Functional disorders of the heart is as easily cured as those of any other organ; and even organic lessons are not necessarily fatal. Men have lived after a dagger or a musket ball has gone through the heart, if they did not enter its cavities. Be sure that na ure has not left such an important organ without the wisest protection and all possible means of recuperation.

And how are the diseases and disorders of the heart to be cured? The first thing to do in this, as in all cases, is to find out the cause of disease and remove it. The work is more than half done. If the heart is aching with mental anxiety, that anxiety must be removed or new passions must be awakened. The physician who cannot "minister to a mind diseased," does but half know his business. Often the soul needs its special bath, its douche, and its proper exercise and diet, as well as the body. A dose of cheerfulness will revive the action of the heart when it is beating ever so languidly, and hope is its proper stimulant.

The drugs usually given for disordered circulation are those which have the most deadly influence on the heart's action. The drugs which poison the blood must modify its action upon the nerves of the heart. A healthy heart must have pure blood to act upon, as well as for its own nourishment, and pure blood comes from pure nutrition, a free oxydation and active depuration. Diet, air, exercise, and cleanliness, with cheerfulness and hope—these are the medicines of the heart.—*N. Y Sun*

DANGERS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

At the age of fifteen, Elmira Gladden was deeply troubled in spirit, on account of her condition as a sinner against God. Her mother was a professor of religion, but was of a rather timid and retiring disposition, conversed but little with her daughter concerning her soul's interests, and exerted but little direct salutary influence over her mind. She was rather a weak-minded woman, whose conceptions of right, in little matters, were somewhat obscure, and who was deficient in that firmness of principle and decision of character, which are so important to the right training of children. Elmira's father was a prosperous man of the world, who attended church regularly upon the Sabbath, but gave little heed to the precepts of piety during the week.

During a revival of religion where several of her young associates were awakened and converted, Elmira's mind was impressed with a sense of the necessity of personal piety to her own safety and happiness. She had been from childhood a pupil in the Sabbath school, was, of course, familiar as the study of the Scriptures could make her with the theory of the way of salvation, and in a few weeks rejoiced in the hope of pardon through the atonement of Jesus Christ.

After several conversations with her and with her parents, Elmira was advised by her pastor, in accordance with her own often expressed desires, to unite herself with the church. The minister faithfully represented to her the warfare in which as a Christian she must engage; the temptations and snares which she must expect to meet. He could but be satisfied with the replies she made to his questions, and Elmira was received into the fellowship of the church. She expressed great delight in the service of God's house, and manifested a warm zeal in all that pertained to the interests of Zion. She exhorted her young friends to flee from the wrath to come, and gave most pleasing indications that there had been a genuine and thorough work of grace in the soul.

A year passed away, and the period of parties and amusements came with the opening winter. Elmira, now passed her sixteenth year, had left school, and numbered among her friends, some of the gay and thoughtless, and fashionable of the neighborhood. She was invited to attend mixed parties, where religion was an excluded theme, and where fashionable frivolities and sports occupied the hours. She came from them without a heart for prayer. Soon it was proposed that she should attend a dancing school. She hesitated, and her mother timidly expressed her doubts of its propriety. But she was beset by giddy associates, her scruples ridiculed, the objections of the mother were answered by mothers careless of their daughters' piety, who urged that it was necessary in order to polished manners and a graceful carriage—the father gave his consent, and presented Elmira with a beautiful set of jewels, and she became a regular attendant of the dancing school.

Her grieved pastor exerted all his influence to stay this current of temptation or to draw her from it, but the fashions of the world were too strong for his appeals. Gradually, she absented herself from the prayer meetings and lectures, manifested less and less interest in her Bible class and benevolent works, and at last tearfully confessed that she had almost given up reading the Word of God, or attempting secret communion with her Saviour. She confessed that she was doing wrong, but indeed, said she, "you cannot tell how strong the temptations are to which I am exposed." In due time came the invitation to a ball, which with the consent of the mother, and the smiling approbation of the father was accepted. The fascinating manners, and beautiful appearance of the daughter charmed the heart of the unfaithful mother, who doated upon Elmira as her idol.

The church was now compelled to notice these violations of covenant obligations, and after making every effort which pious solicitude required, to reclaim the wanderers, at last submitted to the painful necessity of declaring the exclusion of the mother and daughter from the fellowship of the church. For a little season both seemed to be relieved from restraints that had become irksome to them, and the home which had seemed to be pervaded by the sweet calm spirit of piety became a house of fashionable gayety and mirth. The church was altogether forsaken, and the whole family were absorbed in worldly pursuits and amusements.

Before she was eighteen, Elmira was married to one of the gay frequenters of her parties, whose only attractions were a fashionable dress and deportment, and a considerable estate derived by inheritance. Before she was twenty, that estate was nearly squandered by dissipation and gambling; her young husband sought for gratification in any place rather than home, his affections were entirely alienated from her, and wandered after others, and she now became serious enough. But it was not the seriousness of piety. She was a pining, broken-hearted girl. In an hour of compunction and bitter sorrow she sent for her former pastor.

He found her sick. Her mother and a servant were with her. The companions of her gayety were not those who minister in sick chambers, and soothe the hours of solitude and pain with their sympathies and kindness. They lived to amuse themselves, and there is no amusement in visiting the sick.

Death had pressed his cold hand upon her brow, and the pastor saw with inexpressible grief, that she was surely marked for an early grave. He conversed with her earnestly, desiring to lead her back to the Saviour from whom she had so wilfully departed. He spoke of the infinite compassion and love of Jesus and Elmira wept, bitterly wept.—"Ah!" said she, "I have wilfully wandered from him, and deliberately chosen the world as my portion, and its pleasures as my joy. Is there any hope for me?" "Do you ever pray?" "Pray! I cannot pray; I have not even attempted the form of prayer for a long, long time." After a long interview, the pastor bowed by her bed side in fervent supplication, and departed. He visited her again and again. But no hope dawned upon her soul. No peace soothed her disturbed spirit.

He was at her bed-side at the last hour of life, and witnessed the closing struggle. After praying for her, while the choking tears scalded the hearts of the remorseless mother and father, the pastor bowed over her, and trembling, inquired, "Can you not trust your soul in Jesus' hands?" "Have you not hope in his mercy?" She sadly shook her head, and with a despairing gesture pushed him from her, closed her eyes, and after a few, quick, hard breathings, her soul was in eternity.

The heart broken mother in a few months returned in penitence to the church from which she had so guiltily wandered, but for years she never sat at the table of the Lord without weeping bitterly as she thought of the daughter who had once in youthful beauty sat beside her in that holy place.—*Southern Baptist.*

A CONTRAST.

A court room in one of our large cities is thronged with a dense mass of spectators.—From floor to ceiling rises one crowded array of anxious faces. The room is as silent as death. A human being is on trial for life, and his advocate is just rising to make his last defence. Mark the carefulness with which he reviews the testimony. Mark the intense solicitude with which he avails himself of every symtom of feeling in the jury box. And as he draws near the close of his argument, see how his hand trembles, how his face is flushed, how his whole frame is shaking under the weight of an overwhelming solicitude, too great even for utterance. *Is he too earnest?* Is his appeal too impassioned and fervid?—Look at that wretched criminal with his quivering lip, and let him answer! Look at that pale wife, and that group of children; all waiting in agonizing suspense for the fate of a husband and a father! Ask that breathless bystander, and he will answer, "No! he *cannot* be too earnest; the life of a fellow being is at stake; if he manifested any less solicitude, he would not only be wanting in professional fidelity, but even lacking the ordinary feelings of humanity."

When the next Sabbath comes, you meet that bystander in the house of God.—Around you are a large company of travelers to eternity. Some of them are ignorant.—Some of them are careless and indifferent. A large portion of them are enemies of God, with the whetted sword of Almighty wrath already hanging over them. As the minister of Christ casts his eye over his audience, he sees many who are utterly "without hope," and if death were suddenly to overtake them, he knows that they must sink to eternal darkness and the undying worm. Even *to-morrow* some of those hearers may be wrapped in their shrouds, and their souls in another world!

Weighed down with the tremendous responsibility that rests upon him, the herald of the cross proclaims his message, with strong crying and tears. Every argument that could be drawn from thundering Sinai or darkened Calvary, from an open heaven or a yawning hell, is presented from a soul breaking with solicitude for dying men. And when the message of love has been delivered, and the minister of Christ has returned to his closet, to mourn that he did not plead his Master's cause yet more earnestly, where are his auditors? How many heard his message? How many gave heed to it? How many remembered it until they reached their own dwellings? Well will it be if some did not retire to mock and sneer at it all as the effusion of crazy enthusiasm, or a fanatical bigotry. The modern Festus, who applauded the eloquent advocate at the court room pronounces this man "mad;" and even many a frigid professor thinks that the worthy preacher was somewhat "beside himself" from the ardor of his emotion.

If such painful contrasts sink the souls of God's ministers here into sorrow, and well nigh to despair, how must they appear to those who behold them from another world! How must they appear to a saint in bliss, or to a lost soul in the world of woe!—*Christian Chronicle.*

THE POLITENESS OF PAUL.

An old poet has quaintly called Jesus "the first true gentleman that ever breathed."—Paul's politeness, too, must not be overlooked, compounded as it was of dignity and deference. It appeared in the mildness of deportment in which he delivered his most startling and shattering messages, both to Jew and heathen; in his graceful salutations; in his winning rebukes—the severest of which did not break the head;" in the delicacy of his allusions to his own claims and services; and, above all, in the calm self-composed, and manly attitude he assumed before the rulers of his people and the Roman authorities. In the language of Peter and Joan to their judges, there is an abruptness savoring of their rude fisherman life, and fitter for the rough echoes of the Lake of Gallilee, than for the tribunal of power. But Paul, while equally bold and decided, is far more gracious. He lowers his thunderbolt before his adversary ere he launches it. "His shaft is polished," as well as powerful.—His words to King Agrippa,—"I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds,"—are the most chivalrous utterances recorded in history. An angel could not bend more gracefully, or assume an attitude of more exalted courtesy.—*Christian Chronicle.*

A YONG GIDEON.

A boy belonging to one of the schools established by the missionaries in the South Seas, had heard so much of the sin and folly of idolatry that his confidence in idols was shaken, and he longed to know for a certainty whether the images he had been accustomed to worship was really possessed of power or not. One day his father and mother went out, and left him at home alone. He had spent some time in reading his task, and thinking over what he had been taught at the school the day before. At last the idea came into his mind that it would be a good thing to burn the idols. He was, however, afraid partly on account of his parents, and partly from the dread he had of offending the gods, and bringing down upon him swift destruction. In this difficulty he knelt down, and entreated the god of Christians to take care of him and help him. He then rose and taking up one of the smallest idols, he put it on the fire; the flames kindled about it and in a short time not a vestige of it remained. The terrified child looked on with astonishment; but no sooner was the first consumed than he threw on another, and another, and another, till like Gideon of old, he had thorougly cleansed his father's house. When, however, the flames had subsided and all was over, the boy became alarmed at his own temerity. He had no fear of the gods of wood and of stone, but he trembled at the thought of what his father might say and he was half inclined to repent of his rashnes. In this extremity he shut up the dwelling, and went into the woods; and the best way he could, devoted himself to God, promising that if God would befriend him and be his God, he would serve him all the days of his life. While he was there his father and mother returned, and missing at once the idols and the boy, they feared some spirit had come and taken them away together. As soon as they could recover themselves a little, they went to the missionary and asked him if he knew anything about their son. He said he did not; but suspecting what he had done, he offered to accompany them and find him out. After going in various directions, they bent their steps to the woods, and there at some distance, under the shadow of a large tree, they saw the lad kneeling before God. The parents were so thankful to see him again and to find that not a hair of his head had been hurt, that they forgot their rebukes, were persuaded to renounce their heathenish customs, and henceforth gave themselves up to the study of the Holy Scriptures. The boy encouraged by the Divine goodness, was confirmed in his resolution to be the Lord's, and afterwards became a zealous teacher in schools and a preacher of the gospel among his brethren.—*Southern Baptist*

From the Christian Statesman.

REMEMBRANCE OF THE DEAD.

Thy memory as a spell
  Of love comes o'er my mind,
As dew upon the purple bell,
  As perfume on the wind,
As music on the sea,
  As sunshine on the river;
So hath it always been to me,
  So shall it be forever

I hear thy voice in dreams
  Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
  In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
  Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
  Like any flower of spring

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
  From earthly trammels free;
Yet 'tis not as the dead
  That thou appear'st to me:
In number I see[illegible]
  Thy form as when on earth;
Thy locks of wavy gold,
  Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear in accents
  The [illegible] and free
Thou utter'st in joyful mood
  While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
  My spirit that does fill,
I think not they are dreams,
  But that thou livest still.

TEMPERANCE.

A Good Sign.—A gentleman having occasion to visit Portland, not long since, on important legal proceedings, brought with him a man as a witness who was as sure to get drunk, as he was able to obtain liquor. Of course the gentleman had reason to fear that his man might get drunk, in which case it was probable that he would be useless to him as a witness. As soon as they had arrived here the man was missing; but in few hours returned sober, very much to the astonishment and gratification of the gentleman, who took occasion to speak to him of so remarkable an occurrence. The reply of the toper was—"I have travelled mor'n five miles, and could not get a drop." This speaks well for Portland.—*True Union.*

THE GREAT WANT.

This is want of charity. From the absence or defect of this arise many of our greatest evils, for which only in its increase can be found a remedy. Suspicion and distrust are elements of distruction to the happiness of individuals and to the public quiet and prosperity. The appalling horrors of the first French revolution were rather to be imputed to ignorance and fear than to malevolence and cruelty. At least, was not this true in respect to the masses? Of all men, he, at the present time, would be the greatest benefactor to this nation who could convince the people of our Southern and Northern States that no essential differences in principles, in interests, or conditions, seperate them—that they are brethren, under one and the same great and good Government, and still better by the holy ties of the Christian Faith—that, believing alike in the Redemption by Christ of the whole human race, they are alike concerned, and obliged to promote the welfare of each other and of all men, and especially and without exception bound to live and act in this world as destined to live forever in a world eternal. There is not a virtuous man in the North nor the South who does

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

February 1842(XI,4)--February 18,1857(n.s. VII,4)

1852

NEW SERIES NO 2