

GEORGE B. UTTER, EDITOR AND GENERAL AGENT.

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FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER. THE USE OF TOBACCO. The use of tobacco, if fully and candidly considered, cannot fail to be regarded as most prejudicial to health, cleanliness, good manners and good morals...

WHERE ARE THE NINE? BY REV. THEODORE L. OUTLER. Running our eye lately over the catalogue of the College of N—, we observed that out of a class of seventy students, only seven had entered the pastoral office...

FEARLESS LOVE. I love thee and fear not, O God! Thou liftest thy chastening rod; It touches my heart with a thrill, For the magnet is thy blessed will, And the rod is the mystical wire, Thy love to me, or many of us, My love to thee.

THE FAMILY SITTING-ROOM. This is the pleasantest room in the house. It is that to which the heart of the absent, or home-sick child, always turns; it is the Caaba of every domestic Mecca...

OUR FOREMOTHERS. We hear enough about our forefathers. They were nice old fellows, no doubt. Perfect bricks in their way. Good to work, eat, or fight. Very well; but where are their companions—their "chums"—who, as their helpmates, urged them along?

SEVENTY-YEAR CLOCKS. Our brains are seventy-year clocks! The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. SHUTTING DOORS. "Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grandmother feels the cold wintry wind, and besides, you will have to spend all your life shutting doors, and might as well begin now."

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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I can think of no other practice, or habit, so filthy as that of using tobacco; and yet it seems to be used among all classes—ministers, deacons, laymen, lawyers, doctors, boys, and old women...

I discover that some of my second-advent friends are practicing this filthy habit, and at the same time claim that they are "looking for the second appearing of our Saviour every day."

What is more disagreeable than to be compelled to sit by the side of an individual in church who is continually chewing tobacco, and spitting in every direction...

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room die out in the hearts of your children, from that sacred call, is the future house for your child to grow.—House and Garden.

There is a convocation called every month in nearly every church to pray for the conversion of the world. It ought to be one of the most animated and spirited of all religious gatherings.

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"What kind of doors?" said Edward. "Do tell me, grandmother?" "Sit down a moment, and I will give you a list," said the old lady.

The door of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man.

THE SIXPENNY FOUND. John V— had been received into a house of business, where he expected to remain many years, and learn the trade.

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had found the money, which was not true. Besides, the mode taken to test the boy's honesty was rather a temptation to him to be dishonest, and might have been the means of undermining his principles, if he had not been unusually well trained.

THE PRESERVING LEAVES. I once heard a story about a man who was traveling on horseback. As he passed along, he saw a bird acting very strangely, so he stopped to watch it.

Those leaves were to the little birds what the leaves of the Bible will be to you. Many of you had them placed around you by loving mothers when you were very young.

WE ONCE SAW A BOY, who was dancing about in great glee, cutting up all sorts of antics, and raising a hubbub generally.

Not that they should be rude and boisterous, but so full of spirit that they are ready to be touched off at any time like a skyrocket; that's the kind of youngsters for me when I want frolic.

"All work and no play, Makes Jack a dull boy." "Yes, and puts as much does 'All play and no work, Makes Jack a poor clerk."

DISCIPLINE.—Gottbold one day looked on whilst a farmer's wheat was being threshed, and observed that the men not only stoutly beat it, but trod upon it with their feet, and finally, by various expedients, separated the good grain from the chaff, dust, and other impurities.

THE "CITY OF TEARS."—Some fifty or sixty years since, after a snow storm of some days' duration, an avalanche detached itself from the top of a precipice above the village of Trons, in the valley of the Vorder Rhine.





