

The Sabbath Recorder.

EDITED BY GEO. B. UTTER AND THOS. B. BROWN.

"THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."

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The Sabbath Recorder.

PERSONAL PERFECTION.

It is only by placing before ourselves the highest standard of excellence, that we may expect to rise even above mediocrity. And though we may be convinced that no real perfection can be attained in this life, yet how glorious the thought, that we possess within us germs of an immortal growth, which, if properly nurtured, will eventually lead us to perfection. As the mirror reflects the image before it, so the heart reflects the character of the ideal it looks upon. Again, the longings of the soul within, are but the indications of its future attainments. Hence how important that our attention be directed to the highest model.

We might more properly denominate our theme *Personal Culture*, for all individual perfection must be the result of individual culture. And here we find our subject divides itself into three distinct parts—*Physical, Mental, and Moral*.

To preserve the health of the system is nature's first law. The proper and full development of all the physical functions of our being should be regarded the first and important duty of self-culture—for it is the foundation of all other improvement. As the plant derives its nourishment and vigor from the soil in which it is placed, so the mind derives its strength and means of growth from the body; and if the earth be weak, and destitute of its fertilizing influence, the plant cannot thrive, though the light of heaven may freely shine upon it, and the skies distil in profusion their invigorating dews—so, too, if the body be impaired, deprived of full and perfect development, the mind must ever remain feeble, though bred in the halls of learning, where the Light of Literature may beam upon it, and Science pour forth its unnumbered teachings. The pleasures of sense, the clearness and accuracy of the understanding, and every enjoyment of the soul, depend, first of all, upon the healthy exercise of the physical laws of our nature. Again, in the arrangement of Providence, we are so happily created, that every impression of the mind and heart within, must find its expression in the outward senses. And thus "the eye is the true index of the soul." Every noble impulse, throbbing there, every great thought bursting into life, and every clear and brilliant perception of truth, finds its expression in that delicate organ; and if its power of manifestation be weakened by improper use, or by a violation of any of the physical laws, the emotions of the inward man, and the treasures of the mind, lose their greatest means of communication, and in a remarkable degree are as if they did not exist. Again, to what does the Orator owe his influence? All will say, to a great heart; but not altogether; otherwise, Demosthenes would not have made his home in a desolate cave, amid the roaring and confusion of the elements. The mind may conceive the grand thought, and the heart may imbibe it with a holy pathos, yet were it not for the clarion tones of the speaker, it would fall without impression. If, then, a brilliant eye and a thrilling voice are two important requisites in the attainment of eloquence, and if eloquence be the highest development of our nature, is not attention to health the first grand step of self-culture? It is a deplorable fact, that too many of those who might otherwise have become the brightest lights in the literary firmament, have gone tottering to the grave, ere the star of their glory had arisen to public view. A neglect of the simplest duties of life, had cut them off in their youth, and defeated the accomplishment of their noble purposes.

But, from the physical, let us turn to the spiritual; and here it hardly seems proper to consider mental and moral culture separately, for so truly noble education of the one can exist without the other. Yet there is a mental training which gives power, even where the faculties of the soul may not have their proper exercise. Had the heart of Napoleon received the highest order of cultivation, and had he recognized the true destiny of life, the combined nations of Europe might have to-day been enjoying the blessings of freedom. But that bright luminary has passed away, radiating throughout the world the splendors of a mind made powerful by the force of long and untiring discipline. In the pursuit of Mental Perfection, development and discipline are also sufficient. By development we mean the inducing to action all the faculties of the mind. Each should be cultivated in due proportion, and none receive undue importance at the sacrifice of others. We have heard of a memory so retentive as to be able to rehearse literally the whole contents of the Bible; others, having this faculty so highly cultivated as to carry with them the dates and details of every occurrence recorded on the page of history, yet with reasoning powers so dormant as not to be able to use these great resources to the least possible advantage. Some perceive all objects through the eyes of the imagination, furnishing no aliment to their minds, save what they find in the works of

fiction and the wanderings of their own fancy, never subjugating themselves to patient and diligent investigation. Others indulge their imagination so slightly, that all their exhibitions are cold and lifeless. This, then, is a true development of our intellectual gifts, which consists in cultivating each with a just proportion, that all our powers may be prepared for action, and combine in glorious harmony. While, by calling out all our faculties, true development can only be obtained, yet habitual and laborious exercise can alone make them powerful—this, then, is the force of discipline. As the war-horse, by careful training, becomes fitted to act an important part in the hour of conflict, so the mind, by rigid and unyielding application, becomes obedient to the dictates of the will; and he who has truly learned how to study, has made great advancement in the progress of mental culture. Too much stress cannot be placed upon the importance of probing every mystery and removing every difficulty that may best us in our educational career. Truly did the heathen philosopher remark, that the gods have given nothing useful to mortals without great labor; while history and reason furnish us with the solacing truth, that the ordinary mind, empowered with a thorough education, is far better fitted to fill any responsible calling in life than the brightest genius without mental discipline.

But before leaving this part of our theme, we must pause to notice one truth which is the foundation of all durable advancement. The most valuable results must always be the prompting of the highest motives—and the purest and strongest motive which can impel the student to continued action, is the greatest possible cultivation of the mind. All objects of worldly ambition, to gratify the hopes of parents, to attain popular and influential positions in future life, to gain a superiority over a zealous rival, are, without something lying back of them, all unworthy of the great effort. A spirit of just emulation is commendable; for did not the noble deeds of others kindle within us a desire after superiority, our energies would be too seldom aroused to action. All of these are great aids to the grand moving power, but not to be depended upon alone. They influence us now and then, but exert no constant force. And that student, who has no other motive to intellectual culture than the gratification of ambitious longings, will be visited during his academic career by fearful misgivings of the course he has adopted. While triumphs and defeats alternately meet him, and his prospects of future honor frequently fade away, he will be fatally solicited to turn in despondency from the path before him. But should he even survive these changing emotions, and hope lead him on, disappointments will lower around him; and, with his soul lacerated with the bitter pangs of unwarded merit, will at last fail of his purpose. An Achilles may fight the battles, but an Agamemnon may bear away the prize. But if one's motives be the highest development of his intellectual faculties, there are no mortifications or beclouded prospects to check his onward growth. There is no failure to such an one. Every effort is a triumph, so much knowledge gained from the domain of ignorance, so much fresh power added to the mind. He has a spirit within, that suffers no change, but exerts its influence powerfully and steadily, even to the end. It was the embodiment of this idea that caused the sun of Newton's life to grow brighter as it approached its cloudless horizon.

Yet the lives of an Alexander, a Caesar, and a Charlemagne, should teach us there is a beauty which personal perfection requires, that human power cannot achieve. These heroic spirits, like lurid meteors, shot athwart the Eastern sky, but they radiate a crimson hue. The monuments of their deeds cannot swell the soul with emotions of holy reverence. The illustrious notes of Byron chant a mournful dirge over the departure of truth and innocence. Yet in these sad exhibitions of wasted powers there is much to admire. We seldom, if ever, see combined in a single individual all the virtues of humanity. And as the painter, in tracing out his model of perfected beauty, must select from one character an expressive eye, from another a rosyate complexion or a graceful figure; so, would you design a model of human grandeur, blend the indomitable will of a Napoleon, and the tender susceptibilities and poetic imagery of a Shelley, with the philosophy of a Bacon, and underlay them all with the love of Christ, and you have a character, if not the greatest in one direction, yet complete in itself, for it possesses a due proportion of all virtues. This characteristic, then, that lends the crowning grace to physical and mental culture, is the exhibition of a spirit of genuine love. This spirit embraces all that is purely human within us, and all that is ennobling without. It is confined to no party or creed, but it opens the door of the inner sanctuary, that God himself may enter. That was a noble act of the Roman centurion, when he plunged the dagger into the heart of his daughter, to preserve her honor inviolate. The anxious solicitude of a fond sister for the fate of her erring and dissolute brother, is a mark of genuine love. But it is a mark of higher benevolence still, when the patriot turns from the companion of his heart, and sacrifices his happiness, and endures unmitigated toil, for the welfare of his country. Paul's life is a sublime record of benevolence. But that was the most disinterested love that drew the Saviour from his celestial home, and the association of angels, to die for a world of humanity. There is a moral beauty in that sacrifice, that neither human eye nor the piercing vision of angelic host can fully measure. And yet, would we aspire for moral perfection, it is this kind of benevolence that must come welling up from the fountains of our hearts. What a sublime position for humanity to attain! There is no envy there, for envy has no place in a generous mind. Neither will the poisoned arrows of malevolence destroy its peace, for the object of their aim is beyond their reach. But while it bespeaks emotions of kindness toward all, loving spirits will through around, to enjoy its holy influence. What is there that we ever love except for its purity and loveliness? Our admiration is ex-

cited when we hear the tones of the angry storm-cloud, and the earth trembles beneath it. We wonder at the heroic deeds of those who have attained the highest niche of human glory; but yet we love the playful tones of the infant, for they bespeak an amiable heart. The last prayer of the Christian martyr, exclaiming for the cause of truth, supplicating heaven to save his cruel murderers, is a touching example of genuine love. The world has seen few such spirits, but enough to prove our theme a reality. Socrates, living in a heathen age, with nought but the light of nature to guide his soul upward, has taught us a lesson of philanthropy. Luther's life was one of hardships and sufferings; but the high approbation of posterity has amply atoned for the offering, while his purified spirit has gone to gain a brighter reward. It were well would we commune with these noble dead, for by studying their characters we might be induced to emulate their virtues.

How glorious the pursuit of personal culture, and how certain the reward! And yet how many, with gifted minds, and hearts susceptible of the highest delight, whose glorious goodness should be heard and praised throughout all the world, have gone down the tide of time, leaving no mark behind them, save the demoralizing effects of a dissolute life. And how many of the present day are concealing beneath a dark pall of sensuality, powers that might reform the world—jewels that might glitter with ever increasing brilliancy in an immortal crown. There is a glory hovering about that one who has for his motive the highest development of his immortal nature. And though the honors of the great may not deck his brow in this life, yet he grieves not; for the object of his pursuit is fraught with sufficient interest to fill his soul. And though nations may not watch over his departing spirit, yet angels will, and bear it to the bosom of divine love.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying your commands, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment, should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under like circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow tale-bearing.
14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.
15. Guard them against the indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT SCHOOLS.

DUTIES OF PARENTS TO SCHOOLS.

1. Parents should send their children to school constantly and seasonably.
2. They should see that their children are decently clothed, and cleanly in their persons.
3. They should encourage them to respect and obey the rules and requirements of the school.
4. They should encourage them to be orderly in their deportment, and studiously to regard right.
5. They should encourage them to be studious, by manifesting an interest in their lessons.
6. They should have a regard for the character of the books their children read, and see that they read understandingly.
7. They should cultivate in their children habits of true politeness and courtesy.
8. Besides visiting with the teacher, they can do much for its improvement and success, by manifesting, at all proper times and in all proper places, an interest in its welfare, and a deep solicitude for its reputation; by speaking well of the teacher and of all his judicious plans; by palliating or excusing his faults or failings, (of which every teacher must be expected to have some,) and by inducing their neighbors to visit the school and take an interest in its exercises; thus showing to their children, in the most convincing manner, that they feel that their present employment is an important one, and that the duties of school are not to be regarded as of little consequence.

DUTIES OF CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.

1. Scholars should be constant in their attendance at school.
2. They should always endeavor to be at school in season.
3. They should have a strict regard to all the regulations of the school.
4. They should be studious, and improve all their time to the best possible advantage.
5. They should be honest in regard to their lessons.
6. They should be neat and orderly in their personal appearance and habits.
7. They should avoid the use of profane and improper language.
8. They should always speak and act the truth.
9. They should be kind and pleasant to their companions, and to all with whom

they have intercourse. 10. Their deportment in the street and elsewhere should be orderly and becoming. 11. They should love God and keep his commandments.

Should every scholar in all our schools faithfully perform these duties, not one would require punishment, or even a reprimand during the present winter. How delightful a place would the school-room be, what a pleasant employment would that of the teacher prove, and with what alacrity would all the scholars resort to school and engage in their duties, if all were aiming to discharge these duties to the best of their ability!

[Ohio Journal of Education.]

"SEEM NOT—BE."

BY MIRA.

Are there words, whose wealth of meaning
May excel these, "Seem not—be?"
Or from which is brighter gleaming
All that's truthful, noble, free?
Can you, in this world of ours,
Buildings find, that have the art
To expand in brighter flowers,
"Moss the green leaves of the heart?"
Fair youth, with the world before thee,
And the light of love around,
While young hope is bending o'er thee,
Whispering words of sweetest sound—
Thou who lovest the world and noble,
But dost covet worldly fame—
Oh, beware! lest thy ambition
Teach thee wisdom but in name.
Maiden, with the brow of beauty,
And the voice of witching tone,
Now be true to the beloved, and truly—
Cherish for thyself alone!
Then away with idle seeming;
Cast aside earth's hollow show,
Cherish thoughts whose fairer beaming,
Shall o'er all thy nature glow.
Middle-aged, who you are wrestling
With the sternities of life,
On whose anxious souls are resting
Heavy burdens, pain and strife—
Upward look, and ever faithful
To the trusts reposed in thee,
Wear never of the rightful;
Steadfast, noble, manly be.
Youthful, aged, son of pleasure,
Man of God, or child of earth,
You possess the richest treasure
In your love for things of worth;
Now be true to the beloved, and truly—
To be all that you rever,
Let your utmost soul be feeling
That you are indeed sincere.
Brother, sister, whate'er name,
Your life's station, "seem not—be;"
Let the gleam of falsehood never
Dim the light of truth in thee;
For thy guiding star, take duty;
With a satellite of love;
And know this, that peace and beauty
Shall attend thy path above.

[Salem Free Press.]

A DOLLAR ON THE CONSCIENCE.

"Fifty-five cents a yard, I believe you said?" The customer was opening her purse. Now fifty cents a yard was the price of the goods, and so Mr. Levering had informed the lady. She misunderstood him, however. In the community, Mr. Levering had the reputation of being a conscientious, high-minded man. He knew that he was thus estimated, and self-complacently appropriated the good opinion as clearly his due.

It came instantly to the lip of Mr. Levering to say, "Yes, fifty-five." The love of gain was strong in his mind, and ever ready to accede to new plans for adding dollar to dollar. But, ere of words were uttered, a disturbing perception of something wrong restrained him. "I wish twenty yards," said the customer, taking it for granted that fifty-five cents was the price of the goods.

Mr. Levering was still silent; though he commenced promptly to measure off the goods. "Not dear at that price," remarked the lady. "I think not," said the store-keeper. "I bought the case of goods, from which this piece was taken, low."

"Twenty yards at fifty-five cents! Just purse as she thus spoke, and counted out the sum in glittering gold dollars. "That is right, I believe," and she pushed the money toward Mr. Levering, who, with a kind of automatic movement of his hand, drew forward the coin, and swept it into the till. "Send the bundle to No. 300 Argyle-st.," said the lady, with a bland smile, as she turned from the counter and the half-bewildered store-keeper. "Stay, madam! there is a slight mistake!" The words were in Mr. Levering's thoughts, and on the point of gaining utterance, but he had not the courage to speak. He had gained a dollar in the transaction beyond his due, and already it was lying heavily on his conscience. Willingly would he have thrown it off; but when about to do so, the quick suggestion came, that in acknowledging to the lady the fact of her having paid five cents a yard too much, he might falter in his explanation, and thus betray his attempt to do her a wrong. And so he kept silence, and let her depart beyond recall.

Any thing gained at the price of virtuous self-respect, is acquired at too large a cost. A single dollar on the conscience may press so heavily as to bear down a man's spirits, and rob him of all the delights of life. It was so in the present case. Vain was it that Mr. Levering sought self-justification. Argue the matter as he would, he found it impossible to escape the smarting conviction that he had unjustly exacted a dollar from one of his customers. Many times through the day he found himself in a musing, abstracted state, and on rousing himself therefrom, became conscious in his external thought that it was the dollar by which he was troubled.

over, he usually returned to his own fireside with buoyant feeling. It was not so on this occasion. There was a pressure on his bosom—a want of self-satisfaction. The kiss of his wife, and the clinging arms of his children, as they were twined around his neck, did not bring the old delight.

"What is the matter with you this evening, dear? Are you not well?" inquired Mrs. Levering, breaking in upon the thoughtful mood of her husband, as he sat in unwonted silence.

"I'm perfectly well," he replied, rousing himself, and forcing a smile. "You look sober."

"Do I?" Another forced smile. "Something troubles you, I'm afraid."

"O no; it's all in your imagination."

"Are you sick, papa?" now asks a bright little fellow, clambering upon his knee.

"Why, no, love, I'm not sick. Why did you think so?"

"Because you don't play horse with me."

"Oh dear! Is that the ground of your suspicion?" replied the father, laughing.

"Come! we'll soon scatter them to the winds."

And Mr. Levering commenced a game of romps with the children. But he tired long before they grew weary, nor did he, from the beginning, enter into this sport with his usual zest.

"Does your head ache, pa?" inquired the child who had previously suggested sickness, as he saw his father leave the floor, and seat himself, with some gravity of manner, on a chair.

"Not this evening, dear," answered Mr. Levering.

"Why don't you play longer, then?"

"Oh, pa! exclaimed another child, speaking from a sudden thought, "you don't know what a time we had at school to-day."

"Ah! what was the cause?"

"Oh! you'll hardly believe it. But Eddy Jones stole a dollar from Maggy Enfield!"

"Stole a dollar!" ejaculated Mr. Levering. His voice was husky, and he felt a cold chill passing along every nerve.

"Yes, pa! he stole a dollar! Oh, wasn't it dreadful?"

"Perhaps he was wrongly accused," suggested Mrs. Levering.

"Emma Wilson saw him do it, and they found the dollar in his pocket. Oh! he looked so pale, and it made me almost sick to hear him cry as if his heart would break."

"What did they do with him?" asked Mrs. Levering.

"They sent for his mother, and she took him home. Wasn't it dreadful?"

"It must have been dreadful for his poor mother," Mr. Levering ventured to remark.

"But more dreadful for him," said Mrs. Levering. "Will he ever forget his crime and disgrace? Will the pressure of that dollar on his conscience ever be removed? He may never do so wicked an act again, but the memory of this wrong deed cannot be wholly effaced from his mind."

How rebukingly fell all these words on the ear of Mr. Levering! Ah! what would he not then have given to have the weight of that dollar removed? Its pressure was so great as almost to suffocate him. It was all in vain that he tried to be cheerful, or take an interest in what was passing immediately around him. The innocent prattle of his children had lost its wonted charm, and there seemed an exuding expression in the eye of his wife, as, in the concern his changed aspect had occasioned, she looked soberly upon him. Unable to bear all this, Mr. Levering went out, something unusual for him, and walked the streets for an hour. On his return, the children were in bed, and he had regained sufficient self-control to meet his wife with a less disturbed appearance.

On the next morning, Mr. Levering felt something better. Sleep had left his mind more tranquil. Still there was a pressure on his feelings, which thought could trace back to that unlucky dollar. About an hour after going to his store, Mr. Levering saw his customer of the day previous enter, and move along towards the place where he stood behind his counter. His heart gave a sudden bound, and the color rose to his face. An accusing conscience was quick to conclude as to the object of her visit. But he soon saw that no suspicion of wrong dealing was in the lady's mind. With a pleasant, half-recognition, she asked to look at certain articles, from which she made purchases, and in paying for them, placed a ten dollar bill in the hand of the store-keeper.

"That weight shall be off my conscience," said Mr. Levering to himself, as he began counting out the change due to his customer; and, purposely, he gave her one dollar more than was justly hers in that transaction. The lady glanced her eyes over the money, and seemed slightly bewildered. Then, much to the store-keeper's relief, opened her purse, and dropped it therein.

"All right again!" was the mental ejaculation of Mr. Levering, as he saw the purse disappear in the lady's pocket, while his breast expanded with a sense of relief.

"or give it to the first beggar that comes along." But conscience whispered that the dollar wasn't his, either to give away or to throw away. Such prodigality, or impulsive benevolence, would be at the expense of another, and this could not mend the matter.

"This is all squeamishness," said Mr. Levering, trying to argue against his convictions. But it was of no avail. His convictions remained as clear and rebuking as ever.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Mr. Levering went to church, as usual, with his family. Scarcely had he taken a seat in his pew, when on raising his eyes, they rested on the countenance of the lady from whom he had abstracted the dollar. How quickly his cheek flushed! How troubled became, instantly, the strings of his heart! Unhappy Mr. Levering! He did not make the usual responses, that day, in the sermon, and when the congregation joined in the swelling song of praise, his voice was not heard. Scarcely a word of the eloquent sermon reached his ears, except something about "dealing justly;" he was too deeply engaged in solving the question whether or no he should get rid of the unwholesome dollar by dropping it into the contribution box, at the close of the morning service, to listen to the words of the preacher. This question was not settled when the box came round. But this disposition of the money proved only a temporary palliative. There was still a pressure on his feelings; still a weight on his conscience that gradually became heavier. Poor man! What was he to do? How was he to get this dollar removed from his conscience? He could not send it back to the lady and tell her the whole truth. Such an exposure of himself would not only be humiliating, but hurtful to his character. It would be seeking to do right in the infliction of a wrong to himself.

At last Mr. Levering, who had ascertained the lady's name and residence, inclosed her a dollar, anonymously, stating that it was her due; that the writer had obtained it from her unjustly, in a transaction which he did not care to name, and could not rest until he had made restitution.

Ah! the humiliation of spirit suffered by Mr. Levering in thus seeking to get ease for his conscience! It was one of his bitterest life experiences. The longer the dollar remained in his possession, the heavier became its pressure, until he could endure it no longer. He felt not only disgraced in his own eyes, but humiliated in the presence of his wife and children. Not for worlds would he have suffered them to look into his heart.

If a simple act of restitution could have covered all the past, happy would it have been for Mr. Levering. But this was not possible. The deed was entered in the book of his life, and nothing could efface the record. Though obscured by the accumulating dust of time, now and then a hand sweeps unexpectedly over the page, and the writing is revealed. Though that dollar has been removed from his conscience, and he is now guiltless of wrong, yet there are times when the old pressure is felt with painful distinctness.

Earnest seeker after this world's goods, take warning by Mr. Levering, and beware how, in a moment of weak yielding, you get a dollar on your conscience. One of two evils must follow. It will give you pain and trouble, or callous the spot where it rests. And the latter of those evils is that which is most to be deplored. [Godey's Lady Book.]

MOSES—HIS MORAL GREATNESS.

In respect to his moral endowments, Moses has not always been justly appreciated. The stern lawgiver was not all sternness. Even his violent passions, for such undoubtedly he had, did not break forth at his own personal wrongs. He thought for his nation and for his trust far more than for himself, and in his treatment of the Egyptian oppressor and the rebels of his own camp, there is a disinterested grandeur in his very vehemence. The poems that bear his name are wonderful alike for their tender humility and exalted confidence. He leaned upon a sovereign power as a lowly and faithful servant, and thus performing his work as under divine guidance, he was brave and bold in his very meekness, strong not to do his own will, but the Lord's. There is more truth than in these days has been generally allowed in the old primer that called Moses the meekest of men. Humility is not the pliant, supple thing that the superficial suppose it to be. Columbus was humble, when refusing to sacrifice to the ridicule of the multitude the belief which he believed providentially given, that a new world awaited his adventurous fleet. Luther was humble when, lifting up the Bible before the Imperial Diet, he refused to recant, and stood boldly upon the ground of the New Testament against royal threats and Papal anathemas. Paul was humble, when, at Athens, and before Agrippa, and at Rome, he boldly professed his allegiance to Christ, and confirmed his allegiance at last under the executioner's sword. What, indeed, is humility, but the surrender of man's will to the Divine will—a surrender that may give proof of itself now in lowly penitence and prayer, and now in bold confession and heroic daring?

Moses was the civil and religious counselor, and this office shows the nature of his mind, the greatness of his influence. To him belongs the high dignity of devoting his life to a sacred aim, whose results only ages could exhibit. Of those previous to Christ, his names stand first among the leaders, lawgivers, and prophets of our race. How noble he appears in his anticipations of the greater than himself, and of the age better than his own! He claimed not to know all of God's will, nor to have exhausted the Divine light. His face, so generally associated with stern command and imperious law, beamed not seldom with yearning for a brighter day. The lawgiver should stand before us, not in the arrogance of self-complacent righteousness, but with an humble longing for a blessed time beyond his own best achievement—a time to follow dark centuries of idolatry and degradation with ages of peace and virtue above aught that his own eyes had seen. His character was not unlike the rock which he smote in the desert. [Osgood.]

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Business Notice.—The Seventh-day Baptist Publishing Society has been in operation nearly five years—long enough, certainly, to carry on the publishing business without a thorough settlement of accounts. Such a settlement we intend to have before the close of the present volume of the Sabbath Recorder. An Agent has been engaged for the purpose, who will enter upon his work about the first of February. Those indebted to the establishment need not be in any doubt as to the amount of their indebtedness, inasmuch as bills have been sent them each year. What we wish now to say to them is, that in all cases where small direct, or through our local agents, the accounts will be squared on our books. In all cases where payment is delayed until the Agent calls, fifty cents per year will be added, according to the Agent's call, fifty cents per year will be added, according to our published terms. Promptness will save the trouble and expense of a call on an agent.

THE DUTY OF EVERY CHRISTIAN TO PREACH THE GOSPEL—AGAIN.

Our readers must have discovered, from our remarks last week, that our idea of preaching the gospel, as enjoined by Christ in the Great Commission, is somewhat different from the popular one. We suppose the gospel is preached, whenever Christ is presented to perishing sinners as an all-sufficient Saviour. It makes no difference whether this is done in the way of a set discourse to a public assembly, or in the way of a fire side conversation—whether to a company regularly gathered for the purpose, or to a little group casually met with—whether by ordained ministers, or by those who are not recognized in the character of ministers—whether by men, or by women—whether by white persons, or by those of dark skin—whether by slaves in bondage, or by those who glory in being free. Any kind of communication, which conveys in clear and intelligible language to a perishing sinner his need of a Saviour, and that Jesus is the very Saviour he needs, is preaching the gospel to him. And this is just what Christ meant, when he said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

According to this view, it is not necessary, in order that one may preach the gospel, that he be able to instruct believers in Christian doctrine. It is only necessary that he bear witness to the simple fact, that Christ is risen from the dead, with power to save. As the word preach means simply to proclaim—to announce, or publish—and as the word gospel means simply good news—that is, the good news that Christ, once crucified for sins, is risen from the dead, with power to save to the uttermost of all that come to God by him—so the Commission, rightly interpreted, means nothing more nor less than this:—"I, Jesus, that was dead, am alive again; all power in heaven and in earth is vested in me; go, you that love me, tell the good news to every body. Now, is not any one capable of fulfilling a commission thus simple? Is not the humblest disciple in the church capable of doing it? Is it necessary that he be specially called and ordained to the work, the same as if he were to be invested with the pastorship or oversight of a church? No, it is a simple story, that any body can tell; and if told in sincerity and earnestness, Christ will bless the telling of it.

Yet of this kind of preaching very little is done; and if any of it is done, the people, for the most part, do not understand it. For their own part, they calculate to live honestly, to show kindness to the distressed, labor in useful callings, and upon the ordinances of religion, and do not think of the way of recommending religion indirectly; but if any thing is to be said about Christ in the way of a direct appeal to the unconverted, it is the minister's business, not theirs.

We are firmly persuaded, that this indirect method of preaching Christianity will never suffice to develop the power of this system. And if the Church contents herself with it, few and limited will be the triumphs of Truth. Satan will continue to hold the world in bondage, as he now does. The reasons of our persuasion are these:—

1. It is not in accordance with the divine plan. It is God's plan, that sinners shall be saved through the preaching of Christ crucified. 1 Cor. 1: 18. Rom. 1: 16. And any scheme which leaves out this great doctrine, or even puts it in the background, is offensive to Him. He cannot attend it with his blessing, and who is mad enough to suppose, that any scheme will succeed without His blessing? If we believe that the carnal mind is enmity against God—if we believe that the heart is corrupt, and fully set to do evil—we cannot suppose that men would be persuaded by arguments whatever to change their course, unless those arguments were accompanied with a divine influence, making them see and feel the evil of sin, and that there is a way in which they can be pardoned. But this divine influence is inseparable from the gospel. It accompanies no scheme which ignores, or undervalues, the great doctrine of Atonement. This doctrine must be made prominent. It must be set forward, and made first, in every scheme which aims at the salvation of the world. We may be unable to see why it should always be made so prominent, and may therefore think it foolish to be forever holding it forth as the beginning and end of all reformatory effort. We may think it would be wiser to go to the work in another manner. But God has determined otherwise; and we may rest assured, that His blessing will accompany the scheme which He has determined upon, and not the one which human wisdom dictates.

Now, we suppose that Christians, for the most part, at least so many of them as our remarks are likely to reach—would reply, that they have no disposition to undervalue

the Atonement, and could by no means reject it, as an unimportant doctrine of Scripture. Theoretically, perhaps, this is true. But an orthodox theory, floating somewhere in the upper regions of the head, but not coming down low enough to influence the heart, and (by consequence) the "issues of life," is of little account. What is the practical system of Christians? What is that which they habitually act out? They (that is, the better portion of them) do indeed show their good works—they are careful to display their regard for righteousness in all their dealings with mankind—but, for any thing that ever passes their lips, no one would ever know whether this righteousness were the fruit of their faith in Christ, or merely the result of a good education. And they confine themselves strictly to this indirect method of recommending Christianity, that the doctrine of Atonement is seldom, or never, heard from them. They do not preach the gospel. Christ crucified is practically ignored in all their attempts to influence the lives of their fellow creatures. It is set forth only in the minister's sermons.

But the minister's sermons do not make the doctrine prominent enough—that is, they are not sufficient to create in the mind of the community a conviction, that the whole body of Christians is alive to its importance. The people need to hear the doctrine, not only from the minister, but from every church member. When they see the whole church zealous to make it known,—when they see this badge of discipleship worn by every member, and all striving to display it as the power which is to redeem the world, and the only power which can redeem it,—they can hold out no longer. An overturning follows at once, proving that nothing was gained, when Christians were ashamed to preach Christ, and that every thing is gained, when they are bold to proclaim him.

2. The ultimate tendency of this plan is to wear away the holiness of the church itself. We have said, and it is universally admitted, that holiness of conduct on the part of God's people is indispensable to the moral power of the church. But how is this holiness to be maintained? It must have something to feed upon; and sound reason would say, that the instrumentality which developed it in the first place, was necessary to perpetuate it. Now, it is the doctrine of Christ crucified, received by faith, that is the means of creating the soul anew in righteousness and true holiness. No person was ever made holy without it. And it is certain, as all experience proves, that growth in holiness is promoted only by constant meditations in, and actings of faith upon, the Great Atonement. This being so, would not the work of proclaiming to sinners the fullness of Christ as a Saviour, be the means of establishing believers themselves in holiness? Would it not make them more holy? For, certainly, the more their minds are occupied with that which first broke up the love of sin with themselves, the more holy they must become. And, conversely, the less they are thus occupied, the greater is the opportunity for sin to regain its ascendancy over them. Now, as most Christians habitually neglect to preach Christ to others, so their minds are not as constantly stirred up to the subject as they ought to be. What they hear from the minister on the Sabbath, joined with their own private exercises, is about all the stimulus they have. They have not excitement enough to keep their minds actively exercised upon Christ and Him Crucified. And what is the consequence? Why, just what might be expected. Their holiness wanes. Their zeal grows cold. They become worldly, prayerless, indifferent to the cause of God. Sin gets the ascendancy; selfishness begins to manifest itself in their actions; the world says of them, that there is little difference between them and those that make no profession. And, alas! it is too true.

Now, if there is such a power in the doctrine of Christ crucified as the word of Inspiration declares, and as every real Christian knows, it is worthy of being employed more extensively by the Church than it is now, and more extensively than it can be by the limited ministry under her control. "Would God, that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them!" T. B. B.

ADDITION TO "A NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC PRAYER."—The Sabbath Recorder of Dec. 15th contained the following:—

"Almighty and eternal God, who savest all, and wilt have none to perish, have regard to those souls who are led astray by the deceits of the devil, that, rejecting all errors, the hearts of those who err may be converted, and may return to the unity of Thy truth, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The proposed addition to the above prayer is:—

We mean, Lord, such as are "giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding [his priests] to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, [on Fridays, and during Lent, &c.] which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." Amen. 1 Tim. 4th chap.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY.—On the evening of Dec. 22d, the New England Society of the City of New York celebrated their 48th anniversary, and the 23d anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. A discourse was preached by Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., at the Church of the Puritans, Union Square. On the following evening, the Annual Dinner was given by the Society, at the Astor House, and was attended by a large number of distinguished descendants of New England, several of whom delivered addresses appropriate to the occasion.

SKETCHES FROM NOTES OF A TOUR THROUGH VIRGINIA AND OHIO.

Having made arrangements to meet the stage at the Post-Office at about 4 o'clock the next morning, I took lodgings about a quarter of a mile distant. Just as I was invited to sit down to a breakfast which had been prepared by the hand of that hospitality for which the people of this country are remarkable, the rumbling of an old-fashioned "Yankee" coach along the turnpike announced the arrival of my conveyance. I hastened on, accompanied by John Davis, Esq., my obliging host, as far as the river, (Middle Island,) which lay across my way. He "set" me over, in a little craft that is kept here for the purpose of shortening the path to "town," and I was soon at the Post-Office, where I waited for the tardy operation of changing the mail, &c., long enough to have eaten breakfast a number of times. We were, however, after a while, "under motion" for Parkersburgh. The distance is 56 miles. The turnpike runs, much of the way, through uninhabited portions of country, winding right and left, like a crawling serpent, as do all the ways here, for the purpose of securing an easier grade. The "Stage Houses" are mostly solitary log buildings.

On starting from the first of these stopping places to which we came, where we had an opportunity to breakfast, I chose a seat on the outside; which I found very convenient for the observation of whatever new or interesting appearance lay along our secluded way. Among the novelties, I noticed a nervous acting little reptile, wriggling along, which, on being described, my companionable "Jehu" said must be a scorpion.

There are venomous serpents of various kinds all through the country, but the people seem by no means to regard it a serious matter to be bitten by them. I saw not less than six or seven persons who had been bitten— one young man three times in the same foot, once by a rattlesnake, and twice by copperheads. One man, however, whom I saw in an almost helpless condition, attributed it, mostly, to the bite of a snake in the hand.

This man is one of a somewhat numerous family here, from New Jersey. Their ancestors were from Wales. His brother, Eld. Ezekiel Bee, of the Middle Island Church, told me that when a boy, before coming to Virginia, he had seen a very ancient manuscript history of the family, which he believed to be an abridgment of an older and more extended work. This history, he said, showed that the family were the descendants of Abraham; and though at a remote period they embraced Christianity, they had never forsaken the observance of the Sabbath. I think he said, also, that it referred to a time when Sabbath-keepers in Wales were very numerous. He is unable to tell where the manuscript is, but thinks that it fell to some branch of the family, formerly living in the eastern part of Pennsylvania. If it could be found, it would, perhaps, bring to light many interesting facts. May not some of the old people of New Jersey be instrumental in furnishing a clew to its discovery? If in existence, my informant says, it must be in the possession of those who do not now observe the Sabbath.

Some twenty miles from Parkersburgh, we passed what they call a burning spring. The driver stopped the coach and went with us to the spot. It is near the turnpike, on a high hill, and comes out from under a ledge of rock just reaching the surface. There are two apertures within a few feet of each other. The amount of water discharged is very small, and the escape of gas is attended with a constant bubbling. Some lighted paper was held near the water, instantaneously igniting the gas, which burned with an unsteady flame, as if its escape were at intervals, like breathing. The flame seemed also to be drawn in, as if there were a movement in opposite directions. We left it burning, which continues until it is by some means extinguished. A strong wind is sufficient for the purpose.

It was dark before we reached Parkersburgh, and the river was still so low that boats run with no regularity, none having passed, either way, for twenty-four hours. The landing, all along the Ohio, above Cincinnati, is effected by means of floating wharves. The "wharfboat" here being constructed with a view to lodging detained travelers, as boats were every hour expected, I determined to avail myself of this opportunity to be on hand, in case one should arrive. Having paid a "quarter" for the use of a berth, which might have been disposed of to the advantage of my successor in the purchase and use of "Lyon's Powder," I lay down; but not to sleep. About midnight I was aroused from a state of nervous abstraction by the shrill whistle of a boat for Cincinnati. I hurried down, and was soon on board, and under way.

The passage, until we reached the mouth of the Great Kanawha, was slow and tedious. The scenery along the river is not very attractive. There is, however, a marked difference, most of the way, in appearances of enterprise and thrift, in favor of the Ohio side. Almost all the landings were on that side. Among the interests that attract business here, besides agriculture, iron and coal seemed to be prominent. My two companions, one a Pennsylvanian, who had come with me from West Union, and the other the son of a Virginia slave-holder, who had met us at Parkersburgh, were very sociable men, and did much to abate the tediousness of the passage. The Pennsylvanian was a Presbyterian, and a plain husbandman. I had some conversation with him upon the subject of the Sabbath. He took a number

of the positions which are commonly taken, in justification of treating the first day of the week as Sabbath, and when I reviewed them; he frankly acknowledged that they did not stand the test of criticism. "But," said he, "if I could express it as I think, I believe, after all, it is right."

The view of Cincinnati, from the deck of a steamer upon the river above, is very fine. It seems to sit nestling on the "sunny side" of a gentle inclination, leaving its feet in the majestic Ohio; with a bold bluff for a screen, hung against the distant sky in the background.

My way, as far as I could proceed by railroad, was on the direct route from this place to Sandusky, on Lake Erie. I took the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad to the latter place, (where I left my two friends,) and the Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad to Huntsville. The country, especially between Cincinnati and Dayton, is exceedingly fine and beautiful.

Reached Huntsville about 11 o'clock P. M., and found that I was within twelve miles of Sabbath-keeping friends. The next morning I found the landlord willing, though not anxious, to go and carry me that distance for \$2 50. I thought I could better glorify God in walking the journey, than in paying that amount for the privilege of riding. I, however, found an opportunity to ride about four miles on the way, after which I shouldered my baggage, and set up an independent pedestrian line. The weather was oppressively warm, and when I reached Bro. Wm. Van Horn's, a distance of eight miles, I was glad to meet cordially and find a place to rest.

VOICE—UTTERANCE.

Each temperament is marked by its peculiarity of voice—of utterance. The lymphatic draws out, with a lazy, languid tone. The sanguine is sprightly and cheerful—words move lightly and animated. The nervous is quick, jerking, energetic, and generally without anything deep, rich, or sonorous in its utterance. The bilious gives a deep, full, energetic, bass voice. The endless intermingling of temperaments gives an endless variety of intonation.

Again, every state, desire, emotion, and feeling, creates a peculiarity of voice. Tranquillity, for instance, gives a gentle, easy flow of utterance. Dignity, solemnity, reverence, adoration, and all other sentiments producing respect or deliberation, are naturally expressed by a voice full, monotonous, and slow, with but slight and simple inflections. Gayety, facetiousness, eager argument, and earnest description, on the other hand, being opposite in character, require a sprightly, quick, natural utterance. Confidence, positiveness, authority, in affirming, denying, forbidding, reproving, commanding, denouncing, or defying, are indicated by the downward inflection of the voice, accompanied with energetic and forcible expression. Ill humor, discontent, petulance, rephing, vexation; and chagrin, have a kind of whining, snapping, snarling way of manifesting themselves, more easily experienced than described. Hate, wrath, rage, malice, revenge, vary in their manifestations, from the low, guttural, inarticulate mutterings, with compressed lip and clenched fist, to quick, aspirated, abrupt vociferations. Envy, jealousy, scorn, disgust, derision, mockery, and execration, are generally slow and guttural—sometimes tremulous and piercing. Mirth, jollity, are often quick and broken in expression—delight, joy, exultation, and rapture, are slower, more dignified. Apprehension, fear, secrecy, mystery, curiosity, suspicion, eagerness, and hope, are manifested by a suppressed aspiration, often amounting to a whisper—admiration, astonishment, amazement, are more forcible and emphatic. Penitence, submission, petition, supplication, tenderness, love, condolence, pity, grief, and sorrow, manifest themselves in a slow, soft, tremulous voice, each word commencing slowly, lightly, tremblingly, and swelling in soft, full proportions, then dying away as gradually and as softly. Pain, bodily or mental, is tremulous, aspirated, broken—often running up into great force and high pitch of voice, when the pain is excessive. Terror breaks forth with great force, amounting, frequently, to a scream. Apathy, irresolution, shame, fatigue, weakness, speak with a voice slow, faltering, and feeble.

With such indices, we may determine, very accurately, the peculiarity of mind, as well as the emotions, states and desires, prompting the utterance manifested. You hear a voice, perhaps, drawing out half-formed words, that seem to ooze from half-opened lips. It indicates a being stupid and lazy—a spirit dull and sluggish. You hear again a voice voluble and flippant—the exponent of a tongue running hap-hazard upon all subjects and on all occasions. You instinctively feel that such a person cannot be trusted with important matters; for words, being such a cheap commodity, he will, very innocently of course, tell all that he knows, and more too. The most important injunction to such a one is to request him to close the flood-gates of his mind, whence are flowing all of his senses. Listen, next, to that mellifluous voice, which sounds quietly and sweetly in your ear. Be assured that it is the voice of some gentle, quiet spirit, for such is not the utterance of rough, coarse, harsh spirits. A stranger voice of this stamp awakens an instinctive sympathy, from the fact that we take it as an index of his soul. Mark the contrast between such a voice, and that of a coarse, vulgar, ill-natured churl. Every word comes harsh and grating. His language seems to saw rather than cut into your soul. Who does not, on hearing

such a voice, shudder and shrink from too close approach? And why? Simply because you feel, assured that his voice is an exponent of his character. Notice, next, those clear, silvery-voices. They ring out joyous and free, indicating a happy union of the strong, the gentle, and refined. Be assured that on such an one you will find a happy, good-hearted spirit, whose mission it is to make all around happy. The characteristics of another voice have been noticed in the earliest ages. Homer says:—

"Still silence lulls the camp to peace, Thistles only clamored in the throng, Equivocal, loud and turbulent of tongue, Loved by no shame, by no respect controlled, In slander busy, in reproaches bold; With witty malice, studious to defame; Scorn all his joy, laughter all his aim."

There is another voice which sounds like the rumblings of distant thunder. The utterance is not rapid, perhaps, but comes as if backed up by some irresistible, some mighty impulse. Such characteristics are generally considered as indicative of depth, grasp, and power of intellect.

We mention one other voice, quite different from the last, but none the less marked. Every word is like the lightning's flash—every sentence comes like the quick clap of some earthward directed thunderbolt, bursting and shattering all opposing objects. Every drop of such a man's blood seems to contain what Faraday says every drop of water does—enough of electricity to burst the globe-end off of any house. Such men are the real go-ahead spirits, scaling walls, compassing land and sea, to accomplish their object. They are the regular high-pressure steam-engines, with a fifty pound weight upon each safety valve, and the steam hissing from every screw and jointure.

STREET-PREACHING IN NEW YORK.

The arrest of Mr. Parsons, while preaching in the open air in the eastern part of New York City, has been the occasion of much excitement and discussion. Now that the excitement is past, and the naked facts are understood, the whole matter resolves itself into a mistake. There is a very proper and necessary city ordinance, which forbids preaching in the streets without special license, which ordinance the police had been instructed to enforce. Mr. Parsons was preaching in a spar-yard, by permission of its owner, which he had a perfect right to do. But a policeman, who did not perceive the difference between preaching in the open air and in the street, supposing that the ordinance had been broken, made the arrest out of which grew so much excitement. On the one side it was charged that Mr. P. was arrested because he declaimed against the Catholics, and on the other, that he was arrested simply for a breach of the city ordinance. The facts began to be understood before the following Sunday, and this circumstance, in connection with the restraining influence of the Mayor's Proclamation, preserved the city from threatened outbreak.

Just at this time, when the subject of street-preaching and freedom of speech is under discussion, the following suggestions from the Independent are worthy of consideration. Speaking of the street preachers, that paper says:—

Such persons remind us that the Saviour and his Apostles preached in the open air, and in the streets and markets of the cities, and they would feel convicted of a grievous lack of boldness and fidelity, unless they or somebody should stand upon the reservoir on the Sabbath and split their throats and lungs against a northwester, or should clear up the doctrine of depravity amid the density of an East River fog. Now, to reason from the climate and the social usages of Palestine to our own, is simply absurd. Palestine is an open-air, out-door country. For many months of the year the people sleep upon the ground or the house-top, almost without covering. By day business is carried on to a great extent in the open air. The shops are out of doors—mere open stalls or niches along the sides of streets, which are commonly covered with some light roofing to keep off the sun. Sometimes they have not even this protection; and the chief market places, as at Gaza and at Joppa, are large open areas about the gates of the city. These are also chief places of concourse. There is not in any town in Palestine a hall for the purpose of public discussion. Excepting the mosques and the few churches, there are no places of public assembly; and in the time of Christ these were wanting. In Jerusalem the temple was then standing, and in one of its open cloisters our Saviour taught. The area of the temple, with the exception of the sanctuary itself, had no roof; neither had the theaters of Greece and Rome, of Herculaneum and Pompeii, any covering; neither has the vast modern arena at Milan. At Athens there was no covered hall in which Paul could address the multitude; Plato taught in an Academic grove; the supreme court of the Areopagus sat upon the summit of a rock hollowed out into a circular basin; Demosthenes spoke from a ledge of table rock surrounded with tiers of seats hewn from the same rock, and all open to the sun, in the sight of Pentilicus and Hymettus, and the Bay of Salamis, and the wide-spread Ægean. In the Agora, or on Mars Hill, or from the Pnyx, he must speak, if he spoke at all. Now to insist that because under the sky of Palestine and of Greece—where everything of a public nature was transacted in the open air—our Lord and his apostles preached in the open air, therefore we as faithful imitators of their example must preach out of doors in this changeable and killing climate, is like insisting that a convert on board the Arctic expedition shall be dipped through a seal-hole into polar-ice, because our Lord went down into the soft warm waters of the Jordan to receive baptism of John. Yet there are minds that would go to martyrdom for either of these imitative virtues.

Again, since in this city, where the climate favors meetings within doors, and for at least half the year forbids out-door assemblies as dangerous to health, there are provided churches, halls, lecture-rooms, saloons, of all shapes, sizes, and prices, for the accommoda-

tion of whoever may wish to preach and get hearers, it is absurd to speak of the prohibition of street preaching on the score of public quiet and order, as an infringement upon the rights of conscience and the freedom of discussion.

If Gavazzi hires Metropolitan Hall, and there denounces the Pope as the first child of the Devil, and Archbishop Hughes as his cousin-german, nobody has any right to interfere, by word, or gesture, or act. If Archbishop Hughes in the same place denounces Protestants as infidels, and lauds both the spiritual and temporal power of the Papacy as the grand conservator of popular freedom, no man has a right there to resent the unblushing lie. If either speaker were molested, it would be the duty of the police to preserve order, and to maintain the right of free speech even at the point of the bayonet. But if either of these gentlemen should attempt to enlighten the public in front of Metropolitan Hall, it would be the duty of the police to disperse the crowd, and if the speaker persisted, to arrest him for a breach of the peace. We go to the death for free discussion where free discussion belongs; but to obstruct the thoroughfares of a populous and busy city is a nuisance—an injury to business, to property, and perhaps to life—that cannot be tolerated, whether from a political speaker, a temperance lecturer, a crier of razor-strops and envelopes, an organ-grinder, or a preacher of the Gospel. Freedom of locomotion is a right as well as freedom of speech.

SEPARATING SLAVE FAMILIES.—The Richmond Enquirer is down on the Governor of Alabama for venturing to suggest, in a message to the Legislature, the enactment of a law to prevent the separation of husband from wife and parent from children in the sale of slaves. It says:—

"This recommendation strikes us as being most unwise and impolitic. If slaves are property, then should they be at the absolute disposal of the master, or be subject only to such legal provisions as are designed for the protection of life and limb. If the relation of master and slave be infringed for one purpose, it would be difficult to fix any limit to the encroachment. If the slaveholder yield one point to the demands of Abolition fanaticism, he will but embolden the spirit which he aims to conciliate, and will be driven to some more substantial concession."

BEQUEST.—Mr. Thomas Hanna, who died lately at Pittsburgh, Pa., gave \$1,000 each to the Bible, Tract, and Colonization Societies, the Foreign Missions and Home Missions of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, and to the Western Theological Seminary. He then directed that the remainder of his property—about \$600,000—should be divided into seven equal parts—an equal portion of which was bequeathed to each of his six children. The remaining part was left to the Presbytery of Monongahela of the Associate Reformed Church, with full power to devote it to objects of benevolence, not overlooking the Theological Seminary or the missionary cause.

CONSOLING, VERY.—Under the head of "Mistake," the N. Y. Tribune of Dec. 23d says:—

"W. S. writes us that he lately sent us a dollar (as a subscription) and a communication for our columns—that the dollar was retained and the paper sent, but the article not printed—wherefore he concludes that 'money is in better demand in your market than brains.' If that were true, it would not be amazing, as Editors are supposed to have more brains than money; but his conclusion is not justified by his premises. The money was genuine; the brains bogus."

SAILING OF MISSIONARIES.—The bark Lyman, for Calcutta, sailed from Boston on Monday, Dec. 12, having on board as passengers, Rev. J. L. Douglass, formerly pastor of the Baptist church in Fort Ann, N. Y., and Rev. A. R. R. Crawley, of Nova Scotia, and a graduate of Newton Theological Institution, Missionaries of the American Baptist Missionary Union to Burmah.

The Congregational Journal finds pleasure in the fact "of a growing conviction in the churches, of the necessity of increasing the support of their pastors, when the cost of the means of living has so perceptibly advanced. The Pearl Street church in Nashua voluntarily offered their minister, Rev. Mr. Adams, a salary of \$1200, which, we believe, is the largest paid in the State. The Congregational society in Quincy, Mass., recently added \$200 to the salary of their minister, Rev. Nelson Clark, with great unanimity."

At a meeting of the Manchester Bible Society, the Earl of Shaftesbury stated that he had recently learned, that of the 350 pick-pockets and burglars, at a meeting of whom, in London, he some time since presided, only fifty were now pursuing those callings. The reformation of the remainder had been effected by the Bible in the hands of a very humble man.

The friends of the Theological Seminary of Virginia will be glad to learn that the late Rev. James W. Cooke, the Secretary for Foreign Missions, left by his will his library of about 1000 volumes to the Seminary. The books are valuable, and just such as the students most need.

The Rev. R. G. Burleson, of Texas, who was appointed one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Bible Union declines the honor. He says: "After examining the question on both sides, and in all its bearings, I am profoundly penetrated, with the conviction, that its origin, progress, and results, are full of mischief and evil to our churches."

It is stated that thirty-nine Roman Catholics have publicly joined the National Church of Geneva; this was the result of a course of lectures on the errors of Popery, given by ministers of the Reformed faith, during last winter. It is proposed to commence a Religious Newspaper in Oregon, entitled the North Pacific Christian Advocate, about the 1st of March next. The fund collected for the benefit of the Madiai Family is to be invested in a government annuity on the joint lives of Francesco and Rosa Madiai, and on that of the survivor. The death of Rev. Dr. Symington, of Paisley, known as the author of a work on the Atonement, is announced in the foreign papers.

Miscellaneous. Rewards of Authorship. A work on International Copyright, written by H. C. Carey, in which he argues against the proposed treaty, has recently been published, and contains much information relative to the rewards of authorship, in Great Britain and America.

Far away beyond the South Pass, on the head waters of Gila River, lives John Bridger, a trapper of the plains and mountains for more than 40 years. It is admitted by all trappers that he is better acquainted than any living man with the intricacies of all the hills and streams that lose themselves in the great basins.

The Moquis. The proposition was accepted; and after providing themselves with dried meats and water, they struck right out into the heart of that great desert, where no white man has before or since trodden, and which the hardy mountaineers will only venture to skirt.

Sketch of a Business Man. Anson G. Phelps, recently deceased, bequeathed over half a million dollars to benevolent objects. Of the business transactions by which his large fortune was accumulated, we find the following account in one of our exchanges:—

China. The Chinese are, especially with reference to the past, emphatically a great people. When England was a mixture of swamp and forest, the kingdom of China was covered with towns and cities in a state of complete political and municipal government.

Fruit Trees. If fruit dwindles in size, and becomes defective and knotty, a scientific farmer knows that the earth needs phosphate of lime, one of the most necessary ingredients to a full and perfect development of fruit.

VARIETY.

An exchange tells the following anecdote of a Wisconsin lawyer, of superior natural talents, but rather deficient in early education. On one occasion he was attempting to fasten the charge of fraud upon an opponent.

Benjamin Smith, of Batavia, Ill., has invented certain improvements in reaping machines, on which he has applied for a patent. The invention consists in a new mode of elevating or depressing the sickle-bar, by means of which it is enabled to pass over any obstructions, and also in the employment of a pressure roller to prevent the grain or grass of an adjoining swath from being drawn into the fingers by the sickles.

A London paper states that a new method of painting has been discovered and employed by Horace Vernet. It consists in mixing the colors with olive oil. When the picture is painted, the back of the canvas is covered with a coating of fuller's earth, which draws the oil through and absorbs it entirely.

There is a man living in Constantia, Oswego County, named Bentley, aged 103 years, who is mentally and physically as fresh and sprightly as most men of middle age. From his appearance, no one would suppose him to be more than 50 or 60 years old.

During the last excavations made at Pompeii, several human skeletons, and one of a dog, were discovered, pressed one upon the other. Two gold rings, ornamented with cameos, were found on the fingers of the left hand of one of the skeletons.

The Journal of Commerce states that a Russian gentleman, residing in New York, had occasion, not long since, to bring to this country his overcoat, which was lined with sable, agreeable to Russian custom, and the duty assessed on it amounted to \$700, the garment being appraised at something like \$3000.

The Iowa Reporter says the emigration into that State this year is immense. The prairies of Illinois are lined with cattle and wagons pushing on for that prosperous State. The addition to the population from September 1st to December 1st, from emigration alone, is computed at 50,000.

Several months ago, a building in New York, the fifth story of which was overloaded with grain, fell to the ground, killing a man who was at work in the vicinity. The widow sued for damages in the loss of her husband, and obtained a verdict of \$4,000.

A former Mayor of Baltimore thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes, to having them darned: "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

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