

POETRY.

AUTUMN WOODS.

BY BRYANT.
Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses o' the trees are gone,

Now, we are not to be shut out from the enforcement of any and all of these subjects by these untoward circumstances; we are not to heep back any part of that message,

in the same solemn circumstances.—"Jesus came and spake unto them, (the apostles,) saying: All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

all ready. Let me help you to dress."
"Well, but Ellen, let me upon my eyes rest; what a hurry you are in!"

that have drunk from those living streams."
The little volume is dedicated to the author's father, Sir Gerard Noel,

Causes of neglecting this duty.—One hindrance is, men's own sin and guilt. They have not themselves been ravished with heavenly delights: how then should they draw others so earnestly to seek them?

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Great Source of all my comforts here,
My Solace when in care;
In mercy lend a gracious ear,

The work which the Temperance Society or any other similar association can effect is simply preventive. Its aim is to remove opportunities for indulgence in vice,

Such was the spirit and course of the primitive Church. And can we doubt that it was a right spirit, and that it ought to be the spirit of the Church in all ages?

"I have something to say to you, dear," said Ellen, after they had walked a little way,

When Jesus Christ was on earth, He said to His disciples, "My meat is to do the will of Him who sent me, and to finish His work."

THE ENCOURAGEMENTS.—Consider how much the welfare of church and state depends on this duty. Good laws will not reform us, if reformation begin not at home.

AN INQUIRY.

What bearing have the great schemes of moral reform, which are peculiar to the present age, upon the duties of the Christian minister, and upon the constitution of the Christian Church?

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ALWAYS A MISSIONARY CHURCH.
That such was considered as the duty of the Church, from the very commencement of the New Testament dispensation, is undeniable.

LITTLE MARY ANNE.
"O dear! what shall I do!" said little Mary Anne, stretching herself in bed, after having been called two or three times by her companions;

THE SUFFERING CHRISTIAN GLORIFYING GOD.
[From "Meditations on Sickness and Old Age, by Baptist W. Noel," just reprinted by H. Perkins, Philadelphia.]

REPROOF AND EXHORTATION.
Extract from Baxter's Saints Rest.
The time and way.—Ye, lost you run to extremes. I advise you to do it with prudence and discretion.

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