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

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GEORGE B. UTTER, EDITOR AND GENERAL AGENT. THE SABBATH RECORDER is devoted to the exposition and vindication of the views and movements of the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS. 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER. JOURNAL IN ENGLAND. BY MRS. L. M. GARRETT.

April 5th. This morning we visited Smithfield in company with Mr. Black. What strange ideas we get of localities by their names and associations!

RAILROAD. For Dunkirk, Buffalo, and other stations. The following table shows the times of the trains.

since, for his sake, become classic ground. It was here he spent the last thirty years of his peaceful life, although his remains lie interred, with those of Bunyan, in Bunhill Fields.

It is not far from this sweet spot, beneath the branches of a lofty tree, that the earthly tabernacle of our lamented friend Sophia Slater, is housed forever from the storms of earth, and here will follow her, those who, like herself, are excluded from the sealed tomb of their fathers, awaiting the reunion that shall follow "when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall awake."

We had gone to Abney Park by the omnibus; but for greater speed in returning we took the cars, and were at the Pen Church-street station, in time to dine at home.

After dinner, in company with our young friends, came a stroll in an opposite direction, as far as Hyde Park. Then we traversed Rotten Row, (what queer names they have here for places!) saw the beauty and the pomp and the vanity of London, for it was the promenade hour—aye, and we saw its dignity too, although I could scarcely comprehend it, for meeting a most venerable and lordly looking personage, I noticed that he wore, as I myself might at another time, a black silk apron.

We had a long walk down the "serpentine," a lovely sheet of water, over which we crossed, on a noble bridge, looked into Kensington Gardens, then up the Mall, towards home, taking Buckingham Palace on our way.

The next day was devoted, as some days must be, to domestic duties and letter-writing, and the evening to a nice little select party of friends convened at Mill-Yard on our account.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD. "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done." I find an article in the Recorder of July 19th, written over the signature of P. B., and under the above caption.

children of the kingdom, if there was no kingdom? I answer by asking the following question: Can there be a stick prepared for a building before we have the building?

Permit me to refer to P. B., and others who may have adopted similar views, to a few texts touching the subject of the kingdom referred to. Dan. 7: 18—"But the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom forever, even forever and ever."

It seems to me that the above texts refer to a future kingdom, instead of a present one; and if we ever inherit or possess it, we must seek for it as set forth in Luke 11: 31, 32—"But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you. Fear not little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Can and does Deity suffer? If Deity can rejoice, why not suffer? Does not the one necessitate the possibility of the other? To deny this attribute of Deity, is to detract that which, of all others, must ever constitute the glory of His character.

When I view the world, with its soft, syren voice, is enticing. And the lures of the tempter on all sides are nigh. Allurements are harmless, no evil I'm fearing, In the cleft of the rock that is higher than I!

A SEMI-CENTENNIAL SERMON. Rev. Gardner Spring, D. D., who is now seventy-five years old, and has been pastor of the "Brick Church" in New York fifty years, preached his half-century sermon on Sunday, Aug. 5th.

Now, it is in this light that all those acts of Christ, which so demeaned Him in the eyes of the Pharisees, Scribes, and Sadducees, are to be understood; for if they are to be interpreted according to the popular idea, those acts were truly undignified and derogatory to His station.

ever my attempts or ambition may have been at first, to dazzle the audience and excite their imaginations, by brilliant figures and by beautiful tableaux of words, I found that such services turned to little account, and then I labored to present clear and forcible views of God's truth, and learned that it is not one truth alone, however important and precious, that a minister is called to preach, but the whole counsel of God.

I wish to present an idea connected with the expression, "Ministration of Death," as found in 2 Corinthians 3: 7. I frequently see reference to this text, in the Recorder and elsewhere; and the opponents of Sabbath doctrine make triumphant use of this and the following verses, to prove the abrogation of the Decalogue or Ten Commandments.

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THE MYSTERY OF EDITING. The world at large do not understand the mysteries of a newspaper; and, as in a watch, the hands that are seen, are but the passive instruments of the spring which is never seen, so in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of its prosperity are often least observed or known.

We at a hearty dinner, but do not think of the farmer that raised the materials thereof, or the cook that prepared them with infinite pains and skill. But a cook of vegetables, meat, pastries, and infinite bonbons, has a paradoxical office in comparison with an editor!

It will require but one second's time for readers to take in what two hours' research produced. By him are read the manuscripts that swarm the office like flies in July.

And the power behind the throne, in newspapers as in higher places, is sometimes as important as the throne itself. Correspondents, occasional or regular, stand in awe at that silent power which has the chance at an article, and may send it forth in glory or humility.

Ought they not to be honored? And since little fame attends them, they should, at least, have their creative comforts multiplied. From that dark and dismal den in which they have so long had purgatorial residence, they are at length translated!

How to Die Happy.—Glorious words these, to which I dedicate a dying woman respond, not long ago, with a sudden burst of praise: "Is he not a precious Saviour, so great and good, and willing to save all our poor sinners?"

OUR OWN FAULTS.—Let us not be over-curious about the failings of others, but take account of our own; let us bear in mind, the excellencies of other men, while we reckon up our own faults, and at his own excellencies, is injured in two ways; by the latter he is carried up to arrogance; through the former he falls into listlessness.

"NORTH'S MINE BUT GOD."—In recently looking through the Memoir of Mrs. Savage, the sister of Matthew Henry, the commentator, we notice this entry on her diary: "Resolved to call nothing mine but God's." This reminded us of the Saviour's requirement: "Whoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple," and also of the apostle's representation of the Christian possessions: "All things are yours." Truly, if this be so, "he that loseth his life shall find it."





