

The Sabbath Recorder.

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The Sabbath Recorder.

For the Sabbath Recorder.
Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Nine.

Hark! 'tis the last faint breathing of the year;
Like man it dies, 'midst the gay world's career,
And sinks unheeded in the shadowy past,
Where time hath all its worst-out victims cast.
Its days are numbered, and its deeds are done,
No more 'twill greet the rising of the sun.
Come let us gather round its solemn bier,
And pause to drop upon its grave a tear—
Tears of repentance for the evil done,
Or joy, if any righteous victory won,
As in the blessings of the year review,
With grateful hearts to whom all praise is due,
We'll deem the deeds its festing hours record,
With the deemed worthy of a blest reward.
How dark the shade the closing year must wear,
When with the good the evil we compare.
Thou cruel year! reckless of human life,
Hast drunk the blood of nations in its strife;
Pierced many widows' hearts with keenest woe,
And made the tears of helpless orphans flow.
O, when will dawn a glorious day of peace,
When war with all its kindred woes shall cease;
Swords bent to ploughshares, cannons cease their roar,
And nations learn the art of woe no more?
Long may Columbia's sword be sheathed and still,
Nor note of war be heard in vale or hill;
Be peace our motto till the world around,
From distant shores shall echo back the sound.
But hark! what sound comes on the southern gale—
The voice of bondmen, in their bitter wail,
The yoke is gone, but still the heavy yoke,
From off their weary necks is yet unbroke.
Though some of freedom's sons, all bold and brave,
Have dared defy the powers that bind the slave;
They fell like martyrs on the heaven-cursed soil,
Where clank the chains of slaves, and where they toil.
John Brown—immortal be the name and deed,
Of him who dared in freedom's cause to bleed.
Freemen awake! the blood of heroes slain,
Cries from the ground, while slavery still remain.
O that the coming year the time might be,
To every slave a year of jubilee.
From the dark spot which stains our boasted land,
We glance a moment o'er a distant strand;
A glorious war hath in the year been wrought,
The fear of God to sinful mortals taught.
The holy light relieves the darkened shade,
Which sin upon the passing year hath made;
Like the oasis on the desert drear,
The weary pilgrim sent to bless and cheer.
May this be but a prelude to that day,
When light shall chase the night of sin away;
And Gospel truth from every error free,
Spread o'er the world as waves roll o'er the sea.
Millon, Wis., Dec., 1859. BENCE.

[Published by request.]

New Year's Address.

Delivered before the Althradian Club of Albion Academy, by J. W. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen,—I thank you for that honor which bids me welcome in your behalf, the morning dawn of a new year. I thank you for that generous confidence that intrusts to me the inmost expression of soul on this occasion of such deepening interest.

Although the deep and high enthroned intellect that crowns this assembly, bids me tremble at the task; yet, listening to the inspiring voice of the occasion, would I attempt to touch the strings of thought, and follow their warble to the distant realm of mind. Easy would be my task, were it only to reanimate the glowing scenes of departed ages; lift to view the inspiring page of history and echo again her voice. But this is not sufficient; it does not satisfy the thirsting of mind. Thought with lightning dart leaps forth into the prophetic future, and in its foot-treads we must follow.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Sixty and eighteen hundred years ago to-night, as chronology says, the first starlight of redemption shows through the dark, cold streets of Bethlehem. Eighteen hundred years ago to-morrow's bursting morn the first sun-beam played upon the Savior's brow. From that period of such changing destiny to the world, we look upon the progressive chain of events with an enchanted eye and enraptured ear.

We seem to think all modern times imbued with the same heroic spirit that gladdened that destined morn. We hear in the poet's swelling harmony, in the orators moving eloquence, and in the statesman's deepening appeal, the breathing of that same invisible newborn spirit. We see in the modern warrior the image of new valor and new greatness. Such was the charm thrown upon the modern world when the Prince of Majesty died for apostate man.

It would be useless to rehearse the pages of history from that time to the present, to learn the one great fact, that the world is changing. Every age has had its grand ideas and its grand standard mark in life's great progress. As these yearly transpired great and world-moving events in the days of Grecian and Roman antiquity, so there are in modern days. Change then marked the character of departed ages with success or defeat, so it marks the character of modern days with that deathless ideal which they speak forth in every action. Every age has a lesson of human nature to be learned. Every age is the witness of some event that stands amid the archives of history as the idea and ideal of that age. But it is the standard of intelligence that destines the characters of nations, or worlds. It is the spoken or written of this standard in the stirring events of the world that we must take for its type. Philanthropic nature exulted at the progressive march of African intelligence, as year by year gradually its standard until the bright noon-day of the

world with new effulgence, lighting to honor all who dare to do, and terrifying with earthquake storm dynasties thrones. Not only in the political hemisphere, but also in the deep firmament of science, glittered new typical stars as Newton, Franklin, Morse, and a thousand others rolled upward on the massive wheel of time.

There is a moulding influence in past events. They stir the heart and move the arm to new and unthought destinies. They are just so many golden links in the great chain of sequence that measure at once years and centuries. They are at once the consequent of all prior experience, and antecedent to the thick coming events of the future. Thus it is: "Life is not one moment's fitting spark—not one act, if that heroic be, but 'tis associations that bind to gentler moments, hours, months, and years. Time is not the flash that lights the morning sky or cools the evening shade. 'Tis not morn or eve; but it is that invisible, incomprehensible infinity, illimitable to the future or past—everlasting, yet ever-passing. It is the events that tell the flight of time. There pilgrims landed, and breathed to heaven their melting prayer through icy clouds; their revolution rode forth her iron horse to battle; there victory perched upon her princely throne—the child of heaven and the God of man. Here thoughtless legislators bind the golden law and make one man master and the other slave; here martyrs in the field and on the scaffold pour their blood as free for truth and freedom as the mountain flood. Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, has been the witness, and recorded in the archives of her history, two events, which in their character were second to none in the history of the universe. I mean first, the European war; and secondly, that event which so recently again has moistened the ashes of Washington and Jefferson with the blood of martyred freemen. The first of which was not second to the wrangling of any Roman potentate, Greek or Spartan hero. An event, which in its brief day stirred the secret spring of every intelligence on the globe; an event of world-wide and world-moving interest concerning whose tendencies and future influence men may differ, yet all will agree that it is the typical event of the age in which it occurred. Although some may consider it as one grand exulting triumph of tyranny. Others but the dying grasp of dynasties hands, that feel too hard the pressure of steady marching justice, yet all agree to pronounce it the typical event of this continent for this year. Thus it is considered; thus it is recorded, and thus it will stand to be read by all generations.

The second is an event of our own country—an event which sends its wirey fang to the heart of every freeman, and most especially the American freeman; one against I daily hear the aged father, the sympathizing mother, and the courageous sons and daughters murmur their displeasure. But hark you, it is not so much the shedding of a few drops of blood on Virginia's soil, against which they murmur, as it is the great heart that beats unseen, touching the spring of fouler deeds. "Whatever is working within comes forth," says the master logician, "and makes its impress upon the external world." Man is free to think, to act, and to reason. As he thinks he will act, or the nobleness of manhood is not in his actions. True, false education may have chained the mind in dungeons dark, where truth's bright sunlight finds no entrance, yet there still is burning the lamp of conscience, though dimmed and smothered by superstitious oxygenous breath. The act is the type of the thought, thus it is, ever has been, and ever will be considered. But these two great events are not the only ones that have transpired; but only two great political events. Perhaps each of those have been working unseen events that have begotten these. If through these events, thus darkened by the storm-clouds of oppression, with prophetic vision you behold the lamps of light and truth, then mind you, there stood somewhere unseen the instrument of magic hand to trim and light the lamp. If in coming time you hear the discordant elements of the future blending in harmony, then mind you, there stood somewhere (although unnoticed) the magician whose skillful hand has struck the wand. That lamp-lighter said that magician may be the man of science or art; but it is enough to know that he is helper who helps under the realms of moral right and intellectual light.

The past year has not been wanting in the progressive march of every science, and art; every improvement that renders our rugged pathway of life more delightful. On the other continent, science and art joined their hands for effort. The world stood watching the result, when lo! before them glided out the billow created waters that giant edifice, that huge ocean traveler, that Great Eastern, which name every infant lip has learned to lip. This is only one example that might be cited in this department, and even this is not thus conspicuous and praiseworthy because it surpasses everything of the kind, because it is the like of which no age or country ever beheld, but because it spoke in wordless language not of decline but of progress.

It is useless to recite the exploits of mankind in all the walks of life; for it is not the man

festations, but the ruling idea for which we seek. This ruling, invisible, unseen thought, that gives the stamp of character and writes the ledger of destiny; it is the master-key, the motive spring, the characterizing and moulding principle of the age that we seek; and to show this but a few examples are necessary. All the energies of the same age spring from the same invisible, causing power—"the mind." Here, most emphatically may it be said, the "mighty powers are invisible." But what do the lessons of eighteen hundred and fifty-nine teach us? Of what do they speak, and what do they say? These are questions that begin to nestle in the mind as the year dies away—as its last moments sparkle and take their flight. Doubtless, if to-night the assembled world could stand within the sound of my voice, the universal acclamation would be human progress. Perhaps this may be considered an old subject; but there are priceless pearls within its depths yet unexplored; there is harmony in the soul more touching than the Eolian harp, moving motive power more than earthquakes—fires. There is no other thought in the limitless universe that fills the heart with such melting joy. It is that which entwines itself about human interest, human happiness and everything dear to mortal life. Then call it not old! This visible progress in our world and age, with the priceless treasures which it brings is not all. To this there is a counterpart—the progressive standard of human intelligence. It is to this, the foundation, that we look for changing power. Here we gaze with fonder joy. It was not those deathless words of the Declaration that immortalized Jefferson, but the high and daring standard of thought. It was not so much the silk-dressed words of Cicero that made his name live from age to age, as the daring thoughts that moulded them. It is really the growth and the height of thought that pleases us rather than the result that nestle in their shade. Why? Because thought is the foundation, without which they could not exist. The spirit of the present is tinged with that most grand of all the philosophic spirit. It is this that moves the grand inquiry of mind. It is this that has unbarred the fields of science and made accessible the mountain paths of knowledge.

How charming is Divine philosophy;
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;
But musical as Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of metrical sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

The world has learned the one great fact—the thinking and willing are the master-keys of human activity. Philosophy begins to burn in the heart's of men. Effects of such daring character have arisen, that the world in the depths of its superstition has been led to ask the question why?—to search the wide theaters of the universe to find the cause. The daring and thoughtful wisdom of Socrates has become admissible. But not here does this spirit die, but with the growing strength of youth it mounted forth to the combat and the conquest, exploring the false opinions of that age, and delving yet deeper in the unthought realms of truth. Though murderously scorned in its youth, yet it lived on—swept slowly yet surely over the dark plains of superstition with Simeon's terror. Every century has added to its growth, and every year to its conquests, until now every son and daughter of the nineteenth century can muse like Plato in the luxurious gardens of the academy.

A few reflections and I am done. The departure of a year should not only stir to life the memory of its own events, but should extend beyond that narrow boundary. Its departure first bids us remember that great event which it celebrates; that event so destitute to the world that to which all succeeding events look to their character.

"From that bright hour let memory lift her wing,
And to each New Year Eve her message bring,
Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a golden chain—
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise;
Each stamps its image as the other flies.
Sweet memories, wafted by the gentle gale;
Oft up the stream of time I turn my bark
To view the fair, suns of long-lost hours
Blest with far greater shades, far lovelier flowers.
Hail memory, hail in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine;
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And time and place are subject to thy sway."

That event speaks in wordless language to the Christian world; it makes reference and celebrates that illustrious dawn, when hope with healing upon her wings, stooped in her heavenward flight to raise apostate man. It falls with deathless cadence upon the ear of every truth-loving heart. In itself it is the anniversary of that noblest heroism that ever lit the dim darkness of the universe. Hence its memory bears the electric spark the flight to new hopes and new heroism, the noble sons of Christian truth.

Its memory purifies, elevates, and lifts a new life, the Christian's solemn heart; speaks with cheering, yet warning words to him who stands upon the girthing walls of truth, to him who holds the one glittering lamp amid the deep darkness of sin and sorrow; to him who commands the bright conquest of truth, and to him who leads the host of "Israel" through the red-rolling waters of sin to the rich luxuriant land of Canaan.

year bid us remember the Church, but also the State. For the same invisible and eternal principles of justice underlie both the Church and State. The one based not on this or that foundation, will soon fall from its quivering glory, and mingle with the shameful dust. Year by year notes in her vast ledger the success of those institutions and governments based upon the unyielding pillar of equity, and the defeat that sweeps with wailing groans of humanity. I stand not here to-night to harangue for party or party interest, but were it in my power, I would touch the strings of equity and humanity, and give them a warble in every freeman's breast. It is the triumph of great principles that we to-night should celebrate. But how can we estimate their victory except by the dying effort with which its antagonists tremble? It is naught but this that makes the Harper's Ferry now a new star of hope to the oppressed millions; naught but this that once again has loosened the shackled-bound wheel of human rights. It is this and kindred scenes that warm the irrepressible conflict for a free or despotic government. Yet again, there is in the anniversary of this year's struggle for the scholar which to him is as numbering as the algebraic theorem or geometrical line. Headmire the grandeur of those principles that underlie and sustain the Church and the State. Yet there lies back of them, underneath, giving growth and strength to these, that grand element of universal intelligence. Hence, to the accomplishment of this great end the scholar plays the destitute part. Not the narrow one-eyed scholar, who reads words; not thoughts, but that greedy thirst after immortal thought; that spirit which lights up with meteoric splendor the unexplored realms of thought that give life and strength to the bursting embryo of mind. Without a high standard of intelligence there can be no clear comprehension and growth of moral character.

To the man who denies this I have but to say, strike from the universe intelligence and search amid the ruins for morality and it has fled. Just in the same ratio as intelligence is fettered, so morality must be fettered. Upon the narrow walls the narrow temple must rise. Man must know in order to know right. In view of these facts I say that time brings most emphatically to the scholar a lesson. He who seeks to know the thousand secret things that wake the thought of life; he who is unwilling to walk the great, grand theater of life, unconscious of its wondrous play; yes, to the scholar there is a charm in the new year, as it stretches wide his broad and spotless wings, and commands him there to set the seal of character. Is it more to him to tell what gilding that sheet shall bear, than Roman potentates or Grecian States. Gentlemen, as at ere the care-worn laborer from the busy battle throng of life seeks the warm fireside, there to meditate on the scenes that day has brought; there to post and seal the ledger of that day; there to remember and resolve for the coming day, so it seems not unbecoming here, in the evening of this year, to pause a moment to reflect and read the past, and then to destitute the future year. The year has gone, its events are registered, and now, just now, the great Recorder is closing that ledger forever. Those accounts cannot be obliterated or canceled, but from those vast columns you can learn to destitute the future. Gentlemen, let not these moments sing their valedictory song in vain; but let the dying cycle breathe in your hearts a deathless ambition for the future year. Take for your guide, in the great university school of life, the motto inscribed on the Delphi temple, γνώθι σεαυτόν—"Know thyself!" Not only the wondrous mechanism of this frame that plays the play of life so well, but the matchless mystery of that princely mind, the glistering grandeur of that happy thought. Know the secret spring that unbars the door of mind. Let this be your noble aim, never to taste second-hand sweets or trifles. Scorn to drink the waters of knowledge until first you have spent your strength in climbing the giddy heights where they gush fresh from the mountain rock. The invoking language of to-night calls upon you to be scholars; to be freemen; to be heroes; and to be Christians.

Albion Academy, Jan., 1860.

For the Sabbath Recorder.

Journal of the Lanphear.

Travels in Missouri—Missouri Register—Free Negro Bill—Sabbath Question—Conversation with Individuals—Conversation between Master and Slave, &c., &c.

I arrived at St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 20, 1859. I took passage on steamboat up the Mississippi River to Hannibal, thence by Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad to St. Joseph. I had formed an acquaintance with one Dr. A. S. Frederick, a slaveholder from Kentucky; and while I speak of him, I speak of him as a gentleman. I had the pleasure of his company from St. Louis to Leavenworth, K. T. He conversed freely upon the subjects of slavery, religion, temperance, and Sabbatarianism, without in the least getting excited. He said he had formed an acquaintance with one person that observed the seventh day before—Miss Elvira Kenyon, a school-teacher from Allegheny Co., N. Y., boarded with him about one year; she kept the Sabbath. He spoke very highly of her character. I discovered on this route that the portrait and life sketch of Gerrit Smith was kept on hand for sale.

I arrived at St. Joseph on the evening previous to the hanging of John Brown. Much excitement seemed to prevail. The next day the slave-boy Green was hung, for shooting his master in July last. This place, by the way, is where the Kansas boys took Dr. Day out of jail at the time of the Kansas war. Green, in his confession, said his only object in shooting his master, was to get rid of being taken South, as his new master had bought him for that purpose. I saw many a flourish of the weapons of the border ruffians strife. No one, however, offered to disturb me at all in person, notwithstanding at the time I registered my name at the hotel as from New York. I was eyed quite closely. My friend, the doctor, spoke of those "horrible characters" as being loafers, "that no gentlemen would condescend in that way." Said "they were not much to be feared, as barking dogs were not apt to bite." I left St. Joseph, went into Kansas, was there at the time of their election preparatory to the coming into the Union as a State. Much hostility seems yet to prevail between some of the citizens of Kansas and the Missourians; the Kansasites improving every opportunity to run off slaves from Missouri, to the free States and Canada. And here I will relate a circumstance that transpired near Ossawatimie, while I was in the Territory: A slave ran away from his master in Missouri, went to Kansas, and stopped for a time with a farmer near the above named place. His owner learning of his whereabouts, took two men with him, and went up into the Territory with the intention of taking his property back to Missouri. On their arrival at or near the above place in the evening, he concluded to lay over until morning, before he made the arrest, putting up at the same time at a house near where the slave was stopping. By accident or otherwise, it was noticed about that the slave-owner was in the place preparatory to the taking of the slave back to Missouri. A company was soon formed, the master and slave both arrested and brought together, their garments exchanged—the master to the slave, and the slave to the master—fifty dollars taken from the master and given to the slave, the slave placed on the master's best horse, and started on his way for free soil; the slaveholder and his men being held in custody until the slave had plenty of time to make his escape good. The owner was then notified to leave the Territory on short notice.

I passed from Kansas into Missouri again by way of Kansas City, thence by way of Independence, Lexington, Marshall, Boonville, etc., to Tipton, on the Pacific Railroad, thence by railroad to Jefferson City, and St. Louis again. In the northern part of the State, there is but few slaves kept; from the fact that they were apt to take leg security, and leave for some northern country where the laws are more congenial to their feelings. The underground railroad is in a very successful condition, on the northern borders of the State; from which the slaves receive much assistance. While I write this short sketch, I do not propose to give all the details that came under my observation while in Missouri, for it would fill all the columns of the Recorder to do that; but will give a short account of some things that took place and came under my observation. The day that I arrived at Independence, a sale of slaves was had. The sale that seemed to create the most feeling, was that of a child six years old. It was a heart-rending scene; too much so for an unhardened heart to look upon, without turning away in tears. Some of the citizens spoke of it as "being too bad." And who would not say, to look upon a mother taking the last leave of her dear child in tears, while the child reaches out its hands towards its mother, crying, "one more kiss, mamma?"

The following conversation took place the next morning at the hotel, between master and slave:

Master—Jack, what would you do if you was free?
Slave—Never mind about dat, massa, try me and see.

M—Where would you go?
S—Gol I would go wagh up yonder on de plains somewhere, (giving a swing of the hand towards Kansas.)

M—They don't have any law up there to protect niggers.
S—Don't want any law; if dar was no law, niggers be good as anybody, could take care of himself. Law was not made for colored man. Colored man better give white man hundred dollars than go to law.

In passing from this place to Lexington in the stage, the following conversation took place between an old Frenchman and myself. Said I, addressing myself to the old gentleman, "This is a pretty good stock country, I conclude." French—"Yes; raise hogs, mules, and niggers." "Do you keep negroes?" "No, sir; nor would I if I were worth a million of dollars. No money would hire me to be perplexed with them. There is no such thing as trusting them out of your sight. I had rather have one Yankee than four slaves as to profits, as far as labor is concerned. The slaveholders live in fear all of the while, thinking that perhaps the negroes will some time raise an insurrection, and kill them all off. Were it not for my children that have settled here, I would not live in the State. There are some features about slavery that are

too bad to exist in a civilized country. This selling husbands from wives, and wives from husbands; also children from parents, as in that case yesterday." He referred to the case I have spoken of above. Said he, "I don't have anything to do with the system; neither have I voted for five years. Can't vote here without voting for slavery; so I don't vote." "Do you think this will ever be a free State?" "Yes; I think it will." "How long will it be, in your judgment, before this will take place?" "From five to ten years."

In leaving Lexington for Marshall, the stage arrangements were such that we had to make this distance in the night, which is about forty-five miles. We arrived at Marshall about 8 o'clock in the morning; the stage driver driving up to the hotel, cried out, "Lanphear, have a load of passengers half frozen to death; they want to warm and get breakfast." "I don't care a d—n," said the landlord, "I shan't get up to bother with them now." So the driver drove down partly one side of the town to a sort of boarding-house, where he succeeded in getting us into it. There we remained until 6 o'clock, had breakfast on the old Missouri plan—rather hard fare for a Yankee. By the way, this is the place in Missouri where they hung two slaves, and burnt one at the stake, last summer.

On leaving for Boonville, a man came to the stage-driver and said, "Sir, I wish you to take charge of this boy and deliver him to Colonel Boon of Boonville; his master there will take charge of him." The negro's name was put on the stage book, and the negro ordered to get up on top of the stage. He was poorly clad, very dirty, looked sick and very much cast down. It was a very cold and windy day. He was compelled to remain in that condition until about 3 o'clock, P. M., suffering intensely from the cold. All the passengers inside, save one, was in favor of allowing him to get inside; but he persisted in the idea "that he would not ride in a stage with a nigger." About 3 o'clock, however, the slave was taken with ague shakes, and so severely that it seemed as if he would shake the old stage all to pieces. Our friend inside finally concluded to let him get in. After he had been inside long enough to begin to feel a little better, the following conversation took place between one of the passengers and the slave:

Passenger—Get in here, get in and get foot a piece or you will freeze to death.
Slave—Can't help dat, I is so sick I can't walk; no loss to me if I do freeze to def; massa may lose sumfin.

P—Who is your master?
S—Don't know.

P—Where are you going?
S—Don't know; old massa send me down to Boonville; speck new massa take me dar.

P—Do you think he will take you down South?
S—Don't know. I tink poor vestment to take poor sick nigger like me Sout.

P—Warm climate down there; you wouldn't be so cold.
S—Don't care. I don't want to go Sout; they whip and starve niggers to def down dar.

P—Why don't you have your clothes washed, and not go so dirty?
S—I is so sick all de time, can't wash for myself.

P—Why don't your master have some of the slaves wash for you?
S—Massa don't care any ting about dat, wheser I is clean or not.

P—How often do you change your shirt?
S—When I has two, I change once in two weeks; but hab got but one now, so has to wear dat all de time.

The slave was left at Boonville. I stopped over night at this place. After registering my name I walked to the fire-place, took a seat by the fire, rather indifferently, as if I did not notice what was going on, or being said; but being like some other Yankees, kept my eye on the weather, and my ears on what was being said. I overheard the following conversation between the landlord and one of his guests:

Guest—Where is that gentleman from?
Landlord—He registers his name and residence, Nile, N. Y.

G—What do you think of him?
L—Judging from his looks, I should think he knew enough to take care of himself.

At this point I lost the run-of-their-conversation. After supper I inquired if I could have a room for the night containing a feather bed? Receiving an answer in the affirmative, I took a room by myself and retired; found the first comfortable lodging place in my travels in Missouri; for which I was charged only 75 cents; much cheaper than paying 50 cents to sleep on a bundle of straw.

This landlord owns what is called the white slave in that section of the country; and well she might be, for there is not one in ten of the Yankee girls of the New England States that can compare with her in beauty or complexion. Her master had been offered \$2500 for her, but refused to let her go. Her father, I might have said, as doubtless that is the case. One of the citizens of the place said to me that "it was generally acknowledged to be the fact."

In passing on from this place, we stopped at a sort of way station to change horses, warm, etc. On entering the house I discovered that an old lady seemed to preside; and a very patriotic old lady indeed. She seemed to think a great deal of our precious Union. Said she, "If the Union should be dissolved, our liberty which our fathers fought for would be all lost."

She soon found that I was from one of the Northern States. She then commenced the following conversation: "Do you think the people of the North really understand the condition of the white people in the South?" I told her I did not think they did in full. "I think so to," said she, "if they did, I do not think they would keep up this agitation all the while. Really they are endangering our lives all of the while. Since the Harper's Ferry affair, and the hanging of Brown, it seems as if the Devil was let loose among the slaves. They have all heard about it some how, and that Brown was a very good man, and was hung because he was for liberating the slaves. They think that northern men like Brown, are about to start some plan for their liberation. My niggers said she "is as saucy again since they have heard of these things; while I dare not offer to strike one of my niggers no quicker than I would my father. I have not got a nigger on the farm but that would knock me down the instant I should offer to do it." She hoped I would tell the people North just the condition the South was in; and would be in if the Union was dissolved. "Really we are more slaves to the blacks than they are to us. We live in fear all the time, the property is so unsafe; the niggers run away so much. For my part I am of a mind to sell my niggers off and put the money in my pocket where it cannot run away." I gave the old lady some encouragement that I would have the thing attended to when I got home, so she cooled down a little and I left. As we stopped the next morning about 4 o'clock to change and warm again, we entered the house, found an old man sitting by a very small fire in an old fashion fire place. By the way, he was the father-in-law of the host of the house that happened to be away from home. Upon inquiring why he did not keep a better fire, he said, "the d—n nigger that they depended upon to keep up the fire was off, and could not be found." Soon, however, the negro came in, and the old man addressing himself to the slave, said, "Jack, where have you been all night?" "Nowhere only in Betty's room," replied Jack. "None of your lying now," said the old man, "where was you when I called you at one, two and three o'clock? I called three times at Betty's, and also at your room for you, and you was not to be found." "I might had ben down to de barn den; I went dar a spell," answered Jack. "What was you doing at the barn?" asked the old man. "Nothing in particular," said Jack. "You have been off with some of the niggers, somewhere, contriving up some of your devilry again," continued the old man. "Have not ben off de farm dis night, massa," said Jack. "None of your saunce now; shut your head right square up, and bring in some wood and put on the fire, and then go to your room," cried the old man, "your master want to see you when he gets home." After the slave left the room, the old man made the following remark: "That nigger will have to be sold South; he is the worst nigger I ever saw. He has ben whipped enough to kill two common niggers; yet it don't seem to do any good; he will be off stragling about every night, unless he is locked in his room. I presume he has been off on some of the plantations to night, concocting some plan to run away again; he has attempted it once or twice." Judging from his looks I should think there was something in his head more than pits and lice; for really, he was a keen looking fellow.

The Sabbath Recorder.

New York, Fifth-day, January 26, 1860.

EDITED BY WM. B. MAXSON.

The Excitement on the Question of Slavery.

It has long been our opinion, that as there is a God in heaven who takes cognizance of the affairs and transactions of men here upon his footstool, so the relations existing in our country between the master and the slave would at some time come to an end. Recent events go to strengthen this impression. We claim not to be endowed with the spirit of prophecy—to pronounce upon the time when, and the manner how the bonds of the slaves in our country shall be loosened, and the grievous yoke which is now upon their necks shall be taken off. God has at his command an abundant means to accomplish his purposes. In the history of the past, we find him employing different ways to relieve the oppressed. It was said in old time by one who was not enlightened by the Christian revelation, that "Whom the gods were determined to destroy, they first made mad." This moral madness seems to have obtained in every case where God has poured out the vials of his destructive indignation. It was so with the world previous to the flood. God saw that the wickedness of man was great upon the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, and the earth was filled with violence. This state of things was soon followed by the sweeping destruction of the flood.

When the Israelites were enslaved in Egypt by Pharaoh and his house, as the Jews multiplied the fears of the Egyptians were aroused, for they saw that the bond slaves were "more and mightier" than they, therefore, they commenced a series of oppressions—setting over them task-masters to afflict them with their burdens, and made them serve with rigor, and made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in making mortar, and brick, and in all manner of service in the field, and in the destruction of their infant children. And as the complaints of the Israelites increased, the rigor of their services increased, until God interposed in their behalf, and accomplished their emancipation by the utter overthrow and destruction of their merciless oppressors by drowning them in the Red Sea.

Now it would seem that the advocates of slavery, whether North or South, could not have forgotten, (if they ever knew,) the history of God's dealings with slaveholders, and his own declaration, that "His is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." If He was ever an enemy to oppression, He is the same now. And He will not be at a loss for means to bring about the emancipation of the bondman, and bondwomen and bondchildren of this (with the exception of slavery,) highly favored land.

The course pursued by the advocates of slavery throughout the Republic indicates a degree of madness which is prophetic of the destruction of slavery if of nothing worse. The citizens of what are called the free States give their votes for men to fill the highest and most influential posts in our government, State and national, whom they know to be friendly to the perpetuation of the "sum of all villainies," thereby making themselves aiders and abettors of this great national sin; and are, for aught we can see, equally guilty with the slaveowner himself. The disgraceful exhibition of this satanic spirit in the Congress of the Republic, now given to the world, is sufficient to make any sensible man ashamed, and we should suppose sufficient to make every man who has a particle of conscience left in him, to repent of acting so suicidal a part, as to place such men in authority, especially in a situation where they can effect so much evil, and bring upon our whole country the reproaches of a gazillion world, who do not fail to cast in our teeth our own inconsistency in making our boast of our fervent love of liberty; and with the same breath, our unyielding attachment to bondage.

We are in the free States much more conservative, than they are in the slave States. Here churches can hold in good fellowship as Christians, such as buy, and beat, and demoralize in every possible way, and sell to the highest bidder, the fruit of their own bodies and members of their own churches; rather than diminish their numbers or their ecclesiastical influence. Merchants and mechanics wish to have no trouble on this account, lest their customers may fall off. They dislike to have us pray for the slave and for his emancipation, lest somebody will hear of it, and tell of it to the slaveowner, and they will lose the profits

of their trade. Men in our national assembly will give their countenance and support to the slaveowner, through fear of the pistol, or the Bowie knife. Shame upon such Christianity, and such patriotism! But, let these things work if they must. Hither the battle, the sooner over. The people of the South are sending home the straggling Northerners, who have found their way among them, who may be supposed to look with an unfriendly eye, or to think an unfriendly thought upon their God-defying system of oppression. If they go on in this way they will soon be all of one way of thinking in relation to this subject, excepting the poor, ignorant and hardened slaves. When they shall have exited, or sold into slavery every free colored person, and banished every free white person who is believed to be opposed to their system, as they are now doing, the end of their career is at hand. It is impossible, in the nature of things, for this condition of things to long continue. We may well hope for a change of some kind; for this state of things could scarcely be made worse. In the meantime, we shall continue to pray for the slave, and for his unfeeling master; that God will dispose of them in such a way that his great power may be seen, and acknowledged, and his name loved and honored by all classes of our fellow citizens throughout our whole nation.

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The February number of the Atlantic Monthly fully sustains the reputation of that journal. The new proprietors of the "Atlantic" need not fear a diminution of subscribers while they furnish such a variety of choice reading. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

ETHEAN LANPHEAR wishes his correspondents to address him at Nile, Allegany county, N. Y.

Communications.

For the Sabbath Recorder.

Reply to "S. S. G." and "Verdant."

Two articles have lately appeared in the Recorder, criticising the views expressed by me in reference to the nature and attributes of matter and spirit, and the sense in which man was made in the image of his Creator. The one by a brother subscribing himself "Verdant," seems to be in the spirit of a candid seeker after truth, and it ever gives me great pleasure to seek with such an one for the truth. But what shall I say to S. S. G., who makes himself very facetious at my expense. "They" say that S. S. G. is a funny man—a very funny man—and permit me to say, if it is not too great a stretch of the truth, a very witty man withal. I exceedingly fear and tremble in his presence, where my dullness is made greatly to appear. He is said also to be a veteran soldier, with keen eye and keener blade, and mighty arm, who hath fought over every inch of the vast and bloody plains of the RECORDER, until he stands acknowledged sole champion and exponent of undenominational orthodoxy. Hitherto I have escaped his blade, but now he is after me, and what shall I do? If it would be of any use, I would cry for quarter with my utmost voice; but "they say" it would be of no avail, for although he is reported to be, theoretically, a non-resistant, after the straightest sect of the school; yet, practically, he is the most bellicose of mortals—not in any low or physical sense, of course, but (speaking after the similitudes and dialect of Swedenborg), in a high spiritual, "correspondential" sense—though, theoretically, he is ever crying, "peace, peace;" yet, practically, he is the most belligerent of Christians in this most high "correspondential" sense—whose hand is raised against every man—whose, like Hadubras, seems ever in great fear lest his "correspondential" sword, for want of somebody to hew and hack, should grow rusty and begin to eat into itself—who believes with Miles Standish, the redoubtable Puritan captain, that cannon, not of iron or brass, but of their true "correspondentials," loaded to the muzzle with the sweet-smelling powder of "infinitesimal rarifications of atomic industries," and grape-shot, cut from the long-drawn controversies, smelted from "rarified infinitized etherium"—are "preachers who speak to the purpose, steady, straight-forward, and strong, with irresistible logical orthodox, flashing conviction right into the heart of the hearer."

I acknowledge I am afraid of him, and pray who isn't? To many a timid imagination he doubtless appears a veritable "correspondential" Don Quixote—not exactly that "knight of a rufal countenance," perhaps, but rather a knight of a belligerent, of funny countenance, thereby illustrating most beautifully the great and glorious law of correspondences, as set forth by Dr. Swedenborg, in his immortal works—to many, I was about to say, he thus appears mounted upon his spiritual Rosinante, dashing furiously here and there, and everywhere, like a true knight-errant, with helmet and lance in rest, attacking with undoubted valor all correspondential wind-mills and flogging-mills and trees and stumps, and though often severely bruised from their unfeeling resistance, affirming them all the while to be deligent-knights, as well as sundry attacks on spiritistic barns and various other edifices too numerous to mention, declaring them to be the veritable castles of true knights. In his last achievement he seems to have overtopped all of the great and notable achievements of his illustrious prototype, for we nowhere read of his attacking the stars; but at least—once, as he affirms, of the first magnitude—our foundest bow for that assertion—but with your drawn and lance in rest, he makes a rolling charge upon this star of "first magnitude,"

and he soon beats it with all of its "refracted reflections" into the "sublimated essence" of star-dust, and scatters it with triumphant shout over illimitable fields of "pure etherium," then settling gracefully back in his saddle, lifting visor from caput, waves his hand on high, and exultingly cries aloud, in the true attitude and spirit of chivalry, in such language as follows: "O Stellar Nebular, ascend, if thou dar'st, from thy essential nebulousity so far as to approximate towards the possible, as to become probable, and illumine my mentality and correspondential corporeity, by a single blinker from thy intangible nebulousity, and I, the knight of "pleasant countenance" will, after duly calling on the name of my sweet Swedenborgiana, impenetrate thy gross spiricity with an invisible and intangible conglomerosity that shall instantly sublimate thy solidified substance into infinitesimal rarifications, ultimating in absolute nonentity."

O, Knight of pleasant countenance, if a vanquished one may presume to address thee, how couldst thou imagine, even for a moment, after such thrusts and threats, a trembling nebulousity would ever again attempt to manifest himself, and yet dangerous as the experiment may be, he may presume to attempt it, if thou wilt condescend to comply with the conditions following—dismount from thy correspondential Rosinante, hitch him in some spiritistic stable, feed him on oats raised, not in the fields of mundane materialism, but raised according to the great law of correspondences in the "rarified" fields of "infinitized etherium"—lay aside thy war-gear, and walk forth with unhelmeted head and peaceful intent, on some quiet evening, and thou mayest be led to exclaim in the language of the poet—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder who you are;
A tiny and trembling spark,
Blinking above in the dark."

Taking thus a long and lingering adieu of S. S. G., we turn to Bro. V., premising the objections which we are about to make to his theories and methods of interpretation, with this word of encouragement. V. seems to have objection to my using words that require the occasional consulting of Webster. I will endeavor to use as simple language as is consistent with precision of statement; but if I should use now and then a word which will require the use of a dictionary, let me say for the encouragement of my brother, that I am confident no harm would come of such consultation. I am informed by those who have had much experience in reading dictionaries, that they are good books—very good books—very fine for clearing away fog and mist from the mind, and furnishing a healthy exercise to the mental powers, and giving a great deal of useful information.

1. Commentators generally agree, I think, that the words translated image and likeness, in the account of man's creation, are used with the same signification, to give emphasis, according to a Hebrew idiom, to the fact stated. The idea, evidently, intended to be conveyed by the use of the two words, is that of a precise likeness or exact image.

2. In my previous article, I came to the conclusion, in harmony with the declaration of Christ, that "God is a Spirit"—understanding by this, a pure spiritual personality to whom none of the attributes of matter are applicable, and that the likeness of man to his Creator was a spiritual likeness.

3. Bro. V. admits that man was created in a spiritual or moral likeness; but he affirms that God is "possessed of a physical form," and that man was also created in his physical image. In proof of this assertion, he quotes several passages, most of which plainly refer to a physical representation, and concludes, therefore, it does in the instance under consideration.

4. To this method of investigation, I have this grave objection. It is one of the first principles in all safe and truth finding investigations, that we note all the facts appertaining to the subject under consideration, neglecting none, suppressing none, but giving all their true weight. Herein I think he has failed in reaching the truth; he makes only a partial collection of those passages, in which the word image occurs, and those only that seem at first blush to favor his view of the question. Why did he not extend the list, thereby presenting those passages that do not favor his view of the question?

5. Again, in friendly that God has a physical form, he quotes a few texts wherein God is represented as having the form and parts of a man. He has fallen into the same error as in his other quotations, only quoting those passages that favor his theory, and passing in silence those which do not favor it. He did well as far as he went; but stopped short of a complete enumeration of all the passages, or enough, at least, to show the various ways in which God has manifested himself. God, in his trinity, is not only represented in the Bible as having the human form with its various members, such as eyes, ears, hands, feet, nose, etc., but also as bread, water, fountain, husband, shepherd, door, root, branch, vine, wine, light, horn, staff, shield, buckler, fortress, tower, stone, rock, dove, lion, etc. He is represented as ascending, descending, sitting, walking, standing, and "putting on" costume. He "loves, hates, laughs, mocks, scorns, derides, is angry, jealous, grieves, repents. He makes war, employs the bow and arrows, the spear, the helmet and breastplate, drives horses, rides in chariots, on cherubs, on wings, dwells in chambers and in tents, speaks with the human voice, and the voice of thunder, and of the waters, shouts and roars, broods over and protects with his wings, nourishes and brings up children, etc.

Now how are we to take all of these passages? Bro. V., though affirming, he knows of no bet-

ter way than to take the Bible just as it reads, yet even he, literalist as he is, would scarcely have the hardihood to take them all just as they read. If so, then the infidel and atheist may well taunt us as they have heretofore done, with their pictorial representations, combining these various and incongruous elements into one image, then exclaiming in derision, "Behold the Hebrews, behold the Christian's God!" I think he would seek for some kind of a tropical or accommodative sense for some of them at least. If for a part, why not for all? If we rise up and claim a physical likeness to Deity, because of these representations, why may not vines, and rocks, and shields, and towers? Most especially might animals, since comparative anatomy teaches us that there is a resemblance, a likeness running through the general structure and the various parts, such as bones, muscles, etc., as well as adaptation to similar uses and ends, of all animals, so that, if man is created in the likeness of God physically, so likewise is the whole animal creation—a likeness not as perfect, perhaps, but nevertheless the likeness is there. These are but the legitimate conclusions from this method of interpretation—conclusions, however, that the most strict literalist or gross materialist would be loth to adopt. Should we not adopt such a rule for the interpretation as shall harmonize all of these otherwise conflicting and incongruous representations, and "in a manner suitable to the perfections of the Almighty, refining them from all of those imperfections and debasing ideas found in connection with the creature?"

6. Again, such conceptions of Deity as embody a physical form, appear to me to be a species of idolatry. The second commandment of the decalogue plainly forbids our making to ourselves any image of Deity, and worshipping him through the same. I presume V. would abhor the thought of setting up, over his family or social altar of prayer, his ideal of the physical form of Deity, though it might be wrought out never so skillfully by the most cunning of workmen from the purest of marble; yet, by that high spiritual rule adopted by Christ in his interpretation of the commandments, does he not do it, in effect, every time that he kneels before the materialistic image set up in his imagination as his conception and embodiment of Deity?

7. Another and still more serious difficulty, Christ says, "God is a Spirit." V. says that God is only part spirit, and part physical form, or body. Judge ye, whom I ought to believe.

8. In closing his article, V. quotes two or three additional passages in proof of his theory. Phil. ii. 6, 7, is quoted—very fortunately for me—very unfortunately for him. He seems to have mistaken the whole force and scope of the passage. He says that the word likeness in the 7th verse tells what the "form" was in the 6th verse. Does it not rather tell what it was not? Is not the "form of God" in verse 6, put in contrast, placed in opposition, to the "form of a servant"—the likeness of men—in verse 7? The former he had before his incarnation—the latter after his incarnation. What can be plainer than that this passage teaches that the "form of men," was not; the "form of God," and that if the "likeness of men" is physical, the "form of God" is not physical. Whether the "form of God" denotes splendor, glory, majesty, shape, or nature, or essence, as differently affirmed by different commentators, it matters not. It was something distinct from, and compatible with, his assuming the form of man. Does V. in his interpretation of this passage, intend to broach the remarkable dogma that Christ has two physical bodies—one, that is the physical body of God, before the incarnation, and two after the incarnation, that of man's superadded to that of God's? I can come to no other conclusion from what he says.

Again his quotation and interpretation of Heb. i. 3, are liable to nearly the same objections as the above. The Greek word translated "express image," is the word from which our word character is derived, and is used nowhere else in the Bible; the word rendered person is used in four other places, in three of which it is rendered confident, or confidence, in one, substance, and in this place is rendered person by some translators, substance by others. Whatever may be the true meaning of the passage, it evidently refers to Christ's Divine nature, and not his human; hence, entirely inapplicable to the purposes for which V. quoted it. In reference to the passage, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," let me ask V., does that mean seeing Him with the physical light, or in an infinitely higher and better sense, that of enjoying his presence, communing with him?

I have thus stated a few of the objections to Bro. V.'s theory, and in most of them, I may possibly take some future occasion to present my views more fully.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:—

Will "A Member of the New Board" explain the motive of the Board when, after they had sought instructions from thirty or forty brethren as to who should be appointed editor, etc., and having ascertained their sense by letters, they were in favor of a particular person, they should immediately appoint another person, (J. Allen), contrary to the clearly expressed wishes of the letter writers? Has not the Board become by that act, liable to rejection for such temerity?

Either the Board could not consider the letters as the clearly expressed wishes of the contributors, or it could not regard their authority as any great weight. If of no authority, why obey it at all? If of authority why was it not complied with in the first instance? Does the Board consider the absence of instructions from the Society fully supplied by outsiders?

Osgar

For the Sabbath Recorder.
Alice Adelle Burdick.

It were, perhaps, scarcely possible to make a more enduring record of the character and virtues of her, whose name stands at the head of this article, than is already made upon the memory of those who knew her. But, could an accurate and faithful portrait of them be drawn, and exposed to wider view, who can tell whether it might not promote the work of philanthropy and religion to which she was so well adapted, but from which she was so early, and so suddenly withdrawn, at the stern bidding of Death? Would, that among those who have witnessed them, and felt their inspiring influence, there were a master hand to sketch the likeness—a hand moved with the strength to represent its sterling merit, and the delicacy to trace the beauty of its ornaments. Perchance, it would be to the anxious soul, yearning for a higher, purer life, like a nearer view of its distant ideal, and assist it in rising to reach its holy inspiration.

Sister Burdick was the daughter of Eld. A. J. Luce, a minister in the denomination calling themselves Disciples, and was born in Howland, Trumbull Co., Ohio, on the 24th day of January, 1836. When she was in her eleventh year, her parents came to Wisconsin, where she remained until she reached the age of sixteen; when she returned to Ohio, and entered the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute. During her stay at that place she experienced religion and united with the Church with which her father was in fellowship. At that school she pursued her studies two years; when she returned to Wisconsin.

In 1855 she became a student in Albion Academy at Albion, Wis. She came to this place a stranger; but her talent, as a scholar, her engaging manners, and her earnest and active sympathy for the cause of reform and human progress, won for her a warm place in the hearts of all who made her acquaintance.

In 1856 she was married to Charles A. Burdick. The first year after her marriage she spent, mainly, in Hazle Green, as her husband's assistant teacher in the public school there. The second year she occupied the same position with him, in Waupun. In Nov., 1858 she again became connected with the school at Albion, as a student and teacher of German. When Mrs. Williams resigned her position as Preceptress in the school, the Board of Trustees tendered her the place. She was unwilling to permanently assume the responsibility, but consented to do so for a single term to allow time to make other arrangements to fill the place. Here she continued her studies and labors until removed to a higher and wider field. Her death occurred on the 2d of September, 1859.

As a scholar she stood in the foremost rank with her associates. Her mind grappled with equal ease and readiness, the abstruse problems of mathematics, and the perplexing intricacies of the classics. In every department of study she excelled.

As a teacher, she had few equals among those of equal experience. She was clear, accurate and far-seeing in her conception of truth, and equally clear and accurate in its enunciation. In school, or in class, she exerted a strong control over every scholar. Ever dignified and self possessed, yet ever easy and affectionate, the way she exerted seemed vastly to exceed the measure of authority she used.

In her social intercourse, she was no less remarkable. There was a charm in her appearance that attracted every eye; from the tottering child to the hoary saint of a generation past. Whether she was a guest or a host, there was a cheerfulness and an artless simplicity in her address, that tended to relieve every one from a sense of restraint. Her cheerfulness was like a crystal spring gushing from the base of some lofty and extended mountain range, whose waters can never be dried away by the parching heat of summer, nor frozen over by the winter's cold. She possessed an independence and positive force of character that would do honor to the sterner sex, and which made her impressions and opinions decidedly her own; yet she was not behind the most gifted of her own sex, in the modesty and gentleness, which are among its richest ornaments.

Though, by nature, she was endowed with talent and ability, she was not content with receiving the ordinary education of a school; she was ever desirous to improve her mind and to see the best of God's gifts. To this end she was ever diligent, and she was ever ready to sacrifice to obtain the best of God's gifts. To this end she was ever diligent, and she was ever ready to sacrifice to obtain the best of God's gifts.

Her connection with society in Albion brought to her attention religious principles which had not, hitherto, occupied a place in her faith; but her acute sense, independence and candor, prepared her to see and embrace new truth.

On her last return to Albion, in 1858, she united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church, and understandingly and heartily addressed herself to the duties of the new position in which she had chosen to serve her Divine Master. Young, cultivated, talented and pious, she afforded to the Church an encouraging prospect of a long and useful life devoted to the interests of a faith which they hold so dear. But, how soon is that prospect lost! In the dark shadow of death; both to her, and to her bereaved husband, who was in it the promise of his co-operation and

of her trade. Men in our national assembly will give their countenance and support to the slaveowner, through fear of the pistol, or the Bowie knife. Shame upon such Christianity, and such patriotism! But, let these things work if they must. Hither the battle, the sooner over. The people of the South are sending home the straggling Northerners, who have found their way among them, who may be supposed to look with an unfriendly eye, or to think an unfriendly thought upon their God-defying system of oppression. If they go on in this way they will soon be all of one way of thinking in relation to this subject, excepting the poor, ignorant and hardened slaves. When they shall have exited, or sold into slavery every free colored person, and banished every free white person who is believed to be opposed to their system, as they are now doing, the end of their career is at hand. It is impossible, in the nature of things, for this condition of things to long continue. We may well hope for a change of some kind; for this state of things could scarcely be made worse. In the meantime, we shall continue to pray for the slave, and for his unfeeling master; that God will dispose of them in such a way that his great power may be seen, and acknowledged, and his name loved and honored by all classes of our fellow citizens throughout our whole nation.

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2. In my previous article, I came to the conclusion, in harmony with the declaration of Christ, that "God is a Spirit"—understanding by this, a pure spiritual personality to whom none of the attributes of matter are applicable, and that the likeness of man to his Creator was a spiritual likeness.

3. Bro. V. admits that man was created in a spiritual or moral likeness; but he affirms that God is "possessed of a physical form," and that man was also created in his physical image. In proof of this assertion, he quotes several passages, most of which plainly refer to a physical representation, and concludes, therefore, it does in the instance under consideration.

4. To this method of investigation, I have this grave objection. It is one of the first principles in all safe and truth finding investigations, that we note all the facts appertaining to the subject under consideration, neglecting none, suppressing none, but giving all their true weight. Herein I think he has failed in reaching the truth; he makes only a partial collection of those passages, in which the word image occurs, and those only that seem at first blush to favor his view of the question. Why did he not extend the list, thereby presenting those passages that do not favor his view of the question?

5. Again, in friendly that God has a physical form, he quotes a few texts wherein God is represented as having the form and parts of a man. He has fallen into the same error as in his other quotations, only quoting those passages that favor his theory, and passing in silence those which do not favor it. He did well as far as he went; but stopped short of a complete enumeration of all the passages, or enough, at least, to show the various ways in which God has manifested himself. God, in his trinity, is not only represented in the Bible as having the human form with its various members, such as eyes, ears, hands, feet, nose, etc., but also as bread, water, fountain, husband, shepherd, door, root, branch, vine, wine, light, horn, staff, shield, buckler, fortress, tower, stone, rock, dove, lion, etc. He is represented as ascending, descending, sitting, walking, standing, and "putting on" costume. He "loves, hates, laughs, mocks, scorns, derides, is angry, jealous, grieves, repents. He makes war, employs the bow and arrows, the spear, the helmet and breastplate, drives horses, rides in chariots, on cherubs, on wings, dwells in chambers and in tents, speaks with the human voice, and the voice of thunder, and of the waters, shouts and roars, broods over and protects with his wings, nourishes and brings up children, etc.

Now how are we to take all of these passages? Bro. V., though affirming, he knows of no bet-

ter way than to take the Bible just as it reads, yet even he, literalist as he is, would scarcely have the hardihood to take them all just as they read. If so, then the infidel and atheist may well taunt us as they have heretofore done, with their pictorial representations, combining these various and incongruous elements into one image, then exclaiming in derision, "Behold the Hebrews, behold the Christian's God!" I think he would seek for some kind of a tropical or accommodative sense for some of them at least. If for a part, why not for all? If we rise up and claim a physical likeness to Deity, because of these representations, why may not vines, and rocks, and shields, and towers? Most especially might animals, since comparative anatomy teaches us that there is a resemblance, a likeness running through the general structure and the various parts, such as bones, muscles, etc., as well as adaptation to similar uses and ends, of all animals, so that, if man is created in the likeness of God physically, so likewise is the whole animal creation—a likeness not as perfect, perhaps, but nevertheless the likeness is there. These are but the legitimate conclusions from this method of interpretation—conclusions, however, that the most strict literalist or gross materialist would be loth to adopt. Should we not adopt such a rule for the interpretation as shall harmonize all of these otherwise conflicting and incongruous representations, and "in a manner suitable to the perfections of the Almighty, refining them from all of those imperfections and debasing ideas found in connection with the creature?"

6. Again, such conceptions of Deity as embody a physical form, appear to me to be a species of idolatry. The second commandment of the decalogue plainly forbids our making to ourselves any image of Deity, and worshipping him through the same. I presume V. would abhor the thought of setting up, over his family or social altar of prayer, his ideal of the physical form of Deity, though it might be wrought out never so skillfully by the most cunning of workmen from the purest of marble; yet, by that high spiritual rule adopted by Christ in his interpretation of the commandments, does he not do it, in effect, every time that he kneels before the materialistic image set up in his imagination as his conception and embodiment of Deity?

7. Another and still more serious difficulty, Christ says, "God is a Spirit." V. says that God is only part spirit, and part physical form, or body. Judge ye, whom I ought to believe.

8. In closing his article, V. quotes two or three additional passages in proof of his theory. Phil. ii. 6, 7, is quoted—very fortunately for me—very unfortunately for him. He seems to have mistaken the whole force and scope of the passage. He says that the word likeness in the 7th verse tells what the "form" was in the 6th verse. Does it not rather tell what it was not? Is not the "form of God" in verse 6, put in contrast, placed in opposition, to the "form of a servant"—the likeness of men—in verse 7? The former he had before his incarnation—the latter after his incarnation. What can be plainer than that this passage teaches that the "form of men," was not; the "form of God," and that if the "likeness of men" is physical, the "form of God" is not physical. Whether the "form of God" denotes splendor, glory, majesty, shape, or nature, or essence, as differently affirmed by different commentators, it matters not. It was something distinct from, and compatible with, his assuming the form of man. Does V. in his interpretation of this passage, intend to broach the remarkable dogma that Christ has two physical bodies—one, that is the physical body of God, before the incarnation, and two after the incarnation, that of man's superadded to that of God's? I can come to no other conclusion from what he says.

Again his quotation and interpretation of Heb. i. 3, are liable to nearly the same objections as the above. The Greek word translated "express image," is the word from which our word character is derived, and is used nowhere else in the Bible; the word rendered person is used in four other places, in three of which it is rendered confident, or confidence, in one, substance, and in this place is rendered person by some translators, substance by others. Whatever may be the true meaning of the passage, it evidently refers to Christ's Divine nature, and not his human; hence, entirely inapplicable to the purposes for which V. quoted it. In reference to the passage, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," let me ask V., does that mean seeing Him with the physical light, or in an infinitely higher and better sense, that of enjoying his presence, communing with him?

I have thus stated a few of the objections to Bro. V.'s theory, and in most of them, I may possibly take some future occasion to present my views more fully.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:—

Will "A Member of the New Board" explain the motive of the Board when, after they had sought instructions from thirty or forty brethren as to who should be appointed editor, etc., and having ascertained their sense by letters, they were in favor of a particular person, they should immediately appoint another person, (J. Allen), contrary to the clearly expressed wishes of the letter writers? Has not the Board become by that act, liable to rejection for such temerity?

Either the Board could not consider the letters as the clearly expressed wishes of the contributors, or it could not regard their authority as any great weight. If of no authority, why obey it at all? If of authority why was it not complied with in the first instance? Does the Board consider the absence of instructions from the Society fully supplied by outsiders?

Osgar

For the Sabbath Recorder.
Alice Adelle Burdick.

It were, perhaps, scarcely possible to make a more enduring record of the character and virtues of her, whose name stands at the head of this article, than is already made upon the memory of those who knew her. But, could an accurate and faithful portrait of them be drawn, and exposed to wider view, who can tell whether it might not promote the work of philanthropy and religion to which she was so well adapted, but from which she was so early, and so suddenly withdrawn, at the stern bidding of Death? Would, that among those who have witnessed them, and felt their inspiring influence, there were a master hand to sketch the likeness—a hand moved with the strength to represent its sterling merit, and the delicacy to trace the beauty of its ornaments. Perchance, it would be to the anxious soul, yearning for a higher, purer life, like a nearer view of its distant ideal, and assist it in rising to reach its holy inspiration.

Sister Burdick was the daughter of Eld. A. J. Luce, a minister in the denomination calling themselves Disciples, and was born in Howland, Trumbull Co., Ohio, on the 24th day of January, 1836. When she was in her eleventh year, her parents came to Wisconsin, where she remained until she reached the age of sixteen; when she returned to Ohio, and entered the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute. During her stay at that place she experienced religion and united with the Church with which her father was in fellowship. At that school she pursued her studies two years; when she returned to Wisconsin.

