

MORNING STAR.

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MORNING STAR, MONDAY, FEB. 10.

Moral Corruption, or Depravity of Human Nature.

Here I should remark, that there is one ingredient in the sufferings of adult sinners which infants do not feel, that is, a consciousness of personal guilt.

Now, if it be asked, how it can be consistent for Christ to save infants, admitting their natures are depraved, without the performance of any conditions on their part, it may be replied, upon the same principle it can be consistent for him to suffer for the posterity of all men from the dead, without the performance of any condition on their part.

The only reason why all men will not receive that grace, is, their personal rebellion. They that have done good shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation.

And now, dear reader, from the consideration of our nature is opposed to God, and that we are beset with numerous temptations, together with the influence of sinners with whom we associate, let us be apprised of our danger, and let us keep our hearts with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life.

My dear youth! friends, whose eyes may glance over these columns, perhaps you have never considered how deeply your hearts are opposed to your Maker and Redeemer.

I am somewhat surprised at bro. J. W.'s objections to my theory, as he is pleased to term it, from several considerations. 1. He says he is an inquirer after truth, but not fully decided what is truth on this subject.

Next, he charges me with maintaining, that such is the extent of our natural depravity, as to render it impossible for any to grow up Christians without a distinguishing act of sanctification in the womb.

In relation to the misapplication of Scripture, I would say, that the first was quoted to show that our sinful indulgences were in accordance with our natural appetites and passions, as stated above; and it did most evidently refer to that as I had not begun my argument.

Mr. Editor:—In the 14th & 15th Nos. of the Palladium, appeared an editorial article, under the following caption, "The Christians are not a sect."

Br. Burr:—Sometime since, I wrote the following article, and sent it to be published in the Christian Palladium; but for some cause, what, I know not, its publication has been suppressed.

A Hint.—A preacher who was much inclined to preach upon dress, was strongly suspected by some of his hearers as only dressing plain for the want of pecuniary aid.

Thus they presented his little daughter with a bonnet trimmed rather gay; remaining at the same time, to some, that if it were from principle that the minister had been led to speak upon the subject of dress, the bow would be taken off the bonnet, and it remained.

Secondly, the Christians are a sect in sentiments. What constitutes any people sectarian in doctrine? Answer, 1, to have sentiments peculiar to themselves, which distinguish them from others, and 2, to feel tenacious for those principles, and advocate them strenuously.

Thirdly, the Christians are a sect in church government. Say you, the New Testament is our discipline. Admit it; but then you discipline your members, according to your views of bible rules, and so do all other denominations, some of whom have their views printed, which they call their discipline.

There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts. 2 Peter 3:3.

The phrase last days sometimes refers to the conclusion of the Jewish polity, and this is probably its meaning in the text. It is, however, applied to the gospel dispensation, which is the last which God is to make to mankind.

It might be fair for J. W. to give his real name. Br. Burr:—Sometime since, I wrote the following article, and sent it to be published in the Christian Palladium; but for some cause, what, I know not, its publication has been suppressed.

A Hint.—A preacher who was much inclined to preach upon dress, was strongly suspected by some of his hearers as only dressing plain for the want of pecuniary aid. They resolved to ascertain the fact whether it was from this cause, or from principle which led him thus to preach, and thus

few meals of victuals, & as though things were going briskly. And then we might have the space now occupied in the Star by giving these notices filled with matter that would interest the whole body instead of a few in the sections where these meetings are to be held.

Success in the ministry not a certain indication of holiness.—Unholy ministers have sometimes seemed to indulge the idea that they were exerting a good influence and perhaps should be accepted at last, from the fact that some good is realized from their labors, in that sinners are awakened and converted.

RELIGION ENFORCED.—One of the blessings procured for his disciples by the divine Savior is, deliverance from the fears of death.

A FIRM FOUNDATION.—The Rev. W. Jay one day attended the dying bed of a young female, who thus addressed him: "I have little to relate, as to my experience. I have been much tried and tempted, but this is my sheet-anchor—He has said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' I know I come to him, and I expect that he will be as good as his word. Poor and unworthy as I am, he will not trifle with me; it will be beneath his greatness as well as his goodness; I am at his feet; and you have often said,

PEACE IN DEATH.—"I have seen several instances," says the late Dr. Beattie, "of the power of Christianity in triumphing over death. I must give you a little anecdote which Mrs. Campbell told me to-day. At the time when Dr. Campbell seemed to be just expiring, and had told his wife and niece that it was so, a cordial happened unexpectedly to give him relief. As soon as he was able to speak he said, that he wondered to see their countenances so melancholy and covered with tears in the apprehension of his departure. 'At that instant,' said he, 'I felt my mind in such a state, in the thoughts of my immediate dissolution, that I can express my feelings in no other way than by saying that I was in a rapture.'"

How far is it to Canaan?—"How far is it to Canaan?" asks the doubting Christian, "for I am sadly afraid I shall never get there. My sins are a heavy burden to me, and I long to be rid of them, if, indeed there is hope for such a one as I."

Dr. Franklin said, "When I see a house well furnished with books and newspapers, there I see intelligent and well informed children; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant if not profligate." Just so. The doctor was a sensible man.—A newspaper in every family—a Bible in every family—and a school in every district—all valued and studied as they deserve to be—are the principal supports of sound and civil liberty.—N. E. Farmer.





POETRY.

From the Christian Intelligencer. Sabbath morning hymn of the Disciples after the Resurrection of the Savior.

"The early Christians," says Pliny, "used to meet together before day-light to sing a hymn to the Savior as God."—Resurrection History.

Sing on! sing on! the day is breaking, Lonely shines morn's starry gem; Brother, from thy couch awaking, Praise the Star of Bethlehem!

From the N. H. Register. Christian Resolutions. Dull sleep, away! And let me pray, I dare not waste the light of day;

SLAVERY.

FREE PRODUCE.

We take pleasure in copying from the National Anti-Slavery Standard an abstract of the annual Report of the "American Free Produce Association," with the remarks of the editor.

The cotton grown by free labor in this country being generally of an inferior quality, we were desirous of obtaining specimens from other countries, hoping we might thus be able to ascertain where a superior article could be obtained.

Having ascertained that in Texas a superior article is raised by poor emigrants from the United States, we authorized a suitable person to purchase ten thousand pounds, if he can procure it at a rate not exceeding the price of cotton here; the duty on foreign cotton will increase its cost about 2 1/2 or 3 per cent.

"AMERICAN FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Report and proceedings of the last meeting of this Association appear in the last Pennsylvania Freeman, and contain some facts which will be interesting to our readers.

At the first meeting of the association, a committee was appointed to raise a fund for the purpose of encouraging the production of free cotton.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Total cost of goods, \$529 66; proceeds of goods sold, 193 73; Total cost of goods on hand, \$335 93; Estimated value, 312 70; Estimated loss on the whole transaction, \$23 23.

The Committee, in their report to the association, say:

Although a small loss has been sustained by this transaction, we feel greatly encouraged to persevere in the good work; our object not being profit, but the encouragement of the growth, manufacture, and use of free labor cotton.

The following statements and remarks of the Executive Committee will convey further information upon the same subject:

In our correspondence with our southern friends, we learned that in consequence of the very trifling demand for free cotton in years past, in connection with the reduced price of the northern staple, the few who had been in the practice of raising it have become discouraged, and almost entirely abandoned its culture.

Whether, with the present depressed prices, such offer will be considered a sufficient inducement, can be shown only by the extent of the crop now being gathered.

An offer was also made to George Thompson, of England, of 10 per cent premium on \$10,000 worth of goods, manufactured from free cotton; he has not yet succeeded in procuring them on the terms offered.

Her free laborers will be able to compete with her cotton growers; Britain, to encourage the growth in her own colonies will close her ports, destroy the market for the slave-grown article, and thus deal a death-blow to our system of oppression.

On the subject of free labor sugar, the report contains the following paragraph: Some experiments have lately been made in this country in the manufacture of beet-root sugar.

Some experiments have lately been made in this country in the manufacture of beet-root sugar. They have as yet been necessarily on a small scale; the result must not be taken as a fair estimate of the average cost of making sugar from beets, under ordinarily favorable circumstances.

DAVID LEE CHILD, of Northampton, Mass., with whom we have corresponded, has interested himself in the subject. Having visited some of the principal manufactories in Europe, where the work is successfully carried on, he established a manufactory of his own in Mass.

The committee state that merchants often impose upon their customers by offering, as free, goods which are the production of slave labor; and they very properly caution individuals to beware of these impositions.

We should be willing to be instructed in this matter by our enemies. The slave-proprietor, GLADSTONE, in his speech in

the British Parliament, April 30th, 1833, thus taunted the friends of immediate emancipation:

"You (said the honorable gentleman) who are so sick with apprenticeship in the West Indies—you, who cannot wait for twenty-four months, when the apprentices will be free, are you aware what responsibility lies upon every one of you at this moment, with reference to the cultivation of cotton in America? There are 3,000,000 of slaves in America. America does not talk of abolition, nor of the amelioration of slavery. It is a domestic institution, which appears destined to descend to the posterity of that free people; and who are responsible for this enormous growth of what appears to be ETERNAL SLAVERY? Is it not the demand that creates this supply, and is it not the consumption of cotton from whence that demand arises? You consume 318,000,000 lbs. of cotton which proceed from slave-labor, and only 45,000,000 lbs. which proceed from free-labor; and that, too, while you have the means in India, at a very little expense of obtaining all you require from free labor."

TEMPERANCE.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD'S APPEAL. Christians, Philanthropists and Americans! I appeal to you, Christians, to that love which leads you to regard your neighbor's interests as your own; Philanthropists, I appeal to that love which you profess to have to all mankind; Americans, if you would not see the brightest star of your nation's glory set forever, awake and arm yourselves for the contest.

Do I hear you ask, what there is now for you to do, that you should be called upon at this time to gird on your armor? Look at the mighty tide of INTemperance that is setting in upon us, and bearing away upon its remorseless billow, wealth, talent, influence, affection, peace, happiness, and all that is dear to man, leaving our country blighted and desolate, as if it had been visited by the dread sirocco of the East. I call upon you to arise in your strength and erect a barrier which the surges of Intemperance cannot pass; to stand firm and beat back the enemy which is now destroying the fairest hopes of man and laying waste the altars of our God.

But have we not been in arms against this vice a long time? I think I hear you say yes. But what has been effected?—Too often as fast as drunkards have died or been reclaimed, have not new recruits filled their places? Has not the mighty phalanx of drunkards always presented a full and unbroken front? Thus it will ever be, while you carry on the war simply with the unhappy drunkard. You must change the mode of warfare—storm the castle, attack the seller of this accursed thing and bring your concentrated energies to bear against his business. He retails death and you must oppose this death dealing work. Pass the drunkard by; he deserves pity and not destruction at your hands; he will not hinder your progress, unless you stop to give him battle—gain his rear, and stand between him and the tyrant who has enslaved him and whom he hates, but whose chains he cannot sever.

Let this be done, and believe one who has served the monster long and well, you will convert him who was an unconquerable enemy, into an ally on whom you may depend. In the reformed drunkard you will find no frowning battlements to scale, but one, who once an unwilling slave, will now be ready to conduct you through the dark and intricate windings of this den of death. Do not expect to find a giant, however great his power may be over those he has enslaved—to you he ever was a dwarf, hating, but without strength to spit his venom forth. March on with confidence; he will not cross his sword with you—he knows his doom. Let the breath of public indignation pass through him and he dies. Spare not till this enemy is destroyed, and for your reward you may be permitted to see the happy day when a drunkard shall be spoken of as a thing that was, but is no more.—Temperance Recorder.

ANNA G.—I once asked Anna G., a sweet young lady of seventeen, to sign the pledge of total abstinence. I had no idea that she was in any danger of becoming a disgusted drunkard, but I thought she ought to set a good example; and by joining our temperance society, induce many of her acquaintances to do so too. But Anna refused to join. She said she was going on a sleigh ride soon, and she wanted to drink some wine then, if any beau should ask her. After a sleigh ride, and the wedding of her cousin, she perhaps would join the temperance society.

Last summer I was called on business to visit the neighborhood where Anna lived. On inquiring for her, I was grieved to learn that she had eloped with and married a stage driver, and he was now keeping a dram-selling tavern in the village where she was born, of wealthy high-minded, and virtuous parents. What a fall!—How the profane oaths, the impious jests, and drunken songs must sound in her ears! How sad she must be, when she recalls the days of her beauty, and innocence, when she loved the Sabbath School and was the favorite of all the teachers and scholars! Think of her when her husband is asleep, or away from home, and she is obliged to stand in the bar, and give dirty drunkards their three cents worth of rum, and brandy and gin! Oh, as she retires to her chamber, how she must weep at her condition, and in vain wish she had listened to me before it was too late, and had joined the temperance

society, which would have saved her from bad society, and rescued her in the hour of temptation.

Dear children, do be warned by her example. If you do not promise us not to drink any wine, who can tell but you may in some evil hour make a false step, which will make you forever miserable!—Youth's Temperance Advocate.

JUVENILE.

The Generous Revenge.

"CHARLES," said HENRY MORRIS to his brother, one fine summer morning, "Charles, will you lend me your kite this morning, for a little while? Do, if you are not going to use it; I will be very careful to keep hold of the string, and not lose it."

"No, I shan't lend you my kite! You may go and make one for yourself! I ain't a going to lend my kite to every body, I know!" answered Charles, in a loud and surly tone.

"But I should think you might lend it to me a little while, if you are not going to use it," still urged Henry.

"I tell you I won't!" again answered Charles, in a surlier and louder tone than before. "You needn't ask me again, for I won't lend it to you! Besides, I am going to use it myself!"

"Oh, if I had thought you wished to use it yourself, I would not have asked you to lend it to me, I am sure," mildly replied Henry. "You will let me see you fly it, won't you?"

"I don't care what you see!" was the gruff reply of Charles, as he left the room to fetch his kite. Henry waited very patiently for the return of Charles, who soon came back with the toy in his hand, and seating himself by the open window pretended to be occupied in fixing the string. All at once he took out his pen-knife, and opening it, began to cut the kite to pieces, and in one minute had entirely destroyed it and thrown the fragments out of the window.

"Oh, Charles," cried Henry, "how could you do that instead of lending it to me? You said you were going to fly it."

"No I didn't say I was going to fly it, either; I said I was going to use it, and I have used it all up, hav'nt I?" answered Charles, looking at Henry's sorrowful face, with a malicious laugh. "Now you may go and look as blue as you please about it, and be revenged too if you like, as I suppose you will, you are such a revengeful little fellow!"

"May be I shall!" said Henry, in a low voice, as he took his hat and went out to walk in the garden. When he was out of sight of the window, he sat down under a large tree and was quite melancholy. "How can Charles do this to me?" he said to himself, "any body would think he hated me, he always takes so much pains to plague me. To destroy his own kite rather than lend it to me? And then to call me revengeful, and talk about my being revenged on him, as if I was such a wicked boy as to want to be revenged on my own brother? But I told him that maybe I should be, and maybe I shall too, but I will not be in a way that he thinks it will." Henry sat for a long time silently musing, when his countenance suddenly lighted up as if some pleasant thought had crossed his mind, and he arose and walked into the house.

A few days after this Mr. Morris went to the city and brought home a beautiful set of little garden tools, watering-pot, wheelbarrow and all complete. After calling his two sons to him, he said to Charles, "I overheard your conversation the other day with Henry, when, instead of lending him your kite, you tore it to pieces; and as it was in keeping with numerous other instances of the same kind I have lately observed in you, I have thought it my duty to punish you for your bad conduct, and to reward Henry for his uniform mildness and forbearance toward you. I have therefore bought him these beautiful garden utensils, that you may both be convinced that neither the good nor the bad conduct of my children pass unregarded by me. Take them, Henry, they are yours. As for you, Charles, you may go and spend the afternoon alone, and reflect upon the evil consequences of your wicked disposition; and remember that unless you correct it, and amend your course of conduct, you will be hated and despised by the whole world. The mortified Charles retreated from the room without a single word, and hiding himself in a little grove behind the house, shed bitter tears that he had wept for many a day. "Is it true," said he to himself, "that I am such a wicked dispositioned boy? I must be, or my father would never have looked and spoken so harshly to me. And now I look back upon the past, I remember that whenever I have ill-treated Henry, he has never in any way returned my abuse. My father is right. Henry deserved a reward and I a punishment. Oh, that I could only be as good a boy as he is!"

In this manner, shame, repentance, and a resolution to reform, filling his mind by turns, he passed the afternoon. When it began to grow dark he slowly returned to the house, and crept, without observation, to his chamber. As he opened the door, how was he surprised to see the garden utensils, which his father had given to Henry, standing near the table, and on it a letter directed to himself! He snatched it up, and opening it, read the following lines:—"My dear brother Charles—"

"I know you have been long wishing for a set of garden implements, and I beg that you will do me the favor to accept of mine,

I should not take half the pleasure in using them myself, that I shall in seeing you enjoy them.

"I hope you will not think I have any hard feelings about the kite; I have not I am sure, for I forgive you with all my heart, and when I said that perhaps I might be revenged, believe me I meant nothing but this kind of revenge.

"My dear brother, let us be loving and kind towards each other, as brothers should be, and then we shall always be happy. Your affectionate brother, HENRY."

The letter fell from the grasp of Charles and covering his face with his hands, burning tears of shame and regret trickled fast through his fingers. When he was a little composed, he took the letter in his hand and went down stairs to find his father and Henry. They had just finished supper and were sitting together in the porch before the door.

"Oh father, oh Henry," said he, "forgive me for all my past misconduct, and I will try to be a good boy in future; only forgive me this time!" The gratified father assured him of his forgiveness, and Henry heartily shook hands with him, and cried both together, "But you must take back your present, Henry," said Charles, "I cannot accept of that." "Keep it!" said his father, "keep it; it will help you to bear in memory your good resolutions, and remind you of your brother's generous revenge." C. M. S.

From the Friendship's Offering, for 1841. MY BROTHER.

Is this my little brother? How cold he is and still, Do take him up, dear mother! Is he not very ill?

No, no! my child, the dear one Will suffer no more pain, 'Tis death makes him so silent: He will not move again.

Not hold his little arms out! Nor make that pleasant noise! Nor open wide his tiny hand To take the pretty toys.

'Twas little brother's SPIRIT Which made him laugh and play, That which you loved you see not; There's nothing here but clay.

Why do you weep, then, mother? You said the other day, To die was only going home: Did brother want to stay?

Will not God love to see him, And show him pretty things? And if he cries to come to you, Won't he give him little wings?

He has not gone away, child; If we love him with our hearts, His spirit will stay here with us, When this little form departs.

If you are good and gentle, He will always be with you; And I will try to grieve no more, When he is laid to rest below.

We'll kiss once more those lips, Then we will go away; And God will give us happy thoughts, If we ask him when we pray.

MISCELLANY.

Good Prayers.

We often hear prayers spoken of as good, as very good, and the like. This is a common expression among many well meaning members of the church. "Br. A. made a good prayer." Admitting that prayers differ in quality, that some are better than others, and that we are able to decide which are best, it may be a question whether we ought to pronounce some good, and consequently some poor. It may be well for Christians to think of this subject. In my opinion, so solemn and spiritual an exercise as prayer, ought not to be a matter of criticism. We ought not to pass judgment upon the quality of our brother's devotion. A moment's reflection will convince any one of the impropriety of eulogizing a man's prayers. Besides the injury done the individual by flattering his vanity, which is sometimes very serious, it sets up a standard of goodness in this most solemn duty; a standard which would be a great blemish to the Christian character. It would lead those who have more pride than piety, (and at times there are many such,) to ape the manners of others, and thus the spirituality of devotion, which constitutes its excellence, would be in part, if not entirely destroyed. Studied forms would be substituted for the expressions of the heart, and prayer would become an empty sound. On the other hand, those who have less confidence in their own powers, who have no hope of emulating their more gifted brethren, would remain in silence. Their voices would not be heard in the social prayer-meeting. They would not expose themselves to the imputation of weakness or the censure of pendency.—Thus a part of the church would strive to please the ear with pompous sounds, to obtain the applause of their brethren while the others would brood in silence over their want of talents to engage in the public worship of God. A state of things, truly, far from being desirable.

The impossibility of knowing whether prayers are good or not, is another reason why we should not pronounce concerning them. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." A prayer that may appear good to us, may be an abomination in the sight of heaven. The broken, half uttered accents of the ignorant may go up like incense on the altar of God, while the elegant forms of the learned may be a stench in his nostrils.—He that would worship God acceptably must do it in spirit and in truth, unfeignedly, as unto the Lord, and not to men. How manifestly improper it is, then, to sit in judgment upon a brother's prayer, to express an opinion which will flatter him or his friends in relation to this important duty, or which will deter others

from engaging freely in it, as their conscience and understanding shall dictate.—Christian Secretary.

THE MISSIONARY LANGUAGE.—The students in the missionary seminary at Basle, call the English language the Missionary language; and well they may. The present population of the British empire, including its kingdoms, colonies, and dependencies, is 150,000,000, comprising 4,457,000 square miles. The area of the Roman empire, at the summit of its glory, is estimated by Gibbon at only 1,600,000 square miles. What a comparison might this fact suggest between the field of missionary enterprise, now, and that of the world in the time of the apostles! Among the whole of this vast population the English language is sprinkled at intervals; it prevails to a great extent in the British possessions in India, and on the continent of New Holland; the two mightiest Protestant nations of the earth speak it as their native tongue, the two nations more prominent than all others for their missionary exertions which, indeed, is the grand missionary language; in South Africa, and on the Western coasts of that dark quarter, there are settlements that speak it, it is found almost without exception wherever there is a missionary station in the world.

INFANTUARY. A physician in Albany says—"We read a heart-sickening account of the decease of a fine and amiable young lady who fell a victim to fashion—she laced herself to death! Apart from the prevailing infatuation which leads females to commit elegant and refined suicide, she is said to have been an uncommonly intelligent and promising girl. The body presented a dreadful sight. The ribs were contracted to within half their natural circumference, and the shoulder blades were actually lapped over each other! The chest was of course extremely narrow, and not half the natural room was left for the action of the heart, and the inspiration of air into the lungs. The consequence was Death!"

WILL YOUNG MEN LOOK AT THIS? In Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians 11:14, after having argued some important question he makes the following inquiry: "Doth not even nature itself teach, that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him?" If we were Phrenologists, we should be ready to suppose, that the conduct of many of the young men of our day, was prompted by the fear of showing the weak spots on their cranium. But at all events, we may safely agree with Paul and nature, and say: "if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him." If there were a little more in the head, there would be less anxiety about having so much on it. So we think!

NEW YORK SCHOOLS. Gov. Seward says that the number of students in all the academies and grammar schools of the State is thirty-four thousand eight hundred and three.—The number of children attending the common schools is about five hundred and seventy thousand; and the whole number of children between five and sixteen years of age, as nearly as can be ascertained, is about six hundred thousand. There are about eleven thousand and common school districts in the State, including those under the charge of the Public School Society in the city of New York, in all of which schools are maintained during an average period of eight months in the year.—Of these school districts there are very few which have not complied with the act providing for the establishment of school district libraries and there are at this time in these various district libraries about one million of volumes. Within the five years limited by the law there will have been expended in the purchase of books, more than half a million of dollars.

POVERTY. Besides the amount paid by the Leopold Foundation and other societies in Europe for sustaining popish missions in the United States, the French Society De Propaganda Fide alone has transmitted, within the year, \$63,593 for that purpose.

Wealth is necessary good, but no necessary blessing! A Christian may be completely happy without it.—Jb.

Wine at the Communion Table.—The process of temperance in Scotland has excited scruples in the minds of some persons similar to those, that were once likely to prevail among a portion of our community. The Presbytery of the Reformed Church, meeting at Glasgow, has decided that no innovation ought to be made regarding the wine used at communion and advised their sessions to discountenance such extreme views.

German Reformed Church.—Exclusive of the Synod of Ohio, the German Reformed Church in this country numbers 200 ministers, 600 congregations, and 75,000 members. Its literary and theological seminaries are at Mercersburg, Pa.—The sum of \$100,000 is proposed to be raised in its centenary, the year 1841.

JONES' CHURCH HISTORY.

Price Reduced. This is one of the best Church Histories in the English language, and usually costs from three to five dollars—yet, by putting both volumes into one and stereotyping it, we can now afford it for \$1.25, and by order of Trustees shall henceforth sell it for that. We hope our brethren who have not already a copy of this work, will purchase one without any further delay. If they wish us to issue new publications, they must supply us with the means by purchasing those already issued. We promise them that our press shall not stand idle, as long as there is so much to be done, if they will only supply us with the means of keeping it in operation.

Agents and others who have either of the above works on hand are hereby authorized to sell them at the reduced prices. They will please inform us, when they have occasion to write, what number of copies they may have, that the proper alterations may be made in their accounts. ASERT.

A few weeks since this work was advertised by the American Baptist Publishing Association in Philadelphia, at \$5.00.