

THE FAMILY.

"GOING TO SING IN HEAVEN." If I could have your faith, Hawkins, gladly would I—but I was born a sceptic. I can help my doubts more than I can the results they lead to. I cannot look upon God and a future as you do, with my temperament, and the peculiar bias of my mind, it is utterly impossible."

So said John Harvey, as he walked with a friend under a dripping umbrella; for the night was stormy and dark, though the brilliancy of the moon made a broad path of light along the wet sidewalk. John Harvey was a sceptic of thirty years' standing, and apparently hardened in his unbelief. He had given up, and up to unconvincing him again was fairly and calmly made no impression on the rocky soil of his heart. Theologians treated the sight of his countenance and simple Christians asked as he passed them, "A man with such countenances, they must be with God!"—with much suspicion, for everybody knew how he was, and that he had lost all the love of the honest metal, and yet was God's own home of the future! walked with the lamp at his feet, unconvincing. Angel! he was, very well!

But his friend had never given him up—When he spoke to about him, "I will talk with and pray for that man until I die," he said, "and I will have faith that he may one day set his脚印 in the clouds!"—In the moonlight, the stars were like diamonds, and the atmosphere was like a mist of perfume, (for everybody knew how he was), and the organ in the church with the lamp at his feet, unconvincing.

"And then when he sat him, (John Harvey never chose ready made for a talk)," Mr. Harvey pressed the lamp on the priest upon him. It is true, that when many times he only said: "God can change a sceptic. John, He has more power over your heart than you have, and I need still to pray for you."

"O, I am as objective as the world—nothing is believing, or nothing is true. I'm ready for any meeting, but tell me, when would you have a sermon sheet of a mineral to convince me? However, let's change the subject. I'm here, and the far too go up to see that the stormy night—especially as I shall sit up alone—where? Where! how the wind blows! Now! Here's a restaurant, let us stop here."

How warm and pleasant it looked in the long, brilliant dining saloon! Clusters of gas jets streamered over the glitter and color of pictures and gaudy carpets, and the rows of marble tables reflected back the lights as well as the great mirror.

The two merchants had eaten, and were just on the point of rising, when a strain of soft music through an open door—a child's sweet voice.

"Upon my word that is pretty," said John Harvey, "what marvellous purity in those tones!"

"Out of here you little beggar," cried a hammerer, and was of the waiters pointed angrily at the door.

"It's her son in," said John Harvey, coming to his aid.

"We don't allow them in this place, sir," said the waiter, "but she can go into the reading room."

"Well, let her go somewhere, for I want to hear her," responded the gentleman.

All this time, the two had seen the shadow of a something hovering back and forth on the edge of the door; now they followed a slight Hisse noise, wrapp'd in a patched shawl, and back, and leaving the marks of wet feet as she walked. Curious to see her face—she was very small—John Harvey turned to her the farthest part of the green room, where there was but few gentlemen, and motioned her to sing. The child was looked timidly up. Her cheeks were of olive-darkness, but a flush rested there and out of the thinnest skin, under the arch of broad temples, disposed by masses of the darkest hair, looked two eyes, whose softness and tender pleading would have touched the hardened heart.

"The little thing is sick, I believe," said John Harvey, compassionately. "What do you sing, child?"

"I sing you Italian, or little English," she said softly.

John Harvey had been looking at her shoes. "Why?" he exclaimed, and his up quivered. "Her feet are too wet to have ankles, absolutely have sleeves full of holes."

By this time the child had begun to approach back her head and folding before her little thin fingers. Her voice was wonderful, and simple as common as were both the air and words, the power and pathos of the tones drew together several of the habitues of the reading room. The little song commenced thus:

"There is a happy land,

Far, far away."

Never could the voice, the manner, of that child be forgotten. There almost seemed a halo round her head; and when she had finished, her great sparkling eyes turned towards John Harvey.

"Look here child, where did you learn that song?" he asked.

"In Sabbath school, sir," was the simple answer.

"And you don't suppose there is a happy land?" he exclaimed, heedless of the many eyes upon him.

"I know there is; I'm going to sing there," said the girl, with a decided, that the mere sound of each other."

"Going to sing there?"

"Yes, sir. My mother said so. She used to sing to me, till all was well. Then she died, and I didn't want to sing any more on earth, but up in heaven."

"Well, and what then?"

"And then she died, my little girl, you may live, know."

"O, am not so, sir! (very quickly)—I'd rather go there, and be with mother. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side, and ought as sick. There won't be any pain up there, sir; it's a beautiful world!"

"How do you know?" faltered on the lips of the sceptic.

"My mother told me so."

Words how impressive!—mane had chid-like, and you how wise! John Harvey had a passing smile, and then the astonished child laid in her little pains more misery than she ever knew before.

"Her father is a poor, consummate organist," whispered one. "I suppose he's too sick to eat to-night."

A hand, dark and hollow, all overgrown with hair, black as night, and uncrowned—a pair of wild eyes—a body bent nearly double—had like claws.

"Did he give you all this, Carlotta?"

"They all did, father; when you shall have died."

"I'm sick, you see."

He had been too weak to pull himself up, or lay down, sir! God bless you, sir! I wish I was well enough to play a tune, and be looked wistfully toward the organ, where the old organ, half-covered—lay in ruins.

"It's no matter," said John Harvey, with

difficulty. "I'll come and see you some other time," and he groped his way down town.

Treading innumerable paces, they came to the gloomy building where lived Carlotta's father.

Not lied there; for as they passed a house, out came two or three men, bearing a pine coffin. In the coffin, (the top nailed down so that no mender might open it, provided there had been any such,) slept the old organ.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman, who recognized him as her father. "Yesterday the little girl was taken sick, and it seemed as if she dropped right away. He died at six, last night."

The two men went silently up stairs. The room was empty of everything but a bed, a chair, and a piano provided by John Harvey. The child had not white, but pale as marble, with a strange polish on her brow. Oh, how those dark eyes on the instant became eloquent, as John Harvey sat on the side of the bed.

"Well, my little one, as you are at bat—"

"O, no, sir! father is gone up there, and I'm going."

"Up there?" John Harvey turned unconsciously towards his friend.

"I wish I could sing for you," she said, and her little hands flew together.

"Do you wish to sing?"

"O, so much—but it hurts me. It won't hurt me up there, will it?" Where the child looked, that there seemed such wonder in her eyes?

"Did you ever hear of Jesus?" asked John Harvey's friend.

"Oh yes!"

"Do you know who he was?"

"Jesus, I know," answered the child, with a smile.

Removed uncommunicatively, that we approach three brethren to write a publication, to be sent to the Tennessee Baptist; and, call on three brethren from Landmark church, to wit: D. Smith, A. Barker and J. S. Forrester; to act with the brethren of the Baptist; Chapel church, to wit: R. Debord, W. Thompson and Peindexter Bleven.

R. Debord, P. Peindexter, Blevins, Wilcox Thompson, D. Smith, A. Barker, J. S. Forrester.

We held ourselves responsible for the above publication, and specially request the publication without delay, and if you require anything for your trouble, please write a few lines to one of the subscribers.

Walnut Hill post office.

Knox Church, Georgia.

Whereas, There was a resolution presented to the last Bethel Association, which was ably debated, and finally laid upon the table, which resolution we conceive to be of vast importance to the unity and prosperity of the Baptists, and which resolution is as follows:

Resolved, That it is continuing to act as agent of the churches and individuals in receiving and forwarding contributions to the Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, this Association must not be considered as approving the act of the Convention in electing Elder Howell President of the Convention, thereby inaugurating a system of church policy pursued by him in the matter of Elder J. R. Graves, which we believe to be injurious, tyrannical, and unauthorised by the laws of Christ."

Therefore,

Resolved, That we, as a church, and being a member of the Bethel Association in Georgia, do fully approve and endorse the above resolution.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Tennessee Baptist and Banner and Baptist.

Done by order of the Church in Conference.

J. E. Surr, Clerk.

Saint Paul, Georgia.

Whereas, There was a resolution presented to the 30th of June, was born in Richland District, S. C., April 23, 1825, when whence removed to Spring Place, Georgia, where in 1840 he was made a subject of divine grace, and in December of that year was baptised. In 1857 the family removed to Dalton, where they still reside.

Her character as a wife and mother is better known to the broken-hearted husband and children. To those with whom she was intimate, she was a very dear friend. Her pastor can testify to her faithful service as a Christian. Punctual and constant to her classes at Sabbath School, and to all her church meetings. Deeply interested in the salvation of her children and friends, her light shining in the domestic circle, as well as to the world. She thus witnessed more for God in life, than in death.

May the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep the hearts and minds of the dear family through Christ. Yet though their who,

"As the bird to its sheltering nest,

So he spirit hath flown from this world of unrest. To repose on the bosom of G-d."

Yalobusha Baptist Female Institute.

Done by order of the Church in Conference.

J. E. Surr, Clerk.

Grenada, Mississippi.

Whereas, Much has been said, written and published, with reference to the action of the Southern Baptist Convention in electing Dr. Howell President at its late session in Richmond, Virginia, thereby sustaining the church in Nashville, in excluding brethren J. R. Graves, A. C. Dayton and others.

Presently the hand moved, the arms were opened, yes, gaped, and the eyes glowed through them, they were turned still upward.

"See! see!" said. "O, there is nothing, and there are the angels! and they are all singing—all singing!"

Her voice faltered, her arms fell, but the celestial brightness lingered yet on her face.

"There is no doubt, I believe," said John Harvey, "that she is a sceptic. Her voice was wonderful, and simple as common as were both the air and words, the power and pathos of the tones drew together several of the habitues of the reading room. The little song commenced thus:

"There is a happy land,

Far, far away."

Never could the voice, the manner, of that child be forgotten. There almost seemed a halo round her head; and when she had finished, her great sparkling eyes turned towards John Harvey.

"Look here child, where did you learn that song?" he asked.

"In Sabbath school, sir," was the simple answer.

"And you don't suppose there is a happy land?" he exclaimed, heedless of the many eyes upon him.

"I know there is; I'm going to sing there," said the girl, with a decided, that the mere sound of each other."

"Going to sing there?"

"Yes, sir. My mother said so. She used to sing to me, till all was well. Then she died, and I didn't want to sing any more on earth, but up in heaven."

"Well, and what then?"

"And then she died, my little girl, you may live, know."

"O, am not so, sir! (very quickly)—I'd rather go there, and be with mother. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side, and ought as sick. There won't be any pain up there, sir; it's a beautiful world!"

"How do you know?" faltered on the lips of the sceptic.

"My mother told me so."

Words how impressive!—mane had chid-like, and you how wise!

John Harvey had a passing smile, and then the astonished child laid in her little pains more misery than she ever knew before.

"Her father is a poor, consummate organist," whispered one. "I suppose he's too sick to eat to-night."

A hand, dark and hollow, all overgrown with hair, black as night, and uncrowned—a pair of wild eyes—a body bent nearly double—had like claws.

"Did he give you all this, Carlotta?"

"They all did, father; when you shall have died."

"I'm sick, you see."

He had been too weak to pull himself up, or lay down, sir! God bless you, sir! I wish I was well enough to play a tune, and be looked wistfully toward the organ, where the old organ, half-covered—lay in ruins.

"It's no matter," said John Harvey, with

difficulty. "I'll come and see you some other time," and he groped his way down town.

Treading innumerable paces, they came to the gloomy building where lived Carlotta's father.

Not lied there; for as they passed a house, out came two or three men, bearing a pine coffin. In the coffin, (the top nailed down so that no mender might open it, provided there had been any such,) slept the old organ.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman, who recognized him as her father. "Yesterday the little girl was taken sick, and it seemed as if she dropped right away. He died at six, last night."

The two men went silently up stairs. The room was empty of everything but a bed, a chair, and a piano provided by John Harvey.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman, who recognized him as her father. "Yesterday the little girl was taken sick, and it seemed as if she dropped right away. He died at six, last night."

The two men went silently up stairs. The room was empty of everything but a bed, a chair, and a piano provided by John Harvey.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman, who recognized him as her father. "Yesterday the little girl was taken sick, and it seemed as if she dropped right away. He died at six, last night."

The two men went silently up stairs. The room was empty of everything but a bed, a chair, and a piano provided by John Harvey.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman, who recognized him as her father. "Yesterday the little girl was taken sick, and it seemed as if she dropped right away. He died at six, last night."

The two men went silently up stairs. The room was empty of everything but a bed, a chair, and a piano provided by John Harvey.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman, who recognized him as her father. "Yesterday the little girl was taken sick, and it seemed as if she dropped right away. He died at six, last night."

The two men went silently up stairs. The room was empty of everything but a bed, a chair, and a piano provided by John Harvey.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman, who recognized him as her father. "Yesterday the little girl was taken sick, and it seemed as if she dropped right away. He died at six, last night."

The two men went silently up stairs. The room was empty of everything but a bed, a chair, and a piano provided by John Harvey.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman, who recognized him as her father. "Yesterday the little girl was taken sick, and it seemed as if she dropped right away. He died at six, last night."

The two men went silently up stairs. The room was empty