

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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

TERMS--\$2 00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XII.—NO. 32.

NEW YORK, FIFTH-DAY, JANUARY 17, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 604.

The Sabbath Recorder.

THAT OLD HAT.

Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Kent had accidentally met in the parlor of Mrs. Wells, a member of the same church as themselves. As they walked from the house in company, the conversation naturally turned upon the visit just made.

"I think," said Mrs. Kent, "that Mrs. Wells must be a very excellent woman; she seems to have such earnestness and spirituality. I shall cultivate her acquaintance; it will be profitable, I think. To tell the truth, I am ashamed to say, that I have hardly met her advances half way. I was not conscious of any prejudice; but something in her manner repelled me. I thought her excessive suavity artificial, but I fear I have done her injustice; it is perhaps the natural result of overflowing kindness of heart."

"I imagine your first impressions were the most correct," replied her companion; "there are some persons whose countenances and manners are a far better index to their character than their conversation."

"Then you do not like her; I thought, from the manner in which she spoke to you, that you were intimate."

"You received then the impression she designed to make; and perhaps paid me the compliment of supposing that I swallowed her fulsome flatteries. I entered no disclaimer, because I did not think them worth replying to. They only disgust me, and I am vexed that any one could have so low an opinion of me, to say such things at my face."

"You are severe."

"Perhaps so; but I own I have no patience with such fawning. I find it hard to be civil when she says such absurd things as she did to-day."

"May she not be sincere?—perhaps it proceeds from an excessive kindness of feeling."

"Let her show kindness, then, where it is needed. But I will say no more; I ought not to prejudice you. Are you going home?"

"No; I have not quite finished my collections for the Tract cause, and shall make a few calls on my way. I believe that poor Jane Colton lives in this street, so I must leave you. I am almost ashamed to ask her for money, she is so very poor; but I suppose she will feel hurt if she is not called upon."

"She would indeed," replied Mrs. Mason; "you will find her ready for you, her mite neatly wrapped up and laid away. I was just thinking of her when you spoke of —, but good morning, I will not detain you."

"Why should my remarks about Mrs. Wells have brought Jane Colton to mind?" thought Mrs. Kent, as she looked inquiringly at the numbers upon the doors of a long row of small tenement houses, till she came to 64. She knocked at the first door in the open entry, and a weak but rather fretful voice bade her "come in."

"Does Jane Colton live here?" she said, opening the door; "oh, Jane, it is you; how do you do to-day?"

"About the same as usual, ma'am," replied Jane; "but that's never well. I think I grow weaker every day, and shall soon have to give up work. But I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Kent, you've spoken many a kind word to me in church, but I never see you in my poor place afore. Won't you sit?"

She placed a chair, and Mrs. Kent sat down, while Jane, excusing herself, went on with her stitching, saying:

"You see I can't afford to be idle, ma'am, a minute on my well days; for some days I can't take a needle, with the pain in my side and my back."

"I called, Jane, to see if you wished to give anything to the Tract Society this month," said her visitor; "it seems hardly right to ask you, but I thought you would expect a call."

"So I did, and I have been looking for it several days, for it's getting late in the month. Here is all I have," she said, taking a small parcel tied up in paper from the bottom of her work-basket; "it's only eleven cents. I hoped to make it a shilling, but I shan't have no money till I get this shop-work done; and I'll have to buy some flour, for I'm almost out of bread." Seeing that Mrs. Kent hesitated to take it from her, she said, "O, I shan't want; God always takes care of that; He never let me want yet, since I began to serve Him. I used to want often, but that was when I was a dreadful wicked creature, and never cared a bit about doing right."

"Well, Jane, He has promised," said Mrs. Kent, "that our bread and water shall be sure, and that they that trust Him shall never be ashamed; but how is it that you are so very destitute just now? Have you had no work before this that you are doing, this week?"

"Yes, I worked two days for Mrs. Wells; one day ironing, and one day mending up things; but I didn't get paid."

"But you should have told Mrs. Wells that you needed your money, and I am sure she would have given it to you."

"Well, she thought she paid me, her kind way. She said she'd noticed my hat was shabby going to church, and I'd ought to have a better, and so she gave me that old thing—" pointing to what might have been in its day a very nice Leghorn hat, but was now brown with age and careless usage. "She said I might get it fixed up for a trifle; but, dear knows where I'm to get the trifle; and then there's many a thing I want more than a new hat. If it is shabby, nobody minds what old Jane Colton has got on her head."

"But, Jane, you should have told her you preferred the money, and she would no doubt have given it."

"Dear ma'am, you don't know her. She's dreadful soft in the parlor to ladies, but she's right sharp in the kitchen. She makes the girls stir round pretty quick sometimes; she gets wonderful angry when things don't go to her mind."

"But, Jane, I do not quite like to hear this; is it quite right for you to speak so of a fellow Christian?"

"Well, maybe it ain't," Mrs. Kent, and

she is too much enlightened to keep that which has been given her. As a proof of this, see the veneration with which the people speak of Jesus Christ; see the crowds which flock to hear the truth in some towns and villages. God has therefore prepared France by its very irreligion to receive the religion of Jesus Christ. When the gospel was preached to her in the sixteenth century, it spread as in the times of the apostles, and nothing could put a stop to it except a war of extermination. France has now recalled it, and will finally receive it."

MISCHIEF MAKERS.

"The mischief makers; Nor do they trust their tongues alone, But speak a language of their own; Can read a nod, a shrug or look, Far better than a printed book; Convey a libel in a frown, Or wink a reputation down."

The duties and obligations of social life are often misunderstood as well as sadly violated. The confidence of friends is abused, and the insidious, the hypocritical, and the malignant, take advantage of thoughtless expressions, uttered perhaps in moments of excitement, to provoke distrust, foment jealousy, and thus cause bitterness and ill-will. It has been well and forcibly said, "that to repeat what you have heard in social intercourse, is sometimes a deep treachery," and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish. The idle tattler, who runs from door to door, listens eagerly to all that is said, then repeats, exaggerates, or by wicked insinuations, conveys a meaning that was never intended, is a source of infinite mischief, and often of bitter and hopeless feuds between neighbors and families. We can conceive of no treachery more deplorable or censurable, than that which abuses the frankness and confidence of an honest nature, and by persuasion or distrust, creates an offence, and inflicts a wound where nothing of the kind was intended. Thus a confidential conversation will be repeated, with a most solemn injunction not to betray the mischief maker, who not only tells the whole truth, but adds some unauthorized interpretation, or describes the manner as having been offensive, when the fact was exactly otherwise. Some dark suggestion, hint or insinuation, is also made, and thus a playful remark or a frank expression is tortured into slander, an insult or a slight. The breach thus created—unwillingly created, so far as the original parties are concerned—is widened from day to day by a double system of treachery and betrayal, the mischief maker professing to be confidential with the parties, and enjoying secrecy upon both. Hence, hearts become estranged, friendships broken, and affection is stifled.

There are, we are aware, many mischief makers, who are so, thoughtlessly, foolishly, and without any deep, deliberate, or serious design of doing evil. They are simply babblers, or tattlers, who lack discretion, judgment, and common sense, and who have never been able to practice the philosophy of holding their tongues. But there are others who are subtle, wily, and adroit, and who, as if prompted by some incarnate fiend, seek for and study every opportunity to undermine, underrate, darken character, destroy reputation, impair confidence, and sever friendship. We can conceive of no darker illustration of human depravity. There is scarcely an individual in existence who could not be injured seriously, if not fatally, by such insidious and double-faced policy. It is impossible, at all times, to be watchful and wary, especially in social life; and when the intercourse is free, frank, and undisguised, at such times the thoughts and feelings are apt to be expressed with the utmost freedom, and even the weaknesses and prejudices of cherished friends to be alluded to, not in bitterness or weakness, but in confidence, sincerity, and sympathy. If, however, a malicious mischief maker happen to be at hand, it is the easiest thing in the world to misrepresent the real fact of the case, so as to annoy, irritate, and inflame, to create a sentiment of distrust and of coldness, and thus to lay the foundation of a misunderstanding, which, if followed up, is sure to end in enmity and ill will. Some persons are, moreover, quite sensitive on certain subjects, while others are particularly credulous. The mischief maker is sure to discover this, and play his game accordingly.

There might be many illustrations pointed out; suffice it to say, that this vice is heartless, cruel, and dangerous, and its victims, directly or indirectly, may be counted by thousands. It is such an easy thing to wound a sensitive spirit. It is so light a thing to stain or soil the reputation; confidence may be so readily disturbed; suspicion may be so promptly excited. How many merchants have had their credit ruined; how many honest men have had their prospects blighted, and their families subjected to all the horrors of poverty; how many hearts have been lacerated; how many families have been made miserable, by the thoughtless, or the vicious, the heedless, or the crafty and malignant propensity of the mischief maker. The poor wretch, who, in a moment of necessity, and laboring under the horrors of hunger, commits some paltry theft, with the object of satisfying the cravings of nature, is promptly arrested, convicted, and sent to a "durance vile." But how many destroyers of the peace of families, disturbers of the happiness of households, in brief, moral assassins of character, perform their wicked work so artfully, stealthily and hypocritically, that they see the ruin and the wreck they make, and yet contrive to escape the responsibility. Let them be assured, however, that a day of reckoning will come.

The best recreation.—The celebrated musician, Haydn, was in company, when the subject of conversation was the best means of restoring mental energy after the exhaustion of long and difficult studies. One said he had recourse to a bottle of wine; another went to a theatre; a third, who had retired to his closet and engaged in prayer, which exerted the most happy and efficacious influence on his mind.

THE OLD VILLAGE PRINTING OFFICE.

BY R. F. TAYLOR.

But the old village had no hotels; only two houses of entertainment. One was "up street," and that was an inn, so and so's inn; the other was "down street," and that was a stage house, where, once a day, the yellow, mud-spattered stage rocked up and brought to, and the well conditioned boniface came shuffling out from the great corner in the bar-room like an overfed spider, opened the stage-coach door, and let out the hungry passengers. They were always hungry when they got there, for breakfast was always ready; for southern emigrants, and dinner for northern; but then the landlord was not an old spider, but a very jovial, pleasant sort of a man, who made everybody feel as much at home as he was, and nothing more home-like could be imagined, and so very well-to-do did he get at two shillings a meal.

So much for the old village, for here we are just now passing an orchard, and there, with a broad phylloxy of tan-bark, is the printing office, whence was issued weekly, in old times, the *Black River Gazette*. The office, a low white building, once tenanted by a lawyer, who has gone up to a higher court than any they have organized yet on earth, stood next the church. So they were, for once, side by side, the pulpit and the press; and no one has learned to turn out such engraving from forge and foundry, even to this day. We enter; and there is ink on the floor, the print of five small fingers. Incline your ear, gentle reader, it is the *devil's*! "Not he who wears but one boot, and is disagreeably redolent with brimstone, but the begrimed urchin in shirt-sleeves just creeping through the broken pickets of the orchard fence, with apples in each hand and one in his mouth, followed in his flight by something bearing a striking resemblance to a brick-bat."

But here we are. The walls are cobwebbed and dusty; the windows are curtained with newspapers; a very dim lantern to hold a good deal of light. Click, click—the footsteps of type; and there in the corner is the editor, publisher, proprietor, and printer, "setting up" an editorial from a very queer old case. Click, click; there's a pale young man, busy with a "death"—Died, and so he goes slowly on as though he were actually following the bier. But then a death was a very rare thing; very rare, in the village and round in the woods, and it was worth pondering over. True, every body knew it already, but it must go into the paper, nevertheless, for there was somebody or other that had gone out into the "Genesee country," that had loved the living, and so the paper must follow him away there, if it could, that he might mourn the dead.

Wonderful decorations there are upon the walls; what marvelous borders to the hand-bills; what wonderful "Selims," that the man with a short coat and long whip could hardly hold; what "great sales" of small articles; what gay coaches, riding on the top of clouds, the four-in-hand all running away, and the nine inside all merry as Punch.

But not a picture of a railroad, or a steamboat. A strange old office in those old days. But there in the farther corner stands a square frame of heavy timber, like a huge loom, such as they were thought on; it is the old "*Ramage Press*." Its huge lever, its lazy plate, its ponderous tympan, its great ink balls, its creaking, groaning mechanism—there it stands in all its rudeness. A pair of triumph of this or any other age. A pair of tin sockets swung up by a wire above the dingy engine, bearing each a "brief candle," were the Castor and Pollux of the place. In the corner, in the dark, stood a solitary keg of ink; not a very great stack of four reams of a very greyish blue paper; but then the proprietor was "passing rich" at less than forty pounds a year.

It is publication day, and editor, pale apprentice, and dingy, are in an active state of unrest. The editor writes and says "we" and "our readers"—he has two hundred and fifty—and then the printer sets type, and then the publisher looks over the form, and then the pressman places it on the press, and "then comes the tug of war." It is pull and repeat, pull again and repeat, and the "inside" comes off, sheet after sheet, with gravity of so

many elephants; the candles get briefer and dimmer, but the two hundred and fiftieth is off at last, and they all, editor, publisher, printer, and pressman, get into the same coat, and beneath the same hat, and leave the devil to fold up the papers and sweep out the office.

Where then were your compound levers, your glittering cylinders, your faithful rollers, your panting furnaces, your press instinct with life and energy, that jarred on like a chariot over whole highways of white paper in an hour? Where the busy "journs," and the editorial corps? Where the steamer, and the railway trains, and the telegraphs, panting and shrieking and flashing, to transmit that paper's contents to the world's dim, cloudy ends?

The morning comes, and the inky imp of yesterday indulges in a clean face; his unkempt locks are out of snarl; he is transformed into a Mercury. Forth he goes, packages of papers beneath each arm, in his capacity of carrier-boy. He is none of your brisk, pert fellows of the now-a-days order, but very meek is he indeed; and when the squire speaks to him a strong and hearty "good morning, my boy," he holds down his head, and deposits the answer in his bosom, as if it were a very delicate thing, and not yet able to fly. Like death, he visits every house, and his burden grows lighter as he proceeds. He does not chuck the papers, as they do now, over the gate and under the fence, but decently and demurely places it folded and damp in the hand of somebody commissioned to receive it.

But he does n't ring, for there is nothing to ring in all the town, except the church bell, that the doctor brought home in his "cutter" one day from Utica, or somewhere there away.

His rounds are soon made; meanwhile, a sorry sort of horse—an editor's horse, you know—is blowing a solitary out about a very large manger, the very last survivor of a very large family. Pretty soon Rosinate is led forth, and a pair of saddle bags, distended to the suffocating point, is brought out, followed by the Mercury and no devil, with his pocket plethoric with dough-nuts—what has become of that old-fashioned twisted luxury!—and a tin horn tethered to a button-hole by a bit of green string. It is with a sort of sheepish importance that he mounts by the aid of the proprietor, and wends his way, as they are very fond of saying, "out in the country," as if the old village was not positively lost in the very bosom of it.

And so he went, his horn resounding through the solitudes, and he as happy as a knight fresh from tournament. And that was the "N. S. E. W., the *News* of those old days. But what there was in the *Gazette*, and who they were that read it, must be passed over in a silence like that which now, alas! hangs like a great wing over the most of them—the fairest, and loveliest, and best. [Cayuga Chief.]

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Mrs. Swisshelm, of the Pittsburgh *Saturday Visitor*, reviews the sermon of Archbishop Hughes on the recent dedication of the Cathedral in that city, in a remarkably intrepid fashion for a lady theologian. In the course of her article she gives a confession of faith, which is explicit enough, on the topics embraced in it:—

Bishop Hughes followed what he said was the example of Christ, and troubled his brain with no reasoning. He simply told us what we were to believe; but he did not tell us that Christ had forbid the apostles to reason, or that it had not been their custom to do so. We find that Paul "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," until Felix trembled. All the immediate followers of Christ reasoned, and we would have been very glad if Bishop Hughes had followed their example, and adduced some reason to support his assertions that we must believe in the forms of the Church or be without reasonable hope of salvation. Or if he had told us what we should believe about those forms, we could have told how much we lacked of coming up to his standard.

We do believe in all the forms of the church that we have yet seen. That is, we believe the priests wear black petticoats; and the bishops wear purple petticoats and pasteboard caps. We believe the cathedral is the handsomest church in Pittsburgh, if the altar was covered with brown muslin, rough pine boards, or almost anything else. We believe that it cost more money than any other church—so much more, that if the surplus had been devoted to supporting poor Catholics in our city last winter, it would have prevented any of them from being a public charity.

We believe that the tall whitesaints on the walls are all made of plaster; that they were made in Pittsburgh, and that they are very good saints. In short, we believe all the *Journal* reporter said about the church and the ceremonies of dedication; and moreover, we believe that if sprinkling did the walls any good, the Archbishop should have gone clear round the house, and not have left that south transept without a drop, and that if we went to that church, we would not sit in that part of it, for fear of something happening. We believe that that blanket, or whatever it was that Bishop Hughes wore around him that day, was about the reddest thing we ever saw, and had the brightest yellow border, and that to have worn it would have made a horse sweat as much as it did the Bishop. We believe the Bishops should petition the Pope for a dispensation from the labor of carrying so much finery on a warm day, and that it would have saved a great deal of labor, and answered the purpose just as well, if all the dresses had been put upon wire frames—such as are used in dry goods stores—and carried in the procession. We believe, too, that the price of these dresses would have bought a good deal of corn for the poor Catholics of Ireland in famine time, and we do most devoutly believe that every bishop looks as if the price of his wine and oysters would feed all the widows in any congregation. We never saw a set of men look better fed, and when we look at poor women toiling over the washtub for a pittance, and giving a part of it to support these jolly looking fellows, and to buy their

THE VERGE OF JORDAN.

I stand upon the river's verge,
Its waves break at my feet;
And can the roar of this dark surge
Sound in my ear so sweet?
High'er and higher swells its wave,
Nearer the billows come!
And can a dark and lonely grave
Outweigh a long-lost home?

'Tis not alone the billow's roar
That falls upon my ear;
But music from that far-off shore
Is wafted sweet and clear;
For angel harps are tuned to cheer
My faltering human faith,
And angel tongues are chanting there
Triumphal songs in death.

Though dim and faltering grows my sight,
It rests not on the grave;
It sees a land in glory bright
Beyond the darkening wave;
The gales that toss its crest of foam
Come from that far-off shore,
They whisper of another home
Where parting is no more.

The overlying hills arise,
Bright in immortal bloom;
The radiance of those sunny skies
Illumines e'en the tomb;
And glorious on those hills of light
I see my own abode,
E'en now its turrets are in sight—
The city of our God!

Loved faces look upon me now,
And well-known voices speak!
O! when they left me long ago,
I thought my heart would break!
They beckon me to yonder strand,
Their hymns of triumph swell,
I see my own, my kindred band,
Barth, home, and time, farewell!

Welcome the waves that bear me o'er,
Though dark and cold they be!
To gain my home on yonder shore
I'll leave them joyfully,
Thy noisy, blood-washed robe I'll wear,
The palm of victory!
Welcome the waves that wait me there,
Though dark and cold they be!
[New York Observer.]

THE OLD VILLAGE PRINTING OFFICE.

BY R. F. TAYLOR.

But the old village had no hotels; only two houses of entertainment. One was "up street," and that was an inn, so and so's inn; the other was "down street," and that was a stage house, where, once a day, the yellow, mud-spattered stage rocked up and brought to, and the well conditioned boniface came shuffling out from the great corner in the bar-room like an overfed spider, opened the stage-coach door, and let out the hungry passengers. They were always hungry when they got there, for breakfast was always ready; for southern emigrants, and dinner for northern; but then the landlord was not an old spider, but a very jovial, pleasant sort of a man, who made everybody feel as much at home as he was, and nothing more home-like could be imagined, and so very well-to-do did he get at two shillings a meal.

So much for the old village, for here we are just now passing an orchard, and there, with a broad phylloxy of tan-bark, is the printing office, whence was issued weekly, in old times, the *Black River Gazette*. The office, a low white building, once tenanted by a lawyer, who has gone up to a higher court than any they have organized yet on earth, stood next the church. So they were, for once, side by side, the pulpit and the press; and no one has learned to turn out such engraving from forge and foundry, even to this day. We enter; and there is ink on the floor, the print of five small fingers. Incline your ear, gentle reader, it is the *devil's*! "Not he who wears but one boot, and is disagreeably redolent with brimstone, but the begrimed urchin in shirt-sleeves just creeping through the broken pickets of the orchard fence, with apples in each hand and one in his mouth, followed in his flight by something bearing a striking resemblance to a brick-bat."

But here we are. The walls are cobwebbed and dusty; the windows are curtained with newspapers; a very dim lantern to hold a good deal of light. Click, click—the footsteps of type; and there in the corner is the editor, publisher, proprietor, and printer, "setting up" an editorial from a very queer old case. Click, click; there's a pale young man, busy with a "death"—Died, and so he goes slowly on as though he were actually following the bier. But then a death was a very rare thing; very rare, in the village and round in the woods, and it was worth pondering over. True, every body knew it already, but it must go into the paper, nevertheless, for there was somebody or other that had gone out into the "Genesee country," that had loved the living, and so the paper must follow him away there, if it could, that he might mourn the dead.

Wonderful decorations there are upon the walls; what marvelous borders to the hand-bills; what wonderful "Selims," that the man with a short coat and long whip could hardly hold; what "great sales" of small articles; what gay coaches, riding on the top of clouds, the four-in-hand all running away, and the nine inside all merry as Punch.

But not a picture of a railroad, or a steamboat. A strange old office in those old days. But there in the farther corner stands a square frame of heavy timber, like a huge loom, such as they were thought on; it is the old "*Ramage Press*." Its huge lever, its lazy plate, its ponderous tympan, its great ink balls, its creaking, groaning mechanism—there it stands in all its rudeness. A pair of triumph of this or any other age. A pair of tin sockets swung up by a wire above the dingy engine, bearing each a "brief candle," were the Castor and Pollux of the place. In the corner, in the dark, stood a solitary keg of ink; not a very great stack of four reams of a very greyish blue paper; but then the proprietor was "passing rich" at less than forty pounds a year.

It is publication day, and editor, pale apprentice, and dingy, are in an active state of unrest. The editor writes and says "we" and "our readers"—he has two hundred and fifty—and then the printer sets type, and then the publisher looks over the form, and then the pressman places it on the press, and "then comes the tug of war." It is pull and repeat, pull again and repeat, and the "inside" comes off, sheet after sheet, with gravity of so

fine clothes, we believe they are like the shepherds God speaks of, who "eat the fat and clothe themselves with the wool, and care not for the flock."

We do not know if this is the right way to believe in the forms of the Church; but this verifies the old predictions of our friends, that we would come to confession; but it is very likely that this belief is a mortal sin, and that we shall fall to get forgiveness.

Some more things we believe, and one of them is, that Christ and his apostles never dressed up like a set of circus buffoons, and exhibited themselves to the people at so much a head; that the professing ministers of his, who use such means to get money are a burning disgrace to his name; and that they might very consistently let themselves and their robes out to Barnum, who could no doubt realize something handsome for both himself and them by exhibiting them at his Museum. So much for our hopes of salvation through belief in the forms of the Church.

AARON BURR.

The *Presbyterian Herald* gives the following facts connected with the closing scenes of Mr. Burr's life, which the editor says were told him soon after they occurred, by one who received them from an eye-witness, and which he does not remember to have seen stated in print:—

During Mr. Burr's last illness he was very restless and impatient toward those who were about his person, often indulging in profane and abusive language. His physician observing that mortification had commenced in the extremities, thought it his duty to inform him of the fact, and to assure him that whatever preparation he might wish to make for death should be made at once. In as gentle tones as he could command, he broached the subject, assuring him that within twenty-four hours, at the farthest, he would be a dead man. Mr. Burr replied, "Doctor, it can't be so. I feel easier and better than I have felt for several days." "That," replied the doctor, "is one of the surest evidences that what I have told you is true. Your limbs are free from pain because they are dead." Turning fiery eyes upon the doctor, he said, "Doctor, I can't die, I won't die, I shan't die. My father, and mother, and grand-parents, and uncles, and aunts, were all pious and godly people. They prayed for my conversion a thousand times, and if God be a hearer of prayer, he is not going to let me die till their prayers are answered. It is impossible that the child of so many prayers will be lost." He replied, "Mr. Burr, you are already dying." He then went over pretty much the same expressions as given above, and sunk into a stupor, and soon slept the sleep that knows no waking till the morning of the resurrection. We may not have given the precise language used by him, as years have elapsed since it was reported to us. Our informant received the impression that he had run the rounds of his inquiry, all the while indulging the hope that, before he died, he should be converted, in answer to the prayers of his pious parents and friends. God, in his divine sovereignty, disappointed his expectations, and made him a monument of his wrath, and a beacon to all ungodly children who are building their hopes of heaven upon their connection with a pious ancestry. When such crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame, they must not be disappointed if he puts them to everlasting shame and contempt, before his Father, and the holy angels, and assembled universe.

GOING IN AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

"And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and said unto them, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?'"—Matt. 20: 6.

An old sailor, who was very ragged, and whose white head spoke the lapse of many years, was leaning against a post in conversation with another sailor. A member of the Bethel Union spoke to them, and particularly invited the old man to attend the prayer meeting. His companion, after hearing the nature of the invitation, said,

"Thomas, go in! Come! come! man, go into the meeting; it won't hurt you."

"Puh! Puh!" cried the old seaman, "I should not know what to do with myself. I never go to church or prayer meetings; besides, I am too old. I am upward of seventy, and I am very wicked, and have always been so; it is too late for me to begin, it is of no use; all is over with me, I must go to the devil."

After a moment's pause, the member, looking with pity upon the old veteran, answered,

"You are the very man the prayer meeting is held for."

"How so?" he asked, with much surprise.

"Because Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners. When you, I suppose, you were tempted to think it would be time enough to be religious when you came to be old?"

"Ah! that I did," replied the sailor.

"Now you are old, you say it is too late. Listen no longer to these suggestions; come with me; no time is to be lost, for Jesus is waiting to save you, poor sinner, or he would have sent you to that place where he never comes, before this; your sins deserve it."

His companion then said, "Thomas, go to the prayer meeting. You have need, at your time of life, to prepare to die."

He went, and attended regularly. Some time after he was asked, "Well, my aged friend, do you think you are too much in years to be saved? too old in sin for the blood of Christ to cleanse you?"

"No, sir," said he; "I bless God I do feel hope, a blessed hope, which I would not give up for worlds; a hope which encourages me to think that God will be merciful to me and pardon me, old sinner as I am."

There are two things which ought to teach us to think but meanly of human glory; the very best have had their calumniators, the very worst their panegyrists.

The Sabbath Recorder.

New York, January 17, 1856.

Editors—GEO. E. UTTER & THOMAS B. BROWN (T. B. B.)

OUR CONTROVERSY WITH S. S. GRISWOLD—NO. 4.

If the human machine is so organized that it must eventually wear out, whether man sins or not; that is, if (as our reviewer insinuates) "there is no connection between moral transgression and physical suffering or death," but "death is the result of man's material organization;" in what sense can Satan be said to have "the power of death?" (Heb. 2: 14.) Our reviewer has referred to this passage, as if it made against the views we advanced with regard to the way in which death was entailed upon mankind.

We pass the famous passage in Rom. 5: 12, because the collateral topics which the exegesis of it involves might give rise to a discussion which would be tedious; though to our own mind it is perfectly conclusive. And notwithstanding our idea concerning the ground on which death was entailed upon mankind seems to Bro. G. "a novel theory, without any foundation, either in Scripture, reason, or philosophy," we see no inconsistency between it and the idea that natural death is an expression of God's displeasure against sin.

We say, death is an expression of God's displeasure against sin. Not that it is the proper penalty of the Law; for to this view there are insurmountable objections. But that it is a standing token of God's displeasure against the first transgression—the sin of Adam. So far as the proper penalty of the Law is concerned, every individual suffers for his own personal transgressions. (Ezek. 18: 20, Deut. 24: 16, Jer. 31: 29, 30.) But it seems to have been inconsistent with the wisdom of God to grant mankind a season of probation, under the Gospel, without keeping up, all the time, a token of his abhorrence of the sin which involved the world in ruin.

The strictures of Bro. G. would seem to imply that we have presented a theory inconsistent with this view. He says we "get natural death into the world only through the Gospel dispensation." He thinks "Scripture affords no evidence that natural death was an accident of the Gospel dispensation. If the Bible any where teaches that natural death was the consequent of sin, it most expressly assigns it under the Adamic law, and not under Gospel order."

We suppose he thought this was throwing a bomb-shell into our citadel. Perhaps it was, but we shall wait for a heavier fire before abandoning our position. We get death into the world through the Gospel dispensation, in the same sense that we get affliction and temptation into the world through the Gospel dispensation. If God did not wish to try men, or put them to the proof, whether they will submit to Jesus Christ or not, he would not send afflictions upon them, nor let any temptation bear upon them.

tacy, (Gen. 3: 17—19), and their universality, and uninterrupted continuance from age to age, are (like death) a standing token of God's displeasure against that apostasy. Is this theory "neither orthodox nor heterodox, but ad extra to both?"

We had said, that "the constitution under which man was first placed did not recognize natural death—nor did it admit it." The inference which our reviewer draws from this is, that "natural death must be a miracle." And how does he prove it? Why, thus: "For if man's natural constitution, did not admit death, then such constitution must be changed in order to permit death to enter. God, therefore, had in a miraculous manner to change man's first constitution, in order to render it possible for him to die. For, according to Bro. B.'s theory, natural death was impossible according to the course of nature."

We never said "natural death was impossible according to the course of nature;" of course, we are not responsible for the tautology. Moreover, we never said that "man's natural constitution did not admit of death." We said, "the constitution under which he was first placed." We used the term "constitution," not as denoting the particular structure and connection of parts which make up the human body, but to signify a system of fundamental principles for the government of rational and social beings—a system which was given to our parents in the garden, in the form of positive law, and enforced by this sanction: "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." This constitution did not recognize natural death—the foregoing text denoting death of another kind, as Bro. G. has already admitted. Whether man's natural constitution admitted of death, is a point that we did not discuss.

We never supposed there was such an inherent vitality in man's body, as originally constituted, that it would continue to flourish in everlasting vigor without any supporting agent. And we see nothing to forbid the idea that "the tree of life" would have served as this supporting agent. Bro. G. says, "It is difficult to conceive how natural death could have been prevented, (without miracle) even though man had not sinned." But that principle by which the body continues to grow in strength and vigor for some forty or fifty years, in ordinary cases, certainly admits of extension so as to embrace a period of four or five hundred, as we have seen in respect to the antediluvians. Why it could not be indefinitely extended, mere philosophy is unable to tell. If some adequate supporting agent could be provided, which man might eat, and incorporate with his system, according to the ordinary laws of nutrition—would his living forever by means of such support be a miracle? Call it a miracle, if you choose; but we stand to our position, holding that if man had fulfilled the period of probation appointed him, he would have been allowed to take of the fruit of the tree of life, and eat and live forever. (Gen. 3: 22.) T. B. B.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."—Eph. 5: 16.

An Italian philosopher expressed as his motto, that time was his estate. This is an estate which, if left unimproved, will yield no profit to its possessor, but which, if well improved, will bring in a rich and everlasting income. Time is the period of man's probation—the only period he ever will have to prepare for the retributions of the final judgment. Time is the season appointed to improve and perfect our own characters, to endure trials, to declare abroad the glory of God, to labor for the benefit and salvation of the afflicted, the poverty-stricken, the ignorant, the lost—in short, it is the season in which to "do good to all men as we have opportunity," and get prepared to enjoy "that rest which remains for the people of God." How great, then, are the interests connected with this brief existence of man on the earth! How appropriate the command to "redeem the time!" Not that time past can be literally recalled; but the present and future should be as highly prized as some article of property, for which we would pay a high price, in order to get it into our possession a second time. The idea is this, that we should highly prize our time, and improve all of it to the best advantage; and especially when "the days are evil," that is, disastrous. Men do this in worldly matters. An army, threatened with destruction from an opposing army, will make extraordinary efforts to save itself. So the Christian soldier should "stand in the evil days," having "on the whole armor of God," and fight manfully against all of his spiritual foes. The days in which we live are evil ones. This is evident from the following considerations:

1st. From the fact that at the present time there are great facilities for acquiring wealth, and professed Christians are intensely anxious to secure it. This intense desire for wealth is dangerous to the soul. Said Jesus, "The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word" of God, and it becometh "unfruitful." Said Paul, "They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition; for the love of money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." These are "evil days."

professedly pious men and women prefer the gratification of their own appetites, and to dress "in purple and fine linen," and make a show in the world, and to be like the world, before the godlike work of benevolence the gospel requires.

3d. It is a disastrous time, because modern Spiritualism prevails. This device of Satan is deceiving multitudes, who seek to the dead for instruction, rather than to God and his word. And these are persuaded, contrary to the teachings of Scripture, that there is a state of moral improvement beyond this life, which will end in the salvation of all men! Thus are men quieted in their sins, and led on to ruin.

4th. When children rule their parents it is an "evil day." Yes, when parents permit their children to grow up with unbridled wills, with passions unrestrained—when children do not love or obey their parents, there is a strong probability that they will become a curse to society, and that they will live and die in their sins.

5th. The general declension in religion, is another evidence. Every careful observer is aware, that true piety is on the decline in our land. Many are now received and retained as church members, who give but little if any evidence of being true Christians. Indeed, a considerable portion of the members of Christian churches seem to be mainly, if not wholly, under the influence of worldly motives, in their acts. Indeed, much of the so-called benevolence of the present day, is nothing but selfishness in some form. And the multitude, instead of comparing their lives and actions and hearts with the holy laws of God, and the example of Christ, "compare themselves" with ungodly professors of religion, and thus become satisfied with themselves, when they ought to "repent, as in dust and ashes," before God. There is great danger that many will be deceived thus, and sink down to hell while expecting to go to heaven! Truly, these are evil days in which we live, and it becomes us to be aware of the dangers that surround us! Yes, and to "give diligence to make our calling and election sure."

Precious time is lost in a variety of ways. It is wasted frequently by sleeping too much. Many females employ about half of their lives in that which is unprofitable, and worse than this, in laboring to minister to the depraved appetites of themselves, their families, and their guests. Much time is lost too in preparing splendid clothing, jewelry, &c. Time is lost in frequenting scenes of worldly amusement. Time is lost in reading unprofitable books, and in vain, unchaste, and slanderous conversation, and in very many other ways. Indeed, all time not spent in glorifying God is lost; yes, worse than lost; for while men abuse this precious gift of heaven, they are "treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, and the revelation of the righteous judgment of God." That the rational beings God has made should employ all their time faithfully in his service, is no more than justice demands. But when we call to mind the wonders of redeeming love, we ought to feel that our obligation to God is greatly enhanced, and we should apply ourselves perseveringly to "the work of the Lord." Yes, there are weighty motives to move us on. "The love of Christ should constrain us;" the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" should entice us; the wants of a "world lying in wickedness" should urge us forward; the doom of the slothful servant, who "hid his lord's money," and was sentenced to "outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth," should deter us from idleness. The fact that there are "evil days," should incite us to "watch and pray," and fight, that we be not overcome by our enemies. Satan is our enemy. So cunning is he, that we "should not be ignorant of his devices." The world is an enemy. The flesh is an enemy. And now, while Satan is making extra efforts to deceive and destroy; while the world allures more than formerly; while men generally are slaves to "the lust of the flesh," while iniquity abounds, and the love of many has waxed cold; while the distinction between the saint and the sinner is scarcely discerned; O, how important that we "awake to righteousness, and sin not."

Reader, are you in the decline of life? See to it that with zeal and faithfulness in the cause of God, you spend your few remaining days. "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." You that are in middle life, O give to God and humanity the strength of your days. And you that are in early life, remember your Creator's claims, give him your whole heart and life, "sow to the Spirit, and of the Spirit you shall reap life everlasting." C. A. O.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE CELT.

JOHN MITCHELL, the celebrated Irish exile, gave a lecture at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on the evening of the 8th inst., on "the footprints of the Celt." The views which he presented were quite different from those which are generally received. He showed, from evidence that appeared conclusive and incontrovertible, that the great mass of the inhabitants of the British Isles are of the Celtic race. The Saxon invasion was composed mostly of military adventurers, with but few women and children, and was never sufficiently numerous to change the essential characteristics of the aboriginal inhabitants, but, on the other hand, the Saxons were themselves absorbed and changed, according to a law of population by which the numerically greater absorbs and assimilates the less. If these views are correct, the bulk of the inhabitants of this country are also of the Celtic race.

In this view of the case, what is to become of the complacent self-glorification and boasting of Anglo-Saxondom? It is all a mistake. Anglo-Saxondom is a nonentity—a sort of nobody. What, also, is to become of the ancient broils and quarrels of the Celt and Saxon? These too are all a mistake. The case may be compared to two brothers, who, having accidentally met, mistake each other for aliens and enemies, set to, and after having exhausted their energies in inflicting black eyes and bloody noses on each other, find out, to their shame and disgrace, that their quarrel was all a mistake. The next step should be to ask forgiveness of each other, and, as far as possible, make restitution. It is perhaps the duty of the stronger party to take the first step.

conversation with the father of Keang Kwang, who arrived yesterday. He appears to be more teachable than the majority of his countrymen—says he is quite willing his son should be a Christian. He himself used to worship idols, but upon learning from his son, since he has been with us, that such things are foolish and hurtful, he has renounced the practice. Thus one after another, through the influence of better knowledge, is throwing off idolatry, even before we know of it.

10th. Preached to about 35. Subject, the pearl of great price. Pearls are more thought of in this eastern world than at the west, where they are less known. Good attention.

11th. Had a church meeting, and after hearing the experience of Keang Kwang and Chang Yuen, Bro. Wardner's cook, and after examining them, they were unanimously received for baptism and membership.

13th. Preached to about 30. "Come unto me all ye that labor," &c.

14th—Rest-day. Met as usual at 9 A. M. in the chapel. Including our own mission, there were present of the missionary body eleven persons, and the teachers and scholars of five schools, from different parts of the city, and from Bro. Wardner's place in the country, besides the passers by who came in.

Our friend Mrs. Lo (alias Ne May) was also present. After an appropriate discourse from brother Wardner, the covering was removed from the baptistry, and the two candidates above mentioned, Keang Kwang and Chang Yuen, were baptized; after which the right hand of fellowship was extended to them, and prayer offered in their behalf. The assembly, though large, was orderly, and a deep solemnity appeared to pervade the minds of some. Thus, while traversing this moral wilderness, we come now and then to a verdant spot, a season of refreshing, a cordial that keeps us from fainting by the way. O that they may become more frequent and continuous. O that the windows of heaven may be opened, and a blessing poured out upon us, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. For this we will pray on and labor on, endeavoring to consecrate to our work all our time, talents, and means, as Israel were required to bring all the tithes into the storehouse; and then we can safely leave the event with Him with whom is the residue of the Spirit. We ask the prayers of our brethren now for these two lambs of our little flock.

At 5 o'clock P. M. I preached to a respectable congregation of about 30, from the words, "The Spirit and the Bride say come," &c.

ADDRESS ON EDUCATION.

On the evening following last Sabbath, Eld. N. V. Hull delivered at Plainfield, N. J., an address on the subject of Education, well calculated to awaken interest and lead to action. In the course of the address, (which was more than an hour long, and was listened to with fixed attention,) he treated of the value and power of knowledge—the adaptation of the mind to receive it—the influence of recorded and published knowledge upon the well-being of mankind—the necessity for each nation to have a literature of its own, embodying the spirit of its institutions—the like necessity for each religious denomination—the duty of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination, &c. &c.

LETTER FROM BRO. S. CARPENTER.

SHANGHAI, June 16, 1855. To the Board of the S. D. B. Missionary Society: Notwithstanding it was so recently as the 28th ult. that I slipped a note into Bro. W.'s overland letter, yet, as a ship is now up for New York, and as we have some encouraging items to communicate, I seize on the opportunity to make a brief report of my labors, &c., since our last date.

June 30th—Rest-day. Preached at 9 A. M. to about 20 persons, from the text, "Remember now thy Creator," &c. As the meeting was about to close, there came in half a dozen men who belong to Sa-Tong, the province north of this, with whom I conversed at some length, regretting, as usual, that I was unable to furnish them with books. The Sa-Tong men are frequently in our congregation, and frequently press us for books. Whether they want them for themselves, or to sell in their native province, I am unable to say.

At evening, our washerman and chair-bearer, whom we familiarly have called Afo, but whose name, properly, is Keang Kwang, who commenced laboring for us on the 3d of March, 1853, said he was decided in his purpose to be a Christian, and made a formal application for baptism. He is a married man, twenty-seven years of age, of steady habits and orderly behavior. For the last few months he has exhibited more than an ordinary interest in religious concerns, and for the last two weeks it might be said of him, "Behold! he prayeth." He says it was in prayer that he found peace to his soul, after several days of unrest. He says he should have commenced praying sooner, but he felt himself quite unworthy to address such a Being.

July 3d—Evening. Was gratified for the first time to hear Keang Kwang pour out his soul in prayer to God. He believes that God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned his sins.

5th. Preached to about 40 persons. "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children," &c.

7th—Rest-day. Preached at 9 A. M. to believers. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us," &c. Had

SCENE IN A PENITENTIARY.—Bishop Whitehouse, of Illinois, in his last address, records a very interesting event—the confirmation, on the afternoon of Thursday, October 18, of seventy male convicts in the Penitentiary of the State of Illinois. It seems that the Rev. Dr. McMaisters had been for seven months chaplain of the Institution, by appointment from the Governor, during which time he had ministered each Sunday in the morning, in separate services to the male and female departments. For some weeks, there had been evident a decided religious feeling, gaining more and more among the inmates. The personal indications of this contrition, exhibited during public worship, were followed up by conversations in the cells; and after as faithful examination and guidance as the cases admitted, it was deemed proper to baptize twenty-two of the number, and administer to the large body besides, who desired it, the rite of confirmation.

DEATH OF BAPTIST MINISTERS.—Two distinguished Baptist preachers have recently deceased. Rev. John O. Choules, D. D., of Newport, R. I., died in New York on Saturday evening, Jan. 12th, aged 55. He had been settled as pastor at New Bedford, Buffalo, Jamaica Plain, and Newport, and had gained an honorable position in the world of letters by his editions of Neal's History of the Puritans, Forster's English Statesmen, History of Missions, and by his racy narrative of the "Cruise of the North Star," in which cruise he officiated as chaplain of the party. Stephen H. Taylor, L.L. D., died at Hamilton, N. Y., on Monday morning, Jan. 6th, aged 65 years. He was one of the best educators of the country, and had presided with enviable success over the Universities at Lewisburg, Pa., and Hamilton, N. Y. His health had been gradually failing for more than a year.

METHODIST CHURCH IN THE CRIMEA.—A London correspondent of the Christian Advocate, in a recent letter, says that a Methodist Church has been formed among the British troops quartered in and about Balaklava. The number of non-commissioned officers and soldiers who have formed themselves into a society is about three hundred, and a missionary is about to be sent to them by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. This band of worshippers sent for a supply of hymn books—most of their old supply having been lost at the battle of the Alma and Inkerman. The Liverpool Wesleyans having been the first who heard of this matter, sent forthwith a supply.

THE PEABODY INSTITUTE.—The Boston Transcript learns that George Peabody, Esq., the distinguished London banker, has made an additional donation, \$15,000, to the Peabody Institute in South Danvers. It is given for the purchase of estates adjoining and situated on each side of the Institute, and for improving and beautifying the grounds connected therewith. On the estates are two commodious dwelling-houses, the income of which is to be appropriated for the benefit of the lyceum and library. This last donation makes \$45,000 which Mr. Peabody has given to his native town for the establishment and support of one of the best institutions in the State; besides, he has had purchased and forwarded to the library twenty-five hundred volumes of valuable books.

SUFFERING IN KANSAS.—Of the sufferings of the people of Kansas, and the mission of General Pomeroy, the Rev. Richard Knight, formerly of Holyoke, writes to the Springfield Republican: "In this struggle there has been a degree of sacrifice unprecedented save perhaps in the days of the Revolution. Very many have given all they had to carry on the war; time, money, corn, and every conceivable thing, has been thrown into the general treasury. Numbers in consequence are ruined men, so far as pecuniary matters are concerned, and if our friends in the East do not come to the rescue, some hundreds will suffer want, if not starvation, this winter."

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—Two sad accidents have occurred within a week on the Hudson River Railroad. The first was on the 9th inst., near Poughkeepsie, when an express train going south was signaled to stop on account of some defect in a rail, and while this train was halting, another train, which was only a few minutes in the rear, came up, and not discovering the signal in time, ran into the express train, smashing two cars, killing three persons, and seriously wounding several others. The second accident occurred on the morning of the 14th inst., from the giving way of the bridge over Spuyten Duyval Creek. Two locomotives and two freight cars went into the river, and one engineer and one fireman were killed, but the passengers escaped unhurt, or with only slight bruises.

CONGRESS is not yet organized. The House of Representatives continues to talk and vote upon the question of Speaker without result. The Senate meets from day to day, transacts some routine business, and adjourns to wait for the organization of the House.

THE ASSEMBLY OF NEW YORK seems to find as much difficulty as the House of Representatives in electing a Speaker. Nothing was accomplished up to the close of last week. It is said that neither the Republicans nor the Democrats care to elect their candidate; but both are unwilling to vote with the Know Nothings, and thus give them the organization.

THE STORM of last week caused much suffering and loss of life on the seaboard near New York. Four pilots were frozen to death on board the pilot boat E. K. Collins. The schooner Pacific went ashore and five lives were lost. A brig and a bark went ashore near Barnegat, and their crews perished. Two pilots were swept overboard and lost from the pilot-boat Swift, on the night of Jan. 6th, in the great storm.

A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.—One hundred dollars a Sunday, says the New York Observer, is about the expense of a fashionable church in Boston, as we learn from a recent paragraph in the Boston Transcript. In New York the expense is not far from five times that sum. We will figure up the expenditures of one church in this City, the affairs of which we happen to be somewhat acquainted with. The church, parsonage, library, &c., cost, in round numbers, \$200,000; the annual interest of which sum, at 7 per cent., is \$14,000. The pastor's salary is \$4,000; that of his assistant is \$500.

The presents annually given to the pastor, we believe, do not average less than \$500; presents to his assistant, say \$50. The singing, with the salary of the organist, repairs of the organ, and wages of the blower, costs very nearly \$1,000. The cost of cleaning, including the salary of the sexton, will average about \$900 a year. The annual depreciation in value of building and its contents, by use and time, may be computed at \$1,000.

The cost, therefore, of maintaining the church for one year, is \$22,505, which is equal to \$432 76 per Sunday. Forty smart mechanics, working steadily all the year, earn about as much as it costs to support this church. For \$22,505 a year, two thousand children could be kept under instruction in good schools. It would maintain a college of five hundred students in the highest efficiency. It would support twenty-two country churches, or eight city churches, in a liberal manner.

However, we must add, that there are not more than ten churches in the City conducted upon anything like the scale of the one to which we refer, though there are three which probably exceed it.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. J. G. Fee, writing from Madison Co., Kentucky, informs us that there are now forty places near him where anti-slavery ministers could preach, and ought to be preaching; only four preachers and two colporters, however, are as yet employed; six young men from the free churches have gone to Oberlin or Galesburg for an education that will fit them to break the bread of life; the churches are suffering from the removal of their members to the free States; the spreading light so reveals the advantages of freedom over slavery, that men become dissatisfied with the slave States and institutions, and move off.

Rev. James W. Phillips writes to the Christian Observer from New Providence, Mo., that he had been attending there a protracted meeting with the Rev. T. H. Hatlow, the pastor. He says, "We had interesting meetings for some nine days and nights, including two Sabbaths. Twelve persons manifested an interest in the salvation of their souls, some ten of whom professed to receive the remission of their sins, through faith in Christ. Nine of them were precious youth, of both sexes, and children of the Covenant. The other three were Africans in bonds— young females."

We learn from the British Banner that a proposal has been set on foot for posting placards all over the city of London containing passages from the Bible, printed in the largest characters, so as to arrest attention. Each placard to contain only one verse, and sometimes only one sentence; and to be renewed as frequently as the funds obtained will permit. A society is to be organized for carrying out this idea, and, if possible, a commencement is to be made on the 1st January, 1856.

A physician, in writing to the Western Methodist Protestant, on "Clergymen's Sore Throat," attributes the disease to a non-use of the vocal organs on week-days and their double use of Sundays, to mental anxiety as to support, and to the use of tobacco. He recommends to the preacher to read aloud at least half an hour each day, to quit smoking and chewing, and on the membership, he enjoins a more liberal support of the ministry, as the only sensible way of curing the disease.

The Old School Board of Domestic Missions has issued a second earnest appeal for aid, in which it is stated that the receipts during the last month were less by eight hundred and twenty-four dollars than during the corresponding month of the previous year. Deficiency has compelled the Board to decline several new appointments earnestly recommended by the Presbyteries, and to lessen the amount of appropriations asked for several missionaries.

The list of Life Members in the American Tract Society's last Report comprises over 12,000 names, and Life Directors over 2,500, whose prayers, we doubt not, have accompanied their contributions and labors. It would be a blessed meeting could they all assemble, with tens of thousands more, at home and abroad, who have taken part in this work, and together give thanks to the risen, reigning Redeemer.

The late Mr. P. DeGrand, of Boston, has given \$120,000, to Harvard College, for scientific subjects. Another portion of his estate is given to the city of Boston, the income to be expended in purchasing books of amusement for the children of the Public Schools. Eight other portions are given to various charitable societies, while Mr. D.'s two sisters are provided with life annuities.

The intelligence recently received from the Mendi Mission is of a very afflictive nature. Death has again visited the missionary company there, and taken from them two of their number, Mrs. Brooks, formerly Miss Susan Teal, and Rev. J. Cutler Tefft. Mrs. Brooks died at the mission-house, Good Hope station, Sept. 30, and Mr. Tefft at Kaw-Mendi, Oct. 16.

The net receipts of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the last year were £136,032 sterling, which, added to the previous balance in the treasury, made its whole revenue £198,038. The expenditure in the same time was £149,040, leaving a balance applicable to all purposes of £49,078. The issue of Bibles and Testaments for the year reached 1,450,876; the whole number distributed by the society since 1805 being 29,489,507 copies.

A work of grace is in progress at South Hampton, N. H. A number of conversions have occurred in the Sabbath school and also among heads of families, and several family altars have been erected. Three have been baptized, and others will soon submit to the ordinance.

The New Haven Register states that Committees of Conference have been appointed by the Faculty of Yale College, and the Trustees of the East Windsor Seminary, to consider the practicability of a union of the two Theological Seminaries, and to place the funds of the two corporations into one common fund.

The Pennsylvania Colonization Society have chosen the Rt. Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., President of the society, in place of Hon. Joseph R. Ingalls, resigned. The Rev. Rufus Babcock, D. D., has also been appointed Corresponding Secretary, and entered upon the duties of the office.

At a meeting of the veterans of the war of 1812, held in Norfolk, Va., Thursday afternoon, upon calling the roll, it was ascertained that twenty-one of those brave men had fallen since the last meeting.

An exchange paper quotes from Paul's writings: "Owe no man any thing;" and then adds: "We fear some of our subscribers never read Paul's Epistle." And most of those who do read it object to the translation of this passage.

A correspondent of the Christian Secretary says the number of recent converts in the Cannon Street Baptist society, New York, Rev. J. Banvard, pastor, is fifty, and the good work is still advancing.

The Christian Chronicle has notices of revival influences at various places in both Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In Bordentown the revival is of a marked character.

The proprietors of the Independent announce that the circulation of that paper now amounts to over 22,000, but that it does not support itself.

Stephen W. Taylor, L. L. D., President of the Madison University, died at Hamilton, Jan. 7, aged 65 years.

European News.

The steamship Canada, after a protracted and tempestuous voyage, arrived, Dec. 8th, at Halifax, with the mails and three days later from Europe.

The political intelligence by this arrival is unimportant—the main feature of it being devoted to the peace rumors and speculations. There is nothing new from the seat of war. It is remarkable that the general public in Great Britain speak more in favor of carrying on the war now than at any other previous period. The Queen has sent a jeweled decoration to Miss Nightingale.

Heavy gales had prevailed during the week, and numerous casualties were reported on the British coast, but no American ships are known to be damaged. The Spanish brig Bravo, from Barcelona for Havana, was wrecked on the night of the 10th instant, off Gibraltar. Forty-five passengers were drowned, including seven ladies.

A hurricane had occurred in the Crimea. The Tchernaya river had overflowed its banks, doing considerable damage.

The first steamer of the New York line, the Belgique, was formally baptized at Antwerp on the 15th by the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines and a crowd of clergymen.

Nine Days Later. The steamer Atlantic, with European dates to Dec. 29th, arrived at New York on the 13th inst. The papers are filled with peace rumors, but there is nothing definite. Several new powers are said to have joined the Western Alliance. Meanwhile Russia continues her preparations for war on a grand scale.

Colonization in Virginia.

The Baltimore American says that the Report of the Colonization Board for the years 1854 and 1855 to the Legislature of Virginia, contains some interesting facts. It was shown by the report of the 5th of December, 1853, that from the 6th of April to the 6th of December of that year, there were transported to Liberia, through the agency of the Virginia Colonization Society, complying with the terms of the law of 1853, one hundred and sixteen free negroes, for whom the Board made an allowance of \$50 each, amounting to the sum of \$8,300.

From the 5th of December, 1853, to the present date, the Board has paid at the rate of \$50 each for 188, and of \$30 each for 16 emigrants—making 204 free persons, and amounting to the sum of \$91,880.

It will thus be seen that the entire number whose transportation has been paid for since the organization of the Board is 316, and the sum paid \$15,680.

Under the act of 1850 a capitation tax was levied upon the free negroes of the Commonwealth to raise funds for their colonization. It appears, by the report, that from this tax and from taxes on seals and attestations devoted to the like object, there has been received in the aggregate, to the present time, the sum of \$50,000; yet, in consequence of the restrictions placed upon the expenditure of the legislative bounty, this entire sum has been expended and been absorbed by the General Treasury of the State.

The expenses for the collection and embarkation of the free negroes are now borne exclusively by the Colonization Society, which is dependent for its revenue wholly upon the irregular and uncertain contributions of private benevolence. The Board earnestly recommends that authority may be conferred upon them to apply a part of the fund provided by the State for the transportation of its free colored population beyond its limits to the collection and embarkation of the emigrants.

DEATH OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.—The Danville (Ky.) Tribune announces the death of Mr. John Sneed, of Boyle county, in that State, in the 101st year of his age, and adds:

He was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, on the 2d day of February, 1755, was for some years the Secretary of Thomas Jefferson, then volunteered in an expedition against the Cherokee Indians, and after that became a soldier in the Revolutionary struggle, in which service he continued until the close of the war. He was with Washington at Valley Forge during all the privations of that disastrous period; afterwards fought under the same great chief at Monmouth, and was one of the gallant army who received the thanks of Congress for their conduct in this engagement. He was then detailed, with a number of picked men from various regiments, to the command of Col. Morgan, and finally went to the South with Green, under whom he served until the expiration of the war. At the battle of Guilford he was taken prisoner, and when conducted into the presence of Lord Cornwallis, the following question was put to him by that nobleman: "Where is the baggage of the American party?" "Out of your reach, Sir," was the reply. "Why so?" "Because the American party is between you and it." When peace returned, he emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky, and there lived until almost 101 years old. His one hundredth birthday was celebrated in February last, at the residence of his son, by a centennial dinner, where he met many of his relatives and friends.

THE ICE TRADE.—It is estimated that there is invested in the ice business, in all parts of the United States, between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000; and the number of men to which it gives employment, during the Winter months, is supposed to be from eight to ten thousand. The total annual consumption of ice in this City alone exceeds one hundred thousand tons; Boston consumes about fifty thousand tons yearly; and Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, nearly an equal amount. Besides this large domestic consumption, there is every year a large amount exported to southern cities. Boston exports much more than New York. The increase of the ice trade in that city since the year 1832 has been quite remarkable. In that year the whole amount shipped was but 4,352 tons; in the year 1853, the amount exported was 100,000; and in 1854, 156,540 tons. One leading house alone exported, last year, 91,540 tons. The average price of this per ton, when sold in large quantities for shipment, is two dollars. A large proportion of it goes to Savannah, Charleston, New Orleans, and Mobile. Considerable is also sent to Havana, Rio Janeiro, Callao, St. Thomas, &c. But a small proportion of the ice harvested in the vicinity of New York is exported, being only about 15,000 tons a year.

DEATH BY CHLOROFORM IN BOSTON.—The post mortem examination of the body of Miss Ida Morgan, who died at the office of Dr. Emery, Broomfield-street, resulted in finding that she died from the inhalation of chloroform, though in a good state of bodily health before taking it. The chloroform had changed her blood to water. She had inhaled it at a previous time, and had felt bad effects from it. The chloroform in the present instance was pure, and the usual quantity was given on a sponge. One application did not produce insensibility, and at the patient's request the sponge was again placed to her nose. After a third application she attempted to get up, but failed, and her head rolled to the side of the chair. She was then placed upon a lounge, breathing heavily, but soon her breathing became more easy. She never spoke after being removed from the chair. The verdict by the Jury was, that she came to her death by chloroform; that it was a pure article, properly administered, but cautioned the public against the injudicious use of it.

ACCIDENT AND WONDERFUL ENDURANCE.—The Grand Rapids Enquirer states that on Wednesday last a serious accident occurred in the town of Paris, about six miles from that city. A young man, aged 18 years, son of Mr. Nicholas Carlton, was chopping down a tree, in company with another young man. As the tree was falling, it struck another tree and swerved from the position in which it was expected to fall, striking young Carlton, knocking him down, crushing his right arm to jelly, and the butt of the tree, a foot thick, resting on his head, forcing the latter into the ground. The skull was somewhat fractured, but, strange to tell, the head was comparatively uninjured. The young man with him chopped off the log, and endeavored to roll it off Carlton's head, all the time supposing the latter to be dead, but he could not move the log, and was forced to go a mile and a half to obtain assistance. When the log was rolled away, it was ascertained that Carlton was alive. He was accordingly conveyed home. The following day his arm was amputated, and he is likely to recover.

PACIFIC NEWS.—Two weeks later news from the Pacific coast was received in New York on the 12th inst.

In California, nothing peculiarly worthy of note has transpired.

From Oregon and Washington Territories we learn that the war continues to be waged by the Indians against the whites with the most determined ferocity. A dreadful battle had been fought between the Volunteers and the Indians at Walla Walla, which, after lasting two days, resulted in the latter being driven from the Fort with the loss of their chief and about fifty men. The Volunteers had also to deplore severe losses in killed and wounded.

SUMMARY.

The Land Revenues of the General Government for the fiscal year, 1855, notwithstanding the increased abundance of Land Warrants, growing out of the different Bounty Acts to the soldiers in the Mexican War, amount to the large sum of \$11,497,049, against \$8,474,798 the previous year, and \$1,667,084 the year 1853. On the 1st July, 1855, the new Land Warrants, under the Bounty Act of the last Congress to the soldiers of 1812, were made ready for distribution, and as these have had the effect to reduce the market rate to less than a dollar an acre, while the minimum cash price of Government land is \$1.25, the probability is they will tell heavily upon the land entries the current fiscal year. The cash revenues from this source last year are the largest since 1836, when the unprecedented sum of \$24,887,179 was paid into the Land Office.

On the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on Thursday night, Jan. 3d, about 11 o'clock, the morning train from Baltimore, and the afternoon express train from Wheeling, came in collision near the Kingswood tunnel, causing considerable damage to the cars and locomotive, and killing a fireman named Redding, whose body was found about two hours after the accident, buried in the wreck. One of the engineers was considerably burnt, and several other persons connected with the trains were slightly injured, but the passengers all escaped, with the exception of some slight burns received by coming in contact with the stoves.

Inquiry having been made as to whether lands in Kansas are locatable with bounty land warrants, we learn that the public lands in that territory will be subject to location with bounty land warrants after they shall have been surveyed, offered at public sale, and become subject to private entry; that at present there are no lands subject to private entry in the territory, and consequently none now subject to location with warrants. The Indian trust lands, however, to be sold for their benefit, will not be subject to such location.

The Vermont Chronicle learns, by a communication received from Westminster College, that of nearly one hundred students who entered that College at the opening of the present session, "full one-third" of the whole number are members of the Presbyterian church, and that some fifteen have the ministry in view. A work of grace has recently commenced in the village of Fulton, where the college is located, and thirty-five have been received into the Presbyterian church, among whom were eight or ten college students.

We learn from the Troy Times, that as the 6 o'clock train Saturday evening, on the Albany Northern Railroad, had just left Johnsonville, the engine ran into a team containing two men, which was crossing the track, instantly killing the horses and one of the men, and injuring the other so that he died. Both of the gentlemen were farmers residing in Pittsford, men of character and standing, leaving families.

The Star of the West went to sea Jan. 9th, with a lot of passengers, who, without a doubt, were filibusters, and bound to the aid of Walker, in Nicaragua. There was some little fuss made about their going, and five of them were arrested. The steamer was delayed only 15 minutes beyond her time.

The Wisconsin Legislature met at Madison on Monday, Jan. 7. Mr. Barstow has been declared elected to the Governorship, but his opponent in the contest, Mr. Bashford, had the oath of office administered to him in the Supreme Court, in order to bring the case before the said Court.

At the execution of Hubbard, a few days ago, in Wabash County, Indiana, for the murder of the French family, after he was entirely dead, the enclosure was taken down and more than five hundred persons went in and touched him, giving their reason for so doing, that it would in the future protect them from witchcraft. The rope that he was hung with, the crowd afterwards took, cut it up in small pieces, and divided it among them, to act as a charm in protecting them in the future from ague and all other diseases.

A few days since the papers published the substance of a proclamation of Souloque, the black Emperor of Hayti, declaring war against the Eastern or Spanish part of that island, called St. Domingo. By the arrival of the brig Vulture, Captain Perkins, from Cape Haytien, with advices to Dec. 20, we learn that nearly the whole male population had been marched off to join Souloque's army, which was reported to be 30,000 strong, and to be marching against St. Jago.

The Boston Times of the 29th ult., says that "on Thursday, as Elder David Miller, of Torrington, was getting out of his wagon, while at Burlington, he fell head foremost, and (as is supposed) broke his neck. He died immediately. He was a large fleshy man, and a surgeon who examined the body was not able positively to decide whether he had actually broken his neck, or died from a stroke of apoplexy, or a disease of the heart. He was the presiding elder of the Methodist church for the Hartford District.

The convention of the veteran soldiers of the war of 1812 met in Washington, January 8th. The delegates present numbered upwards of two hundred, representing eleven States. The veterans, preceded by a military escort, visited the White House, where they were received by the President, the members of the Cabinet, officers of the army and navy, and a brilliant company of ladies. The demonstration is described as being a beautiful, patriotic and exciting scene.

The British brig Zenluko, Griffin, of Halifax, N. S., was fallen in with Nov. 10, in lat. 37° 20' N., lon. 63° W., water-logged and dismantled, by Sir Sarah, arrived at Guadeloupe, who took from the wreck Capt. Griffin and one man. Capt. G. had been lashed to the stump of the foremast for eight days, and was in a terrible condition of suffering. The flesh was falling from his body when he was discovered. At latest accounts he was improving.

The New York Times of Jan. 10th says: Nov. 28—six weeks ago—ordinary State flour sold at wholesale for \$9 25 a \$9 31 1/2 per barrel. To-day, the same brand sold for \$7 87 1/2 a 7 93 1/2—a fall of \$1 37 1/2 per barrel, or nearly 15 per cent., and this in the heart of Winter, with the great channels of cheap transportation closed. A year ago to-day this brand of flour sold for \$8 75 a 8 87 1/2—nearly a dollar per barrel higher, than now.

The Edinburgh Review says it appears to be proved that more than one half of the adult population of England and Wales cannot write their own names! And this state of things is in a fair way to continue, for, according to the census of 1851, out of 1,394,188 children in England and Wales between 7 and 14 years of age, only 701,345 (about 50 per cent.) were at school.

The New York Ledger makes the following announcement: "We have the pleasure of announcing that our gifted contributor, Mrs. Sara Payson Eldredge, (so renowned and admired as Fanny Fern), was married on Saturday, the 5th inst., to Mr. James Parton, well-known in literary circles as the author of 'The Life of Horace Greeley.'

A gentleman residing in Mount Vernon, Maine, has raised in the open air, for the last three years, the coffee plant, the seed of which was brought five years ago from Cuba. It grows about two feet high, and produces its berries in pods something like peas. The plants, he says, have matured even this season, and the berries ripened without injury from frosts.

The clipper ship Bald Eagle, of Boston, Captain Treadwell, made the passage from Swatow, China, to Callao, in 83 days—distance sailed 15,662 miles; average each day 188 1/2 miles. During the 37 days previous to her arrival she averaged 203 miles per day, and her greatest day's run, carrying royals, was 346 miles. She is not a very sharp vessel, but rather flat of the floor.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of the 2d inst. says: "From the best data at hand, we estimate the quantity of wheat in store in this city at 650,000 bushels. We have heard the estimate placed as high as 800,000 bushels, but this is too large. By far the greater portion of this amount is held on astern account."

A singular fact has just been brought to light in London, in regard to gas meters. A careful examination of the gas works in London has established this fact, that "the lower the quality of the gas, the greater the velocity with which it flows through the meter; that is, the quantity registered is increased in proportion as the quality is deteriorated."

There were only 100 persons killed last year on railroads in the United States, and 539 wounded, against 186 killed and 589 wounded in 1854. Of the killed last year 61 were employed on the roads. Killed by steamboat accidents last year 176, wounded 107, against 587 killed in '54, and 225 wounded.

The N. Y. Times says:—Six weeks ago Mess Pork sold for \$21 75 a \$22 50 per barrel; to-day for \$15 75. Sugars and most articles in the grocery line are also cheaper. Butter and Eggs, Apples and Potatoes, and most other kinds of staples are, to say the least, no higher.

The annual statistics of the Rochester flouring business shows that there is now invested in mills and machinery \$684,000, and that there are 122 run of stone employed. The total amount of flour exported during the last year is 601,471 barrels; of wheat imported, 1,961,272 bushels.

Some apples raised by Mr. David Blanchard, of Weymouth, Mass., have found their way to San Francisco, via Panama, as is said as when taken from the tree. It is estimated that a barrel would be worth from \$30 to \$45.

At a recent convention of colored men, held at Sacramento, the total colored population of California was estimated at 4815, with an aggregate in wealth of two million three hundred seventy-five thousand dollars.

Capt. Little, of the brig Loango, arrived from Aux Cayes, reports the yellow fever as raging fearfully at that place. Every vessel in port had lost more or less of their crews. Some of the foreign vessels were entirely deserted, their whole crews having died.

A late London paper informs its readers that the "Nebraska Territory of the United States is a tract of several millions of acres, lately purchased by the Americans from the Mosquito King!"

A collision occurred on the Hudson River Railroad, Jan. 9th, just below Poughkeepsie, which resulted in the death of three persons, and the wounding, more or less seriously, of some dozen others.

Lieut.-Col. Bragg, so widely known to the country for his gallant conduct at Buena Vista, has resigned his commission in the Army.

A Miss Home, of Williamsburg, Indiana, was on trial last week at Indianapolis, on a charge of robbing the United States mail.

New York Markets—Jan. 14, 1856.

Ashe—Pots \$7 00, Pearls 8 00 per 100 lbs. Flour and Meal—Flour 7 93 for ordinary to straight State 7 00 a 8 00 for mixed Western, 8 00 a 8 50 for Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, 9 50 a 11 50 for extra Genesee. Rye Flour 5 50 a 7 25. Meal 4 00 for Jersey. Buckwheat Flour 2 37 a 2 62 per 100 lbs. Grain—Wheat 1 87 for Southern, 1 90 a 1 92 for Western red; Rye 31. Corn 80 a 87c. for new yellow, 90 a 92c. for old mixed. Provisions—Pork 14 00 for prime, 15 75 for mess. State 7 00 a 10 00 for country prime, 10 50 a 12 00 for country mess. Dressed Hogs 7 1/2 a 8 1/2. Lard 11 1/2c. Butter 18 a 24c. for Ohio, 23 a 28c. for common to very good State, 28 a 30c. for prime. Cheese 9 a 10c.

MARRIED.

In Preston, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1856, by Eld. L. M. Cottrell, Mr. JAMES D. ROGERS to Miss MARY ANN E. CLARKE, both of Preston.

In Hopkinton, R. L., on the 7th inst., by Eld. C. M. Lewis, Capt. SILAS B. GREENMAN, of Westley, master of the brig Lavacca, to Miss ELLEN L. PACK, of Hopkinton.

In Lockland, N. D., Dec. 30th, ALZINA BURDICK, wife of Lewis Burdick, and daughter of Eld. Russell G. Burdick, aged 23 years.

LETTERS.

A W. C. JOHN, J. R. IRISH, H. V. DUNHAM, L. M. COTTRELL, A. M. WHITTON, JOHN MAXSON, J. S. SATERLEE, L. B. BABCOCK, F. D. BOND, ANDREW BABCOCK (sent last week—can't say about Memorial), C. M. LEWIS (sent last week—can't say about Memorial).

RECEIPTS. All payments for publications of the Society are acknowledged by the receipt of which is not duly acknowledged, should give its early notice of the omission.

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL:

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes: A. B. Burdick, \$2.00; B. L. Clark, \$2.00; S. F. Randolph, \$2.00; Isaac Clawson, \$2.00; Nathan Vans, \$2.00; Martin Dunn, \$2.00; Randolph Lawson, \$2.00; Andrew Drake, \$2.00; Barzillai D. Randolph, \$2.00; David Twist, Whitewater, Wis \$2.00; P. F. Larkin, Alfred Center \$2.00; Maria Stillman, \$2.00; Alfred Lewis, \$2.00; James Allen, \$2.00; B. F. Potter, \$2.00; Wm. H. Green, Alfred \$2.00; F. Fisher, DeWeyter \$2.00; Elizabeth G. Green, \$2.00; R. Gardner, \$2.00; Ezra Babcock, Scott \$2.00; A. Babcock, \$2.00; H. L. Burdick, \$2.00; Mrs. A. M. Green, \$2.00; W. H. Whiting, \$2.00; Mrs. Lois Clarke, \$2.00; John Barber 3d, \$2.00; Geo. M. Frisbie, \$2.00; H. C. Hubbard, \$1.00; Daniel Babcock, \$1.00; J. B. Richardson, \$1.00; B. S. Burdick, \$1.00; J. W. Green, Independence \$2.00; J. Green, \$2.00; David Babcock, Leonardville \$2.00; Daniel Brown, \$2.00; Clark Burck, Brookfield \$2.00; Jonathan Babcock, \$2.00; Josiah Witter, Wellsville \$2.00; L. G. Witter, \$2.00; R. W. Orndall, Jackson, Cal \$2.00.

FOR THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL:

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes: Avery Lannpher, Nile \$6.00; N. V. Hull, Alfred Center \$6.00; E. V. Orndall, Little Genesee \$5.00; Sabbath-School at Newburgh \$1.00; Eunice P. Osgood, Lairdville \$1.00; J. R. Satterlee, State Bridge \$2.00.

FOR SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL:

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes: Nathan Vans, New Market, N. J. \$1.00; Isaac H. Dunn \$1.00.

WILLIAM M. ROGERS, Treasurer.

BLANKS.—We are sending bills to those who owe for the Sabbath Recorder up to date of volume twelve, now more than a year. If any errors are discovered in them, please notify us immediately, and the proper corrections will be cheerfully made. If they are correct please make it convenient soon to remit the amounts.

Receipts for Missionary Society.

The Treasurer of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society acknowledges the receipt of the following sums since his last report through the Recorder:

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes: For General Purposes: Catharine Stelle, New Market, N. J. \$5.00; George Dunham \$5.00; Joel A. Dunn \$10.00; I. D. Tisworth, New Market, to constitute Anne \$50.00; Larkin and Joseph J. Fitzworth L. M. \$5.00; H. W. Clark, Ozaukee, Wis \$5.00; Thomas Holmes, Preston \$1.00; Arnetta A. Holmes \$1.00; Harriett E. Holmes \$1.00; Joseph N. Clarke \$5.00; Sarah B. Clarke \$5.00; Harriett J. Maxson \$5.00; A family in Preston \$2.00; Mrs. J. T. Rogers \$1.00; Ethna E. Rogers \$1.00; Joseph B. Rogers \$1.00; Mrs. Harriett Maxson \$2.00; Sands E. Maxson \$1.00; Ch. at Adams, to constitute Joshua Clarke, Chas. \$60.00; Potter, and A. Whitford I. M. \$9.50; Sabbath-School at Milton, Wis \$2.00; Wm. P. Longate, Pendleton \$3.00; Peter Burdick, Nile \$5.00; Joshua B. Maxson, Stephentown \$5.00; Sarah B. Clarke, to constitute \$5.00; Let. Ch. in Brookfield, by W. B. M. \$1.00; George W. Knapp, DeWeyter \$1.00; Benjamin Satterlee, Crowsville \$1.00; Ch. at DeWeyter, to con. J. Clark Crandall L. M. \$25.00.

For Foreign Missions:

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes: John Utter Jr, Homestead \$3.00; H. Thorgate, Decatur, Wis \$1.00.

For China Mission:

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes: Elizabeth M. Osgood \$1.00; Eunice P. Osgood \$1.00; Foleg S. Cottrell, Mountain Cove, Va \$2.00.

For Palestine Mission:

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes: Elizabeth M. Osgood \$1.00; Eunice P. Osgood \$1.00; Foleg S. Cottrell, Mountain Cove, Va \$2.00; A. D. TITSWORTH, Treasurer.

Western Association—Executive Board.

The Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Western Association is requested to meet at the house of Eld. N. V. Hull, Alfred Center, on Tuesday, the 22d of January, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Rogers' Hotel and Dining Saloon, KEPT ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN, No. 4 Fulton-st., New York, Near Fulton Ferry. Rooms to let by the day or week. CLARENCE ROGERS, Late of Fulton Hotel. HENRY ZOLLNER, Proprietor. Savary's Temperance Hotel AND TELEGRAPH DINING SALOON, No. 14 Beekman Street, N. Y. KEPT ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. MEALS AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY. LODGING ROOMS, From \$2 to \$3 per Week, or 50 Cts. per Night. B. S. SAWYER, Supt. JOHN S. SAVARY, Proprietor.

Bibliotheca Sacra, AND AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY.—The Thirteenth Volume commenced Jan. 1, 1856. This volume will be enlarged to 800 pages; will be printed on a new, large, and beautiful type, and on paper superior to that of any previous volume. This Quarterly contains articles of permanent value, by some of the ablest writers in the country. In its department it has no superior, and no Minister can afford to be without it. It is the most learned, the largest, and the cheapest Quarterly of its kind in the country. TERMS—\$3 per annum in advance. \$4 if not in advance. W. F. DRAPER, Andover, Mass.

Carpet Warehouse, YOUNG & JAYNE, No. 364 Broadway, corner of Franklin Street, (opposite Taylor's Saloon), offer for sale a very choice and extensive assortment of CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, CURTAIN MATERIALS, MATTRESSES, &c., at the lowest rates. Purchasers are respectfully solicited to examine the stock. Misrepresentations, either expressed or implied, are strictly prohibited in this establishment. YOUNG & JAYNE, 364 Broadway, corner of Franklin-st. N. B.—Churches and clergymen furnished at wholesale prices. Sept 27—3m.

Alfred Highland Water-Cure, This establishment, for the cure of Chronic Diseases, is conducted by H. P. BURDICK, M. D. The facilities in this "Cure" for the successful treatment of Diseases of the Liver, Spine, Nerves, Female Diseases, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, &c., are not excelled in any establishment. Patients will have the benefit of skillful Homoeopathic prescriptions—an advantage found in but few "Water-Cures." Especial attention will be given to diseases commonly called surgical cases, such as Hip Diseases, White Swellings, Cancer, (in their early stages), and Caries and Neurosis of bone. Connected with the establishment is a Dental Shop, where all calls in that profession will be attended to. Address, H. P. BURDICK, Alfred, Allegany Co., N. Y.

Central Railroad of New Jersey, In connection with the Lehigh Valley Railroad, opened to Manahock, N. J.—WINTER ARRANGEMENT, commencing Nov. 19, 1855. Leave New York for Manahock from Pier No. 2, North River, at 7:30 A. M. For Easton, at 7:30 A. M. and 3:15 P. M. For Southville, at 7:30 A. M. and 3:15 P. M. and 4:30 P. M. The above trains connect at Elizabeth with trains on the New Jersey Railroad, leaving New York from foot of Courtland street, at 7:30 and 11 A. M., 3 and 4 P. M. Leave Plainfield for New York at 7:05 and 9:05 A. M., and 1:40 and 6:13 P. M. JOHN O. STERNB, Superintendent.

