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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.

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For the Sabbath Recorder. JOURNAL IN ENGLAND. BY MRS. L. M. CARPENTER.

April 13th. We found matters accumulating on our hands; so remained in doors to look after them.

The next morning we commenced with a shopping excursion; after which we (i. e., certain ladies of our household), sallied forth in a somewhat unsettled state of mind.

My mother—a scene of extraordinary interest lately took place in London—that city in which lofty poetry and degraded vice walk side by side.

THE DEVIL REPULED.—Luther says:—“Once upon a time the devil came to me and said, ‘Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned!’”

When Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said:—“When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood.”

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

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for which London is celebrated, and we hastened home, pitying ourselves the while, and those poor unsheltered coachmen more, and wondering what ever came of them.

The next day we were busy with those preparatory measures, ever attendant upon a prospective sea-voyage; sending off every thing to the ship, receiving and making farewell calls, one of which, being at the “west end” as it is popularly called, of London, added another item to our interesting reminiscences of this great metropolis.

And now the Sabbath drew on, and it was to be our last day in London. Sadder still, it was to be our last day with the dear friends who had made our sojourn here so pleasant—a beautiful oasis in the wide desert of our wanderings.

Then they accompanied us to the ship, although it was nine o'clock when we arrived at the docks, and the streets were wet with recent rain, and dirty with the constant tread of passing feet.

Ship Victoria, Atlantic Ocean. In the morning our friends came off again, and remained to the moment of our departure, before bidding us, as we sadly believed, the last adieu. We were lonely afterwards.

We had dense fogs across the Banks of Newfoundland, and for several days after, with calms, until, indeed, we were off Montank Point; soon after which we took on a pilot. His familiar talk about passing events at home, soon gave a coloring of reality to the fact that we were near. Then did our hearts begin to throb with earnestness, as one island point after another he sight.

THE JAPANESE AND CHINESE. In this part of the world one can hardly think of the Japanese except in contrast with the Chinese.

THE WILD OLIVE. The Scriptures furnish many beautiful illustrations of moral truth from trees.

SUFFERING, (definition).—“To feel, or bear what is painful, disagreeable, or distressing, either to the body or mind.”

When I hear of a church-member going from the communion-table to the political caucus, to buy votes, and sell principle, to

LETTERS ON A SKELETON.

[Published forty years ago, the London Morning Chronicle published the following poem, entitled “Lines on a Skeleton,” which excited much attention.

Behold this ruin! ’Twas a skull, Once of ethereal spirit full, This narrow call was life’s retreat.

Within this hollow cavern long The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue, Once thro’ the bright and busy eye;

MYSELF OR MY BROTHER? Richard Jones was a worshipper of pictures, and before him hung one which he ardently desired to purchase for his parlor wall.

WHERE HE FOUND HIS SERMON. “Dominie,” said a plain-spoken elder to his pastor, “where did you get that good sermon last Sunday morning?”

“I will try hard to pay you, Richard,” said the poor, discouraged man.

“I’ll see about it,” he replied; “wait until to-morrow,” and rather moodily walked towards his office.

“I wonder if it is a man’s duty to deny himself the necessities of taste, when he has fairly earned the means of procuring them, because other men are poorer than he?”

“I can’t be helping him forever. He ought to have done as I did, when he was a boy. I studied; he would not. Now, because he is reaping the fruits of his idleness, must I, too, suffer, when I strive day and night for knowledge which should fit me for a high stand in life?”

“It’s no use,” he said, “Jim must have this money. I must give it up. Yes, and I must work, and work, year in and year out, and all my surplus funds must go to keep for him from starvation and want.”

“By and by Richard asked, feeling as if he must say something, ‘What was the subject of yesterday morning’s sermon?’

“This was Monday morning, and this was an office where neither partners nor clerks were ashamed to talk of religious things.

“The text was, ‘Bear one another’s burdens,’” said Richard’s partner, not observing the sudden color which flushed to the face of his hearer.

“When I hear of a church-member going from the communion-table to the political caucus, to buy votes, and sell principle, to

brother does, to his own cost and wearing, bear the brother’s burdens, and do him all the good he can, he is exhibiting the very Spirit of Christ.

“Yes, something is the matter, sure enough; God has been speaking, through your lips, to my selfish and murmuring soul.”

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“The one earthly help and hope that poor James had known, had been his faithful brother; and when sickness and want oppressed him, he knew that in Richard he could ever find a friend.

Richard had a brother James, who was unfortunate in many ways. Every thing seemed to go against him.

“Dominie,” said a plain-spoken elder to his pastor, “where did you get that good sermon last Sunday morning?”

“Well,” replied the dominie, “that sermon came from the same quarter that I got the good things of my last donation visit.

“I’ll see about it,” he replied; “wait until to-morrow,” and rather moodily walked towards his office.

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C. Harden





