

# 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.

### HISTORY OF THE CHANGE OF THE SABBATH.

BY JAMES A. BROWN, CLARION.

#### Prefatory Remarks.

Under a deep sense of responsibility does the author enter upon the discharge of what he esteems an important duty. And, at the outset, he is desirous to prevent if possible all misconception of the nature of his mediated office. The idea he entertains, then, of what is needed, imposes upon him no necessity of attempting to furnish a new general Eccelesiastical History. That at which he aims is rather to present, as God may enable and afford opportunity, such of the results of his investigations as are calculated to elucidate the means and the manner by which as first introduced, and afterwards consummated, the existing declension of the Church from the observance of the Seventh Day as the Christian Sabbath. As one of the means of recalling those who fear the Lord to a remembrance of the only sanctified and blessed day, by the correction of erroneous ideas that prevail as to the circumstances which led to such general departure from the commandment of the Lord, he has long contemplated seeking to bring more prominently into view, and into proper relation, some of the acknowledged facts which seem fitted to serve that purpose.

But, although satisfied of the truth of what he shall be called thus to present, the author is very conscious of the great imperfection chargeable upon the manner in which this will be effected. As qualifying for the proper accomplishment of the object sought, he claims few special advantages beyond a love of truth and a desire that his Saviour may be glorified. He has indeed turned up many a volume; but makes no pretension to having had access to peculiar sources of information. In such a case, especially, as an inquirer, he must be principally indebted for his information to the writings of those who have been in no degree favorable to the views here sought to be advanced, but who, led to a preference for the opposite, have themselves taken part in the apostasy bewailed, and whose connection in church communion, in most instances, had already induced them to regard with preference the first day of the week, as that which is to be sanctified. Yet, with all their prepossessions and imperfections, he conceives that patristic remains and early Ecclesiastical History exhibit with considerable clearness, when viewed from the Sabbath stand-point, the important facts which enable us to trace, with some degree of certainty, even the manner and progress of the deplorable change. The conviction of this, on the part of the writer, has often occasioned the more his regret that full use has not been made of the materials so furnished, by brethren more competent for the task—a regret which he expresses the more decidedly from a consciousness that his efforts are very far from having exhausted the subject. He has not even done what, in other circumstances, and with more leisure than his present avocations admit, he might fairly have hoped to accomplish. For he has not been enabled to realize his own conception of what might be achieved. For no inconsiderable period has his attention been directed to this department of Sabbath inquiry; still, to very many of the works he could have wished to consult he has not had the means of access. Generally, indeed, where his object has been attained, it has been chiefly by a more minute examination, in its connection, of information supplied by authors accessible to those disposed perseveringly to seek to elicit the truth from that by which it is overlaid. While, therefore, expressing regret at the disadvantages under which his inquiries have been prosecuted, he may be allowed to remind the impartial reader that whatever evidence is derived from such sources as those already indicated, must necessarily be regarded with less suspicion than if they had been received through a medium more favorable to the Sabbath cause. References will generally be given, that the bearing of the evidence adduced may be the more easily scrutinized, and that the legitimacy of the conclusions drawn may be determined; and in cases where matters of fact founded upon are likely to be questioned, the source from which such special information is derived will be the more carefully intimated. Whether he have succeeded or not, the writer has been anxious in all cases for the accuracy of what is advanced; and any failure in this respect would occasion to himself lasting sorrow.

Esteeming it as incumbent upon all who believe, to use whatever gifts they may have received in earnestly coming to the help of the Lord, it is the author's desire, from time to time, and according to the ability divinely vouchsafed, to contribute to the maintenance of His Sabbath cause. Either to aid or to encourage others capable of higher efforts to better results in the work of the same Lord and in the same field, will yield him true happiness; and he trusts that any such will be less disposed to do their part by supplying

what he may have omitted that is needful to be known, or by correcting where he may have erred.

The nature of the work, and the object which the writer has in view, will necessarily bring before the reader more of the failings than of the faith of some who on many accounts are worthy of being held in Christian esteem and grateful remembrance. But, while we cannot but grieve over the obvious aberrations even of those in whom may have been, in no inconsiderable measure, the image of Christ, and while we use as beacons their blemishes, we must not be unmindful of the peculiar temptations under which they may have fallen. And, especially, in charging upon the Church the guilt of forsaking one of the commandments of the Lord, the author will not be satisfied with pointing to the fact, or with exhibiting the evidence thereof; it will be his endeavor to trace the evil to its source, often unimportant as at first it might be deemed. For History is read to little purpose, if it be regarded only as a record of the doings of those of the days gone by, without seeking to turn the lessons thus afforded to present and personal account. It is therefore with the hope and desire that we ourselves may be taught more effectually the necessity of watchfulness to prevent the beginnings of sin, as well as instantly to remove whatever of it is perceived to have found a place unobserved, and in no spirit of imagined superiority, that we shall proceed to the painful investigation.

GLASGOW, April 14th, 1854.

For the Sabbath Recorder.

### UNIVERSAL PEACE—NO. 1.

BY C. ROLLIN BURDICK.

#### War and its Consequences.

To aid his fellow men in physical, moral, and intellectual development, is the true province of the writer of the nineteenth century. Light is streaming from above and all around, teaching men a holier and better way than has been pursued, almost universally, by nations in the adjustment of their political difficulties. To collect and condense, as in a sun-glass, some of these rays of light, and to bring them to bear upon a part of the human race, is the object of this essay. This light comes up from past history, gleams in the annals of present times, pours forth its full beams from the constitution of man and the economy of human society, and shines with still brighter rays from the pages of revelation. Peace and good will to men is written in pencillings of this glorious light, on the broad canvas of God's dispensations to man, both spiritual and temporal. It only remains for men to read it there, and to make a practical application of it, and the necessities of war will soon cease.

In view of the evils of war, it is truly painful to contemplate the fact that it has been the aim of many, and the result of still more of the works of both ancient and modern writers; in the language of the poet Virgil, "To arouse warriors with the brazen trumpet, and kindle up the battle with its blast." But such is not my ambition. I enter upon a more pleasing and glorious theme—the contemplation of peace—a hush from the din and commotion of war, after its clangor has rung throughout the world for so many centuries. 'Tis true, that the pictures of war which I shall present will be revolting, but we must look the evil in the face before we can cure it.

Man has been prone to blood and carnage, ever since Cain bathed his hands in fraternal blood. The world's history presents us with little less than one continual battle-field, from the beginning until the present day—contending parties fighting for the mastery—clan exterminating clan—petty state despoiling petty state—nations annihilating nations—empires swallowing up empires—cities sacked, and God's beautiful earth transformed into a gloomy and sterile desert, by the folly and wickedness of man. To present a full and complete history of war and its atrocities, would be little less than giving a full and complete history of man; and such a history would fill many hundred tomes. Therefore only a bird's-eye view can be presented in the space allotted to this subject.

Before the flood rolled its waters over the globe, and buried humanity in one common watery grave, we find man engaged in war and depredation, murder and carnage—"violence filling the earth." Indeed, this disposition was one of the grand causes of man's destruction by the deluge. But this tremendous outburst of indignation did not cure this deep-seated propensity. As soon as man gained a little power, he began to use it in war and aggression on those that were weaker. Plunder, and a thirst for military glory, have ever been the chief causes of war—the active agents in pouring out enough blood to submerge the whole of the American Union. It is estimated, on good authority, that fourteen thousand millions of human beings have perished on the battle-field—enough to people fourteen worlds like ours with as many as now dwell upon its surface. Add to these the numbers that have perished by famine and

pestilence, the legitimate sequents of war, and we swell the aggregate enormously. We may safely say, that the suffering and misery of humanity have been increased four-fold by this curse of war. When we take into consideration that all the mighty nations and empires that rose in ancient times, and many of modern times, gained their power by aggressive war, held it by the same agency, and finally were blotted out of the catalogue of nations by war waged by more successful rivals, we are irresistibly led to conclude that the above estimates, to say the least, are not too great. As further proof of our assertions, we will enter more minutely, and at some length, into statistics, &c., illustrating the evils of war.

We will first notice the Assyrian Empire. Nimrod, its founder, an ambitious aspirant after power and military renown, was the first after the deluge to rear the bloody standard of war, and wave it in triumph over the fallen carcasses of his fellow men. In his steps have followed troops of hungry jackals, fowl hyenas, and blood-thirsty tigers in human form, driving the ploughshare of destruction over the ruins of fallen cities, towns, and once fruitful fields. He, first inflamed by his success against the wild beasts, turned his progress against humanity, founded the empire of Babylon and its dependencies, entrenched himself on the plain of Shinar, a plain of inexhaustible fertility, and became the terror of surrounding nations. Babylon and Nineveh, girt about by their impregnable walls, and vastly enriched by their incalculable resources, held undisputed sway in the East for many decades. They were almost constantly engaged in war. Armies after armies were poured out from their gates, bearing desolation and death wherever they pursued their successful course, and devoting themselves to slaughter wherever they were unsuccessful. As an instance of the scale of their warfare, and the number engaged in some of their wars, we have only to revert to the account given in sacred writ, where the angel of death shook his wings over the hosts of Sennacherib, encamped before Jerusalem, and 270,000 men lay dead upon the plain the next morning. The hundreds of thousands of besiegers who fell under the walls of these cities before their capture, come in also for their share in the ever accumulating testimony against war. Babylon and Nineveh, notwithstanding their great strength, were destined to fall, and millions were slaughtered during the numerous captures and re-captures which they experienced, and at their final overthrow. After Babylon had been subdued by the Medes and Persians, it remained a long time in their hands, but it finally rebelled. Darius sat down before its walls, to reduce its inhabitants to submission. It had already laid in provisions enough to enable the people to endure a twenty years siege. But in their timidity they thought it best to take measures to meet the exigencies of a siege protracted longer. They barbarously decreed that all the women, except the mother and best beloved of each family, should be put to death. This unparalleled decree was executed. The running blood of hundreds of thousands of helpless women, shed by the hands of husbands, brothers, and fathers, must have presented a scene too appalling to look at, or even to contemplate at this late period. Yet such scenes are but the legitimate progeny of war. It blunts all the finer feelings of human nature, and leaves the affections but a gloomy and sterile desert.

Darius, having failed in every attempt to enter Babylon, finally brought about by stratagem what he could not effect by open force of arms. He concerted a plan with one Zophyrus, a Persian noble, and after having flogged him and cut off his ears and nose, he sent him to the Babylonians as a deserter, he showing his mutilated condition as the reason of his desertion. He gained their confidence by several successful sallies against the Persians, and he was finally entrusted with the guardianship of the walls, which enabled him to open the gates to Darius. This event shows what spirits are nourished by war. Zophyrus was a treacherous deceiver, and Darius was a coolly calculating murderer; for he had pre-arranged what men should fall in the sallies of Zophyrus, and he thus murdered seven thousand of his own men.

At the sack and conflagration of Selencia, by the Romans, three hundred thousand victims were sacrificed to the demon of war. Blood, blood, human blood, is the cry of this demon continually. Devastation, ruin, utter overthrow, are the food upon which it feeds. Babylon and Nineveh, with their temples and palaces and lofty domes are now leveled in dust. Instead of the noise and busy hum of swarming people, the shriek of the owl is heard in her desolate habitations. The last dying wail of murdered men and women has gone up and died away into a sullen calm. Death, launched from their high walls, no more falls upon besieging foes, and the snoring war-horse and thundering war-chariot no more dash out from their brazen gates.

Among the many weak worms who have cajoled themselves into the belief that they were something more than mortal, and conse-

quently had claimed the prerogative to rob and murder humanity, was Xerxes, the proudest and weakest man that ever stood up as an inglorious way-mark of the past. Had we not been furnished with numerous instances of similar men, we could hardly persuade ourselves that such a man could live—a man so utterly forgetful of everything but self—a man who esteemed the lives of his dogs of no more value than the lives of the dogs that followed his camp, only so far as they ministered to his ambition. Yet such wretches have been the means of nearly all the bloody wars that have retarded the progress of humanity. They have grasped the sabre, and plunged it into the hearts of men. What but the mad ambition of the Czar of Russia, has involved Europe in a war which threatens to be universal, and incalculably serious in its consequences? Xerxes collected the most numerous army that ever sallied forth to battle, with the intention of annihilating Greece, which did not number, in men, women, and children, more than his retinue. His land and sea forces numbered more than three million men, and in the wake of this numerous host there followed women and sutlers enough to increase the aggregate to more than five millions. He led his army across the Hellespont—sent them to battle; nine tenths of them were destroyed, and the remnant, unsuccessful, retreated with their inglorious monarch, with great precipitation. Such was the fate of this expedition. The cost in blood and treasure cannot be estimated. Five millions engaged in destructive war for two years must have consumed incalculable treasure.

SULLOZ, N. J., June 4, 1854.

### BIBLE ANECDOTE.

I had a striking example of the power of the Bible on the mind of an unbeliever, who was a determined opposer of the truth.

At the house of a nobleman, where a large party had assembled, I conversed with a captain of the navy, and a surgeon; the conversation was extremely painful to me, as they argued and cavilled angrily. I answered them from the Bible which I held in my hand. Our host having listened to us for some time, said, "It appears to me necessary, before answering these gentlemen from the Bible, that you should declare to them what it really is, because I am aware that your antagonists are not convinced of the divinity of this book." "What I Lord," replied I, "if I were to draw the captain's sword, and wound him therewith, would it be requisite to make him sensible that he was wounded, that this gentleman (the surgeon) should testify—1st. That the blade has a keen edge; 2d. That the muscles and veins being cut, this gentleman is obliged to feel? Is not the proof of a sword being a sword, demonstrated by its point and edge? And think you that the Everlasting God, who has spoken this word, which he declares to be sharper than any two-edged sword, has not given to it a sufficient efficacy to strike and penetrate the conscience of one of his creatures, a man, a sinner? No, gentlemen," continued I firmly, "several of the rest of the company were now around us, and listened with apparent interest;" "no, I do not believe that the truths contained in this holy volume require, that to be recognized as such, man must affix the seal of his approbation, or that the true and living light cannot enlighten the understanding of a mortal until the fetid and vascillating flame of the lamp of reason is united thereto."

Upon this the captain withdrew to the recess of the window; whilst I answered several questions concerning faith and its consequent peace. The captain appeared agitated; and after some minutes had elapsed, he returned and said to me with visible emotion: "Pray tell me, if the habitual joy and security which you now possess are results of the principles which you hold?" "Sir," replied I, affectionately, "whenever I expose myself to the rays of the sun, I receive not only light but heat therefrom. In like manner, whenever I read or meditate on the word of truth and life, I experience the same effect on my soul, because it is impossible to contemplate by faith, Jesus the Son of the Father, and the brightness of his glory, without having a deep sense of the vivifying light which emanates from and beams in Him."

### DON'T PAY YOUR MINISTER.

Don't pay your minister. I don't now, but I used to. Learn a lesson of me, all ye generous parishioners. I paid and overpaid my minister once, and I can't begin to tell what he came to. A rusty and an humble heart always go together. Brethren, you never knew it to fail. Mean clothes, an unfilled pocket, a falling heart, and the graces of a lowly mind, are inseparable; and if you want sermons tried with fire, if you hate discourses full of the pride of great thoughts, keep your minister low; but if you love him, and can't stand it without paying him, why, then pay him; but O, I beseech you, be careful how you do it! Let that salary come in prudent little dribbles, and don't say anything about it beforehand; if you do, your minister will know what a day or a week will bring forth, and he'll thank God and take courage before the time. Yes, he'll go a little ahead of his blessings. And his wife, too, happy soul, will give up her economy, and where then will be that beautiful embellishment of the pastor's home? If you hint that you have any idea of paying up, ten chances to one, she'll forget to make new tea of the old grounds. And that bonnet of hers, that has stood the storms of seven winters, and finally become cocked, will be walked up garret. And the little feet at the parsonage will walk

into church all covered with gay morocco, and that dear little baby, three years old, will hold up her feet and look at her little red shoes when father is preaching. So, don't let father and mother, or any of the children, get an inkling of the step you are about to take. If your pale, toiling minister looks as he'd like his salary, anticipate his petition, and tell him there is nothing like the clerical profession to abase pride and exalt humanity. Then, for fear that flesh and spirit will fail, and give out altogether in the operation; cheer him up a little by paying him a little.

### HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

I remember how I loved her,  
When a little guileless child,  
As I saw her in the cradle,  
And she looked on me and smiled;  
My cup of happiness was full,  
My joy no words can tell,  
And I blessed the glorious Giver,  
Who doeth all things well.  
Months passed—the bud of promise  
Was unfolding every hour;  
I thought that earth had never smiled  
Upon a fairer flower;  
So beautiful, it well might grace  
The tower where angels dwell,  
And waft its fragrance to His throne,  
Who doeth all things well.  
Years fled—that little sister  
Was dear as life to me,  
And woke in my unconscious heart  
A wild idolatry!  
I worshipped at an early shrine,  
Lured by some magic spell,  
Forgetful of the praise of Him,  
Who doeth all things well.  
She was the lovely day-star  
That round my pathway shone,  
Amid this gloomy vale of tears  
Through which I journeyed on!  
Its radiance had obscured the light  
Which round his throne doth dwell,  
And wander far away from Him,  
Who doeth all things well.  
That star went down in sorrow!  
Yet it shined sweetly now,  
In the bright and dazzling coronet  
That decks the Saviour's brow;  
She bowed to the Destroyer,  
Whose shafts none may repel;  
But we know, for God has told us,  
He doeth all things well.

From the Christian Index.

### PREACHING NEVER IN VAIN.

Ephrata is an irregular village, built and occupied by a society of Seventh-day German Baptists, on the Cocalico creek, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. It contains several very ancient and singular buildings, the principal of which are The Brothers' House and The Sister's House. These two houses are very large, and are four stories high, each containing a chapel.

In 1831 this village, on the invitation of a medical gentleman, then residing in its vicinity, was visited by two ministers of the gospel from Philadelphia, who were traveling in the interior of the State, with a view to health. One of these ministers ceased from his labors a few years after. The survivor has received the following letter, which he offers for publication, with the hope that it may be useful to some of his brethren in the ministry, who may be called to labor when worn with fatigue, and drooping in spirits. It may encourage them not to be weary in well-doing, because in due season they shall reap, if they faint not.

BORDETOWN, N. J., April 23d, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—For a number of years past, I have intended to communicate an interesting incident to you, with which you yourself were personally connected, although it is very probable that you remain ignorant of any agency in it to this day. So it may be in innumerable instances with the hard-working, self-sacrificing ministers of the gospel, who toil on until their strength is spent in the vineyard of the Lord, and only become acquainted with the results of their labors, to win souls, when the crown of their jewels is presented to them in the bright courts of the heavenly Canaan.

Recall the visit you and dear brother J. made to us at Ephrata in the summer of 1831. On that occasion I had an appointment for you both, to preach in the old "Saul" attached to the "Sisters' House," without having consulted either of you. When we were about to go to the meeting, you may recollect, that you made the following remark: "It would be much more agreeable to me to spend the evening in the quiet of the family than to preach to a people, (Germans,) few of whom will be able to understand us." Bro. J. replied: "Bro. D., a Gospel Sermon is never preached in vain. Let us try and be faithful; and although we may never hear of any good from our effort, the last day will reveal it; the Gospel is never preached in vain." Towards evening on the day you arrived, and just before you addressed the small flock of my German brethren and neighbors, Benjamin Konigsmacher, the Deacon of the Church at Ephrata, who was much annoyed, constantly, by one of his unregenerate tenants, (an infidel, and what an exceedingly headstrong, troublesome man, in all his dealings,) called on him purposely to urge him to attend the meeting.

"It's for no use, Benjamin," Kurtz replied, sneeringly; "it will be the same old song over again." "We don't know that until we hear them," the Deacon retorted, "they are ministers from Philadelphia, and they may give us some fresh ideas to think about and to talk about. At any rate, it will be a satisfaction to me if you attend. I want some persons there who can understand English." "Well, well, Benjamin, I'll go, to please you," Kurtz answered.

Kurtz was as good as his word, but sat behind the door, to be as much out of sight of the people as possible; yet showed his

contempt for the service by keeping his hat on during all the exercises.

Next morning the deacon met him, and accosted him kindly: "Well, neighbor Kurtz, what do you think of that preaching?" "I don't know what to think of it," he muttered slowly.

"I could not expect more from you; for you were asleep all the time," replied the deacon.

"Asleep, Benjamin, asleep!" exclaimed Kurtz, "no I wasn't!"

"Why," retorted the deacon, "you were nodding all the while Mr. D. was preaching, and all near you saw it!"

"Did I? If I did," he added, "it was not because I was asleep, nor sleepy, neither." "What then?" interrogated the deacon.

"Why—why—Benjamin," he reluctantly resumed, "if I nodded, I was unconscious of it; but I could not help it—could not help saying to myself, it is the truth—but I didn't mean to show it."

Late in the fall of 1834, I returned to Ephrata on a visit, and on entering Benjamin Konigsmacher's house, I found Kurtz there arranging some old standing business affairs, with the deacon's son—some distracted accounts they had always differed about whenever they attempted to settle them. Now all was mildness and gentleness. So great a contrast in a man's manner and disposition, I have never witnessed. Instead of blustering and wrangling, whenever they had an item before them, on which any difference of opinion had, heretofore, been entertained, Kurtz was as yielding as a lamb, and uniformly replied to all such matters: "Make it as you think right; I do not wish any thing that I cannot take with me into eternity."

After he left the room, I asked, in amazement, "What is the meaning of all this, in old Kurtz?" I was informed that from the time you preached, on that occasion, at Ephrata, he became a thoughtful, a changed man; and about one year afterward, was baptized and united himself with the First-day German Baptists. He was then, (1834,) as exemplarily a man as might be found in the neighborhood, and maintained a consistent walk during the remainder of his days; which terminated some years since.

We left Ephrata soon after your visit to us; but I acknowledge that I ought to have apprized you of the above circumstance, soon after I became acquainted with the foregoing facts. I now pen it to relieve myself from the promptings of a duty, which has frequently pressed on my mind, to encourage you, and any other of your ministering brethren to whom you may show it, to sow the good seed, whenever an opportunity presents, even when enfeebled in health, and weary from the fatigues of travel, assured of the truth of good Bro. J.'s position, that no gospel sermon is ever preached in vain—the word shall not return void.

Very truly, yours, &c. W. M. F.

### A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

We witnessed a beautiful sight yesterday. It was this: Away from the crowd, and seated upon the plank which makes the dock, sat a matronly German dame, and around her were six small children. The mother was one of that class of humane looking females into whose mild eyes it is refreshing to look, for there you see kindness and a loving, meek, lowly expression. She was poorly clad, her clothes being of the coarse, stout texture which emigrants, and especially the poorer class, are compelled to wear. Her children, for such we took them to be, sat around her, evidently expecting something, for ever and anon they would turn their heads towards the street, as if somebody was to return to them. Ah! see you sturdy German, with his blue smock and heavy boots. Notice the grateful smile that plays across his sunburnt features, and notice the loaf of bread which he bears in his hand. Surely, he is the father of the children, and 'tis the bread which they have been expecting. Our conjecture was true, for the man seats himself beside the female, and the children huddle around their parents in eager haste, while the younger and more impatient lift their tiny hands in supplication for the staff of life. 'Tis a pretty sight! But look again, the father has spoken, and see the loaf is laid aside, the sturdy sire, the matronly dame and the children all are on their benumbed knees with uplifted hands addressing the throne of grace, offering up their blessings to the giver of all good for his care and goodness. It was indeed a sublime sight. There, in the open air, there among the busy world, among the noise, bustle and confusion of business, this devout family of strangers were offering up their prayers to a beneficent God; and returning blessings for the many favors received from His hands. It was a scene that would fill any one with awe.

[Albany Transcript.]

PRAYING TO SAINTS.—Adam Clark thus comments on the account of the rich man calling upon Abraham: "He cried and said, Father Abraham have mercy on me." &c. There was a time when he might have prayed to the God of Abraham, and have found mercy; now he dares not approach that God whom in his lifetime he had neglected; and he addresses a creature who has neither the power nor authority to bless. This is the only instance in the Bible of praying to saints; and to the confusion of the false Popish doctrine which states it to be necessary and available, let it forever be remembered, that it was only practiced by a damned soul, and then without any success."

WORSHIP OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.—Mr. Wood says, that when traveling in the desert, he found himself so struck with the beauty of the starry firmament, that he could hardly suppress a notion that these bright objects were animated beings of some high order, and were shedding important influence on his earth. From this effect upon himself, he was sure that in all times the minds of men in those countries must have had a tendency to that species of superstition.

The Sabbath Recorder.

New York, June 15, 1854.

Editors—GEO. B. UTTER & THOMAS B. BROWN (P. M.)

Occasional Contributors: JAMES BAILEY (P. M.) WM. B. MAXSON (P. M.)

Elder THOMAS B. BROWN having removed from New York to Little Geneva, Allegany Co., N. Y., requests his correspondents to address him accordingly.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

It is a significant fact, that the project of dividing the American Union is seriously talked of by our leaders, who, a few years ago, derided the thought.

In the Old World, the struggle between freedom and slavery is approaching a crisis. In what is called the Eastern Question is involved the great conflict between oppressed humanity on the one hand, and the arrogations of despotism on the other.

Simultaneously, therefore, with the gathering of the storm in the Old World, the crisis approaches here. Slavery becomes more rampant, more exacting, more outrageously oppressive; but this must needs be, that the true nature of the system may become manifest.

We are not discouraged, therefore, at the present aspect of things. The encroachments of the Slave-Power demand vigilance on the part of the friends of freedom, but not despondency.

The final struggle must come, however. Convulsions may come with it, and it is even possible that the Union may be sundered.

The right must triumph in this struggle. The theory of government developed by our political forefathers was the dawning of day upon oppressed humanity.

we cherish the conviction, that the aroused moral sentiment of the North will not slumber, till the last vestige of slavery is banished from our land.

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The 19th annual meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Central Association was held with the 2d Brookfield Church, commencing on Fifth-day, June 8th, and closing in the afternoon of the following First day.

The Introductory Discourse, which occupied the morning of Fifth-day, was preached by James R. Irish, from Galatians 2: 19, 20. James R. Irish was chosen Moderator, and J. B. Wells and D. P. Curtis, Recording Secretaries.

The afternoon of Fifth-day was taken up in hearing the letters of the churches, and the reports of the Executive Committee and other officers and committees appointed last year.

The Executive Committee reported, that under their direction, the 2d Verona Church had been supplied with preaching by Eld. Christopher Chester a part of the year; that Eld. James Summerbell had visited the churches at Verona, Watson, South Richland, and Pinckney; that Eld. Joshua Clarke had visited the churches at Preston, Otselic, and Newport; and that Eld. Lebbeus M. Cottrell had been employed to labor in Preston, Otselic, 2d Verona, and Newport.

Reports in detail were also presented by each of the above-named brethren. Eld. Chester's report says: "I have supplied the 2d Verona church with preaching once a week from the first of June to the first of October, 1853, and once in two weeks from that time to the first of April, 1854.

Eld. Joshua Clarke visited the church at Preston; found that though meetings for preaching were sustained, the Lord's Supper had been administered only once in several years, and that the church was in a discouraged state; but he visited from house to house, appointed a covenant meeting, which was tolerably well attended; administered baptism and the Lord's Supper, and had a pleasant and profitable season with the church.

Eld. Lebbeus M. Cottrell had preached at Otselic three times, and visited twelve families. At Preston he had spent four Sabbaths, preached six times, and visited twenty-one families.

—On Sixth-day morning, the first business was the appointment of standing officers for the coming year. John Maxson of DeRuyter was appointed Treasurer; James C. Rogers of DeRuyter, Corresponding Secretary; Willard D. Wilcox, Eli S. Colgrove, and Russell G. Burdick, Executive Committee; James Summerbell delegate to the Western Association, and Joshua Clarke delegate to the Eastern Association.

act only with such as favor freedom; another urged Family Prayer; another approved the plan of a denominational building in New York, &c. These reports and resolutions we shall probably print in full.

The afternoon of Sixth-day was taken up in considering the reports of standing and special committees; one of which related to the difficulties existing among Sabbath-keepers residing in Jefferson County, N. Y. The letters of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Brookfield and Lincklaen churches called attention to those difficulties, and requested the Association, if possible, to do something for their settlement.

On First-day there were two sessions for business, which were mostly taken up in discussing the resolutions presented by the Business Committee.

Report on the State of Religion.

Your Committee on the State of Religion would respectfully submit the following report: "The letters from the churches, compared with those of former years, evince that we are standing still, rather than advancing in religion.

Although it was expected that we should have sailed in the early part of the winter, it was not till the 6th of March that we began in earnest to move towards the ship. Word was received at 6 P. M., that our freight must be shipped the next day, as the vessel was to sail the day following.

Report on Publications.

The Committee on Publications have had under consideration the subject referred to them, and submit the following report: The Committee considers the interests of the denomination so far identified with the operations of the Publishing Society, that its progress and extension will be much influenced by the support and encouragement of the Society receives from the churches and individuals composing the Seventh-day Baptist denomination.

Rev. Messrs. Fletcher and Poore, Independent Ministers, who are about quitting Manchester, England, in order to arrange and superintend the missions in South Australia, intend to carry with them an iron chapel, fitted with every accommodation for worship, as well as several houses. The chapel will cost \$1,000.

LETTERS FROM PALESTINE—NO. 1.

Getting ready for Sea—High-st. Church, Charlestown—The Parting—Life on the Ocean—Sea-sickness—Our Home.

We are now about fifty miles south-east of the island of Pantalaria, and 90 miles from Malta, in the Mediterranean, or Great Sea of the Bible, and sailing from one to five, and sometimes eight knots, as the breezes happen to favor us.

Before proceeding further in relating matters and things around me, I will return to my native land, and speak of things more in the order in which they have occurred. My time being wholly devoted to the missionary work, it will not be expected that I shall write many letters, save those written for the Recorder.

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Sabbath morning, the 11th, came in with a fair wind and fine clear weather. The pilot came aboard at 7 and left us at 8. In a few hours we took the last view of our native land, and that, too, in a plight quite unsuited for prayer or praise, poetry or prose; for by this time, the breakfasts of most of us were scowlingly and spitefully given to the fishes, followed by dreadful struggles to do more of the same sort.

As I began to feel better, I looked anxiously around for something to while away the weary hours. The sight of books and the thought of study, were far from agreeable. Recollecting my claim to the name of Yankee, I went to splitting playthings for the children, then to whitening wood for the steward, occasionally lending a hand at the braces, or ropes, as the landsman would call them; and then, as strength increased, to walking the decks.

kerchiefs. These, too, were soon lost in the distance. So fare you well, dear friends. Long, long shall we remember your features, your standing on the wharf, the anxious, tearful look and commendation to God; your pains and expense to accompany us from your homes to the ship, and your many acts of personal kindness and unbounded hospitality.

Not sailing that day, as we had expected, I went ashore for a few things; but returning too late for the small boat, I walked to Charlestown and tarried with Bro. Jonathan Howe, by occupation a printer. The 10th was very stormy, and so long as the weather continued thus, we could not hope to put to sea.

Among other notions wanted by our little company was the last Recorder. But think you, reader, that the Recorder could be found in Boston? Perhaps you wonder how any one, under the circumstances, could expect to find a copy of a Seventh-day Baptist paper where none of the people live.

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play, just as the feeling induced by the weather happens to come over them. The children come in for their part of reading the Bible, studies, jumping the rope, whirling the top, dressing dolls, and going to tea parties.

Our home (the bark) is a vessel of 284 tons burthen, 107 feet in length, 23 1/2 breadth, and 12 feet hold; was built at Eastport, Me., and named after the builder's daughter; was launched 12th month, 1852. She is freighted with logwood, coffee, tobacco and rum. Expects to return freighted principally with wool. Fifty barrels of the fire-water is on the main deck. We have proved the bark to be a fast sailer, but a few hours being required to come up with and pass all the vessels, ships, barks, brigs and schooners; and scores of them we have left far behind. Even the Wild-Fire, which sailed ten days before us, was passed off Malta. It is now the 27th. So much for boasting. I could say something of the narrowness of our accommodations, but as they are endurable, and we have lived through rough and smooth thus far without accident, save a few bruises, I will say we have no wish to complain of them.

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.—The present Jewish population of the Holy City amounts to 5,000 souls of the Sephardim Congregation, 2,000 of the Russo-Polish, and 70 of the German-Dutch Congregation. All taxes are paid by the Sephardim, the others being considered as strangers, who enjoy the protection of European Consuls.

OBITUARY NOTICES.—There are some persons (says the Connecticut Courant) who think they fail in their duty to the memory of deceased friends, if they neglect to connect with the public announcement of the death a verse of poetry or some declaration of their private worth.

MATERIALS OF WESTERN CHURCHES.—In a town in Illinois, thirty-seven persons were recently received into the Baptist church. Of these, three were Norwegians, one Scotch, two Irish, thirteen English, one Canadian, and seventeen were born in Lancashire, one in Devonshire, four in Yorkshire, three in London, one in Kent, one in Somersetshire, and one in Wiltshire.

MISSIONARY STATISTICS.—There are now supported by the Protestant Missionary Societies, in Great Britain and the United States, in North America, 147 missionaries; exclusive of those in the domestic field, in South America and the West Indies, 367; in Africa, 229; Western Asia, 41; Bornea and Siam, 40; India and Ceylon, 409; China, 69; South Sea Islands, 120; among the Jews, 44. Total, 1,482. Besides these, there are employed, 191 assistants, and 2,028 native assistants. Of the missionaries, 375 are from the United States, and 679 from Great Britain.

At the recent sitting of the North Carolina Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a letter was received from Rev. Dr. Forbes, of St. Ann's (Roman Catholic) Church, in New York, offering to refund the money which the late Bishop Ives received from the diocese just before his departure for Europe. This letter was referred to a Committee, and a reply was ordered to be sent to Dr. Forbes, saying that the Convention makes no demand for the money, but that Mr. Haight, its Treasurer, is authorized to receive all sums belonging to the Diocese.



Miscellaneous.

The Evening Hearth-Stone.

Glady now we gather round it, For the toiling day is done, And the gray and solemn twilight Follows down the golden sun...

Process of Haymaking.

In haymaking, the object of the farmer is to preserve the hay for winter use in the condition most nearly resembling the grass in its perfect state...

Chemistry informs us that, of the various ingredients which compose grass, those portions which are immediately soluble in water are the most fitted for purposes of nutrition...

The principal object, then, which is to be aimed at in haymaking is, to retain the soluble portion of the grass in perfect integrity. This cannot be completely accomplished...

The process of haymaking, then, is the removal of this moisture from the grass; and Dr. Thompson has found that the only method which succeeds in preserving grass perfectly entire is by means of artificial heat.

open in the morning until the dew has evaporated. 2d. Bear in mind that, if the weather is unfavorable, the less it is disturbed the better...

From the above chemical observations, made by Dr. Thompson, in his recent researches upon the food of animals, we learn the theory of haymaking; the inquiry now is—how, in practice, can we best approximate to the correct principles laid down?

It is an essential point that the mowers should be good workmen, and perform their work neatly and evenly, making the scythe cut as near the ground as possible...

Give Your Son a Trade. The following sensible article appeared in the New York Mirror. We commend it to the perusal of all parents:—

Next to education, which is the great bulwark of liberty and shield of freemen, nothing is more essential to the independence and prosperity of our country than that every man should have the mastery of some useful trade.

The Progress of Incubation.

From the Rural New Yorker we extract the following:—

The progress of the incubation of the chicken in the natural way, is a subject curiously and interesting. The hen has scarcely set on the egg twelve hours before some lineaments of the head and body of the chicken appear.

In the whole of this process, we must remark that every part appears exactly at its proper time; if, for example, the liver is formed on the fifth day, it is founded on the preceding situation of the chicken...

The men of trades—the real creators of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind—cannot be dispensed with; they, above all others, whatever repeats they may be held in by their more fastidious fellows, must work at the oar of human progress...

Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune of money or this world's goods he may have, or seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade, and if possible an education—at any rate, a trade.

him with the conviction that a trade is essential to feed, clothe, and render him independent, and for his own present and after peace, it were better that he should be ignorant in his independence than ever so much educated and miserably dependent.

We have read of a wise monarch who decreed that his sons must learn useful trades, or be cut off from their prospective inheritance. They murmured, yet obeyed the decree.

The sons of the rich, as well as of the poor, should be strengthened by this possession. If never used beyond the learning, no harm is done, while possibly it may be of incalculable good.

Cultivation of Potatoes.

The old practice of hilling up corn and potatoes, is discarded by the best cultivators. Still, there are some who yet cling to it, although that might be of benefit in a wet and humid climate...

We find in the last volume of the "Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society," some remarks of Prof. Coppock, before the Erie County Agricultural Society...

His method of cultivation he gives as follows:—"In the culture of potatoes, after the land is thoroughly ploughed, and harrowed smooth, I plant with the spade, thus:—Strain a line, if convenient, North and South; a man puts in his spade spit deep, say seven inches; the first earth he scatters; he then steps back, and at about twenty inches he puts in the spade to the same depth.

The hilling of potatoes, at the time of hoeing, is not only useless, but positively injurious. Injurious in warding off the moisture, but more so in disarranging the economy of the plant.

The practice of the writer has been, in planting his potatoes, after the ground was ploughed and smoothed with a harrow, to drop the potatoes, in pieces or whole, according to size, directly upon the surface...

Coppock's plan a trial sufficient to make a satisfactory test. Such a method certainly gives the easiest way to conquer the weeds.

Instinct of the Honey Bird.

This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light gray color, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild bees' nest. Chattering and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveler...

Interesting as the honey bird is, and though sweet be the stores to which it leads, I have often had cause to wish it far enough, as, when following the warm spoor or track of elephants, I have often seen the savages, at moments of the utmost importance, resign the spoor of the beasts, to attend the summons of the bird.

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VARIETY.

"Medical men," says Dr. Gordon, "are familiar with the fact that beer drinkers in London can scarcely scratch their fingers without the risk of their lives. A copious London beer drinker is one vital part. He wears his heart on his sleeve; bare to a death wound even from a rusty nail or the claw of a cat."

The boys of the Ragged School Shoe-black Society in London, earned by cleaning shoes in the streets, during the year 1853, the sum of eight hundred and fifty-three pounds.

There is now in full bloom in the Liverpool Botanic Garden, a beautiful specimen of the Wistaria sinensis. This splendid plant, which is considered the finest specimen in Britain, covers a space of wall amounting to nearly nine hundred square feet.

From Parliamentary returns, it appears that the expenditures of England, during the war, from 1803 to 1815, inclusive, amounted to £1,159,729,256, or close upon five thousand eight hundred millions of dollars.

In the United States Senate, recently, the Committee on Agriculture made a report recommending that an appropriation be placed at the disposal of the President, and applied at his discretion, to purchase Mount Vernon, to be converted into an experimental farm, connected with an agricultural school, and both to be attached either to the Smithsonian Institution or Patent Office.

Bound Volumes. On hand, and for sale at this office, the first and second volumes of the Seventh-day Baptist Memorial, bound together, in cloth and leather. Price in cloth \$2 50; half roan \$2 75; half calf \$2 97; half morocco \$3 00.

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Office of Transportation, Laurens R. S. Co., No. 11, N. York St., N. Y. J. C. Ayer, Dear Sir:—My little son, four years old, has just recovered from a severe attack of malignant Scarlet Fever.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, since your medicine has been known here, we have ever sold. It is spoken of in terms of unmeasured praise by those who have used it, and I know of some cases where the best they can say of it is not too much for the good it has done.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, Sir:—This may certify that I have used your Cherry Pectoral for upwards of one year; and it is my sincere belief that I should have been in my grave ere this time if I had not. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, and I do not regret a minute my conviction when I tell you that it is a priceless remedy.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, My dear Sir:—Your medicine is much approved by those who have used it, and its composition is such as to insure and maintain its reputation. I invariably recommend it for pulmonary affections, as do many of our principal physicians.

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