Pastor of the Methodist Church there, and his pleasant family. Vicksburg is a unique place, built by digging down precipitous hills and bluffs, jutting up the river. It is a place of much business, and is prosperous. The "Vicksburg, Shreveport, and Texas Railroad" is already running twenty-five miles from the western bank of the river, and is pressing on toward Shreveport. Vicksburg is on the eastern side. Mr. Marshall is preaching to crowded houses, and is doing much good, not only as a pastor, but in the great financial enterprises of the church.

We also met at this place, most unexpectedly, our old friend, Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Capers, President of a prosperous female college, about twenty miles distant from Vicksburg, which he has built up in the country by his talents and energy. We were happy to meet him again. There are some things indispensably necessary to make travel even tolerable. One is, comfortable and speedy means of conveyance. It is, of course, long, unless duty demand the sacrifice, never offer yourself a willing victim to the juggernaut of stage-travel. Wait until railroads be built, or steamboat lines established. Brave all the dangers of flood and fire, rather than flitter away temper and life, piecemeal, in those itinerant danglers, which are also turned into racks by the villainous roads over which they generally trundle.

Texas is now much more favorably situated than formerly, in reference to conveyance to and from the older States. The old "Harris & Gray" line" will know in Texas, and of great value to the State, notwithstanding the hearty assent with which it has been visited, still continues, and has four good ships, with excellent officers and accommodations. And many passengers still choose to go that way, via the mouth of the Mississippi, between New Orleans and Galveston.

Having to cross the Gulf recently, we chose to go the new route, via Derwick Bay. Leaving Galveston at noon, we found ourselves at daylight, next morning, out of the Gulf, and steaming up the Atchafalaya Bay, to Berwick, or rather Bear-shear-city, where we took the cars, and in four hours we were gliding over the eighty miles of railroad, and found ourselves in New Orleans. The Opelousas, on which we traveled, is a new, light, and swift running steam-ship, and under good management. We knew, without being told, that Capt. Ellis was trained in the Navy. The bearing of men of naval or military training is unmistakable, the world over. Some dislike it; we do not. We were gently attended to, and comfortably provided for.

On our return, we took the other steamer of the line, the Galveston, Capt. Washburn. This was the smoothest and quietest trip we ever made across the Gulf. Leaving New Orleans at nine o'clock, a. m., we arrived in Galveston at ten o'clock next day. Better time than this has been made, by some homes, and no doubt the time will still be shortened. On both trips we were treated with a courtesy and consideration well calculated to please any who can be pleased at all.

There are some things witnessed in steam-boat traveling painful to behold. One is gambling. For the first time in our life, since reaching man's estate, we, on the trip just alluded to, took it into our head to watch the operations of those fiends in human shape, who travel "to and fro, and up and down in the world," "seeking whom they may devour." And, truly, what we witnessed makes us heart-sick to this hour. Verdant young men, some of them with ladies under their charges, blessed of every dollar, and their watches and other valuables, with slumbers and despair in their countenances, begging for means to pay their way, is a sad sight indeed. The villainy of these things consists mainly in the fact that the gambler has one, two, or three accomplices, who affect to be mere passengers, and appear to belong to the pretense of society. They look on for awhile, pretend to be indignant at the trickery of the gambler, and to sympathize with the victims; after awhile they profess, in private confidence with one or more, to have discovered the trick, get up a pretended conspiracy against the gambler, enlist others in it, bet for awhile and win, until the by-standers are elated, and stake large sums of money, when, all at once, "loaf" turns in favor of the gambler, and he takes in a pile of the surplus cash and gold watches, with which verand and concealed foods are burdened. These things are scandalous. It looks badly to see these legalized thieves and highwaymen on the best of terms with the officers of a vessel, as is sometimes the case.

We spent some days in New Orleans. Rev. Dr. J. C. Keener, whose health had compelled him to absent from his home and his work from the spring until now, had just returned home. We were rejoiced to meet him, having, in the days of our years, labored in connection with him in the good cause. He is a man of great value to the church. He has, what is too rare among us, as Methodist preachers, the energy, courage, perseverance, and large constructive ability, which builds up the church wherever he is, and which not only accomplishes great present good, but lays the foundation of movements, which shall endure, and which shall stand, dignify, support, and feed the church in generations to come. This is the usefulness to be coveted. Tell us not of your good fellows and popular speakers merely, among our preachers. They are good in their place, but we want something more. With only such men, but little permanent good would be accomplished, but little of the work of edification done. The best edify of a Methodist preacher is the solid work he has accomplished.

Our worthy brother, of the New Orleans Christian Advocate, Rev. H. N. McTeire, we found working patiently on, ably and satisfactorily fulfilling the trust to which he was re-appointed by the last General Conference. His paper is exercising a wide-spread and good influence, and continually demonstrating the Christian wisdom of its establishment, and the excellent choice made in the selection of its editor. Mr. McTeire is one of our soundest men. We were glad to meet him, and his pleasant lady, old friends in times gone by.

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THERE ROLLS NIAGARA.

I may not catch the present opportunity, while under the strange feelings inspired by this extraordinary phenomenon, the "Niagara Falls," to send you a line.

"Oh God! what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" with the mighty sound of this great cataract, now pressing on my ears, and in view of the stupendous and indescribable "Falls!"

I am now seated! I have but this moment returned from a tour around this monarch of all wonders. To-morrow I expect to be more minute, and view the Falls more in detail. But this place was made to be seen, not to be described. The God of nature never intended a knowledge of its vastness and magnificence should be purchased so cheap. Nothing but great toil should entitle a man to such a possession. You may remember, when Daniel Webster was delivering that most eloquent address on the completion of Bunker Hill monument, he stopped, and pausing for some time, he pointed toward the huge pile, and with emphasis exclaimed: "THERE IT IS! IT ALONE CAN SPEAK FOR ITSELF." So it is, but in a thousand fold sense, with this mad body of waters. A man is lost in wonder at its sublimity and grandeur. He stands speechless. His great self dissolves into insignificance; and he is constrained to cry out, "How wonderful are thy works, O God; and thy ways past finding out!" Roll on, thou great Niagara, roll on! and by thy ceaseless roar lead the mind of mortals from nature's contemplation up to nature's God.

Let me say to you that you never read or heard anything about Niagara Falls that conveyed the faintest idea of their wonderful grandeur. You can get no proper knowledge of them from verbal or written descriptions. Every thing said, or written, or pencilled, is mere mechanics figures, lengths and breadths—a skeleton, a dead something—dry, and colorless. The sight alone can give you its grandeur and beauty—its reality, vitality, divinity. The only true and sensible description ever given was by N. P. Willis, when he declared that all he dare say about it was, "There rolls Niagara." When Moses saw the burning bush and received the command to go and tell Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go up out of Egypt, he inquired in what name he should go? The reply was, "I am that I am hath sent thee." This declaration indicates the only proper response to the inquiry as to Niagara Falls. A negative description may be attempted; a positive one is but folly and presumption. All the attempts to describe them are wrong, presumptuous, vain. You know these attempts represent the same dreadfully faithful, terrific, appalling. Not so, they claim, enchain, delight you. They are sublime and laudable. In magnificence in beauty. In standing before this mighty phenomenon, you are not appalled, you are not horror struck; you do not feel like shrinking back or running away. Oh, no! you are rather seized with the inclination to rush into its lovely faves and rainbow tints. Although mighty, it is still lovely; awful, yet enchanting. Oh wonderful Niagara! Neither pen nor pencil can set forth their own nature and ceaseless eloquence. Roll on! And you, poets and painters, stand abashed, nor dare attempt impossibilities. Be honest to God—to yourselves—and say, only say, "There rolls Niagara."

THE WOODVILLE MESSENGER says that the tide of emigration has at last turned into Eastern Texas. Heretofore Northern and Western Texas have been flooded every year with immigrants from the older States, while Eastern Texas, though possessed of many advantages, has been almost entirely overlooked by those in search of homes in a new country. The cause is obvious—there has been no good route leading into Eastern Texas below 32° North latitude, and no port of entry on the coast, where emigrants could be landed and get conveyances into the interior; consequently, they have gone farther West, and those coming by land have kept the main thoroughfares leading into Northern and Western Texas, until they are getting too thick to thrive, and are scattering out to find water, range, and some place where it rains occasionally; and a great many have found that place in Tyler, Jasper and Polk counties, within the last few months. Immigrants are coming into this county from the North and West almost daily. And South-west, that we learn from our friends residing here, there will be an unusually heavy emigration from Alabama, Georgia and other of the older States, this season. And we are induced to believe that the surrounding counties will receive a good share of the new emigrants. It is a good time for them to come. Good crops of corn have been raised here this season, while in many portions of the State crops have been cut very short by a continuous drought, while the crop was growing.

Eastern Texas being a well timbered and well watered country, is less subject to extreme drought than the more open and prairie portions of the State. There has not been a season in the last twenty years or more in Eastern Texas, but what farmers have been able to raise fair crops. Sometimes it has been rather too wet for the best, and sometimes too dry, but there never has been anything like a failure in crops here, in the time above named. Before that time we have no knowledge of the seasons here, but we presume they were much the same as they have been during that period.

Tyler, Polk, Jasper and Newton counties are the best wheat counties in the State. The creeks and branches in those counties are generally freestone water; and good health is a natural result. But go where the streams all stop running in the summer, and it is sure to be more or less sickly. Nothing is more conducive to health than pure running streams of water. And as to navigation, the Sabine, Neches and Trinity rivers are three of the best navigable streams in the State.

At the late commencement of Yale College, Rev. Daniel Walds, as the oldest graduate present (of the class of 1788,) thus closed a speech to the assembled Alumni: "I am an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat soup—masticate well. Go to your food, rest, occupation, smiling. Keep a good nature and soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. A violent temper of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative, repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You young men who are just leaving college, I advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talents the best, and at the same time be honest."

Hos. Leslie A. Thompson was elected Mayor of this city on last Saturday. Judge Thompson is one of the wisest and most useful men we have, and has done much toward the prosperity of Galveston.

OUR GERMAN PAPER. Perhaps our Church is not fully aware, says the New Orleans Advocate, of the advantage accruing to our missionary operations among that important population, the Germans, from the German Methodist paper, published at Galveston, Texas, and ably and tastefully edited by Rev. P. Moelling. It is a strong arm of the service. Rev. C. C. Gillespie informs us that it is well received North and South and West, and even in fardaland. Already its subscription list reaches 2,000. The editor has taken a tour—not all of pleasure. He makes it tell for the Apologist. Dr. Durbin, in his last missionary bulletin, thus notices him: "AN EDITORIAL VACATION has been taken by the editor of the German paper published in Texas, by our brethren of the Church, South. He has spent it much after the manner of his countryman in Pennsylvania, who called his men in the heat of the day from the harvest field to rest in the barn; and now while we rest, said he, 'let us thrash.' So this editor has spent his time in visiting his brethren in the West, North-west, and in the North, assisting them at camp and other meetings, and feels blessed in reporting that above four hundred persons have been added to the Churches. A blessed vacation!"

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA. Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a thousand villages and cities, and many thousands cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall lift up its head to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rivulet—a rivulet—an ocean, boundless and faithless as eternity.

THE TRUE WITNESS. This religious paper, which has been heretofore published at Jackson, Mississippi, under the editorial charge of the Rev. E. Melms, has recently been moved to the city of New Orleans, where it hereafter will be published. This change doubtless will prove advantageous to the large increase of its circulation, in the South-western States, and more particularly in this State, where as yet its circulation has been limited. It is a Presbyterian issue, and the only one in the South-west. It is a large and handsome sheet and ably edited, and its removal to New Orleans will receive additional assistance from some of the most learned men of that Church.

THE EDITOR, who has for several years conducted it with much ability and learning, and has given it its present position in popular favor, is now on a visit to this State, at a meeting of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church, at Palestine. We most cordially recommend this paper, as a zealous and devoted Christian paper, and one worthy of liberal and extended patronage.

THE WORSHIPERS call on their god; but the so called "almighty dollar" falls. Bonds and mortgages, and acceptances—what are they? Precisely what has brought the present revolution in monetary affairs, commercial men are not agreed; whether it is overtrading with Europe, overtrading in Western lands, overinvesting in railroads, overliving at home, or any other kind of overdoing. Riches have always, wings; they fly away. Who can tell the cause? It is said that panic has brought on the crisis; and panic is—panic. What now? Perhaps their ardor may cool down, and men may find they were made for a higher and holier end than money-worship. We were going on too fast; pride and luxury sweeping men's souls away; sons rioting, and daughters wearing costly dresses, with a bale of cotton in each noose. With bright exceptions, here and there, men of business could not attend to religion. Teaching in Sabbath schools, leading prayer-meetings, going twice on Sunday to church, were behind the times. Stop and think. There are true riches; turn to their acquisition. There is an inheritance, undefiled, and that fadeeth not away. Mammon falls his worshippers; God, never.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN? 1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me? 2. Is it because I am afraid of the loss of my money, and of what I shall be able to do? 3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ? 4. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ? 5. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ? 6. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ? 7. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ? 8. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ? 9. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ? 10. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ?

ST. LOUIS CONFERENCE.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT.—John R. Bennett, P. E. First Church, E. M. Marvin; Centenary, C. B. Parsons; Mound, Francis English; Ashbury, Joseph Boyle; Wesley Chapel, A. H. Powell; Sixteenth Street, Jesse Canning; Christy Chapel, E. H. White; St. Louis Circuit, T. M. Finney, J. Ditzler; Manchester, Wesley Browning; Carondelet, D. R. McAnally; Miner's Chapel, John White.

CAPE GIRARDEAU DISTRICT.—H. S. Watts, P. E. Cape Girardeau Circuit, John Thomas; Cape Girardeau and Jackson, Alvin Encker; Benton, James Copeland; Charleston, To be supplied; Wolf Island, W. S. Woodard; New Madrid, Green Woods, G. W. Horn; Colored Mission, John McEwan; Grand Prairie, P. L. Turner; Bloomfield, W. Compton; Mingo, R. F. Benefield; Dallas, To be supplied; Ste. Genevieve, J. McFarland.

BOONVILLE DISTRICT.—D. A. Leeper, P. E. Boonville, A. A. Morrison; Arrow Rock, W. Whitton; Sabine, N. M. Talbot; Georgetown, Milton Adkinson; Versailles, J. B. H. Wood; Jay's, Jefferson Circuit, M. E. Paul; Jefferson City, W. L. Leitch; California, J. C. Thompson; Bell Air, Josiah Godley; W. M. Prottoman, Agent for Central College.

LEXINGTON DISTRICT.—R. A. Young, P. E. Lexington, B. T. Kavanaugh; Wellington, J. F. Truslow; Independence, Wm. B. McFarland; Westport, J. E. Shackelford; Kansas City, J. T. Peery; Independence Circuit, J. A. Murphy; Harrisonville, W. M. Pitts; Columbus, W. H. Mobley; Warrensburg, E. W. Chauceaux; Dover, J. W. Lewis, W. J. Brown, Sup.

WARSAW DISTRICT.—A. M. Rader, P. E. Warsaw, Arrington; Clinton, H. W. Webster; Deep Water, L. F. Arpley; Butler, J. W. Bond; Nevada, M. Duren; La Mar Mission, C. H. Gregory; Monte Val, D. W. Stewart; Fremont, T. Smith; Osceola, D. W. Reese.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT.—T. Ashby, P. E. Springfield Station, J. W. Hawkins; Springfield Circuit, James McGehee; Bolivar, J. O. Woods; Mt. Vernon, S. S. Headlee; Carthage, N. B. Peterson; Granby and Neosho, J. M. Proctor; Pineville, T. W. Davis; Cassville Mission, E. A. Blakey; G. M. Winton, Agent for Tracts and Sunday Schools.

STEELEVILLE DISTRICT.—J. Bond, P. E. Steeleville Circuit, D. McKnight; Edinburg, to be supplied; Richwoods, D. J. Marquis; Union, J. N. W. Springer; Indian Prairie, G. C. Knowles; Linn, E. Garrison; Vienna, S. A. Ritchey; Salem, J. D. Landreth; Third Creek German Mission, A. Albricht.

POYOS DISTRICT.—H. N. Watts, P. E. Greenwald, W. T. Quinn; Doniphan, R. Riley; Mill Creek, to be supplied; Thomasville, D. W. Harris; Eminence, to be supplied; Centerville, R. L. Maddy; Fredericktown, J. H. Headlee; Potosi, J. McCarry; Hillsboro, W. Alexander, J. C. Berryman, Principal of Areada High School.

LEBANON DISTRICT.—J. L. Burchard, P. E. Hartsville, J. C. Williams; Forsythe, to be supplied; Ozark, Thomas James; Marshfield, A. Nicholson; Houston, J. M. Wheeler; Rockbridge, to be supplied; Buffalo, D. L. Myers; Hermitage, Thomas Glavinville; Lebanon, H. E. Smith; Waynesville, T. O. Smith.

J. P. Nolan and J. Dines, transferred to Missouri Conference. Urban C. Spencer, transferred to Texas Conference. Arthur Hawkins and D. C. O. Howell, transferred to Kansas Conference. J. E. Cobb, transferred to Onahtia Conference.

DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—Joseph Boyle, D. R. McAnally, T. T. Ashby, J. T. Peery, E. M. Marvin, D. A. Leeper, H. N. Watts.

RESERVES.—C. B. Parsons, Wesley Browning, W. M. Prottoman.

THE NEW ORLEANS Christian Advocate says that the tide of the American people is broken. In counting houses, exchanges, and banks, where Dagon sat and received homage, there Dagon is fallen down. Traveling slowly, terribly, at about the rate of a storm at sea, a financial crisis, which began lately at the chief money capital of the country, has now made the rounds of its circuit. Failures, suspensions, assignments—and a general crash. Stocks that were beyond par and were still rising; and had made the happy holders rich, have gone down. Capitalists, whose portfolios were full of the best paper are hard pressed. The proud credit of all the old and strong "houses" lies prostrate. The worshippers call on their god; but the so called "almighty dollar" falls. Bonds and mortgages, and acceptances—what are they? Precisely what has brought the present revolution in monetary affairs, commercial men are not agreed; whether it is overtrading with Europe, overtrading in Western lands, overinvesting in railroads, overliving at home, or any other kind of overdoing. Riches have always, wings; they fly away. Who can tell the cause? It is said that panic has brought on the crisis; and panic is—panic. What now? Perhaps their ardor may cool down, and men may find they were made for a higher and holier end than money-worship. We were going on too fast; pride and luxury sweeping men's souls away; sons rioting, and daughters wearing costly dresses, with a bale of cotton in each noose. With bright exceptions, here and there, men of business could not attend to religion. Teaching in Sabbath schools, leading prayer-meetings, going twice on Sunday to church, were behind the times. Stop and think. There are true riches; turn to their acquisition. There is an inheritance, undefiled, and that fadeeth not away. Mammon falls his worshippers; God, never.

NOVEL READING DANGEROUS AND INJURIOUS. Novel reading is not only dangerous, and acts on the mind as ardent spirits do on the body, but it is also a waste of precious time, for which God will require a strict account. Dr. Hawes gives it as his opinion, that "no habitual reader of novels can love the Bible, or any other book that demands thought, or incutend the serious duties of life." They become disgusted with the plainness and simplicity of truth, and require and search for something new and exciting to the imagination. But again; the taste for novel reading when once acquired, is hard to get rid of. Take an example: "A young lady who had indulged for some time in the habit of novel reading on becoming pious, found to her sorrow, that her imagination had become so fascinated, and her taste so vitiated by this pernicious reading, that she could not fix on any thing permanently." "I would make any earthly sacrifice," said she, "could I thrust away the Bible, as I have after novels. The greatest daily cross I am now compelled to take up is to pass a novel without reading it. I would urge it as a fatal warning to all my sex, to beware of this fatal rock. Beware of wasting not only days, but nights, in making yourselves fools all the rest of your life, if not absolutely wretched."

I CAN'T GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH.

So said a lady, who had recently been admitted by letter into the membership of a large church to the pastor.

"I am very sorry, my sister," was the reply; "the members are generally considered quite friendly, and there is much pleasant social intercourse among them."

"But scarcely any of them speak to me, or seem to know me when I come to the church, or meet them in the street."

"Do you speak to them?"

"I do not like to speak first. It was so different in the first church I joined."

"Where you passed the days of your childhood and youth, you were of course, more widely known, and when you joined it, it was a more direct introduction to the Christian sympathy and affection of the church. Do you attend prayer-meetings?"

"No; I have not been yet."

"The best place to form acquaintances is at the prayer-meeting. The Sabbath congregations are so large, and so many strangers attend, that the members can scarcely become familiar with each other, if they meet only there. But if you are always seen regularly at the prayer-meetings, you will soon be recognized and welcomed. Have you ever been at the Doreen Society?"

"Oh, no! I did not like to go where all were strangers to me."

"But how are they to become acquainted with you, if you do not give opportunity? I hope you have visited the Sabbath School?"

"No. I should like to take a class, but have not an invitation."

"My dear friend, do you not perceive that you are far more to blame for remaining a comparative stranger among us than the members of the church generally can be? You are waiting for advances to be made by those to whom you give scarcely an opportunity for friendly intercourse."

You gave them no reason to think that you desire an acquaintance. Now my advice to you is, attend the more familiar meetings of the church, manifest an interest in its spirituality and prosperity, kindly recognize any whom you know to be members, dispense with the worldly courtesy that requires a formal introduction to these disciples of Jesus, and think if they remain indifferent to you, the blame will rest with them."

DAGON IS DOWN. The New Orleans Christian Advocate says that the tide of the American people is broken. In counting houses, exchanges, and banks, where Dagon sat and received homage, there Dagon is fallen down. Traveling slowly, terribly, at about the rate of a storm at sea, a financial crisis, which began lately at the chief money capital of the country, has now made the rounds of its circuit. Failures, suspensions, assignments—and a general crash. Stocks that were beyond par and were still rising; and had made the happy holders rich, have gone down. Capitalists, whose portfolios were full of the best paper are hard pressed. The proud credit of all the old and strong "houses" lies prostrate. The worshippers call on their god; but the so called "almighty dollar" falls. Bonds and mortgages, and acceptances—what are they? Precisely what has brought the present revolution in monetary affairs, commercial men are not agreed; whether it is overtrading with Europe, overtrading in Western lands, overinvesting in railroads, overliving at home, or any other kind of overdoing. Riches have always, wings; they fly away. Who can tell the cause? It is said that panic has brought on the crisis; and panic is—panic. What now? Perhaps their ardor may cool down, and men may find they were made for a higher and holier end than money-worship. We were going on too fast; pride and luxury sweeping men's souls away; sons rioting, and daughters wearing costly dresses, with a bale of cotton in each noose. With bright exceptions, here and there, men of business could not attend to religion. Teaching in Sabbath schools, leading prayer-meetings, going twice on Sunday to church, were behind the times. Stop and think. There are true riches; turn to their acquisition. There is an inheritance, undefiled, and that fadeeth not away. Mammon falls his worshippers; God, never.

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