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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

The Sabbath.

BY EMILY S. TANNER.

The week of toil is gone,
Once more, broad streaming through the deeps of
Another day, the welcome Sabbath morn,
Is risen on my sight.

This day my feet shall cease
The wearying, fretting roads of life to run;
But they shall be led forth with joy and peace
Toward my Father's throne.

My hands shall rest awhile
From hard and grasping toil for daily need;
From warring cares, and passions that defile—
Oh, heart, awhile be freed!

My soul shall fold her wings
In the calm shadow of Almighty love;
My ear shall hush to catch the faintest ring
Of harmonies above.

My eyes in trust shall turn
Toward the green pastures of eternal rest,
The far and shining portals half discern
Of mansions of the blest.

I wait, O Lord, the morn
When from the mystic deeps of death shall rise
The heavenly Sabbath, in full brightness born,
Upon my longing eyes—

When no dark week of toil,
Its day of calm shall follow or precede—
When from all pain, unrest, and wild turmoil,
Shall heart and hand be freed.

When to those fields of rest
Where death shall cease, and life and love begin;
When passed the portals, to the mansions blest,
My feet shall enter in.

WARWICK NECK, N. I.

Biographical.

Crayon Sketches of Distinguished Living Baptist Ministers.

BY J. D. F.

We copy the following from the Boston *Christian Era*. The reference to Nova Scotia by the biographer, Rev. J. D. Fulton, the popular Baptist Minister of Tremont Temple, will render this sketch interesting to many of our readers.

The contrast drawn by our worthy brother between this country and the United States, was doubtless true at that time, but we do not allow that at present time any "banner" is a surer pledge of liberty of conscience and of freedom of speech than the British flag.

Rev. John I. Fulton, for thirty years identified with the progress of the Baptist cause in Michigan, presents an excellent illustration of a class of workers in our Master's kingdom, whose efforts for Christ and humanity have converted the desert into a garden of promise and the wilderness into a fruitful field whereon mighty harvests are being gathered. If not distinguished because of the positions he has held, he is entitled to distinction because of the proffer he has declined. His ministerial services have been too much overlooked and too much underrated. He was born in Pierou, Nova Scotia, Sept. 23, 1798. His father, Samuel King Fulton, was a man of property, of position and influence. He was a lover of liberty, as were all of that class of Scotchmen who after the conquest of the "green isle" by William Prince of Orange, found a home in the north of Ireland. He admired the colonists contending for liberty, and though he was related to Lord Cornwallis, yet at a supper given at the close of an annual parade, he drank the health of Washington, the liberator of America, and for it was incarcerated in prison, and had it not been for the kindness of Lord Cornwallis, who was at that time Governor of Nova Scotia, he would have been banished to Bombay. Because of this, he removed to the city of New York in 1802, and found a home beneath the banner which was then as now a pledge of liberty of conscience, and of freedom of speech. His wife, Alice Tupper, belonged to a family of great respectability and worth. Her cousin, Rev. Charles Tupper, D. D., is the Corresponding Secretary of Foreign Missions in Nova Scotia, and his son is the hon-

ored Provincial Secretary of the Province, and one of the leaders of the confederation movement, which seeks to unite all the British Provinces on this side of the Atlantic under one central government.

Samuel K. Fulton lost his property during the first embargo, and from that time supported his family by manual labor. As a ship-carpenter he obtained a coveted position and was in the employ of the National Government in Savannah, Georgia, where he fell a victim to the yellow fever, and died leaving a wife and six children to mourn his loss.

At this time, the subject of this sketch was but sixteen years of age. He at once enlisted in the army and served as a soldier until the war of 1812 was over, when he became an apprentice to a blacksmith, and having learned the trade, removed to Columbia County and afterwards to North East, Dutchess County, N. Y., where he experienced religion and was baptized by Rev. John Butolph into the membership of the Baptist Church, Aug. 15, 1819. The brethren soon discovered talents of a marked order, and looked upon him as one chosen of the Lord to unfurl the banner of the Cross. He did not desire the work of the ministry, but shrank from its deprivations and crushing responsibilities, as was natural.

On Sabbath, the pastor being sick, the brethren held a conference meeting, when the young man took a text and spoke very naturally, to the delight of the edification of all. The interest in him increased, and the trials began which resulted in his closing his shop and betaking himself to study.

An incident will explain how the fathers in the ministry watched over those whom they believed should proclaim Christ. Having visited Rev. Elisha Hubbel of Egremont, Mass., they conversed, at length, regarding his plans for the future. Finally Elder Hubbel proposed a walk. They went into the pine woods, and while surrounded by the forest, they knelt in prayer. Elder Hubbel related the exercises and conflicts through which the mind of his young friend had passed. Having finished his prayer, he turned and said, "Brother Fulton, have I told God the truth about your struggles in regard to preaching the gospel? Answer me in the affirmative was it so? Will you here on your knees dedicate yourself to Christ, go home and tell the church your feelings, and set about preparation for the important work of the ministry?" He replied that by God's help he would. From that day, assurance broke in upon his mind. On Saturday afternoon the covenant meeting was held.

In Great Barrington, Mass., there lived a young lady, born Feb. 29, 1802, who had found Christ and had united with the Baptist Church in Egremont, despite the opposition of friends, and in compliance with the commands of her Master. Her father, Justin Dewey, Esq., had little sympathy with his child's belief, but he loved her too well to place barriers in her path. Once a month she was in the habit of spending Saturday and Sabbath with the family of Elder Hubbel. In that home the youthful disciples met for the first time. The match was made in heaven, and there was little trouble in the consummation of the union here, so soon as the course of study was completed.

In 1821 the shop was abandoned for the school at Hamilton, where the licentiate remained three years. He was elected pastor of the Baptist Church in Sherburne in April; he was married June 15th, and was ordained in August, 1824. His salary at the commencement was \$250 per annum.

That was the day of small things. Hamilton Seminary and Theological Institute was then in its infancy. Rev. Daniel Hasall, D. D., had, in 1820, invited brethren E. Kimball and J. Wade to come to his house that he might train them for the work of the ministry. To this end he fitted up his woodshed and converted it into a classroom. That was the seedling of Madison University. In 1821 Rev. Nathaniel Kendrick, D. D., was the associate teacher of Dr. Hasall. Their school-room was the third loft of the old academy; afterwards the stone building now used for the Female Academy, was occupied until the building on the site was erected. Commencement at that time was an important denominational gathering. The gospel was preached by the most eloquent men of

the time, and a religious direction was given to thought and speech.

In 1836 declining health induced a removal to Michigan. Detroit was then a village, and the young State was little more than a wilderness. It was 12 o'clock, one Saturday night, when after a tedious journey through swamps, we reached Brooklyn, Jackson County, a little village in which Deacon Rufus Tiffany was the head center of the town. The Sabbath was a delight. The scene at the family altar in the morning will never be forgotten. The children were strangers, but all had learned to bow the knee in prayer. To the school-house we went together and sat as still as we could while the religious services went on. Our farm lay two miles away; there was on it a little patch of cleared land and a log-house, the loose boards of whose floors often pinched our childish feet as we walked over them. The spring was a full quarter of a mile away, from which we brought water for the household use.

Six months of out door exercise finds the preacher restored and ready for his work. Revivals are enjoyed. The Holy Spirit is poured out, and the following Spring the farmer once more becomes a pastor. The years that followed were years of the right hand of the Most High. The power and skill acquired in the East was brought into requisition in the West. The most enterprising of the sons of the East formed the nucleus of those settlements. The graduates of colleges and seminaries were the pioneers of enterprise. They would not tolerate inferior talents, even in log school houses. Hence the men who emigrated West, in hopes of finding those who would admire stupidity and ignorance were disappointed. That class had been left behind. They found themselves in the growing West among a class of people that required growth and enterprise in thought as well as in labor. The ignorant preachers betook themselves to agriculture and to trade. The educated and the talented found employment in their Master's vineyard. By such men God's honored hosts were led to victory.

Do you pay for a Religious Newspaper?

I was going to ask the question in another form: "Do you read a religious newspaper?" But then I reflected that many read a religious newspaper, who do not themselves subscribe for one, they being in the habit of borrowing from their neighbors, and often sending, and respectfully soliciting the loan of the paper before the family have read it; and not unfrequently keeping it a length of time greater than the golden rule will exactly justify. Then I had like to have thrown the question into this shape: "Do you subscribe for a religious newspaper?" But it struck me all at once that some subscribe for a paper, but do not pay for it. I, for my part, would advise such persons to take a moral newspaper, if they can find such a thing. That is the sort of paper they require. A religious paper is quite too far advanced for them. I don't know, and cannot conceive, why these nonpayers want to read a religious newspaper. I should suppose they would be satisfied with secular newspapers. I can imagine that they desire, notwithstanding their delinquency, to know what is going on in the world; but why they should care to know how things go in the church I cannot conjecture. What do those who do not give any thing for value received, want to know about revivals, missions, &c.? There are persons who starve editors, publishers and paper-makers—the whole concern—into a premature grave, who say, "Send me your paper, implying, of course, that they will send the money in return, yet never send it, and yet they want to know all the progress that is making in converting souls to God, and what is doing among the heathen. Is not this strange? that having never learned as yet to practise the first and easiest lesson of honesty, they should wish to read every thing about godliness and vital piety? So I concluded to head the article, "Do you pay for a religious newspaper?" Do you, reader? If you do, continue to take and read and pay for it, and be slow to withdraw your subscription. Give up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If any

one that ought to take such a paper, and does not, I hope that some one to whom the circumstance is known, will volunteer the loan of this to him, directing his attention particularly to this article. Who is he? A professor of religion, and not taking a religious newspaper! A member of the visible church, and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in that church. A follower of Christ, praying daily, as taught by his Master, "Thy kingdom come," and yet not honoring nor caring to know, what progress that kingdom is making. Here is one of those to whom Christ said, "Go, teach all nations," he bears a part of the responsibility of the world's conversion, and yet so far from doing anything himself, he does not even know what others are doing in promoting this great enterprise. Ask him about missionary stations and operations, and he can tell you nothing. He does not read about them. I am afraid that this professor of religion does not love "the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Ah, he forgets thee, O Jerusalem! But I will not fail to ask if this person takes a secular newspaper. O, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world; and how else is he to know it? It is, pretty clear, then, that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does in the church; and this being the case, it is not difficult to say where his heart is. He pays perhaps eight or ten dollars for a secular paper—a paper that tells him about the world; but for one that declares Jesus' conflicts and victories, he is unwilling to pay two or three. How can a professor of religion answer for this discrimination in favor of the world; how defend himself against the charge it involves? He cannot do it, and he had better not try it, but go and write immediately and subscribe for some good religious paper; and to be certain of paying for it, let him pay in advance. There is a satisfaction when one is reading an interesting paper, to reflect that it is paid for.

But perhaps you take a paper, and are in arrears for it. Now suppose you were the publisher, and the publisher was one of your subscribers, and was in arrears to you, what do you think he ought to do in that case? I just ask the question, I don't care about an answer.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS IN CANADIAN BAPTIST.

Dead Capital.

Who can estimate the amount of dead capital in all our churches? From every point of observation, and in reference to every enterprise of the church, we see slumbering energies, buried talents, forcing the conviction upon the mind that the great mass of professing Christians are "at ease in Zion." Many have never put forth one single effort to persuade men to come to God. They are waiting for the church to do the work that they are required individually to do; and, under the delusion that the church has duties, separate from those of individual members, many excuse themselves from all personal effort. This is a fundamental error of the age, a practical barometer of most pernicious and deadly influence. The church was never designed to absorb us, to neutralise the personal element, but to render it more effective—that every energy and influence and power might tell in the great work of saving souls. And yet, in every church, the dead capital is great, while the comparative amount of active capital, the number of real working Christians who are deeply and earnestly interested in advancing the spiritual interest of the church, how small!

Reader, has God given to you talents, energy, and means which lie a dead capital? Remember the slothful servant. You know, I'll warrant—Dr. Hinkinson, chaplain to Charles I., used to preach at the king's vice. This the king took to himself, and so one day he said, "Doctor, you and I ought to be better friends; give up being so sharp on me and see if I don't mend on your humors." "Well, well," quoth the Doctor, "I will make it up with your Majesty on these terms: as you mend, I'll mend."

As fortune inclines, so does the favor of men.