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FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER.

WEARY NOT IN WELL-DOING.

A sermon preached before the Seventh-day Baptist Assembly Society, at its annual meeting in West-cy, R. I., September 5, 1869, by Elder Julius M. Todd.
"And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. vi. 9.
The gospel of Christ is one grand scheme of benevolence. Selfishness is excluded from every part of it. Its author gave practical demonstration of this truth, during his incarnation, by going about doing good. To this fact every hill-top and valley in Judea, were they endowed with speech, would bear testimony. The maniac cured by his words; the sea made calm at his bidding; the sick made whole by his voice and healing power; the dead raised; the sorrow-stricken relieved; the mourner comforted; the sinner delivered from his load of guilt, as well as the vast multitudes who hung eagerly upon the gracious words that fell from his lips; all bear unmistakable testimony to this great fact. None can read his history without feeling that Jesus went about doing good. That Jesus was a home missionary, is clear from his own words: "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also, for therefore came I forth."
It would naturally be expected, that whoever embraced his doctrine, would partake of his spirit of benevolence, and like him go about doing good. In this is seen the reason why seventy warm-hearted disciples sent forth two into every city and place where he himself would come. Here also is seen why Paul reasoned so eloquently before Felix. Christ had charged his disciples, "Say not ye, There are four months, and then cometh harvest; lift up your eyes on the fields; behold, they are white already to harvest." Fired with this sentiment, so full of benevolence, and indicating arduous toil and untiring activity in the service of Christ, in the great harvest field of the world, they went forth in the name of the Master, heralding the gospel of peace and good-will. And whether it was a thundering Boanerges, an eloquent Apollo, a bold and scholarly Paul, or the beloved disciple, saying, "Let us love one another," all, yes, all were moved by the love of Him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows.
This sentiment underlies every successful effort to save men. Let us not lose sight of it for a moment in our missionary work. "For the love of Christ constraineth us," is worthy of being engraven on every heart. Is there one here to-day who asks what shall be the motive to induce me to preach the gospel?—to go as a missionary to foreign fields? I answer, the constraining love of Christ. Here lies the secret of success, and a want of this spirit will always be attended with failure.
The term well-doing, in the text, embraces the whole field of Christian effort. Whether it be to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, to labor to save sinners, to watch over our brethren, to pray in our families, to teach the young the way of life, or to send out the living messenger of the gospel of peace to the benighted and perishing, or in any other way to toil in the vineyard of the Lord, it is all included in the text.
There are three things to which your attention is earnestly solicited on this anniversary occasion:
I. The discouragements under which we are not to weary.
II. Our ability to labor, and consequent responsibility.
III. The inducements to labor, viz., there is to be a seasonable reaping time.

I. The discouragements under which we are not to weary in our work.
1. We have now been engaged in the work of missions fourteen years, and very little success has crowned our efforts. Only think of what would have been done had the same labor and means been expended at home. Ought we not, therefore, to abandon the foreign field? I wish to say, that it is, and has been, the firm conviction of my own mind, that, instead of our efforts abroad having hindered the work at home, it has gotten a spirit in our people under which the home work has received a new impetus. Our people never even attempted or performed so much home work as since we began our foreign missions, and instead of our doing more, and a great deal more, at home, if we had not the foreign missions on our hands, I think that facts will show that the spirit of foreign missions has awakened a new interest in the growing field of the West. Brethren, only think of this: "There is that which withholdeth more than its meet, and it tendeth to poverty." Besides, it is a mere assumption, that but for our foreign missions much more would have been done at home. No man can assure us that it would have been so. Who can say but that we should have become so stunted and dwarfed, divided and distracted, that our very name would have been a reproach? But our work has not proved vain in the old world. Some

we have reason to believe, have been saved from death, among the heathen. Who that saw our Chinese brother, and heard him speak even in his own tongue the love of Christ, can say that our labor has been in vain? If one sinner saved is worth more than the whole world, as our Saviour taught, can any one, in view of a dozen or more conversions in that heathen land, say that our work has been in vain? Oh, no. Let our fears be silenced. Let us be dedicated anew upon the altar, and instead of diminishing our labors of love to save lost men, put our hands anew to the work, baptize our missions with our tears, remember them in our prayers; and instead of saying, "Brethren, come home," let us rather cheer them in their work, by telling them:
"Go, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light."
"Oh, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand,
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand."
"Let us send across the water, to cheer them in their isolation and loneliness, the cheering words:
"They love a rich reward shall find,
From Him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who toil the erring mind,
Shall shine like stars above the sky."
Had we better, then, give up that great work to which our Lord devoted his life, yet, gave it freely, and committed his people to it by his last command? Would not the heathen rise up in the day of judgment against us? And what could we say to our Redeemer for not obeying his command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."
2. We are a small people, and are not able to do much. True; but let us do as much as the poor widow, who gave two mites, and received the approbation of Christ.
3. It causes so much trouble. Indeed! but are we not to expect trouble in every department of Christian labor? And would not this plea equally excuse us from any and all labor for Christ? But here, at this anniversary, let me, in the meekness and gentleness of Christ, entreat my fathers and brethren, by the love of Him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, to labor and pray for such nearness to God, such an overpowering sense and all-pervading influence of the love of Christ, as shall cause us to feel as he felt, to forgive as he forgave us, so that every opposing feeling even among us may be harmonized, and we made one in Him, as he and the Father are one. "Beloved, let us love one another."
II. Our ability to labor, and consequent responsibility.
1. We have the men—some of them in the field—whose hearts are ardent in the work. And we have reason to believe that were the cry sent out through the churches, Who will go for us, and whom shall we send? it would meet a hearty response from brethren well qualified for the work. On this point there can be no dispute.
2. We are able, peculiarly, to sustain those in the field, and to send out others at an early day. But I am told that we have our home expenses to bear. I know it. The mission cause asks not for a penny that you ought to pay for your family, the support of your pastor, or the education of your children, or for any other object. It only wants, and asks for, what you are able to give to the cause of missions. It asks no more, nor ought you to ask it, "Can't you take a little less?" Suppose we estimate ten of our churches to possess means to the amount of \$100,000 each; and that, on each \$100, they pay for missions \$1 annually, which would give to the treasury from these churches alone \$10,000. How easy it would be to carry on our work! How easy this is, at least on paper! But I am told that my plan would bankrupt the whole denomination in less than two years. Brethren, I believe that while you thus scattered with a liberal hand, God would increase your wealth a thousand fold. Where on the face of the earth has there ever been a wealthier people, as a nation, than the Jews? And yet God required, and they gave, one tenth of the increase to him. It is written, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." Take another view, and one against which none but the extremely poor, or the niggardly, can possibly object. Let each member of our churches pay for missionary purposes only twenty-five cents annually, and the amount will be \$1,644. Should this be increased to fifty cents, we have the sum of \$3,288. Who will say that we are not able to pay this latter amount, yea, and much more. And yet our missions languish for want of pecuniary aid. I need not add one word more, except to say, that we are able to sustain our present missions, and to increase our labor in this direction. This brings me to a remark, that I fear that our inability lies in a want of consecration to the service of Christ. Upon this subject, "the church itself needs converting." Why were a few disciples—in point of numbers and money, few and feeble—able to carry the gospel over vast tracts of country in the primitive age? Because they were consecrated to the work. "They first gave themselves to the Lord, and then unto us by the will of God." Here lay the secret of their success. They were as intent on their work of preaching Christ, as wordslings are now in getting wealth. God was with them, and whatever He saw needful to give power and efficacy to their preaching and work was done, whether to heal the sick, cause the lame to walk and leap as a hart, or the tongue of the dumb to sing—to shake prison walls, turn back the bolts and bars, and lead forth his servants; or if, like Stephen, they were called to die martyrs, they were permitted to see his glory, to cheer and comfort them in death, and Jesus standing on his right hand to lead them to mansions prepared for them on high. With such nearness to God, such consecration to their work, it is no wonder that, when persecution arose, and they were scattered abroad, they went everywhere preaching the word. Nor is it strange that, under their preaching, wicked men trembled in view of their sins, for I apprehend that their preaching brought the sinner face to face with his God.
3. But I come to speak of our responsibility in view of our ability. Should I per-

ceive my neighbor's house to be on fire, and did not possess the ability to give him the alarm, I might be clear from responsibility. But if I should plead that it would be more to my advantage to go about my own affairs, and leave him and his family to perish with his house, would I not deserve the anathemas of all decent men? Would not every one hold, and truly too, that my ability to give him timely warning of his danger made it clearly my duty to do so? And if three-fourths, or all, of the houses in the village in which I live were on fire, would it not be clearly my duty to alarm all in my power? Should I fail to do so, who would be reckless enough to offer an apology on my behalf, that I was about my own affairs, and did not know how to leave; or that I was just then busy in counting my money; or engaged in a dispute about very important points of doctrine, and intended to go and alarm the inmates as soon as I could bring the very important matters to a close. And if these things are so, what will clear us, as a people, from our responsibility to do what we can to save lost men from eternal death? Clearly, then, our ability to give the gospel to the heathen makes it our duty to do so.
III. The inducements to labor: "For in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." This cheers the husbandman in his toil; and it may equally cheer the laborer in the Master's vineyard. True, he may have to walk by faith, and that faith often severely tried; yet he is cheered by the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." None but a child of God knows the comfort of that promise. Well-directed effort never loses its reward. True, we may not see all that we desire; still, God has said that His "word shall not return void." And though we occasionally see and hear of conversions where there seems to be no agency of men, at least direct, yet we shall find, in tracing the history of all such cases, that in the distant past human agency has been used to the enlightening of the mind. But if there are exceptions, they are exceptions, and not the rule.
"When Xavier was preparing to go forth upon his mission through the east, his friend, who shared with him the same apartment in the hospital at Rome, was awakened in the night by his earnest exclamations. He heard him tossing restlessly upon his couch; and at times there came from the lips of the sleeping man the agitated appeal, 'Yet more, O my God! yet more!' Months afterward, he revealed the vision. He had seen in his slumber the wild and terrible future of his career spread out before him. There were barbarous regions, islands, and continents, and mighty empires, which he was to win to his faith. Storms, indeed, swept around them, and hunger and thirst were everywhere, and death in many a fearful form, yet he shrunk not back. He was willing to dare the peril, if he could win the prize. Nay, he yearned for still wider fields of labor, and with an absorbing passion, that fitted every faculty, and haunted him even in his slumbers, he exclaimed: 'Yet more! O my God, yet more!'"
None can doubt that many, under God, will trace their salvation to the efforts made by him, and for which he gathered strength in communion with God. It may safely be asserted, then, that God has connected the salvation of sinners with the efforts of his people. For our encouragement it is written, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."
Brethren, in that bright morning, that rejoicing time, when our dear missionary brethren and sisters come, with their dear ones redeemed from heathenism and death eternal, by the blood of Christ, through their instrumentality, who of us will then regret that we have contributed of our material aid to sustain these laborers while they have taught them the word of life? And when the grand coronation takes place, and among the innumerable cortege of that great multitude that no man can number, we behold our own missionaries, and their "sheaves with them," saying, "Here am I, and the souls thou hast given me," who, I ask again, will regret that he has given money and offered up prayer to God for so glorious a result? "He that winneth souls is wise," and "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." We ought not, then, to weary and flag in the work of missions, because we do not now see all that we had hoped and prayed for. Look at the husbandman, and gather fresh courage and strength. He hath long patience. Look at the promise of God. Nay, take firm hold of it; by faith in prayer, wait upon God, and you shall renew your strength. Is it a proper time for us to withdraw our mission from Jerusalem, when the rotten Turkish government seem pitching headlong to its final catastrophe, and the rattling of the dry bones is about to be heard, if not already?

REMARKS.
1. The work of missions is divine. It originated in the divine benevolence. It has been conducted successfully only when the divine pity has filled the hearts of those who have been engaged in it. A mere sense of duty, bordering on constraint, unmixed with the love of Christ, though it may have all the outward conditions of obedience to the last command of Christ, if it be destitute of that all-moving power, the love of Christ, will fall powerless to the ground. For it lacked the very element that could give it success. That feeling of pride that induces some to engage, because they are the missions of our denomination, must necessarily be humbled. Or, if we look simply to the establishment of popular and wealthy congregations or churches, let us not be surprised if our hopes are disappointed. They may become popular and wealthy; but let us hope and pray that they may be wealthy in good works, and popular only as they and those under their influence are consecrated to the service of God. We are laborers together with God. How this gives divine character to the work of missions, and makes us fellow-laborers with God! Can we ask for a more exalted station or work? "In the morning show thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." At all events, every well-directed effort shall meet the divine approbation. "He that converteth the sinner from the

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"THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."
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error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."
2. In this divine work we need, and ought to take, fresh courage. This may be secured by a new consecration to our work in prayer. Do our missions live in our prayers? Oh, who does not remember with pleasure the happy days, when, upon this subject, we trod no other circle but love? Alas! that it is now otherwise with any! Brethren, there is encouragement; some have been saved already. And this shows that labor has not been in vain in the Lord. May God in His great mercy give us His Spirit in this annual gathering, that the great work to which we are committed by the last command of our ascended Lord, may receive a new impetus.

For the Sabbath Recorder.
VIEWS ON SLAVERY.—NO. 3.
The young man of the South—(I speak now as a woman, but simply as a thinking, observing, intelligent mind, and mind has no sex)—from the force of early associations, prejudices, and habits, formed in the pestilential atmosphere of slavery, either openly, or in his secret heart, despises woman. Woman, the clinging, trustful vine, made to twine around man, the strong-limbed, sturdy tree; first to find in his superior strength protection and support, and then reciprocally to strengthen him, to beautify his youth, to make glorious his manhood, to lovingly hide his senile decay from the eyes of the outside world, clothing even his lightning-riven, crumbling, limbed and leafless trunk with the interlacing evergreens of her perennial love—woman, this glorious creation of a Divine Hand, the young man of the South holds in secret or avowed contempt. The rich lady, the queenly, dazzling heiress, does indeed command and receive his most servile homage. She thinks, perchance, that this is love. She becomes his wife—his wife!—ah! what is that sacred name to him? Then, then her eyes are opened; then she finds that she has lavished the whole wealth of her priceless affection upon a being incapable of pure, of sacred love. Then she knows the meaning of those bitter words, too late. I use no magnified hyperbole. The well-known condition of the South is proof indisputable of all, and more than I can write.
The slave woman is a chattel—a helpless victim—a mere lump of clay in the all-powerful moulding hand of her master. What, if degraded in her own eyes from her birth, her whole being shaped into a servile form, of which these words are the true exponent—"Oh, it's only a nigger; no matter, den, what I does"—what if so moulded she becomes her own mighty avenger by poisoning the very fountains of life in the tender heart of the master's child? What if she does this? She does do it. Not always, indeed, but often. Oh, the children of the South! God have mercy on them, and bestow the joyful day when they shall be freed from the fatal miasma now darkly enveloping them.
I remember with sad, with prayerful, with heart-aching interest, the little group that I used to gather round me in that small, forest-shaded school-room, far away in Carolina's soft, salubrious climate, where, through the open door and window, the playful breezes loitered all the long quiet sunny day; where the changing lights and shadows flickered through the overshadowing foliage, downward upon the smooth, white, sandy soil, marked in many a place by the children's merry footsteps and "hop scot" diagrams; where the mocking bird caroled hour after hour his inimitable songs; where, in the pauses of recitation, and in intervals of studious quiet, there came drowsily to the ear the humming of the lazy fly behind the fluttering window-curtain, and from outside the light patter, patter, of Sallie's pet lambs, gamboling among the trees. There was Sallie, the largest, the fairest, lightest-hearted of the children, her delicately-rounded face, yet untouched by sorrow, bent quietly over her open book; there was "cousin Ben," a big boy doing little "sums" in the primitive principles of arithmetic, where Northern boys of his age would have been solving geometrical problems, or dissecting Virgil—a careless, happy boy, loitering upon the very lowest round of the ladder of letters; thinking, not of making arduous efforts, but climb towards the far-off top, but of "possum hunting" nights, with "Ned" and "uncle Wash," or of going to huskings to enjoy the glorious fun of seeing the niggers get drunk; there was a chubby, nine-year-old Bennett, Jr., with milk-white skin, rosy lips and cheeks, clustering dark hair, and his father's own black eyes, that smiled so wonderfully when I unfolded to him any new truth, and seemed to echo his idiomatic "How come, Miss S—," which, being interpreted, would be, "How can that be so? I don't understand. Tell me more about it, Miss S—"; there was modest little Lucy, with a face worthy the study of an artist; there was the still younger Mary, lovable, if not so beautiful as her sisters, and charming me often with her odd mistakes in learning to read; there were Mary and Florence L—, sister blossoms of another house, and hereinafter in perspective; Molly and Betty R—, girls whose color seemed to have been shaken out of them by the age; the keen, laughing brunette, Ellen P—; light-haired, blue-eyed "Dick" B—, who sometimes brought me favors of fresh flowers or New-England newspapers from his mother; and I should not leave out from the picture, Henry, too young to study, yet sometimes peering with his large, inquiring black eyes into the, to him, forbidden school-room—Henry, a child most nobly endowed by nature; and baby Pete, "honey Pete," "sugar Pete," the waxen baby that was occasionally "toted" into the school-room by his impenetrable black nurse, whom he seemed to love better than his own mother. These children, growing up to think, as nearly all the world thinks, that what is done around them, and sanctioned by parents, friends, by influential persons, by society, and public opinion, is right—these children, as unmaimed, as good by nature as any New-England children, are in no wise answerable for the existence and the crimes of slavery; yet its bitter blight must inevitably fall upon them. How can they escape it?
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strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking distance, she whispered: "Mother, don't you think that if he lived near God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?" Such a question is worth a volume on the exorcism of prayer.
A TRACT IN INDIA.
There is a tract in India called "The Jewel Mine of Salvation." I have packed up my things ready to return to India, else I would have brought a copy of it here. It exists in many languages. I do not know who composed it, but probably it was a native. It has been adopted and published by the Society. That tract has a marvelous history already in India; it has worked its way from the remotest North down to the extreme South, passing from language to language, perpetually demonstrating its power and its usefulness. Its whole course has been a career of triumph. Why, its footsteps have been marked everywhere with flowers of peace and beauty springing up, and by the sides of the paths it has trodden have ripened rich clusters of fruit, and triumphal arches have spanned the highway of its advance. That tract has been the means of a great many conversions. There are souls to-night in the kingdom of heaven, whom this tract taught where to find wings for so lofty a flight. That tract is in poetry, for the Hindoos are very fond of poetry. An assembly can be collected in the street at any time by chanting.
Now Hindoos have actually sung away their prejudices against Christianity, as they chanted the stanzas of this tract, and as the truth stole in upon their hearts and their consciences through its melodious cadences. The stanzas of this tract have been heard from night-boats as they floated down Gunga's broad tide. They have been heard beneath the banian's shade at noon, issuing from the lips of the resting traveler, who found, in the flowing verse and the loving thoughts, a solace of his weariness. And don't you think, as the sweet utterances swelled up from the river-shore and under the shady palm-tree, that the sympathizing angels came to the very brink of the battlements above, and looked over, and listened to the strain, and murmured back their happy echo? If there is any work, which I thank God for permitting me to accomplish in India, it is that I succeeded in introducing the tract into two languages.—*Rev. Dr. Scudder.*

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.
John B. Gough, in the course of an address in Boston, proceeded to speak of drunkenness as the great hindrance in the way of bringing the Gospel to bear upon the hearts of a portion of the people, illustrating his remarks by the following touching incident:
I spoke in Dundee to the outcasts of that town. The Right Hon. Lord Kinross, whose lady was instrumental in getting up that meeting. It was such a meeting, I suppose, as you cannot see in this country—at least I never saw such an one. If such an audience can be gathered together here, I should like to see and to address it. The town missionaries had got together a large mass of men and women, and you would almost have looked in vain to find one lingering trace of human beauty left. It seemed as if the foul hoof of debauchery had dashed it out. It was a horrid sight to look at. Rags, filth, nakedness—a festering, steaming mass of putrifying humanity. A woman sat at my feet, and the place was so crowded that I touched her; her nickname for years had been "Hell-fire." The boys called her "Fire," and she was known by no other name in the vicinity of her wretched residence. Fifty-three times had she been convicted and sentenced for from six days to four months imprisonment.
The ex-provost of the town, George Rough, said to me, "I never seen a sinner man to take her. She was never married by one man. She is a muscular woman, and will hit right and left. She has been dragged before me, time after time, with the blood streaming from her face."
The Rev. Mr. Hanway and Mr. Rough said to me, "If she kicks up a row, as she probably will, you will see one of the most comical rows you ever beheld. It is dreadful, but there is a comicality about it; it is amusing. We have seen men who could stand any amount of common swearing, run when 'Fire' began to blaspheme."
She sat there at my feet, and as I went on, she interrupted me a little. I told that audience what they had been, what they might be, what God meant they should be. I showed them that they were thwarting God's good designs towards every one of them. I asked that mother if she did not remember sending that half-starved little child for a penny's worth of oatmeal and fourpence worth of whiskey. I asked that young man to remember what he promised when he married that girl, and to go and look at that bed of rags to which he had brought her. Some of them lifted up their naked arms, and said, "Oh! that is all true."
By-and-by, the woman at my feet looked up and said, "Where did you learn that?" Then she looked as if she had some important communication to make to the people, and she said, "The man kens all about it. Would you give the likes of me the pledge?"
"To be sure I will," said I.
"Oh! no—no" said some; "it won't do for her to take the pledge."
I said, "Why not?"
"She can't keep it."
"How do you know?"
"She'll be drunk before she goes to bed to-night."
"How do you know?"
"Madam," I said to her, "here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep the pledge if you sign it?"
The woman flew into a rage.
I said, "Before you fight about it, tell me, can you keep it?"
The reply was, "If I say I will, I can."
I said, "Then you say you will?"
"I will."
"Give me your hand."
"I will."
"Then," said I, "put down your name."
After she had done it, I said, "Give me your hand again."
She did so, and said, "I will keep it."
"I know you will," said I, "and I shall come back again to see you."

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LIVING NEAR TO GOD.—One day, a little girl about five years old, heard a preacher praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the

"Come back when you will," said she, "and you will find I have kept it."
Some three years afterwards I went back. Lord Kinross presided over the meeting. The woman was there. After the meeting I introduced her to Lord Kinross; not as "Fire," but as Mrs. Archer, a very respectable Scotch woman. She had on her a white cap, and her shawl pinned across her breast. He shook hands with her. I went to her house. I wish I could tell you what she told me. I wish I could make you feel as she made me.
"I am a poor body," she said, "I dinna ken much, and what little I did ken, has been about knocked out of me by the staves of the policemen. They pounded me over the head, sir. I dinna ken how to pray; I never went to God's house these twenty-eight years; I canna pray, but sometimes I dream"—and then her eyes filled. "I dream I am drunk, and I canna pray; but I get out of my bed, sir, and I kneel by the side of it, and I never get back to it until the day dawn, and all I can say is, 'God keep me.' I canna get drunk any more."
Her daughter said, "Aye, mon; and I have heard my mother at dead of night, on the bare floor, in the bitter winter time cry out, 'God keep me,' and I said, 'Mither, go to your bed, and she said, 'No, no; I had a dream, and I canna go and drink any more.' That woman is now to be seen going every Sabbath day to hear God's Word preached—she, who had not entered God's house for twenty-eight years. Teetotalism is not religion, but I thank God it has removed a hindrance to many a man and woman hearing that truth which must be believed, and must be heard before it is believed."

FAITHFUL SOLDIERS.
It was the fortune of that ambitious general, Napoleon, to be greatly beloved by his soldiers. Though he led them into fearful battles, in which they perished by thousands, yet they loved him with the most devoted affection. Indeed, most of them were ready to die for him.
At the battle of Arcole, a sabre gleamed over Napoleon's head. An officer—Murion—saw his danger, threw himself upon his person, and received the blow intended for him at that time.
At another time, a shell, with its fuse fiercely burning, fell at his feet. Two grenadiers, seeing his exposed condition, rushed to the spot, and encircling him in their arms, completely shielded his body with their own. When the shell exploded, it blew a hole in the earth large enough to bury a cart and two horses. Napoleon and the two grenadiers tumbled into the hole, and were almost covered with stones and sand, and were very pretty well bruised, though neither of them was killed.
On another occasion, a pioneer, seeing Napoleon in great peril, stepped up to him, and in a tone of great authority said—
"Stand aside!"
The general gazed on the soldier with a penetrating glance. But the undaunted pioneer raised his strong arm, and pushed his commander aside, saying—
"If thou art killed, who is to rescue us from this jeopardy?"
He then placed his body so as to cover Napoleon from danger. This rough display of love in the rude pioneer pleased him. When the battle was over, he sent for the man, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, said—
"My friend, your noble boldness claims my esteem. Your bravery demands a recompense. From this hour an epaulet instead of a hatchet shall grace your shoulder." He then raised the hero to the rank of an officer.
Now, all these acts of self-devotion were very noble. I know you admire those faithful and heroic soldiers. Perhaps you find a wish in your heart to do something noble and heroic yourself. That is a good wish. I will tell you how to gratify it. Devote yourself to the happiness of your sick mother. Be gentle to that feeble, timid sister. Be kind to that helpless brother. Deny yourself that you may increase the joy of others. The boy who does these things is a true hero. He does not need to go to cruel battle-fields to be a hero. He can be a hero at his own fireside. Depend upon it, fire-side heroism is better than the heroism of battle-fields.—*S. S. Banner.*

GETTING UP A REVIVAL.
It is written: "I will turn to the people a pure language," etc. On this text Bishop Morris very justly remarks, in applying it to our day, that some forms of expression habitually used in what are alleged to be evangelical churches are not according to a "pure language." Among these he mentions those at the head of the article, "Getting religion," etc. He objects to this phrase, for the reason that religion is a comprehensive term, which implies all that a Christian should believe, experience and practice through life, and is therefore not to be gotten at any one time, unless we could admit the erroneous doctrine that one act of grace in the conversion saves us from all sin, future as well as past, and unconditionally secures heaven. It is more proper to say justified, converted, or born again, which expresses only one material part in the great work of experimental religion, and leaves room for a growth in grace. "Getting up a revival," he adds, "is a phrase highly objectionable, calculated to mislead the minds of many, as though we could originate a work of mercy. A revival is a work of grace, in the progress of which sinners are awakened, penitent seekers converted, ministers are clothed with salvation, and the saints shout for joy, under the overwhelming of the Holy Spirit. Such a work is not gotten up; it comes down from heaven. All the ingenuity and power of man can never convert one soul; it requires the same power to convert a sinner that was employed to create a world. We should pray for a revival to come down among us continually."
BRIEF.—Much, says a writer in the *Christian Secretary*, is lost in our prayer and conference meetings for want of brevity. If brevity is "the soul of wit," it is no less the life of prayer. Christians are not always heard for their much speaking, neither does the value or efficiency of a remark increase with the length thereof. Length should be secondary to depth. Let us pray for what we need, do our errands at the throne of grace with as much dispatch as is consistent with propriety, talk to the point, and stop when our duty is done. Volunteer service is sometimes not only uneffective, but positively injurious. Much may be gained by a due observance of the miller's creed: *Always shut the gate when the grist is out.*
My rule is deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the thing is practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it, if I give sufficient pains to it; and having begun, I never stop till the thing is done.—*To this rule I owe all my success. So said John Hunter.*

of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."
2. In this divine work we need, and ought to take, fresh courage. This may be secured by a new consecration to our work in prayer. Do our missions live in our prayers? Oh, who does not remember with pleasure the happy days, when, upon this subject, we trod no other circle but love? Alas! that it is now otherwise with any! Brethren, there is encouragement; some have been saved already. And this shows that labor has not been in vain in the Lord. May God in His great mercy give us His Spirit in this annual gathering, that the great work to which we are committed by the last command of our ascended Lord, may receive a new impetus.

For the Sabbath Recorder.
VIEWS ON SLAVERY.—NO. 3.
The young man of the South—(I speak now as a woman, but simply as a thinking, observing, intelligent mind, and mind has no sex)—from the force of early associations, prejudices, and habits, formed in the pestilential atmosphere of slavery, either openly, or in his secret heart, despises woman. Woman, the clinging, trustful vine, made to twine around man, the strong-limbed, sturdy tree; first to find in his superior strength protection and support, and then reciprocally to strengthen him, to beautify his youth, to make glorious his manhood, to lovingly hide his senile decay from the eyes of the outside world, clothing even his lightning-riven, crumbling, limbed and leafless trunk with the interlacing evergreens of her perennial love—woman, this glorious creation of a Divine Hand, the young man of the South holds in secret or avowed contempt. The rich lady, the queenly, dazzling heiress, does indeed command and receive his most servile homage. She thinks, perchance, that this is love. She becomes his wife—his wife!—ah! what is that sacred name to him? Then, then her eyes are opened; then she finds that she has lavished the whole wealth of her priceless affection upon a being incapable of pure, of sacred love. Then she knows the meaning of those bitter words, too late. I use no magnified hyperbole. The well-known condition of the South is proof indisputable of all, and more than I can write.
The slave woman is a chattel—a helpless victim—a mere lump of clay in the all-powerful moulding hand of her master. What, if degraded in her own eyes from her birth, her whole being shaped into a servile form, of which these words are the true exponent—"Oh, it's only a nigger; no matter, den, what I does"—what if so moulded she becomes her own mighty avenger by poisoning the very fountains of life in the tender heart of the master's child? What if she does this? She does do it. Not always, indeed, but often. Oh, the children of the South! God have mercy on them, and bestow the joyful day when they shall be freed from the fatal miasma now darkly enveloping them.
I remember with sad, with prayerful, with heart-aching interest, the little group that I used to gather round me in that small, forest-shaded school-room, far away in Carolina's soft, salubrious climate, where, through the open door and window, the playful breezes loitered all the long quiet sunny day; where the changing lights and shadows flickered through the overshadowing foliage, downward upon the smooth, white, sandy soil, marked in many a place by the children's merry footsteps and "hop scot" diagrams; where the mocking bird caroled hour after hour his inimitable songs; where, in the pauses of recitation, and in intervals of studious quiet, there came drowsily to the ear the humming of the lazy fly behind the fluttering window-curtain, and from outside the light patter, patter, of Sallie's pet lambs, gamboling among the trees. There was Sallie, the largest, the fairest, lightest-hearted of the children, her delicately-rounded face, yet untouched by sorrow, bent quietly over her open book; there was "cousin Ben," a big boy doing little "sums" in the primitive principles of arithmetic, where Northern boys of his age would have been solving geometrical problems, or dissecting Virgil—a careless, happy boy, loitering upon the very lowest round of the ladder of letters; thinking, not of making arduous efforts, but climb towards the far-off top, but of "possum hunting" nights, with "Ned" and "uncle Wash," or of going to huskings to enjoy the glorious fun of seeing the niggers get drunk; there was a chubby, nine-year-old Bennett, Jr., with milk-white skin, rosy lips and cheeks, clustering dark hair, and his father's own black eyes, that smiled so wonderfully when I unfolded to him any new truth, and seemed to echo his idiomatic "How come, Miss S—," which, being interpreted, would be, "How can that be so? I don't understand. Tell me more about it, Miss S—"; there was modest little Lucy, with a face worthy the study of an artist; there was the still younger Mary, lovable, if not so beautiful as her sisters, and charming me often with her odd mistakes in learning to read; there were Mary and Florence L—, sister blossoms of another house, and hereinafter in perspective; Molly and Betty R—, girls whose color seemed to have been shaken out of them by the age; the keen, laughing brunette, Ellen P—; light-haired, blue-eyed "Dick" B—, who sometimes brought me favors of fresh flowers or New-England newspapers from his mother; and I should not leave out from the picture, Henry, too young to study, yet sometimes peering with his large, inquiring black eyes into the, to him, forbidden school-room—Henry, a child most nobly endowed by nature; and baby Pete, "honey Pete," "sugar Pete," the waxen baby that was occasionally "toted" into the school-room by his impenetrable black nurse, whom he seemed to love better than his own mother. These children, growing up to think, as nearly all the world thinks, that what is done around them, and sanctioned by parents, friends, by influential persons, by society, and public opinion, is right—these children, as unmaimed, as good by nature as any New-England children, are in no wise answerable for the existence and the crimes of slavery; yet its bitter blight must inevitably fall upon them. How can they escape it?
GENEVA.

strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking distance, she whispered: "Mother, don't you think that if he lived near God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?" Such a question is worth a volume on the exorcism of prayer.
A TRACT IN INDIA.
There is a tract in India called "The Jewel Mine of Salvation." I have packed up my things ready to return to India, else I would have brought a copy of it here. It exists in many languages. I do not know who composed it, but probably it was a native. It has been adopted and published by the Society. That tract has a marvelous history already in India; it has worked its way from the remotest North down to the extreme South, passing from language to language, perpetually demonstrating its power and its usefulness. Its whole course has been a career of triumph. Why, its footsteps have been marked everywhere with flowers of peace and beauty springing up, and by the sides of the paths it has trodden have ripened rich clusters of fruit, and triumphal arches have spanned the highway of its advance. That tract has been the means of a great many conversions. There are souls to-night in the kingdom of heaven, whom this tract taught where to find wings for so lofty a flight. That tract is in poetry, for the Hindoos are very fond of poetry. An assembly can be collected in the street at any time by chanting.
Now Hindoos have actually sung away their prejudices against Christianity, as they chanted the stanzas of this tract, and as the truth stole in upon their hearts and their consciences through its melodious cadences. The stanzas of this tract have been heard from night-boats as they floated down Gunga's broad tide. They have been heard beneath the banian's shade at noon, issuing from the lips of the resting traveler, who found, in the flowing verse and the loving thoughts, a solace of his weariness. And don't you think, as the sweet utterances swelled up from the river-shore and under the shady palm-tree, that the sympathizing angels came to the very brink of the battlements above, and looked over, and listened to the strain, and murmured back their happy echo? If there is any work, which I thank God for permitting me to accomplish in India, it is that I succeeded in introducing the tract into two languages.—*Rev. Dr. Scudder.*

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.
John B. Gough, in the course of an address in Boston, proceeded to speak of drunkenness as the great hindrance in the way of bringing the Gospel to bear upon the hearts of a portion of the people, illustrating his remarks by the following touching incident:
I spoke in Dundee to the outcasts of that town. The Right Hon. Lord Kinross, whose lady was instrumental in getting up that meeting. It was such a meeting, I suppose, as you cannot see in this country—at least I never saw such an one. If such an audience can be gathered together here, I should like to see and to address it. The town missionaries had got together a large mass of men and women, and you would almost have looked in vain to find one lingering trace of human beauty left. It seemed as if the foul hoof of debauchery had dashed it out. It was a horrid sight to look at. Rags, filth, nakedness—a festering, steaming mass of putrifying humanity. A woman sat at my feet, and the place was so crowded that I touched her; her nickname for

The Sabbath Recorder.

New York, October 18, 1860.

GEORGE B. UTTER, RESIDENT EDITOR.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

People are to be met with every where, whose minds have become prejudiced against religion by the inconsistency of its professors in pecuniary matters. Perhaps some of them who claimed to be pious, has got the better of them in a trade, has defrauded them on a contract, or taken advantage of them by a legal quibble; and from this circumstance they have jumped to the conclusion that religion is a fable, and its professors are hypocrites. It would be strange, indeed, if among the great body of professing Christians there were not some whose practices differ from their precepts. There is a maxim among the orientals, that a religion the precepts of which are not better than the practices of its professors, must be false—a maxim which recognizes the idea that a holy and just God will be likely to require from men that which, in their selfishness, they will find it rather difficult to render. But, certainly, one who reads with candor the precepts of the Christian religion, cannot seriously question that it is adapted to make men honest in their dealings with each other; and one who takes an enlarged and charitable view of the practices of its professors, will, we think, be compelled to acknowledge a general aim to deal justly, as well as to walk humbly with God. The exceptions to this course do not invalidate the rule; they are frowned upon by all true Christians, and by all consistent Christian organizations.

Such thoughts were suggested to us by reading, some time since, a document which we found in the Records of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Brookfield. It seems that as long ago as 1813, there were in the vicinity of that church, people who thought that getting in debt when they could, and then getting out of it by the help of insolvent laws, was all right and proper. But the church thought otherwise; and gave expression to its opinions in the following document, which is worthy of a place in the Records of other churches.

FIRST FIRST-DAY IN JANUARY, 1813.

The Committee appointed by the Sabbatarian Baptist Church in Brookfield, to draft rules for said church in cases of insolvency, deem it their duty to premise certain rules, which, if attended to, would, in their opinion, prevent the need of taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act; they therefore beg leave to offer the following:

1st. We consider it incumbent on every professor of religion, to be industrious, prudent, and frugal, and to reduce his expenses, on a general scale, within his income. Therefore, if any member of the church, who is indebted, for any reason, for victuals, drink, or clothing, above his ability to pay, or promises a day's work, or anything else, and does not punctually perform his promise, (unforeseen accidents and providential misfortunes excepted,) he is considered a disorderly walker.

2d. If any member of this church, having a family, cannot provide competent support for them, it is considered his duty to apply to the church for advice and assistance; but if he does not comply with the advice of the church, but contracts debts which he is unable to pay, he precludes himself from any of the privileges named in the next article, and we consider it the duty of every brother of this church, having knowledge thereof, to labor with the offender, and if he does not obtain satisfaction, to report the same to the church.

3d. If any member of this church, who is in good standing, shall be reduced, by misfortune, &c., to indigent circumstances, and shall apply to this church, as above mentioned, and submits himself to the direction of the church, the Word of God, and our Covenant Articles, obliges us to afford him relief, (Deut. 15th,) and it is in the province of the church, in regular church meeting, to direct according to the nature of the case; and if any brother, who is able, refuses to bear any part of the sum voted by the church, he is considered covetous, and of course liable to censure.

4th. If any member shall sue another, except when he can not avail himself of the decision of the church, the person who sues is guilty of a trespass against said brother and against the church.

5th. If any brother, under the pretence of helping a poor brother, shall demand or take any more than lawful interest for any sum of money lent or waited for, or more than usual increase for any provision or grain lent or sold to a poor brother, it is considered as extortion or oppression, and such brother is worthy of censure.

6th. If any brother shall hereafter avail himself of the benefit of any insolvent debtor Act, without previously informing the church of his intentions, and obtaining the church's approbation, when in the opinion of the church such information is practicable, he is to be considered a disorderly walker, and any brother may inform against him to the church.

7th. In case any member has heretofore availed himself, or shall hereafter avail himself, of any Act of Insolvency, and thereby defraud his just creditors, and accumulate property to himself to hold afterwards, or is guilty of fraud in his pursuit, such conduct is reprobated by this church; and any person who may have sufficient testimony may pursue such delinquent, and if convicted, the offender is considered to forfeit his membership, and is to be entirely disowned by this church.

8th. In case any brother has heretofore, or shall hereafter, obtain a legal discharge from his debts, by any Act of Insolvency, we do not consider such brother as released from paying such just debts, whenever he shall have acquired property of his own, so as to enable him to pay them, without distressing his family, or injuring later creditors; and we hold him bound to use all laudable means to obtain property in order to satisfy former creditors.

HENRY CLARKE, JOSEPH MAXSON, ELI S. BAILEY, Committee.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—A mission among the Chinese in San Francisco, California, has been in operation about a year, under the supervision of Rev. W. A. Loomis.

A report of Mr. Loomis states that, on the 1st of December, 1859, religious services were commenced in the Chinese Mission chapel, which have been continued without interruption up to the present time. The average attendance is about thirty on Sunday, and about fifteen on Thursday evening. On Sunday, and during the week, the missionary and his assistant visit the Chinese company's houses, and the settlements in the suburbs of the city, to read, and talk, and answer questions. There is a very large field for missionary labor among the Chinese of California. Here they may be reached with less difficulty, and with a greater certainty of receiving permanent benefit, than in their native country.

THE BIBLE UNION.

The American Bible Union recently held its eleventh annual meeting in New York, when the usual reports of officers were made, and addresses were delivered by several prominent friends of the revision movement.

From the Treasurer's Report, it appears that the Union received last year \$40,240 84, of which \$35,838 79 was cash from members, directors, churches, associations, &c. The payments amounted to \$40,489 94, of which \$11,961 04 was for agents' salaries, agents' expenses; officers and assistants; bad bills, interest, and discount; rent of officers' and managers' rooms; filling certificates and certificate paper; insurance, fuel, and general contingencies.

The Annual Report of the Board (or the abstract of it which we have seen) states that the Gospel of Matthew has been published in a quarto volume of about 300 pages; and that the epistles to Titus, First and Second Timothy, Philemon, James, and Galatians, have been revised during the year; but it gives no intimation when we may expect to see the entire English Scriptures revised. Judging from what has been accomplished in the eleven years that the Union has been engaged on this work, we conclude that it will be some years hence. Meanwhile a subscription has been set on foot to raise a fund of \$100,000 for the distribution of the Revised English Version of the Scriptures among the poor—the subscription to be made in such a way that the subscriber may pay the interest annually, or semi-annually, for five years.

ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

Last week we printed some account of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. While the subject is fresh in the minds of our readers, they will no doubt peruse with interest the following sketch of the origin and early history of that organization:

The Board is the oldest foreign missionary organization in the United States. It was formed in June, 1810. For two or three years before that time, namely, at Amherst, Gordon Hall, and James Richards, students at Williams College, had become impressed with a conviction that it was their duty to devote their lives to the work of preaching the gospel to the heathen, and in 1808, they, with a few other pious students, also members of the same college, formed a society, the object of which was to "effect in the person of its members a mission or missions to the heathen." The members of the society at once set about publishing and circulating missionary documents, and conferring with those clergymen whose co-operation was especially desired. Drs. Worcester, Griffin, Morse, and Dana, were the most prominent. Andover Theological Seminary, which had then just commenced operations, soon became the focus of the missionary spirit, and among its students, including Adoniram Judson and Samuel Newell, joined the society. In 1810, it was decided to bring the subject before the General Association of Massachusetts, which met the last of June of that year. Judson, before that event took place, Dr. Worcester, in a conversation with Dr. Spring, made, it is believed, the first suggestion for the formation of an American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

When the association met, a paper, drawn up by Judson, and signed by himself, Nott, Mills, and Newell, was presented for its consideration, announcing that the signers had devoted themselves to missionary labor in foreign fields, and asking the advice and assistance of the association in carrying out their determination. Messrs. Richards and Rice signed the document originally, but afterward withdrew their names, lest the association should be alarmed at the probable expense of supporting six missionaries, and shrink from the enterprise.

This heroic memorial was favorably received, and entertained with earnest and pious deliberation, which resulted in the establishment by the Association of a Board, to which they gave the name of "A Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," whose duty it should be to devise ways and means and adopt measures for promoting the spread of the gospel in foreign lands. To this association the self-sacrificing petitioners were referred, with an injunction to humbly wait the openings and guidance of Providence in respect to their great and excellent design.

Nine individuals were selected to constitute the Board, who met on the fifth of September following, adopted a constitution, and elected officers, his Excellency, John Treadwell, Governor of Connecticut, being chosen President. The Prudential Committee chosen at this time, subsequently dispatched Mr. Judson to England, to see if arrangements could not be made to act in conjunction with the London Missionary Society, so that the American missionaries might for a time be in part supported by the London Society. No satisfactory arrangement could be made, however, and the next year (1811), the Board determined to send forth its missionaries, and depend upon the liberality of the Christian public to furnish the means for their support. Their confidence in the Christian community was not misplaced, donations and contributions at once being made, and in 1812 (in which year an act of incorporation was obtained from the legislature of Massachusetts,) it was resolved to establish a mission in Bombay, and another among the Indians at the West. On the 6th of February of that year, Messrs. Newell, Judson, Nott, Hall, and Luther Rice, were solemnly consecrated as missionaries to the heathen, at a public meeting, held in Rev. Dr. Worcester's church, Salem, Mass. After some delay, these gentlemen set sail for India, where they arrived safely, and commenced the Bombay mission. In 1817, a mission was established among the Choctaw Indians.

Thus was begun the system of foreign missions by American Christians. The American Board has gone on from its feeble beginnings, until now it has some 400 missionaries sent from this country in its employ, besides some 500 native assistants and helpers; and the number of souls who have been gathered into Christian churches by its missionaries is more than 50,000.

LETTERS TO MY SABBATH-SCHOOL.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8, 1860.
MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I wrote you last from Poland. Among the hills and brooks in that rough but beautiful place, I did not forget my Sabbath School. Nor in New York, amid the hurly-burly, the surging of the ever-changing but unchanged multitudes, and ever-recurring sights and wonders of this wondering city, is my Sabbath School, far away in the quiet country, forgotten. New York is a wonderful city, and the present is an era of wonders with her. All cities have wonders, but this is wonderful. Without wonders it would cease to be New York.

New York has a wonderful attraction. From all parts of all countries, all kinds of vegetables, and minerals, and animals, are constantly vending their way to New York, and all sorts of means—boats, cars and coaches—are used to bring them hither. People too are attracted here. From villages and farms, from cities and from deserts, they come—people of all kinds, ages, conditions, ranks and languages. From London and Moscow, from Edinburgh and Dublin, from Paris and Vienna, from Jeddah and Canton, they come and are coming to New York. When they get here, to see them and hear them is wonderful.

Not less wonderful is it, that whilst so much and so many are being attracted to New York, New York is doing her best to move away. Where New York used to be, are now only great stores and bales and boxes of goods—men jostling wildly against each other. All is noise and bustle. Houses are being torn down, that hotels and stores may be erected; and New York that used to be, as if to get out of the way, has taken her churches and dwellings and fled to the hill country toward Harlem. God has a chance with the people, "one day in seven," up town. Mammon has his chances, six days out of seven, down town. Visitors do not see New York until they go where, a few years since, they would have seen only hills and marshes, and rocks and woods, and standing pools, and lowing herds. Now the same grounds, then so wild and neglected, are laid out in spacious avenues, and occupied by blocks of palatial residences of costly stone, for the popular sovereigns of down town.

Then New York, so wonderful in herself, has a longing love for the wonderful—always something new. Here, old things pass away, or are cast away. Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot and hero, comes; New York is excited; the streets are swarmed; triumphal arches span the thoroughfares; Kossuth stays, and is neglected, almost forgotten; he goes, and only a lonely few bid him good-bye. The Great Eastern crosses the ocean to New York; the world wonders; so does New York; and is delighted; she would have received the great ship in her very bosom, her best-kept parks; she would have escorted the noble vessel through her streets with waving banners, and shouts of joy; but the docks! the docks! she could not ride them, and must sleep awhile in the beautiful river, and—New York is sick of the great ship.

The representatives of royalty in Japan come to New York. Rare honor! The memory of the great Hungarian, and all other great things, disappears, as stars go out in the morning, when the sun gets up and shines them into darkness. Balls, shows, processions, dinners, suppers, excursions, music, wine, dancing—every thing, regardless of expense, for the royal Japanese—every body, even some deacon, and tract managers, go in. Soon the wonder ceases, and the people only wonder that they ever wondered at all at the Japanese; and when they are gone, quarrel over the expense.

We are about to have a new President—a very necessary thing. New York trembles with excitement. Every body is "wide awake," some for, some against. But the "wide awakes" decide to show themselves, and as in the dark they could not be seen without lanterns, they all carry lamps, and wear oil-cloth caps and capes. The third of October was the chosen day, and such floods of men, women and children, as turned out to see the procession, I never dreamed of, or thought of, before. The streets were filled. A friend invited me to occupy a place in his store, fronting on Broadway. One hour and a half I stood, with the stars above, and gleaming torches below, gazing and wondering, in silent reflection, as the silent, well-packed procession went sweeping by. Magnificent sight. Such an orderly and dignified procession, and one so vast, was probably never before drawn out by mere political excitement. I could see far up and far down Broadway, and it seemed one flowing river of fire. To my country eyes, it was wonderful. I expected, in a political turn-out in New York, turmoil and riot; but saw only order and quiet. My wonder disappeared, however, when I reflected that those in this column marching were 15,000 patriots, with whom New York bruisers and rowdies have no sympathy. When the latter class turns out, there will be noise, and possibly something else that is worse.

Still wonder succeeds wonder. A real living Prince is to be here, and can be seen without going to the museum. England's future king! Think of that! The 800,000 inhabitants of New York may see the future king, and he may see them. They will be glad where he comes, and glad when he goes. He also will be glad.

Such is a gleam of life in New York, when the roar of the car, and the coach, and the cart, is an unceasing and almost as confounding as Niagara.

Next week I will tell you something about the Sabbath in New York, and its Sunday-schools and churches. Meanwhile, can you remember of what city it is prophesied, in the Bible, that the streets should be full of boys and girls? And in what city did an old man, a priest of the Lord, fall down and die, when he was told of the death of his two wicked sons.

Affectionately, your friend,
J. S.
THEODORE PARKER.

To look at a great man, we need to stand on an eminence. The eye is dazzled by whatever glitters, whether it be gold or brass. Men are apt to drink bitter waters when those waters are offered in a golden vase. Error, clad in the livery of truth, too often passes for truth. Cowley, unable to look through the sophisms of the philosophic infidel, Hobbs, said:

"Only God could know,
Whether the fair idea he did show
Agreed entirely with God's own or no."
He drew his inference, and stood in error.
"This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so like truth, 'twill serve our turn as well."
No resemblance to truth can serve its turn. Yet, by its resemblance, men are often led astray.

Few books are read with a livelier interest, and leave their impress deeper, than the writings of Theodore Parker. Yet, as a theologian, Mr. Parker is nearly all wrong. He believed that the statutes of Moses were no better than those of Massachusetts, and, in his own language, "not quite so good." He had as little reverence for Jesus Christ as for Plato. Placing the name of Jesus Christ in the list with Zoroaster, Plato, Luther, and Howard, he admitted that Christ was the best man; but, like the others, erring and fallible—that his teachings contained more truth than those of Mohammed, but were by no means perfect in doctrine. Few men had a deeper love of the Father. It is said he often repeated the lines:

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."
Here his religion ended. Salvation by Christ was to him a mythological fable. Few men were equal to Mr. Parker in moral courage. "To deal justly," and "feel kindly," towards all men, were his favorite mottoes. We have listened to his discourses till we were made to feel, surely, he has a spirit which transcends the limits of most men's thoughts. There was something in his grasp of the hand, and honest look, which seemed to say, "I am your brother and friend." He was above the common height, partially bald, and slightly stooping. There is a captivating beauty in his style of writing. He had a copiousness of expression equaled by few. His success as a minister lay, to a great extent, in this peculiar gift; for, divest his writings of their philosophical character, and they are Samson without locks. But it was for him to dip his pen in the "colors nature wears," and so describe the way to heaven, that the sinner could see no need of Christ. He is ever at war with the church, and no doubt expected to supplant the New Testament by his own theology. Yet the most posterity will do for Theodore Parker is to lament that a man of such rare gifts should go through life on a mistaken errand.

A foreign paper has given the truest exposition of Mr. Parker, as a reformer:

"In three modes he seriously hindered reform in America. 1. He shook man's faith in prayer, which alone can keep the heart of the reformer cheerful, sweet, and strong. 2. He shook man's faith in the Bible, from which all modern reforms have rolled. 3. He weakened man's sense of sin, furnishing him with a ready-made apology for the crimes against which he fought, drugging the conscience with opiates of his theology, while he struck at it with the god of his ethics. While he spoke one sharp word against a special sin, he spoke ten against the possibility of any sin. His theology kills the air, so that reform cannot live there.

"He ever kept his mark in view, and whatever he might transfix on the way, the arrow was aimed at Bible Christianity. When we see, then, that fundamental error permeated and poisoned all his work, notwithstanding his courage, and even sublime fury, of his assault on mighty sins, we are forced to regard his career, on the whole, as a backward eddy in the great on-sweeping current of human reform."
A. R. C.
ABINGDON, Wis., Sept., 1860.

EDITING A NEWSPAPER.
The editor of the Alexandria Gazette, one of the best-conducted journals in Virginia, makes the following suggestions about editing a newspaper, in which every judicious and observant man will be likely to concur:

"Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper, and the industry and talent of the editor, by the quantity of editorial matter it contains. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily columns of words, words, upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in 'one weak, washy, everlasting flood,' and his command of language may enable him to string them together like onions, and yet his paper may be a meager and poor concern. But what is the labor and toil of such a man, who displays his 'leaded matter' ever so largely, to that imposed on the judicious, well-informed editor, who exercises his vocation with an hourly consciousness of its responsibilities, and devotes himself to the conduct of his paper with the same care and assiduity that a sensible lawyer bestows upon a suit, or a humane physician upon a patient, without regard to show or display. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper, is but a small portion of the work. Industry is not even shown there. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the quality of editor more better shown by his selections than any thing else; and that, we all know, is half the battle. But, as

we have said, an editor ought to be esteemed, and his labors understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its temper, its uniformly consistent course, its aim, its manliness, its dignity, its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy the time and attention of one man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they can find time to write at all."

A PRINCE IN NEW YORK.

The visit of Lord Renfrew, the Prince of Wales, and heir apparent to the British crown, was the great event of last week in New York. He came on Fifth-day, from Philadelphia, by way of Amboy, and departed for Boston on Second-day, by way of West Point and Albany. A revenue cutter brought him from Amboy, and took him to West Point. On reaching New York, Fifth-day, he was received by the military, and paraded through the principal streets to his hotel in the Fifth Avenue. The following day he visited several public institutions, such as the University, Astor Library, Cooper Union, Free Academy, Central Park, and the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; attending, in the evening, the "Diamond Ball," so called from the immense sums expended for jewelry, rich dresses, and general display. On Sabbath, he glanced at other public institutions, had his picture taken, went to the Museum, &c., finishing with a look at the torch-light procession got up in his honor by the firemen. On Sunday, he attended service at Trinity church, where he is said to have worshipped with a fair show of devotion, although it was apparent that the devotional feelings of those around him were considerably divided—so much so, that it is questionable whether "as half was left for God." On Second-day, "the above indicated, he left for West Point, being accompanied by prominent officers of the army and navy, and other distinguished individuals. The papers all say—and therefore it must be true—that the Prince is delighted with the reception he has met with in this country, and will depart from our shores with a high estimate of the extent and importance of this "great country."

AN INFIDEL CONVENTION, convened in New York, on Sunday, Oct. 7th, is represented in the daily papers as having been rather thinly attended. The Tribune says it was destitute of that earnestness and sympathy which is the signet of success. The report of that paper closes as follows:

"Reams of resolutions were read. It was resolved, at immense length, and with a stern and awful solemnity, that the times are, religiously speaking, the worst upon which a foolish world has ever fallen; that men are generally in a state of profound unhappiness and despair; that they can't be happy until they throw overboard their faith in God and a hereafter. Long speeches were made to these resolutions. The speakers deplored the backwardness of things. One made it a burning shame that New York could not keep a hall for infidelity, and spent so small a sum annually in the cause. To this was offered, from a New York lady, the sad confession that New York can't afford it, but must have assistance from other quarters. This led to mutual recriminations on the score of insincerity and coldness. Then a resolution that nobody could clearly understand was sharply discussed. The word hypocritical, as applied to politicians, also demanded and received careful attention. A few words of consolation came by mail from the German Free Thinkers, and from a German Doctor in Bloomington, Illinois, and a collection was taken up at the door at adjournment."

THE BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT.—It has been often asserted, and is by many believed, that there is in existence a collection of Blue Laws, "making one thin volume in folio," which embraces the following, among other provisions:

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave, on the Sabbath day. No woman shall kiss her husband on the Sabbath or fasting day. No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saint days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and Jew's-harp. Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap."

Mr. Palfrey, in his History of New-England, denies that any such code exists. He says that in the primitive age of the colony, the discretionary actions of the magistrates sometimes resembled the discipline of the head of a family, rather than a formal legal administration; but the existence, at any time, of a code containing provisions such as are quoted above, is a mere fabrication, nor is there any record so much as single judgments pronounced agreeably to the tenor of those provisions.

DIPHTHERIA AND ITS CURE.—The distinguishing mark of this malady from other diseases of the throat is the formation of a membrane, which increases gradually until the patient is strangled to death. It is sometimes accompanied with ulceration and great bodily prostration. To prevent the formation of this membrane is to arrest and cure the disease. The Cincinnati Press gives the following simple remedy:

"In the early stages of the complaint, which is always accompanied by a soreness and swelling of the throat, let the patient use a simple solution of salt and water, as a gargle, every fifteen minutes. At the same time moisten a piece of flannel with a solution of the same kind, made warm as the patient can bear it, and bind it around his throat, renewing it as often as the gargle is administered, and in the meanwhile sprinkling fine salt between the flannel and the neck. Use inwardly some tonic or stimulant, either separately, or, if the prostration be great, use both together. The treatment, as may be seen, is extremely simple, and, if used in the earlier stages of the disease, will effect a complete cure."

THE SYRIAN FUND contributed in New York already reaches near \$20,000, which has been collected and forwarded without the

intervention of paid agencies to toll and diminish it. In other places also, it is pleasant to learn, the same plan of raising money has been adopted, and the claims of the suffering have been promptly responded to.

AN ANTI-SLAVE-TRADE MOVEMENT has recently been inaugurated in England. It is in the form of a society, called The African Aid Society, the object of which is to promote the development of the material resources of Africa, Madagascar, and the adjacent islands, and to encourage the Christian civilization of the African races. The means which it purposes to employ are the encouragement of the production of cotton, silk, indigo, and sugar, by the introduction of skilled labor, both African and European, into those parts of the earth which are inhabited by the African race. This involves, of course, the supply of mechanical and agricultural implements, and the assistance, by loans and otherwise, of free Africans, willing to emigrate from Canada and "other parts," meaning the United States, to Africa, and even to the British West Indies. The society proposes also to aid in the formation of industrial missions, in harmony, if possible, with those already established for the extension of Christianity in Africa, and to encourage and assist exploring expeditions into the unknown interior of Africa, and to the still more hidden recesses of Madagascar.

NO SHAVING ON SUNDAY.—The principal barbers in Bangor, Me., give notice that they shall not manipulate the faces of customers on Sunday; also, that they shall prosecute any of the fraternity who shall do so. The first part of the notice is well enough, as they have an undoubted right to refuse to work when they don't want to. But the last part of it—in which they threaten to prosecute others for doing as they please—strikes us as out of place among persons who are too conscientious to work on Sundays.

THE ELECTIONS, last week, in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, resulted very favorably to the Republican party, and are considered as rendering the election of the Presidential candidate of that party quite certain. In Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin, the Republican candidate for Governor, was elected by about 15,000 majority; eighteen or twenty of the twenty-five Congressmen elected, were of the same school; and the Legislature, being of similar politics, will probably send a Republican Senator to fill the place soon to be vacated by Mr. Bigler.

"SACRED CONCERTS."—Such is the title given to the performances sustained on Sunday by several of the German Theaters of New York. To evade the provisions of the act against theatrical performances, they omit the theatrical part, and introduce declamations, songs, &c. This they might possibly continue, if they could make it pay, only that the public sentiment is against them, and will probably put the strictest construction upon the anti-Sunday theatre law.

MURDERERS are plenty enough in New York, as one may learn from reading the local items in the daily papers; but it is not common to have so many murderers in our prisons as at present. They numbered last week no less than twenty, awaiting trial.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.
It would seem that Southern India is still that part of the great Peninsula where the gospel spreads most rapidly. An English journal, reviewing the progress of the last ten years, says, that while the number of those who are classed as unbaptized adherents in our various districts averages about 11,000 each year, the number of the baptized converts has increased from 15,636 to 25,788, thus giving us an average of 1,000 souls yearly added to the visible church of Christ.

We learn, says the Christian Union, of Louisville, that quite a large number of Baptist ministers met in convention, at Olay Village, Kentucky, a few days ago, and resolved to attend to the Lord's Supper on every Sunday; and also agreed to call themselves the disciples of Christ, and to drop the name Baptist. The counties of Henry, Shelby, and Oldham, were represented in the convention, and the above propositions were agreed to with but one dissenting voice.

Four Old-School Presbyterian churches report this year, on examination, more than one hundred new communicants. But it is an interesting fact, that the largest number (one hundred and twenty-four) was added to one of the German churches in New York, and the next largest (one hundred and eight), to one of the colored churches in Natchez, Miss.

The Dover Association, the largest Baptist association in the United States, recently met in Richmond, Va. There are 48 churches in the association, with a membership of nearly 20,000—about three-fifths colored. Eight of the churches are colored. During the year 877 were baptized.

The receipts of the American Congregational Union, for August, were \$716. Rev. Isaac P. Langworthy states that, in response to his recent appeal for \$50,000, to erect one hundred meeting houses, he has already received two donations, one of \$1,000, and one of fifty cents, the latter from a poor woman.

According to the papers of Scotland, there is a powerful revival in Perth and Glasgow. On a recent Sunday, it was estimated that thirty thousand people were assembled on the "green," in the latter city.

One thousand pounds sterling have been voted by the London Religious Tract Society, to put a small library of its publications at the disposal of two hundred missionaries among the heathen.

Rev. Mr. Ewing and wife, and Miss Martha J. McKeown, sailed on October 6, from New York, for their mission work in Egypt. Mr. and Mrs. Ewing go to Cairo, and Miss McKeown to Alexandria.

Rev. M. G. Mitchell, Methodist, at Abington, Ind., and Rev. C. P. Nash, of the Christian denomination, at Ortonville, Mich., have joined the Universalists.

The most any activity heretofore of which I have a faint field, have there, and them. Du view contain paper on the fessor of ag grow. Ren preacher, a those "for was clear, nently scri The first fith anniv ment over at Elizabeth that he is ever had, a In this age find a past years, over At Lynch in progress conversion, churches ar A colony about forty grational Christian h of learning the very he Extensive dist churche the local slavery que The Rev. to have be seems, after G. B. N. It devot the loss of fortunately steamer Co sailed from ber." On S 150 miles e in the eng says: "Succed the first w when it con ally extingr o'clock disc hols. To p and very se on deck. A so fast, the passengers, ning, and t was stove. launched by with passen Minnie Schi bore down t the task of board the b a lawyer to starboard s By 9.30 P placed safe The Con storage p were saved. It is an smouldring progress the covered. The Com of 4,400 ton in the first trem long in five watr launched at 1860, and w as one of th steam vess \$120,000. A HEAVY tions in sev were very b with corres tain in a p bers, the sa at an avera 200,000 bus 70 cents per ley, at abou 4,000 librs. casks rice, cotton, at \$ oil, at \$22 per than one m lars. The near as col barrels of o and 5,000 b The Starri ing memo office by M a portion of habitants e in my disc This person She informs She was bo place call collection of the siege o city was i although m markedly half a mile church. S who is a fr DANIEL interesting term of a p been made and the res tom. of th made as to could be s distance b English b bottom. W was so bra wood was high were depth of The Brita it was th principle

