

The Sabbath Recorder,

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THE SABBATH RECORDER is devoted to the exposition and vindication of the views and movements of the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination. It aims to promote vital piety and vigorous benevolent action, at the same time that it urges obedience to the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

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FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER. THE LITTLE GRAVES. BY MRS. SARAH S. ROCKWELL. In a country churchyard, quiet and lone, Three little graves are made.

FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER. THOUGHTS BY THE WAY-SIDE—NO. 8. I speak in general terms; and our want of faith is deplorable. A form of godliness, without the power thereof, must be fatal to those who hold it.

FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER. I remember having once seen, in the public street, in one of our most flourishing New England villages, a mother strike her own child a brutal blow, laying the poor thing prostrate upon the hard gravel sidewalk.

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"THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD." VOL. XVII.—NO. 18. NEW YORK, FIFTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1860. WHOLE NO. 850.

belief in God's promises, has shorn the Christian Church of much of its primitive strength. It is left thereby to combat the "powers of darkness," to a great extent, with mortal arm. Hence the world feels it comparatively little. The religion of the gospel is not that sort of negative goodness which is the mere absence of evil, but a positive element, aggressive in every particular.

What is the remedy? GLEANER. Milton, Wis., Oct. 7th, 1860. For the Sabbath Recorder.

VIEWS ON SLAVERY—NO. 5. I have been often asked, if it is true that the masters are cruel to their slaves. I might answer that question, in Yankee fashion, by asking another, namely, "Is it true, that parents are cruel to their own children?"

FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER. MEN OF ONE IDEA. BY REV. THEODORE L. OUTLER. "I am often laughed at by Professor A.," said an eminent man of science once to us, "because I have but one idea. He reads everything, and talks about everything; but I have learned that if I ever make a breach, I must aim my guns continually at one point."

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undeserving of mercy; but I believe there are many more who need and should have our deepest sympathies, our warmest prayers. There are very many Southerners who feel that the curse of God rests upon them and theirs, because of the oppression which fills the land. There are many Southerners who see and weep over the evils which they cannot remedy and cannot escape.

GENEVA. For the Sabbath Recorder. THE SABBATH SLAVE. BY MRS. SARAH S. ROCKWELL. Down the broad river's swollen tide, Swept a majestic bark, And over all, in solemn gloom, The silent night-bird sang.

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falo-robe and rode through freezing winter nights to consult distant friends in regard to it—who refused all tempting offers of marriage, in order to live singly for her great work—and who, at last, molded and controlled with consummate wisdom the long-trodden seminary—that woman was a heroine. What pastor in New England has trained more souls for eternity than she? Who of them has more spiritual children in heaven?

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governments, and are freely concerned in the works of literature and art throughout the country. In this nation there was a secret order of Jewish origin, numbering 40,000 members. The order was a charitable one, but could not as yet be said to have done much toward elevating the Jews as a nation.

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general use. It is stated that it may be employed as a prayer by individuals, families or congregations, reverently kneeling before the Heavenly Father. It may be said in the morning and evening; and it is perfectly fit, the Heavenly Father and Elder Brother will certainly come down (the Father) and instruct him who prays, giving him happiness without limit. In the prayer, for the most part, touched in the most additional language, there is, after an invocation of the Trinity, praise and confession; thanksgiving for the mission and work of Jesus, and the means of bringing men to salvation, by the operations of the Holy Spirit, and the mission of the celestial King, Jesus Christ.

WASHINGTON. I think, in 1794, or '95, there was a boy, I was among the spectators congregated at that greater and parts close by, to witness the first public spectacle. "Washington was to open the season of Congress, by going in person, as was his custom, to deliver a speech to both houses assembled in the chamber of the House of Representatives. The crowd was immense, considering the size of our city; for although then the largest in the country, its population was hardly more than forty-five thousand. It filled the whole area in Chestnut street, before the State House, extended along the line of Chestnut street, and spread north and south some distance along Sixth street. A way kept open for carriages in the middle of the street, was the only place not closely packed with people. I had a stand on the steps of one of the houses in Chestnut street, which, raising me above the mass of human heads, enabled me to see to advantage. After waiting long hours, as it seemed to a boy's impatience, the carriage of the President at length slowly drove up, drawn by four beautiful bay horses. It was white, with medallion ornaments on the panels, and the livery of the servants, as well as I remember, white turned up with red; at any rate, a glowing livery; the entire display in equipages at that era, in our country generally, and in Philadelphia in particular, while the seat of government, being more rich and varied than now, though fewer in number.

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