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The Flood.

BY BETTIE'S MOTHER.

'Hast thou marked the old way which wicked men have trodden? Which were cut down out of time, whose foundations were overflown with a flood: which said unto God, Depart from us; and what can the Almighty do for them?' —Job xxii. 15-17.

The last plank at length was laid, the last nail driven, and the ark finished! How beautifully contrived to contain so many! How exquisitely planned to endure so much! And no wonder, for the Great Designer was the Architect of the heavens and the earth.

Many were the curious idlers who hung about it, and looked on; but never entertained the thought of sheltering within it. No, no—the sun shone brightly in the deep blue heavens; and at night the moon and all the myriad stars spangled the broad expanse above; seed-time and harvest, summer and winter had not failed. There was no signs of change. The rivers were as much within their banks, and the broad seas within their boundry, as at the time when first it received its commandment. The troops of loungers who, from time to time, surveyed the progress of Noah's strange ship, laughed outright at the wild scheme. Noah seized every opportunity afforded him to warn the wicked to turn from his evil ways and live! As his work was so near completion, and the allotted time almost expired, he grew more and more earnest still; urging them in deep concern to flee from the wrath to come, crying out to them in affectionate remonstrance, as they put their finger in their ears and turned away—'Turn ye, turn ye! for why will ye die?' But he might as well have addressed the stones, for they would not hear. Satan had whispered in their hearts, 'Ye shall *not* surely die!' and they *believed* the lie; but God, the God of truth and love, they believed not, thus making God a liar! 'Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corrupters! they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy one of Israel unto anger.' They knew not God, nor acknowledged him in any of their ways; one turned to his farm, another to his merchandise, and all to sinful pleasure. They were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; the planted, they builded; and said in the pride of their heart, 'Who is the Lord that we should obey his voice?' 'Let him make speed and hasten his work, that we may see it'; and let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come, and we may know it!' Thus they stretched out their hands against God, and strengthened themselves against the Almighty; they rushed upon the 'thick bosses of his bucklers.' 'Therefore hell hath enlarged himself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude, and their power, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it!'

Noah now proceeded to lay up in the ark a store of food, both for himself and his family, and also for the beasts and birds and creeping things which God had told him to take into the ark. 'Thus did Noah: according to all that God commanded him, so did he.'

And the Lord said unto Noah, come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. And Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives, went into the ark. And of beasts, and of fowls, and of everything that creepeth upon the earth, there went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, the male and female of all flesh flesh wherein is the breath of life, as God commanded him; *and the Lord shut him in!*

The day of grace was gone! The harvest was spent, the summer was ended, and the world was not saved! O the long suffering and forbearing love which, amidst the aggravating contradiction of sinners, the provocation of continued cursing, bitterness, and blasphemy—and the despite of idolatry and infidelity, still waited the long, long term of the hundred and twenty years, even to the knell of the last moment before the resisted and insulted Spirit took his reluctant flight, and 'ceased to strive with man!'

The Word of God declares—'He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy!' That day of destruction had arrived. The Lord arose, he was wrath, 'that he might do his work, his strange work; and bring to pass his act, his strange act.' 'The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water; the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad. The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world; the earth trembled and shook. Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.' Now 'were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.' And amidst the lightnings and thunderings might be heard the voice of God—but, alas! it was no longer the voice of remonstrance or of beseeching. And he said, 'Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded, but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they had hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof; therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.'

'How strange!' exclaimed the awakening world, as they beheld the rivers overflowing their banks and inundating the plains, sweeping away whole villages in their swelling torrents. The ocean has long since passed its sandy barriers, and every moment the swelling waves roll near and nearer still. It reaches the towns and cities! Palaces and temples are swept away in the desolating flood; Thousands and tens of thousands perish amidst the ruins! Some are overtaken in their flight to the mountains, a few have reached them, but the waters are rising up their steep sides. They look across the wild waste of waters; the ark is floating over the foaming surge in safety! They call to remembrance their faithful monitor. 'Oh that we had harkened!' bursts from their quivering lips. The ark approaches them—they extend their arms—they cry for help. Noah is at the window, his eyes are bedimmed with tears of tender compassion—but the door is shut! As it sweeps past them, with one desperate effort to reach the roof, they leap, and sink into the boiling billows! One wild shriek pierces the ears of Noah—it is the last! and all is still. The flood has covered the peaks of the highest mountains; there is nothing to be seen of the late teeming world, but the wide watery waste below—the blackened skies above. But wind and waves have charge concerning that lonely ship, to bear its precious burden—that floating fragment of a world destroyed—buoyant above the havoc of the whole.

Do you ask, if ever the earth shall be again destroyed? Hear the word of the Lord—and O, like Noah, believe him true! I refer you for a reply to Matt. xxiv. 29-51; Luke xvii. 22-37; 1 Pet. iii.

"The fear of Man bringeth a Snare."

Mr. and Mrs H—— resided in a lovely spot in the south of Ireland. They had been married many years, but had no children, and their love for one another was unbounded. They were seldom absent from each other, except when business compelled Mr. H—— to visit England.

Mr. and Mrs. H—— were both zealous Roman Catholics, though the kindness of their hearts obliged them often to shelter and protect Protestants, who, at the time in which they lived, met with bitter persecution.

In one of Mr. H——'s visits to England, he fell in with an old friend, whom he had not met for many years, and who had lately become a Protestant. Through the influence and persuasion of this gentleman, Mr. H—— was led to see the follies of Romanism, and induced to unite himself to the Church of England.

But now he greatly feared to return to his native country. Not that he dreaded so much the persecution, which he doubted not he would have to encounter, as the sorrow it would cause his much loved wife, when she came to hear of the change that had taken place. What would she say? What would she think of him? They could never be to each other what they had been, for their tastes and feelings would be different. It is true she might love him as much as ever: nothing he believed would change that; but he knew it would make her very unhappy. These thoughts made him miserable. Then he had a great many intimate friends living near, and he could not bear the thought of encountering their displeasure and censure. These considerations made him resolve that he would not mention the change that had taken place to any one, but would appear outwardly a Roman Catholic, while in heart a Protestant. He excused himself by saying, "God looks at the heart." He forgot that though God does look at the heart, and that lip-service is nothing, unless the heart be right with him, still he has said, "He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven;" and that his people are to be "*known* and read of all men."

However, matters went on for some time, apparently the same as ever, yet not the same, for though Mrs. H—— remained ignorant of any change in her husband's religion, she noticed a great change in himself. Instead of the happy, joyous, merry companion he used to be, she observed him often very grave and thoughtful, sometimes even melancholy; and sometimes her watchful eyes could discern traces of tears on his now pale face. No wonder this change; the misery he suffered none knew but himself. He could not bear to think he had found the right path, while his wife was wandering still in error, and all because he had not courage to speak to her about it. He often thought he would make a great effort, but day after day passed, making it more difficult. Thus months went by, and his own sorrow was so great he did not notice the depression on his wife's countenance, nor the bright eye grow dim.

At last, Mrs. H—— grew alarmingly ill; and when, after a few days' anxious watching, Mr. H—— was informed by the doctor that "there was no hope," he became very anxious and uneasy, and determined, if possible, to tell her before the final separation came.

Accordingly, the first opportunity that occurred, he told her of the change in his religious opinions, and all the attendant circumstances. Instead of Mrs. H——, as he expected, betraying any symptoms of surprise or sorrow, she smiled very sweetly, and exclaimed, "Thank God; I die happy." Mr. H——'s joy was scarcely equalled by his astonishment when he heard this, and he sat listening with eager attention while she told him that she too had been a Protestant many years, but she dreaded so much to grieve or displease her kind husband, that she had not said a word about it; especially since she had noticed him being so altered; for she attributed it to his having guessed the truth, and she could not imagine what the consequences would be did he really *know* the truth; she had, therefore, contented herself with praying earnestly for his conversion. It was a Protestant lady, to whom Mrs. H—— had been very kind, and sheltered in her house for some time from the persecution of her friends, who had been the means of leading Mrs. H—— into the right path.

Shortly after this confession, Mrs. H—— died, regretting with her latest breath her sin and folly in having given way to so false a fear, and so mistaken affection. And with what heartfelt sorrow did Mr. H—— think of the past! what sweet converse they might have had together! how they might have cheered and encouraged one another in their journey!

In this world how proud is every one of rank and station! and we take care to let people know that we are better off than our neighbours, or take a better stand in society. And yet we are ashamed to own that we are the children of the King of kings, and in society and in the world we act as natives of the country, though foreigners, because we are afraid to assume the customary manners and habits, lest we should be ridiculed, or not thought so well of. Let us throw off all deception, all indifference, and let us come boldly forth in our true character! And if we are blest enough to be a subject of the King of kings, one of the great army of the Lord of hosts, let us never disguise our uniform, but bearing aloft our true colours, let us fight manfully against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and *continue* Christ's *faithful* soldiers and servants to the end.—*Friendly Visitor.*

It is only a Prayer Meeting.

We have often heard this expression uttered by those of whom we had conceived great things. A prayer meeting is one of the most important meetings which can be attended by beings moving onward to the grave and eternity. Those who attend such meetings are generally the 'salt of the earth'—'the lights of the world;' and, if there were no other advantage in being there than association with the children of God it would be an unspeakable blessing. There are few such, comparatively, to be met in the common walks of every-day life; and it is, therefore, an amazing honour, a great privilege, to be with the heirs of immortality—heirs of glory. Should we deem ourselves peculiarly honoured if invited to Balmoral to dine with our beloved Queen and Prince Albert, and their illustrious attendants, and to walk about its pleasure grounds with their children—the princes and princesses. But they, as well as ourselves, are only frail, perishing creatures; as liable to sin, pain, and sorrow, as we are, and must some day sicken and die, and pass into another state of existence, prepared or not. In the prayer meeting we join with angels and glorified spirits in praising our ever living God—the exalted and glorified Jesus—the all-pervading ever-present Spirit of our heavenly Father and his dearly beloved Son.—How sweet it is in these meetings to hear the juvenile voices praising the Lamb, who died on Calvary, whilst many of their thoughtless companions are wasting their precious time and opportunities of receiving good, in idleness, or folly and crime. And oh! what an important duty is performed by men perhaps previously engaged in the business and anxieties of life, who have retired awhile from all secular affairs to hold communion with God—to pour out their hearts before him for blessings on themselves, their families, the church, and the world. How is the mind elevated, the heart cheered by being there! All God's children should try to be there—May they feel him nigh to bless them. Were it not for the praying few, what a wretched place would this sin-stained world of ours be? And how happy would it be if every house had a family altar, and every church a well attended weekly prayer meeting.

J. P.

Not by Works of Righteousness.

(From the Rev. J. O. Jackson's new work—'Jesus Only.')

O sinner, you feel that you are wrong, and you are longing to get right. You know you are condemned, and you are anxious to be acquitted at the bar of divine justice. Then be assured, 'it is not by works of righteousness.'

It is not by any reform, or repentance, or holiness of yours, that God will justify you. It is for nothing on your part that God will consent to pardon. So says the Apostle Peter. 'Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us.' It is not God's way to pardon for man's righteousness' sake, or why did Christ die? No a costlier sacrifice has been rendered; richer blood has been shed. All your fancied goodness in the future, all your efforts, and prayers, and duties, and works, can never avail to atone for one of your past sins, or remove the sentence of condemnation. Unless you have a better price on your hands than your own excellences or duties, you can never be accepted of God.

Your works are not accepted by God. 'Our righteousnesses are as filthy rags'—odious in the sight of a Holy God. Look at your motives; how selfish! how worldly! how unworthy of an immortal being! 'The heart is deceitful above all things. Look at your efforts to please God. Look at your duties, your works. How irregular! how cold! how heartless! Take the thoughts, and words, and actions of any one day of your life, and will they bear the scrutiny of your own eye? Much less can they bear the piercing glance of God, who knoweth all things. And remember, if you would be saved by your own works, God requires perfect obedience. Those who would be justified by his law, must keep the whole law. And have you done that? Can you dare to say you are doing that?

Oh, then, think not to be saved by your own works, by your own good feelings, or good desires, or good resolutions, or good actions. Go, count the number of the stars; go, tell the sands upon the sea-shore; go, reckon the drops of ocean; go, scale the heaven of heavens; go, measure infinite space, and reckon up eternity, and find out God unto perfection, before you can be saved by your own works of righteousness

But why attempt the ruitless task of climbing to heaven by the ladder of your own excellences. Has not Jesus died? Has not God raised him from the dead? Did not Jesus say, 'It is finished?' Has not the Father said, 'I am well pleased?' Then come to Christ for salvation. Say, with adoring gratitude—

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no respite know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hands no price I bring
Simply to thy Cross I cling.

Coming thus you shall find pardon and peace through Jesus only.

The Platter Made Clean Inside and Out;

or a Clean Heart, and no more Corn for the Distillery.

By invitation of Brother B. I left the city to aid him in a 'two days' meeting.' The little village stood upon a slope, over-looking one of the broad and fertile valleys of Ohio, upon which the very heavens seemed to have dropped down fatness, and which always rewards bountifully the tiller's toil. On the left ranged beautiful hills, skirting the valley on one side, and overlooking the Ohio river, on the other, upon one of which sweetly rest, waiting the resurrection morn, the remains of Harrison; by the world and his country honoured as a hero, and, as we trust, the honoured, in a higher sense, as a soldier of the cross, a follower of the Lamb.

The Saturday evening meeting was ended. On the way home with a brother, he remarked, 'You touched a hornet's nest to night."

'What do you mean?' said I.

'Did you not see some persons leave the house during the sermon?'

'I did.'

'You gave a side cut at the corn question.' said he.

'What do you mean?' I inquired.

'Did you not know all this valley is laid under tribute to the distillers?'

'Then, God helping, we will draw the sword of the Lord and Gideon upon them to-morrow.'

The Lord opened the bottles of heaven, the floods came and took possession of the fields, and the farmers were permitted to go to meeting. A revival followed. Many saw what multitudes of others ought to see, that they needed an increase of grace much more than an increase of money. Full corn-cribs, and richly stored garners of wheat, with religion at a very low ebb in the heart and family is not a blessing to be prayed for.

Among others who were brought to see and deplore their lack of grace was Brother A. While bowing at the altar and praying earnestly for a clean heart, this question was addressed to his mind, by the Holy Spirit no doubt, who often troubles people, 'What will you do with that corn?' This question, by the road-side, or in the corn-field, by a certain class of men, would have given him no trouble; but meeting him at the altar for prayer, it very much perplexed him. The meeting for that evening was a joyful one to many. Brother A., however, went home unblessed, as he thought. How little is this blessing of conviction appreciated, because it is attended in its workings with humiliating discoveries and compunctions of conscience!

The week rolled on, the meeting still continued, but all wondered why Brother A. was no more among us. The Lord holds protracted meetings sometimes. He was holding one that week, near the corn-cribs, with only one attendant, who was our absent Brother A. When the Lord's meeting broke up, the whole congregation came to ours to tell what great things the Lord had done. Brother A. rose and said, in substance, as nearly as my memory serves me, 'Brethren, I am glad to be among you again. Some of you may have wondered where I have been all this time. To tell the truth, the Lord had work for me to do at home. Brethren, I thank the Lord for what he hath done. O glory be to his name!' Here he paused, while the deep fountains of his heart poured forth a flood of tears. 'Brethren, I went to that altar to seek a clean heart. No sooner had I commenced prayer for the blessing, than the Spirit put to me this question:—"What will you do with that corn?" Corn, said I; why I did not come here to sell corn; I want a clean heart. I got the subject out of my mind as soon as I could, and began to pray again. But somehow it was all dark, and my heart was growing very hard. I was alarmed at the darkening prospect, and felt that no time was to be lost. I cried out, O Lord, give me a clean heart! "What will you do with that corn?" again rang in my ears. O, the darkness that settled down upon me! Despair seemed to be taking hold on me, when something seemed to say:—"I, God, will cleanse the inside of the platter, will you cleanse the outside?" What does this mean? said I. The Spirit broke the seal:—"If God will give you a clean heart, will you give him a clean business?" I saw at once, brethren, the equal necessity of holiness of life, as well as heart. But, said I, is a pure business-life possible? Here the enemy had great power over me.—"Who," said he, "will buy your corn but the distillers? Do they not give you better prices? And are you responsible for the use they make of your grain?"

"Suffice it to say, I was glad when the meeting was closed; I thought it never would end. I went home enveloped in darkness, sometimes sorry I had ever tried to be a Christian, and now wishing the strange preacher had not come among us.

'Next morning, the family being assembled for worship, I read a portion of the word of God, and we all kneeled down, as usual, to pray. But it was all dark, the heavens were as brass over my head. I did not go to meeting that day; I stayed at home, and thought and thought. Night came, but no access in prayer. Day after day passed, and the darkness still increasing, I saw how very wrong most everything was, and how much men labour and toil, eat and drink, for this life only. How few seem to have the fear of God before their eyes, I saw, too, the grave and the judgment-seat, where we must all give an account of our deeds. O, I saw how worse than in vain that man lives who does not live right before God. But could I live right? Could I go against the current of the world, and against the practice of so many professors of religion? The enemy whispered:—"If you do a clean business you will be singular, and your family will come to want." I was almost sorry the light had shone upon my heart and life, for my joys and peace had, seemingly, fled before it. But the thing could not be undone. I saw that the light must be followed, or I should perish.

'And yet I feared and hesitated. The clouds grew darker, and God seemed about to leave me. It was an awful moment. Setting a chair in the middle of the room for a mourner's bench, I was soon on my knees before the Lord. O Lord, have mercy, have mercy, I cried He would not hear my cry. I could see nothing before me but the corn-cribs and the distillery. A mountain wave rolled over my poor heart; I thought I should die. The pains of hell got hold of me. O Lord, cried I, I will sell no more corn to distillers! It may rot in the cribs, or the fowls of the air may carry it off, kernel by kernel! Give me a clean heart and I will give thee a clean business! Glory be to God, no sooner was the vow uttered than I felt the all-cleansing blood applied to my poor heart. The clouds broke, and streams of salvation, light, love and joy came pouring into my soul. O! bless the Lord for his amazing grace!

'And now, brethren, the platter is cleaned inside and out, all is on the altar, and I am in for a clean business—a holy heart and life. O, hallelujah, my soul is full, glory be to God!

He sat down; and while many felt the streams of love and mercy in their souls, others looked as if the sword of the Lord had gone through their hearts.

After the shouts and feelings had subsided a little, Brother M. a mechanic rose and said:—'Brethren, I am a poor man, you all know, and have to work hard for a living for my family, but God being my helper, I have made the last whisky barrel. I will give God a clean business, too, and I do not believe he will let me suffer for it.'

'He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, he shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.'

May God multiply holy hearts and holy lives!—*Rev. M. French*

Never Jest with Scripture.—It is of great importance that we should resist the temptation, frequently so strong, of annexing a familiar, facetious, or irreverent idea to a Scriptural expression, a Scripture text, or a Scripture name. Nor should we hold ourselves guiltless, though we may have been misled by mere negligence or want of reflection. Every person of good taste will avoid reading a parody or a travestie of a beautiful poem, because the recollection of the degraded likeness will always obtrude itself upon our memories when we wish to derive pleasure from the contemplation of the elegance of the original. But how much more urgent is the duty by which we are bound to keep the pages of the Bible clear of any impression tending to diminish the blessing of habitual respect and reverence toward our Maker's law.—*Palgrave.*

New York Correspondence.

New York, Oct. 22d, 1856.

A Sabbath in Oberlin.

Mr. Editor,—On my return from Kentucky I had the privilege of enjoying a Sabbath at Oberlin, my Alma Mater. It is nine years since I had the same privilege before enjoyed. Bro. Hutchins and wife, Bros. Holmes and Cheney, with the writer, formed our company.

Oberlin is dear to us as F. Baptists for many reasons. There it was that Cooley and wife, Missionaries in India, and many other public laborers among us were educated. There it was that David Marks spent his last years. There he suffered, died, triumphed and there is his grave. Three or four of us who had visited a day or two before the grave of Henry Clay, early Sabbath morning found our way to the grave of David Marks. On the marble slab we read the brief and comprehensive history of his laborious life, and there the hope of immortal bliss is impressively set forth by the representation of the butterfly just escaped from its cell. As we stood, our hearts seeming to catch anew the holy flame which fired the soul of that chirstian hero, one of our number remarked, "How much better for us to stand here than by the grave of Henry Clay." It was good for us to visit that place and in the new devotion we felt it was not difficult to understand how the worship of saints and relics found its way to the church in the early ages!

Thus prepared we visited the large Sabbath school in the chapel of the College, where we saw over three hundred engaged at once in studying the "living oracles." Here we saw the same order and quiet and comelness for which Oberlin is distinguished.

From this, we, by a short walk entered the capacious, church which we found already filled with an audience not differing much either way from two thousand. It is the only house of worship in the place, though the Episcopalians have now begun a mission station in that place, and their house of worship is commenced. In this great church (not the mission house) you observe the pulpit is in front of the orchestry which seated, as we saw it, full one hundred and fifty singers, male and female. Exactly back of the singers is the great organ, though the finger board is so adjusted that the organist has his seat immediately behind the minister and in front and facing the singers. By the side of the organist stood a form familiar to us since 1841; it was that of Prof. Allen, the chorister. As we gazed at this great semi-circle inclined, and arching toward us, filled with singing men, and singing women, how could we help thinking of the innumerable throng that one day will sing the same song of Moses and the Lamb in the bright world—"the happy land far away." But the song is over and the silent choir seated. What a frame to set a picture in! What surroundings for some commanding figure! That personage is not wanting in this scene! President C. G. Finney, the distinguished revivalist, arises in the pulpit and with his great piercing eye commands the silence of death in that vast audience! Now with extending hands and melting heart, he invokes the Divine presence in the solemn worship. Next he reads "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." The singing was inspiring, the reading impressive, and the preaching searching and powerful. "Every man that hath this love in him purifieth himself even as he is pure" was the text, familiar enough, surely, but the sermon was original. I wish I had time to give you the outlines.

After the service in the afternoon, our company by a pressing invitation was seated with Mr. Finney and family in his apartments, familiar to the writer in by-gone days. The theme of conversation was congenial as familiar there, the wonders of redemption. But how changed the scene after all, for the former Mrs. F. has given place to the present, the children that were there are men and women and widely dispersed; others are in their places, but after all the same air of heaven, for the same commanding genius, redeemed by the blood of Christ, still presides there. If, in the outward, the change partakes of sadness, that within is joyful. (for why not speak of the result of the self-examination one is compelled to make where Mr. Finney preaches, prays, or converses.) Years, thirteen years, have fled, since a member of that family, the writer, could do nothing but examine and re-examine his hope of heaven! O, the gloom and sadness of those days! but blessed be God through the haze of those troubled times even, appeared to the eye of our weak faith the "marred visage" and the divine life began in earnest. To God be the Glory.

The College at Oberlin has now annually in its various departments over a thousand pupils, and it not only ranks with other colleges in respect of theological study, but is fast outstripping most of them in reputation, or if you please, popularity. Here is another great change for the better, for when in the spring of 1841, I was on my way for the first to join the institution, when within a few miles of the place some relations and personal friends tried to dissuade me, as they expected the place would soon be mobbed and burned. What does the reader suppose in-