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TEXAS WESLEYAN BANNER

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VOL. II. HOUSTON, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1850.

For the T. W. Banner.
I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep
for thee, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.
Psalms 4-8.
I safely dwell in peace rest,
No passions dark disturb my breast;
For grace has crushed those seeds of strife,
Which often prove the bane of life.
No massive walls, no pondrous door,
Protect me and my little store,
Nor arms of flesh, with weapons bright,
Defend me from the foe at night.
But yet I here in safety dwell,
And faith assures me all is well.
The Satan teach each silent hour,
May linger near me to devour.
And men of earth, with deadly hate,
My swift destruction contemplate;
Yet still I here in safety dwell,
Nor fear the powers of earth or hell.
The Lord who placed the moon on high,
And decked with stars the azure sky,
Can gather tempests at his will,
And make the roaring sea be still.
'Tis he who protects me with his arm,
And keeps me day and night from harm.
He only makes me safely dwell,
By him protected all is well.
The death my slumbers may surprise,
Death's but an angel in disguise;
And hope now whispers sweet to me,
His stroke shall set my spirit free.
To him who guards my nights and days
I'll raise an evening song of praise,
And spend the hours which morn may bring
In serving my Almighty King.
ELIZABETH H.

From the Family Visitor.
THE INVALID'S PLEA.
BY NYRA.
When life's last dream is passing away,
And earthly love flings its farewell ray,
When the rich light grows dim on the eye,
Oh! I care not from my home to die.
I know that the flush upon my cheek,
Hath revealed the truth ye dare not speak;
In an early grave I'm doomed to lie,
But here me not from my home to die.
'Neath the roof that sheltered my young life,
I faint would await the coming strife;
Where those whom I love may linger night—
Oh! I care not from my home to die.
Close at my side let my father stand,
And press my brow with his cooling hand;
Let me read his love in tearful eye—
Oh! I care not from my home to die.
Let my dying hand on my mother's breast,
So softly pillowed—sweetly rest;
In her ear be breathed my latest sigh—
Oh! I care not from my home to die.
And when I am gone lay me to sleep,
Where affection may its vigils keep;
I could not rest 'neath a stranger sky—
Oh! I care not from my home to die.

For the T. W. Banner.
A REASONABLE MAN TO THE UNREASONABLE—A DISCOURSE.
BY THE REV. J. BIERHOLMER.
[Continued.]
Man, it is true, is created in the image of God, but after the fall of Adam, he is only recognized as such by religion. He is even then, no more the image of God in the same degree in which he formerly was, and if not, then it is not God's, but man's fault. Before the fall, the reason of man was, perhaps, sufficient to know the will of God and his duties towards Him; and if now, clouded as it were, it cannot see so clear any more the sunshine of the divine command, and yet God demands of man the fulfillment of his will: He has not only supplied what was lost by Revelation and Redemption, but called for gratitude and love by these benefits.
And suppose God had given to man reason which would be sufficient to foster knowledge and art, but not to know His will, then would human wisdom at best comprehend that God is free, and according to that liberty He has done, and that if He denies to human reason to lay the foundation of virtue, He either requires no virtue, or, as He has done, has founded a right to His demands, by a revelation of His Will. And if God gives grace to man after the abuse of his liberty, again to become what he once was, can this be called debasing in humility and devotion his worth by religion, and to teach him that he is a weak creature? or, must it not much more be called giving back to man his lost worth; to help him upon the throne from which his selfishness has precipitated him, and to support with help this weak creature, who could no more save himself by his own power?
And how far, even if man does every thing by his own power, extends his exalted omnipotence? It is true the spirit of man has created glorious things, and in the domain of the arts and sciences, has unfolded his most wonderful blossoms. But despite of his omnipotence, he again has his proximate weakness. He has heaped invention on invention, and this is for a very praiseworthy attribute; but he is not for centuries passed blindly by those inventions which so near him, that a child can comprehend them now? It appears from this that man is not yet past his infancy. But if on the one hand man considers it an honor to be a minor, that is, to learn from others a great deal, he feels on the other hand aggrieved and

offended through the mere thought of his inferiority, just there where every body is a child. Again, man is to trust himself, his nature, his hunger and thirst after virtue, and to his position in society, to go the shortest way of his moral perfection; but what does daily experience teach of those who, without religion, trust to their nature and maintain that it is in the highest degree moral?
The principal motive of those who are moral without religion is, aside from their natural bias, the civil power, as this is mostly so arranged that it prepares to the transgressors of the law a greater harm than would accrue to them from the transgression; and because their nature possesses an especial instinct of self-love, they are as long as they cannot put away with judgment, the most virtuous citizens of the State. But when they find themselves out of the reach of the power of the government—when they can practice unpunished the first and last principle of their morality—Then slight love thyself and all thy kind; have, with all thy powers, and all thy mind; have, they then still a conscience which restrains them from the transgressions of the law?
Their conscience only consists in always and every where acting according to their own advantage, and their reason has to watch that they, in the practice of their principles of virtue, might not fall into the hands of the judge.
Those who are given to their so-called natural bias, and who first after the banishment of virtue without religion, are, it is true, also virtuous. They love their neighbor, but only then when they know that they may expect some advantage, and then only as long as he possesses amiable and attractive qualities for their cupidities; but if this friend or neighbor impoverishes and loses his fortune, and becomes incapable of being useful, then he has at once lost all his worth. The holiest bonds of friendship, the most delicate feelings of the heart are no more than the secret but sure ways of deceit, to open the heart and hand of his neighbor, but to keep his own closed. And if hypocrisy in itself is one of the most detestable vices, how corrupt must those be who hypocritically pretend to the warmest feelings of love and esteem, in order to offend in a truly mean spirit against a deceived heart?
They are just, but only to gain the confidence of another, in order to abuse it in the most miserable manner when they find it most to their advantage. They are ready to do kindness; but only to oblige to greater service, which they have already calculated upon to those whom they have served. They are true to their promises; but only with the intent to break the greatest promise. They are humble when they dare not answer to a received office; but they are again proud when they can receive no injury from the contempt of others. They are benevolent; but only when their charity, like that of the Pharisee, can be done in open day. They seem to love virtue and vice by turns, according to the demand of their selfishness; but base to the last intent of the heart, they are always and all times; and even if they were to cover their faces with a tea-fold mask of honesty and uprightness, still would their intentions be revealed every day. And how should man, who (as every one knows by himself) is more prone to evil than to good, but that without religion, and therefore without grace, against which he has a natural repugnance, and avoid that to which he has the greatest propensity? And if man, without religion, only quits his passions to wait for his advantage, and is virtuous so long as he cannot be vicious with greater advantage, then he is not only not well bred, but the basest and most dangerous of criminals, because he catches his victim in the most unsuspecting manner, being cloaked in the garb of exterior virtue, known by nothing but his infidelity, which is even in some parts counted as a merit.
Reason, therefore, and the nature of man are not the foundation of virtue; but as little as these two are able to make man good and virtuous, so as little may education lay the foundation-stone, on which the building of virtue and good conduct may rest. I would not say in this, that education in the life of man is a matter of the parents, and that they are obliged first to the grace of habit; I would not say that examples are not attractive; and that education, without religion, is impossible; but this I maintain, that education, without religion, leads to something quite different from virtue.

(To be concluded.)
THE FARMER—A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.
BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.
The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels, other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by God, and upheld by his power is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his; his from the center to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its rounds of duties; and he feels himself connected, by a visible link, with those who preceded him, as he is also to those who will follow him. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers—they have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which sheltered him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand.—He sported in his boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow.—Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell, which called his fathers and his fore-fathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where when his time is come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.

For the T. W. Banner.
LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.
A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.
I once had a young friend who possessed the happy art of overlooking defects, and dwelling with delight on whatever was lovely or excellent in subjects presented to her contemplation; Reader, did you ever observe how much more pleasant are your feelings in the society of such an one, than they are with one of an opposite disposition? One surrounds you with the sunshine of a cheerful spirit, places in your room the most lovely, fragrant flowers, and presents to your view the most beautiful pictures. The other surrounds you with gloom, places before you a disgusting picture, and brings into your apartments the most unlovely plants and noxious weeds.
It was not thus with Jane, (for that was her name.) Like the bee, which spends her time in collecting honey for her little community of which she is a member, so my young friend stored herself and the spirits of those who pleased her society. She generally had some pleasant incident to relate, or some worthy action to commend.
The manner in which she conversed with such as are ever ready to take up a reproach against their neighbors, is so worthy of imitation, that I will give a specimen in the form of a dialogue. But let it not be supposed that we had in our social circle, any as censorious as Emily and Louisa seem to be. I have thrown detached parts of conversations into one.
Emily. I think Ann C. excessively vain of her beauty.
Jane. I never discovered that she was; but she seems to be sweet tempered and affectionate to her parents.
Louisa. Mrs. B. is always getting about and neglecting her family.
Jane. Mrs. E. loves her neighbors, and visits them often; but when at home she is always employed, and is so good a manager, that she can visit often and yet do more work than I could if I were always at home.
Emily. Some people admire Ellen B., but I cannot but despise one as affected in her manners as she. What think you, Jane?
Jane. I regret that she is so, but cannot dislike her. This is but an error in judgment. She thinks it makes her appear genteel.
Louisa. Don't you think Mr. S. exceedingly ugly?
Jane. I do not. His features are coarse; but the benevolent expression of his countenance prevents me from thinking him ugly.
Mary. Jane, did you ever see an ugly or wicked person in your life?
Jane. None entirely so.
Mary. Why do you take so much pains to look on the bright parts of every thing? I have observed that even in a landscape, where others complain of disagreeable objects, you see nothing but beauty; and thus it is with the characters and persons of your acquaintances.
Jane. One reason is, it makes me happier and more agreeable to others. Another you will find in the fifthth psalm. I also wish to do to others as I would have them do to me. Although I feel grateful to a friend, who tells me of my faults that I may correct them, yet I wish not to have them spoken of in my absence.
Some may suppose that this young lady had no sorrows to make her gloomy,—no vexations to sour her temper. Alas, her father was an indelicate and was wasting his property, and I saw painful evidences, that like other drunkards, he sometimes used the most reproachful language towards his family. Happily for them, he sank into the grave before he reduced them to extreme poverty.
To me, whom she honored with the most confidential friendship, her presence was often like a sunbeam, scattering the gloom which per chance surrounded me. But I was destined to lose my lovely friend, and saw with grief symptoms of consumption some weeks before she mentioned her own apprehensions, which she did in cheerful tones, and true to her habit of looking on the bright side, declared she would rather die with the consumption than any other disease. The cheerfulness of her temper doubtless prolonged her life, for she lived as much as a year longer than we expected, and died trusting in the merits of her Redeemer.
She sleeps in yonder grave-yard, yet the remembrance of her gentle virtues will long remain with those who knew her best, fragrant as the rose which annually blossoms near her humble tomb. Reader, if you think her example worthy of imitation, "Go and do likewise." Probably many will read the sketch who are as amiable as she was. If others are not convinced of the excellencies of the course pursued by her, let them read Mr. Wesley's sermon on evil speaking.
ELIZABETH HELM.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—Not long since, a letter was received at the Mission House, from an esteemed pastor in the State of Massachusetts, of which the following is an extract:
"Day before yesterday, a plain farmer and his wife called on me, and stated that they wanted to get me to transmit some money to the Board. The woman modestly hinted that it cost many a hard churning and hard day's work to raise the money—but if it might be the means of saving one poor heathen, she should be satisfied.
The man said, with tears in his eyes, that when he thought of the multitudes of the heathen who were perishing without the gospel, he wanted to do something. They handed me a roll of Five Hundred Dollars, which I inhaled. This is the second donation of the same amount which they have made in four or five years.
There cannot be a doubt that what this favored couple thus gave from time to time to Christ, will afford them more real happiness in life, in death, and in the world to come, than any other property which they may possess. This is the way to lay up treasure in heaven. Our thought on receiving this letter was, thanks be to God, the cause of missions has some sincere, hard working, fast friends among the hills of New England. Who will imitate this noble example?"—*Journal of Missions.*

For the T. W. Banner.
DEDICATION OF THE M. E. CHURCH, S. IN BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.
Dear Bro. Richardson:—
It may afford your readers pleasure to learn that, since my arrival at Brownsville, the place assigned me as the field of my ministerial labors for the present Conference year, we have succeeded in building a church edifice, sufficient for our congregation. I arrived here the 27th of February, and found Brother Chamberlain, a minister of the Presbyterian church, had preceded me about five weeks, and he had secured the use of Bro. Stansbury's school house, the only suitable house for religious worship at that time in our city, except a house then occupied by the Catholics; so that there was no chance for me to enter officiating upon the discharge of my ministerial duties, until we could build; in this state of things time was valuable, and to work we went; and the result is a building 69 feet long, 29 feet wide, ten feet cut-off for bed-room and study for the preacher. Our house is canvassed inside and over head, and a set of good seats, suitable pulpit, &c., yellow washed outside, painted in, and the palling white-washed; the floor of the preacher's room carpeted with all-canvas, and suitable furniture for the comfort of the preacher. Last Sunday the house was solemnly dedicated to the worship of God.
In the absence of any other preacher of our church, it became my duty to preach on the occasion: Bro. Chamberlain, by special invitation, assisted in the services, following the sermon with appropriate and eloquent remarks, and a very solemn dedicatory ceremony; after which, a subscription amounting to nearly one hundred dollars was raised to help us in defraying the expenses of building. Our congregation was large and attentive; indeed I never preached to a more attentive congregation in my life. The health of our city is good, and our population constantly increasing, and in a very short time Brownsville will be the first city in Texas in numbers, as it now is in commerce. This you are aware is the first church built in the valley of the Rio Grande since the Mexican war. The only Protestant church on this whole frontier. May God make it a great blessing to the city and the country adjacent to it.
Your brother in Christ,
N. A. CRAVENS.

ILL-NATURED WIT.
Ill-natured wits might take an improving lesson from an anecdote or two which we may here relate:—
In the midst of a gay party at Versailles, Louis XIV. commenced a facetious story, but concluded it abruptly and impudently. Presently, one of the company having left the room, the king said:
"I am sure you must have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was. After I had commenced, I recollected that it reflected rather severely on the illustrious ancestor of the prince of Arnauld, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every other subject, I think it far better to spoil a good story than distress the feelings of a worthy man."
The celebrated mimic, Griffin, was asked to imitate the person, name, and singularly awkward delivery of Dr. Woodward, the geologist and physician, in the character of Dr. Fossil, in a farce then preparing under the title of "Three Hours after Marriage."
The mimic dressed himself up as a countryman, and went to the doctor to ask for his advice about a long series of diseases which he pretended his poor wife was afflicted. All this he did to justify and prolong the interview, that he might have sufficient time to study the doctor's manner. This accomplished he offered him the fee of a guinea, which the doctor declined, saying:
"Keep your money, poor man! keep your money! you have need of your cash and all your patience, too, with such a load of diseases at home."
The actor, on his return to the farce-writer, related this conversation, and concluded by declaring that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents by making a public laughing-stock of Dr. Woodward, who, regarding him as a poor man, had shown tender humanity and compassionate sympathy at the narrative of his assumed calamities.

TOLERATION IN INDIA.
The London Baptist Magazine for March, contains some cheering items of Missionary intelligence. "The gospel," says the Magazine, "is not only making progress, but evidently leavening with its influence all the social relations of Hindoosim. The proposed

measure of Government, from the intolerant operative Slnastor and Koran, by a profession of Christ, the possession and break eventually avails the worship of Vishnu, Siva, &c. is at last come, no longer regard as their standard of Menas, the Friend of India, vement as 'the city. The new conscience in the profess the error of being thereby to which he would otherwise have been called." This is truly a notable event in the history of religious toleration, and is fraught with important results to the cause of missions.

CLAIMS OF THE JEWS.—NOEL.
In very truth, there are claims, which the Jew can urge, in which the Gentile cannot share. In advocating the cause of Israel, I would ask, and strongly too, is the account of justice towards that nation settled? Is the long array of Gentile gentilities to that nation discharged? For to what blessing shall we refer, in the long catalogue of our own mercies, which we have not derived from Israel?
Amidst the sorrows and vicissitudes of life, do we find daily consolations from God? Under the terrors of conscience, do we behold a peaceful asylum in the Gospel of Christ? By the bed of dying worth, or at the oft-frequented grave of departed friendship, do we wipe away our tears in the prospect of a sure and certain hope of a resurrection to life eternal?
From whence do all these consolations flow? They flow to us from Judah. The volume of God was penned by Jewish hands; the Gospel was proclaimed by Jewish lips; yea, that Sacred Victim on the cross,—the world's only hope, the sinner's only joy,—wears not even the lineaments of the children of Abraham? And, without the blush of self-abasement, can we speculate any longer on our indifference to the Jewish cause, and coldly complain, that we feel not here that energy of sympathy, which we can feel on other appeals to our compassion? * * *
Christians! at length remove the stigma; repay the debt; redeem the time; admit the claims of justice; yield to the impulse of gratitude; feel, toil, supplicate for those, whose forefathers felt, and toiled, and prayed for you!
Think, I pray you, of all their former grandeur, and contrast it with their present desolation. Such a contrast raises, even under ordinary circumstances, a keen emotion in the human heart. No sympathy is so strong as that, which is drawn forth by fallen greatness. The extent of the ruin is the very measure of that emotion. Why does the traveler fondly linger amidst the scenes of ancient art, or power, or influence? Why, for so many years has the poet and the philosopher wandered amidst the fragments of Athens or Rome? why paused, with strange and kindling feelings, amidst their broken columns, their mouldering temples, their deserted plains? It is because their day of glory is passed; it is because their name is obscured, their power is departed, their influence is lost! The gloomy contrast casts a shade over the renown and the destiny of man.
Similar emotions have, indeed, been often felt amidst the scenes of Jewish fame. The forsaken banks of Jordan, where the Psalmist once might tune his lyre, and utter his prophetic songs; the blighted plains of Galilee, where the Saviour might often bend his lonely steps to cheer the widow's dwelling; the ruined city, once the terror of surrounding nations; the forgotten temple whose walls once echoed back the accents of that voice, "which spake as never man spake;"—these images and memorials of former days have often produced a solemn sadness in the minds of those, who have visited the shores of Palestine; and these feelings have responded to the affecting complaint, "Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem is a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste."
But is there no emphasis of sadness to be found in the social and degraded state of those, who wander through the world forgotten and forlorn, though once the honored servants, the favored children, of the Lord?
Shall the sculptured stone, the broken shaft, the time-worn capital, even the poor fragments of some profane sanctuary—shall these affect so deeply the heart? and shall the moral ruin, the spiritual desolation, the symptoms of eternal perdition—shall these vestiges of desolation excite no feeling in our bosoms? And where is a ruin to be found so mournful, and so complete, as that which the moral aspect of Judah now presents to our view?

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
Not a very courteous summons, perhaps, but a very timely one. It is high time to awake, and most of us are asleep, and snoring. God calls us to awake. He speaks in his word loudly and clearly. He speaks by His Spirit, gently, but with power. He speaks by His providence; solemn and fearful are the calls. Awake, thou that sleepest.
The church calls us to awake. She needs our aid. We help her not at all when we are asleep. But she needs us now. Her foes are many. Her danger is great. She is beset without and within, and every man who loves her interest, should be up and doing.
The world implores us to awake. The world is perishing! There are hundreds of millions abroad; there are hundreds at our own door, perishing in misery and sin, for whose salvation we should be concerned.
Wake up, to labor! There is much to be done. A city in flames would not require half the work that is demanded of us now, for the world is in danger of eternal fire. We ought to be at work—all hands and all hearts.
Wake up to give! He who can bless and save will be required of, to do this thing. The church is in danger; the country is in danger; the world is in danger. God alone can help.—
Let us wake up and pray.—*Presbyterian.*

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.
At the late Scientific Convention at Charleston, Dr. Mott read a paper on the Physical History of the Jews, in relation to its bearing on the common origin of mankind, which gave rise to some debate. In the course of which Professor Agassiz said:
"For his own part, after giving to this question much consideration, he was ready to maintain that the different races of men were descended from different stocks, and he regarded this position as fully sustained by divine revelation. The Jewish history was the history, not of divers races, but of a single race of mankind; but the existence of other races was often incidentally alluded to, and distinctly implied, if not absolutely asserted in the sacred volume."
This expression of opinion produced a strong sensation among the members of the body. But it would have been a great relief to those who have never met with the passages alluded to by Professor Agassiz, if he had

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Persons, or containing accounts of religious meetings, obituary notices, &c., must be accompanied by a return address.
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WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
Not a very courteous summons, perhaps, but a very timely one. It is high time to awake, and most of us are asleep, and snoring. God calls us to awake. He speaks in his word loudly and clearly. He speaks by His Spirit, gently, but with power. He speaks by His providence; solemn and fearful are the calls. Awake, thou that sleepest.
The church calls us to awake. She needs our aid. We help her not at all when we are asleep. But she needs us now. Her foes are many. Her danger is great. She is beset without and within, and every man who loves her interest, should be up and doing.
The world implores us to awake. The world is perishing! There are hundreds of millions abroad; there are hundreds at our own door, perishing in misery and sin, for whose salvation we should be concerned.
Wake up, to labor! There is much to be done. A city in flames would not require half the work that is demanded of us now, for the world is in danger of eternal fire. We ought to be at work—all hands and all hearts.
Wake up to give! He who can bless and save will be required of, to do this thing. The church is in danger; the country is in danger; the world is in danger. God alone can help.—
Let us wake up and pray.—*Presbyterian.*

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.
At the late Scientific Convention at Charleston, Dr. Mott read a paper on the Physical History of the Jews, in relation to its bearing on the common origin of mankind, which gave rise to some debate. In the course of which Professor Agassiz said:
"For his own part, after giving to this question much consideration, he was ready to maintain that the different races of men were descended from different stocks, and he regarded this position as fully sustained by divine revelation. The Jewish history was the history, not of divers races, but of a single race of mankind; but the existence of other races was often incidentally alluded to, and distinctly implied, if not absolutely asserted in the sacred volume."
This expression of opinion produced a strong sensation among the members of the body. But it would have been a great relief to those who have never met with the passages alluded to by Professor Agassiz, if he had

give them the bread of life, and an asylum in the bosom of our Saviour, who came to the house of Israel?

Why Christians ought to do the conversion of Jews, lies in the knowledge, which have been preserved by Jews, to the knowledge on the revival of the people. While ignorance was another of devotion in European people, the Jews consulted to literature and Africa, Asia, and under Spain; and while quished, they professed, they professed, they professed.

On our part of Europe, abundantly testified. And shall not Christians show that they admit the mental equality of Jews, by presenting to them the knowledge which maketh them into salvation?

But we owe it to ourselves as well as unto them, to take speedy measures for removing from their minds the prejudices which, through the length of centuries, has been strengthened in them against the Christian religion.

The Jew knows, it is true, that there is a difference between Romanism and Protestantism; but he will hardly admit that this difference arises from the standard of Christian faith—the New Testament. He is still under the impression, except where the labors of some pious and prudent Missionary has dispelled this error, that Protestants have made an innovation on the Christian religion; that the New Testament and the doctrines of the church favor the intolerance and hostility of the Romish domination, and they therefore have not yet had an opportunity of judging correctly.

DUTY OF CHRISTIANS TOWARD THE JEWS.

We publish this week an extract of an eloquent speech, on the claims of the Jews, — a powerful appeal to the gentleness and sympathy of the Church, in behalf of Israel. — There are, however, other reasons, besides those mentioned in that article, why the Church ought to put forth her energies to save the wandering remnant of the house of Jacob.

It was the Christian Church which unceasingly persecuted the Jews, and inspired them with hatred against the Christians. In the fifteenth century, when the Inquisition was in its greatest glory, there was, literally, no rest found for the feet of a Jew within the bounds of the Christian governments.

Italy was shut against them; Germany would receive no more Jews than it then contained. The hereditary dominions of the House of Austria, were in family connection with, and inheritors of, Spain; France lured its gates against the wretched outcasts; Poland and Russia were barbarians; England would not listen to their prayers and money; and no other resources was left them, but to submit to baptism or perish!

Such a custom was the Auricular Confession, which was the more dangerous, as it was inseparably connected with the precept of confession on one hand, and the promise of pardon or absolution on the other. By this means the Priest is kept constantly informed of whatever any person that might be supposed dangerous to the church is doing; for, aside from the direct confession of the superstitious devotee, the Priest might worm out almost any secret by questions to the ignorant and indiscreet; added to the power they thereby possess of proposing their own creatures into such services as will give them all opportunities for espionage. Hence the number of rules and questions, some of them the most obscene, which are given into the hands of a Priest to guide him in the exercise of his office as a confessor.

It is this power over the secrets of the people that has enabled the Jesuits to do so much harm in the different countries where they were chosen as the guides and confessors of the people. It is pretended that it has its benefits; that it enables the Priest to make amends for many an act of rashness or indiscretion without exposing the offender to the vengeance of him who has been wronged; and it is gravely asserted that many an act has been prevented by its means. It is true, that by bringing every individual act and every actor under the immediate eye of a pious pastor, his eloquence and the wholesome exercise of discipline, may do much good; but the former are very seldom to be found, and the temptation to abuse is too great; and the other, the exercise of discipline has entirely vanished from the Romish church. In the days immediately preceding the reformation, the means to purchase a written indulgence, most effectually absolved the offender; and since that day, in most parts of Europe and America, the application of works of penance has sunk down to the saying of a few "Pater-nosters" and "Ave Marias," or at most to the creeping of the penitent on his knees around a certain altar, a given number of times. Thus this invention of the Romish church does harm, not only in deceiving souls and turning them away from the truth of Christ, but it also destroys the peace and confidence of families; the security of the State, the obedience of the people to the laws, and creates spies over the actions of every individual. It has caused, and still causes, quarrels in households and families; it gives a premium to him who can tell most baseness of any person to the Priest, and puts a man's character and reputation in the power of a priest whom he may never have seen, and who, therefore, can strike the most fatal blow, he pleases.

On our first page, is a letter from Rev. X. A. Crooks, our Missionary at Brownsville, from which we learn that he has succeeded in erecting and dedicating a house to the worship of God.

How soon has Brownsville and other places on the Rio Grande, risen into respectable notice. Already is there need of several laborers in that part of the vineyard. By next Conference, will we not be able to send more Missionaries to that new and promising portion of our Zion?

CORRECTION.

The Camp-meeting to be held at Fayette Camp-ground, Rotersville circuit, will commence the 11th, instead of the 4th of July.

Rev. D. CARL, P. E. of Victoria District, has just returned from a visit to his friends in Tennessee. He is in fine health. Unavoidable detention prevented him from reaching the Camp Meeting on Egypt Circuit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the T. W. Banner.

PLEASE NOTE: The mutilation on this page is a defect in the issue being copied.

San Francisco.

The following extract from the Quarterly Review was, by some oversight, left out from the notice of that work last week. We insert it this week, in order to account for our statement of the resources of the M. E. Church, South:

The Financial Resources of the Church, its property and worldly interests, will be sufficiently understood from incidental notices, introduced in connection with other topics, and but little need be added by way of formal specification. Our property in churches, parsonages, cemeteries, schools, colleges, printing establishments, &c., we hold simply because the northern church has not been able to grasp and control them, as she has our rightful share of the Book Concern and Charitable Fund. The result of our church suits is of course unknown, but should even law protect the northern church, inasmuch as the Annual Conferences have not directly, and in proper form, authorized division, it will not abate, or in any way atone for the wrong or injustice done us, as it must be seen that the party in their Annual Conference relations and relations, sought to deprive themselves of legal rights, that they might the more safely effectuate the wrong intended. All know they had it in their power to do right—to do the justice conceded by the action of the General Conference of 1844, and the responsibility of refusing or failing to do so, is all their own—the result of deliberate choice, and history and posterity will hold them to the issue. We cannot believe that the Supreme Court of the United States, will ever sanction an outrage, so entirely subversive, as we conceive, of equitable right. But should even that tribunal find it necessary to yield to the claims of law and the force of pre-adjusted circumstances in the case; while we shall submit to the decision as we should, the ever-living assurance of the high moral right and justice of our claim, will remind us at every step, of the advantage we have of those who have wronged us. The moral position and strength of the Church South, cannot be affected by any decision that courts may give in the case. It will be preserved by all, that the only want of legal remedy, which can possibly exist, is directly owing to the fact, that the northern church sought to place it out of their power to do constitutionally, what they admitted as a contracting party, it was just and proper they should do, and what it was once their power to do consistently with constitutional right. The financial interests of the church, apart from this litigated question, are in good condition, and its well known promptitude and liberality, leave little ground for doubt or fear with regard to the future.—Our Northern neighbors, with a capital of \$800,000, (although so miserably managed as to produce scarcely two per cent. per annum,) must of course have the advantage of us in many respects; but in all that is really material to the question of essential prosperity, we regard ourselves as quite as well off as our neighbors. We certainly would not exchange positions with them. We have that to cheer and sustain us, the holy memory of which will operate as a bright and a curse among our posterity, until the children shall disown their fathers, by making reparation for the wrong.

are members was instituted, to promote. Even in the infancy of the order, results have been effected hitherto unobtainable through any other channel. The great essential benefits you have conferred on individuals and society are obvious and apparent. But yesterday as it were, our towns and our villages, may every place of common resort in both town and country, were polluted by the presence of numerous establishments appropriated to the sale of deadly fluids. To-day, the scene is happily changed: owing to the influence of the order of the Sons of Temperance.—The drinking house has been made to disappear, and its deluded frequenters, those upon whose life-blood it was sustained, converted into respectable and useful citizens.

derating. The gratitude of thousands, a reward of priceless value will repay you for all you do. It is peculiarly auspicious for this community that the order should almost have taken its rise, your beautiful village is now about entering on a career of prosperity. In laying its foundation in temperance, you but increase its chances of success. Describe the intoxicating fluid and you promote morality and religion. In the place of temples dedicated to vice, temples to the living God will rise. In lieu of a dissipated and immoral population, your citizens will be examples of morality and religion.

I now present you sir in behalf of the ladies of Richmond and vicinity, for the Sons of Temperance, this Banner; it exhibits the beautiful emblems of your order: Love, Purity and Fidelity. Accept it as a testimony of their high appreciation of your order, and may your career under its auspicious folds floating upon the breeze of temperance and benevolence, be onward and upward until the vice of intemperance shall cease to be known among us.

For the T. W. Banner. LAGRANGE DIVISION, SOSS OF TEMPERANCE, No. 48. The Editor of the "Texas Wesleyan Banner" is requested to publish the following preamble and Resolutions:

Whereas, Mr. Girard Hayden was on the night of the 4th inst. inhumanly murdered by his own negroes: Therefore Resolved, That in the death of bro. Hayden this Division has lost a worthy member, and society an honest, industrious and respectable citizen.

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By order of the Division. B. B. HUDNALL, R. S.

For the T. W. Banner. A HINT TO THOSE WHO WISH TO SELL LAND.

Mr. Editors: I met a company of persons last Sunday evening in Galveston, who asked me if I could tell them the way to the Baptist Church. I informed them that I was on my way thither, and would guide them. I afterwards ascertained that the company consisted of some ten or twelve who were on an exploring tour to Texas, with a view to making a selection for a settlement, and many of their neighbors wished to settle where they could find purchasers, they contribute liberally to build churches on their lands, great attractions to the kind are now seeking a location in ignominious to which, I prefer, are many similar companies who are looking for themselves and their families for a location for themselves and their families. They do not require for the tract, but for the church house.

TEXAS. FOR GALVESTON AND HOUSTON.

Christian gentlemen, of the city of Galveston, remarked to me I thought that City and Houston are the support of a colporteur of the Tract Society, whose sole labors are to Galveston and Houston, a suggestion a good one, and desire the consideration of each of you.

Mr. Editor, of such a plan! HOUSTON.

LOVE OF GOD. That is a vast subject—a road not occupy us for hours, yet the redeemed for eternity; and those both of the damned and of the lost and the saved.

The lost, as they pass on their way, restlessly and unavailingly trying to ease their position, and relieve their pain. Ah! they think of the love of Christ, of any precious Sabbath, and many a Gospel sermon, when that love was offered; and now they wonder and curse the madness, the blindness, which rejected it. And what is spoken and sung of in the hymns of heaven: "The love of God in Christ Jesus!"—this is the sweetest, loftiest, noblest of all that tongue can speak of, mind can think of, heart can praise, or heart can feel! To preach it, is the office of ministers; to embrace it, is the salvation of sinners; to despise it, is the loss of souls; and to prefer to it the love of sin, is the highest infamy to Jehovah. To know it lost, is the bitterest curse of hell; to know it gained, the highest happiness of heaven. Well may we say of the love of God what Luther said of man: "If I were to speak of it, I would not know where to begin, and I would not know when to end."

Rec. Thomas Guthrie.

DR. RAPHAEL. In the Journal of Rev. Mr. Bonhomme, addressed to the board of A. S. M. C. Jews and dated Feb. 11, we find an account of an interesting interview with the Jewish Rabbi, who is now lecturing in Charleston on the Poetry of the Hebrews:

The Rev. Dr. Raphael, from London, a Jewish Rabbi, was in Philadelphia, while I was there. He sent me an invitation by a Christian brother, and I went to see him at the house of Mr. Cohen, in Clinton Street, Chesnut st. It was on a Saturday evening. For an hour and a half, our conversation was almost altogether upon the prophecies of the Messiah relating to the first advent; afterwards, for a short time, upon the New Testament. My reception was very kind, and I was treated with all respect by himself and the lady of the house. The Rabbi told me that he had heard of me before, and that I had been the instrument of a reformation among the Jews in Columbia, S. C., who again observe the Jewish Sabbath, which they formerly had not done. I know this to be true. When, in 1843, for the first time, I had visited the place, I think there was but one family that observed the seventh day, and since I had "reproved them for it" they have done otherwise; and I think there are only a few, perhaps three out of the whole community, who still continue. The Rabbi made many objections as to the reality of the Christian religion, acknowledging, at the same time, that it has achieved a great deal. He also was certain that all the Gentiles would become Jews according to the prophecy of Zechariah, viii. 23. I told him, however, that I had a sermon in the shape of a manuscript upon the very text, and I could prove to him the contrary. "That sermon I should like to hear," said Dr. Raphael. "I will preach it to you, sir," to which he assented and appointed the morning of the 16th of January, 1844, at the house of Mr. Cohen. A Christian minister went with me, and I read it before him in the parlour. At the close of it he rose from his chair and said, "This is a good collection of truth, and I hope wherever you preach it, it will do good." May the God of Abraham send the truth to his heart.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER.—Sir Weller Raleigh, one day asking a favor of Queen Elizabeth, the latter said to him— "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" to which he replied— "When your Majesty leaves off giving." But think how much more beautiful God is, who did not give over granting Abraham his request for Solomon, till he left off asking. And who can tell but if he had gone on and prayed, that if five righteous persons had been spared for their sakes, according to his request. Can we think that God will hear the young ravens when they cry, and neglect the doves that mourn in the valleys?—that he will hear the young lions when they roar, and forget the lambs when they bleat after the sheep?—that he will hear Hagar and her Ishmael, that cry unto him in their extremity, and will yawn his back upon the tears or stop his ears to the prayers of his own children, that cry unto him daily, in the name of his dear Son Jesus Christ? Undoubtedly not. St. Ambrose was wont to say, the better to comfort Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, who prayed much for him, "It is impossible that the son of so many tears and prayers should perish." As long, therefore, as God gives us a heart to pray for any mercy, let us not be out of heart. And why so? Because then we beg no more than what God has commanded us to ask; and we ask no more than what he has promised to give; and he hath promised no more than what he is able to perform;—and he will perform no more than what he shall have glory for, and we know that his glory is dear unto him.—Hoddy.

CHRIST DIED FOR ALL. "Christ did not die to save all," says Dr. Chalmers, "as that all do actually receive the gift of salvation. But he so died for all, as that all to whom he is preached, have the real and honest offer of salvation. It is not yours in possession until you have laid hold of him by faith. But he is yours in offer. He is as much yours as any thing of which you can say, I have it for the taking. You, one and all of you, my brethren, have salvation for the taking; and it is because you do not choose to take it, if it do not, indeed, belong to you.

All of you are welcome, even now, to salvation, if you are only willing for a whole salvation. I can promise nothing, nor can I hold out encouragement to the man who would grasp at the proffered infinity from punishment, but would renounce the medicine that purifies and heals him. Your musing and mutilating of the testimony, will spoil every thing.

Give me the man who is desirous of a full rescue, both from sin in its condemnation, and sin in its hateful tendency over him, and all the treasures of the gospel are open to him. He may come now, and share in all the spells that have been won by the captain of our salvation. The everlasting righteousness that Christ hath brought in, may even now be to him an investiture of glory. The Holy Ghost, which is the promise of the Father, may even now descend abundantly upon his prayers!"

DO NOT RESPOND. You may feel as if you were making no progress; as if you gained no new victories over your besetting faults, as if your had lost it of thought and temper and conduct, were as obstinate and unmanageable as ever. You have tried, you say, and failed, and tried again, with prayer; and still seemed to fail. The same old round of petty cares has brought the same irritability and petulance, or selfishness and worldly indifference—and has left you in the same disheartening, unspiritual, deadness—the same stupor of the higher life, and feebleness of aspiration, and forgetfulness of God. Courage! Do not despair. Still have your muscles for the struggle. Air your writing; and do nothing but sit in God's sunshine.—Other persons about you, may see the progress that you look for in vain, and mark your growth in the grasses of the spirit.—Read the following anecdote related by an eminent naturalist, and see if it does not convey a lesson of animating comfort to you; and to all prisoners of hope.

A few years ago, an intelligent prisoner at Cherry Hill, in order to beguile his weary hours, and to gratify an innocent taste for flowers, undertook to rear a running vine along the wall of his cell. By care and attention, he conducted it steadily to the opening at the top of his cell, which admits light and air, and when arrived here, the plant, true to its instincts, put forth upon the outer wall, and soon displayed itself upon the roof. Within, its leaves were a blanch and sickly hue, and seemed to droop, as though repining in solitude; at the window, they assumed the lively green of a healthy and vigorous vegetation, and sprang forth into the air clothed in the full vesture of nature. The secluded prisoner within, saw the object of his care pale and languishing, while the passer by without, viewed it in the full bloom of health and vigor."

AN AWFUL FACT.—Rev. Dr. Barnes, of London, recently declared in a public meeting, that there are in Great Britain, at least three millions of professed Christians, who expend each not less than one pound sterling per annum in strong drink—equal to \$10,000,000.—Zion's Herald.

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Why Christians ought to do the conversion of Jews, lies in the knowledge, which have been preserved by Jews, to the knowledge on the revival of the Holy Spirit.

While ignorance was another of devotion in Europe and the Jews themselves to Africa, Asia, and under Spain; and while guided, they proclaimed.

And shall not Christians show that they admit the mental equality of Jews, by presenting to them the knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation?

But we owe it to ourselves as well as to them, to take speedy measures for removing from their minds the prejudices which, through the length of centuries, has been strengthened in them against the Christian religion.

The Jew knows, it is true, that there is a difference between Romanism and Protestantism; but he will hardly admit that this difference arises from the standard of Christian faith—the New Testament.

Some Christians console themselves that they sufficiently show their difference from Romanism by not persecuting them; but this indifference brings no light to the Jew concerning our religion; it is not for ourselves that we ought to regain the good opinion of the Jews, but for their own King, our Saviour; it is for Him that we should do this.

It was the Christian Church which unceasingly persecuted the Jews, and inspired them with hatred against the Christians.

In the fifteenth century, when the Inquisition was in its greatest glory, there was, literally, no rest found for the feet of a Jew within the bounds of the Christian government.

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