

The Sabbath Recorder.

WESTERLY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, MAY 28, 1863.

Geo. B. Utter, Editor.

THE SABBATH COMMITTEE.

The notice we printed, two weeks ago, of the anniversary meeting of the New York Sabbath Committee...

THE NEW YORK SABBATH COMMITTEE.

Mr. Editor: A meeting was recently held under the direction of the above-named Committee...

In the prayer at the opening of the meeting, thanks were offered to God, that the Sabbath had been converted from a memorial of the old creation...

When you pray, says Christ, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do. And what better is it for men under a Christian profession to repeat such vain representations...

And to show the suspicious aspect in which these men appear some times, and how, according to their own representations, no such conversion of the Sabbath...

There is no mistaking who are meant in this extract—it points to the Sabbath Recorder and "Rev. J. L. Hatch." It is sufficient for us to say, that the former has not "ceased its issues..."

Next came the abstract of the Committee's Report, read by their Secretary. Many things in it merit a notice. I can only notice one or two. The committee held that the battles fought by our armies (with the rebels) on Sundays...

as they ought, they would have found the same thing to have occurred on all the other days of the week as often as on Sunday...

One item more contained in the Report claims attention—in substance as follows: "The only paper devoted to the Sabbath, and which was on the wrong side, was published in this city a number of years, but within a year or two has gone down..."

Now, to the reasons for opposing the Sunday prohibition scheme. They were, first, that it was entirely inadequate to effect the object desired...

As to the paper having gone down, the Committee were also incorrect. It was removed to Westerly, R. I., and is now published there regularly every week...

Let no man say that the foregoing strictures flow from opposition to the authority of God and Christianity. No—we defer to the first, and accept thankfully the second, as obligating us in the highest possible degree...

On reading the foregoing article, we could hardly credit the statement, that the Report of the Sabbath Committee deliberately identified the SABBATH RECORDER with dram-sellers and the Sunday-theater interest...

"The disappearance of virulent opposers of this reform from the field, furnishes an occasion for alluding to them. The only Journal in this country specifically devoted to the Sabbath question—and to the wrong side of the question—has ceased its issues..."

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BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.—The annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Union was held last week at Cleveland, Ohio. From the Report of the Treasurer, it appears that the receipts for the past year were \$103,956 96...

\$512 64. In the course of the anniversary of the Union, resolutions were adopted, characterizing the war as just and holy, declaring their belief that the authors of the rebellion have inflicted the death-blow to slavery in the District of Columbia...

MODERN SKEPTICISM AND INFIDELITY.

THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

Another effect of the false reasoning spoken of in the last article, is the denial of Prayer. This also has its origin in that kind of reasoning, which robs Deity of the noblest attributes of his nature...

Such does reason itself affirm such a character for God as makes it safe to predicate prayer upon it—prayer, too, in the fullest sense of that blessed word—prayer that not only blesses the praying one, but the many ones prayed for—prayer that so effectuates as to cause to do or not to do, that which He otherwise would or would not have done—prayer that "moves the arm of Him who moves the world..."

Such is the divine philosophy of prayer, as affirmed by reason; and such being the fact, rationalists, of all others, should be among the praying ones.

Come, then, ye men of reason—ye that, by false reason and false philosophy, have unreasoned your God out of every attribute and element that is most noble and godlike; ye that have denied man the sympathy, pity and aid of his Maker; ye that have denied to sin-stricken and sorrow-hearted, forlorn and wretched humanity, the privilege and consolation of going to his heavenly Father, and telling Him all his sorrows, cares, temptations, confessions, and asking aid, comfort and forgiveness; come, and around that altar of prayer which reason has consecrated, pray. As reason has been your bane, let reason be your antidote.

S. S. GRISWOLD.

MOUTH SERVICE.

I am often pained by the peculiar stress laid upon, by the weighty importance attached to, audible religious exercises in prayer and conference meetings. The prevalent idea among Christians seems to be this: If every available moment of the meeting is occupied in audible speaking and prayer, the spiritual condition of the church is "flourishing..."

But right here we are told that, as God must ever know what is for our good, he will give it us without our asking him. But, I ask, will not reason affirm that much of what we need, is better for us to receive in answer to prayer than otherwise. For reason must admit, that a proper state of mind is an absolute requisition, whether a recipient be benefited or not. Hence the Infinite Reason, in mercy to his creatures, conditions some of his best gifts as answers to prayer. And the highest human reason invariably conforms to this divine method, when in its extremity. Thus reason silences its own objections, and practically affirms what in theory it denies.

Nor will the idea of fate, as belonging to Deity, as it respects prayer, stand the test of reason. For how can human reason, judging from its own known nature to be free, adjudicate the Infinite Reason to be no other than a mere blind force or power? It can not. Nor will the immutability of the Christian Deity lie with any force against God's answering prayer. For, in the light of reason, the immutability of the Divine character will be found to consist rather in an inflexible adherence to certain principles and methods of administering a divine government, than in any fixedness of his nature. Hence, as has been shown, if God is all love, affection, benevolence, etc., and if (as has been shown) many things we need, can consistently with our highest good, only be given us in answer to prayer, Reason must admit Deity to be such a being as that He can and is so affected by prayer as to do that for his children, in answer to their prayers, which He would not have done if such prayer had not been made. Hence reason must predicate such a governmental arrangement upon Deity as will include answers to prayer.

That God has this emotional or sensitivity element in his nature, is evident, or how could He feel pleased with right, or displeased with wrong? Unless God had such a sensitivity, would He not invariably feel the same toward the good and the bad? It is on this element of the divine nature that we predicate his mercy, pity, forgiveness, pleasure, grief, etc. Hence sin causes God to feel displeasure, grief, anger; while holiness causes Him to feel pleasure, approbation, complacency, etc. Thus God's feelings are moved variously, according to the conduct of his creatures. Hence, when they feel their dependence on God, and their need of such aid or comfort as He only can bestow, he is moved to bless them, in answer to their prayer. So, on the other hand, when the opposite state exists, He withholds. Nor does this subject Him to the caprice of his creatures or to be whiffed about by their meaningless prayers. As an infinite Father, having the good of all his creatures in view, He must ever claim the right, (and would it not be His duty?) to refuse answer to all such prayers as He in his infinite wisdom and goodness shall see for the best.

them, we cannot too deeply contemplate them. Who shall dare to say, simply because I am silent in religious meetings, that my heart is in open rebellion against God? Who would affirm upon oath, that I was an humble-hearted, living Christian, merely from knowing it to be a fact, that I take active part, habitually, in social religious meetings? No one, I think. Yet scarcely a meeting of this kind do I attend, but I hear some equivalent idea set forth.

After the usual opening of the meeting, the leader will remark, "Now, brethren, the time is yours. Do not let it run to waste. Do not squander a moment of this precious time. Do not set such a bad example before the world. Do not thus turn your backs upon Christ and his cause." A minister or deacon prays. A hymn is sung. Then perhaps another prayer is offered, or a leading brother speaks. Then occurs a silence. "Has no one a word to speak for Christ?" asks the minister. No one speaks. The silence continues. The minister is discouraged. He appeals to the people pathetically. Some one rises, brought up perhaps by the appeal. After his remarks, another hymn is sung—perhaps a prayer offered—and then another silence. Again, an urgent request from the minister, that the followers of Jesus shall not dishonor Him by silence. No one responds. The minutes glide on slowly. Thinking minds are present. How are those minds occupied? With the important queries, "Who will speak next?" "Why don't somebody speak?" Are they not thinking of God, also? Dimly, perhaps; but God is thrown in the background—the prominent idea bearing upon all minds is that all-important one—"filling up the time."

My Christian friends, I sincerely believe that this projecting forward, in the foreground of Christian life, a matter that should at least remain in middle distance, if not in the background altogether, shuts out from the mind's view the great opening vista of important Christian duties; a vista that should be clearly visible, without any interposing of minor obstacles. It is to me like putting the hand before the eyes, and thus, with a few inches of opaque matter, (made, to be sure, by God, and having its own relative worth,) shutting out from sight the universal handiwork of God.

Yet some will say, "There is no surer index of the religious prosperity of a church, than the measure of activity in its conference meetings." Is this true? I believe that it is not true. We, in every day life, pass judgment upon the religious character of those with whom we come in contact. This is unavoidable. (Of imparting to others these judgments, I am not speaking.) Now, from what data do we form such judgment? Altogether, from the silence or non-silence of the persons in conference meetings? No. Partially from that. Again, no. Their activity in religious meetings has scarcely more than an iota of influence upon our private judgment. We judge from the every day life, from the acts of the person. If we look out upon the surrounding mass of humanity, then inward at the mental tribunal where that humanity is judged, we shall find facts enough to prove this.

I am not ashamed to say, that I think the Quakers are very far ahead of us in respect to their ideas of "improving the time" in religious meetings. Is there a silence in their meetings? It is meet, welcome, reasonable. There is no warping of the ideas in that one particular direction, no torturing of the mind upon that one particular point, filling up the time. They have come up here to hear and to think about God. Has some one spoken of Him? Well and good. Does no one feel impelled to speak? Then it is also well and good to sit and think of Him. There is no superstitious dread of this silence—no worrying about the dullness of the meeting—no reproaching one another with turning their backs on God's cause because they sit silent in His house. Their very presence there is an indication, which no one attempts to gainsay, that they have "come up to worship Him." I think that a little clear-headed contemplation of this matter might produce good results.

For myself, I protest against being styled a neglecter of duty because I do not "occupy the time" audibly. Yet, if my Christian brethren pass judgment against me, I cannot help it. To God I appeal. Before Him alone I stand or fall. I do not believe I am neglecting duty because I do not "speak in meeting." I am no public speaker. I could not stand up alone, with everybody looking at me, and command my language so as to be sure of conveying the ideas intended, and of not saying what I would not say. And as for audible prayer, I have my own belief about that. Perhaps my life-experience may have been peculiar, and its results may have wrought strange oddities

It seems to me that we are more blind, more unreasonable, more bound by habit and prejudice, less guided by clear sober sense of right, in this matter of mouth service, than in any other thing else upon which we bring to bear our mental powers. I believe that an undue estimate—nay, more, that a seriously mischievous estimate—is put upon this "occupying the time"; that by this estimate the efforts of the sinful creature are injuriously exalted, while our conceptions of the glorious God are proportionately lowered, and our notions concerning our duties to Him are hurtfully distorted and befogged.

What are the poor words of us erring mortals? "Be silent, oh, all flesh, before the Lord."—Zech. 2: 13. Let us sit sometimes together, and meditate of Him—of our relations to Him—of our future destiny—of the lovely Saviour—of His wonderful plan of salvation—aye, let us of sinful lips and erring hearts be silent together before Him. Let us dwell upon these themes so grand, so far above the scope of our flesh-chained minds, that at best we can only aspire to them. We cannot comprehend them, we cannot dive to their depths, we cannot reach beyond

me. I think in some things it has been peculiar; but this is one of the results. When my soul is most deeply moved, it rejects the medium of human speech as "an insupportable barrier between it and God."

I do not wish to grieve or offend any one by my remarks about month service. But I do wish there could be more clear thought upon this subject, for I believe that upon this point we are "too superstitious."

GENEVA.

LIEUT. H. S. SWIFT, JR.

Lieut. Swift was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1840. He was the son of H. S. Swift, of Edgerton, Wis., and was killed at the battle of Coldwater, Miss., April 19th, 1863.

Lieut. Swift spent four years as a student in Albion Academy, Wis. He was distinguished for modesty, and rare ability and scholarship. At the close of his career at the Academy, he was married to Miss Mary C. Williams, daughter of N. O. Williams, Esq., of Albion. He went with his wife into the State of Missouri, where they labored as teachers for one year. At the close of the year, they returned to Albion, and he then entered a law school in the city of Albany, N. Y., where he graduated in July, 1862. Returning to Wisconsin at the time of the President's call for six hundred thousand troops, he immediately went to work and raised a company of volunteers, and entered the 33d Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers as 1st Lieutenant. At the time of his death, he was acting as Captain, in the absence of the Capt. of the Co. He was shot through the heart, by a rebel in ambush, just as he was forming his men into line for battle. Capt. Lindsey, of Co. E, was also killed by a ball through the head, fired by the same rebel, as he was assisting in carrying the body of Swift from the field. The rebel was subsequently shot by one of Lieut. Swift's company.

When the news of Lieut. Swift's death was confirmed, a meeting was called by the students and teachers of Albion Academy, and the citizens of Albion, when the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we learn with the deepest sorrow of the death of Lieut. H. S. Swift, and that in his death we behold a noble sacrifice offered upon our country's altar.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his heart-stricken wife, and would extend to her and his parents our condolence in the thought that his life has been given to his country in the dark hour of her need. The following is the last work of Lieut. Swift's pen:

PATRIOTISM.

Schlegel says that the noblest of all passions is the love for "Fatherland." The German philosopher was right. Of all the emotions that fling the red tide of life tumultuously upon the struggling heart—that fill the lighted chambers of the brain with gladdening visions and dear forms, that shall never fade or vanish, except with the soul—patriotism is the noblest, because the most disinterested. It is the abnegation of self. The Hindu wife, throwing herself on the dead body of her husband, and perishing amid the flames of his funeral pyre, is a type of this feeling. Patriotism is a flower that grows only in the soil of a noble nature. The patriot alone can be a true Christian. He who squares himself with the model of our faith, will be a patriot. When the existence of a government is endangered—when those institutions which have protected the property and lives of the people, and led them to a higher civilization, are menaced, the first impulses of a patriot would be to rush to their rescue. None but dastards would hesitate to combine their endeavors to hurl back the impending disaster.

My friend has saved my life. Who under Heaven lives, who would not abhor me, were I to suffer my friend to perish, when, by hazarding my own life, or by the sacrificing of property, I could have saved him? Like the leper, I ought to be outcast and loathed. My government has often interposed her legal arm between me and the lawless, and protected me in my property and pursuit of happiness. To my country I owe all I am, or will be. How utterly abandoned and fallen from the true estate of common humanity would I be, were I to behold unmoved the terrible drama that is being enacted in our midst, and the dismembering woe that causes my country to weep! She has hitherto cherished and protected me, and under the shadow of her ceaseless care, I have been prospered and honored as citizen never has been since the Roman Republic. She has associated with the name of American, which I bear, every sentiment that is noble and sublime. With pride I say, "I am an American," but how little do I deserve that name—that honor—if now, when the Republic is imperiled—is trembling on the verge of ruin—I do not answer her call, and throw myself upon her altar, "to do or to die." What American desires to survive his country? Eighteen hundred years ago, the Horacian muse wrote, "Dulce est decorum est pro patria mori."—It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country. Time can never blot or impair the beauty or eloquence of that sentiment: It thrills akin the honors of the savage and civilized man—impels such to heroic deeds, which the tongue of fame will never forget to echo; of those who die in the defense of their father-land. The olden said: "The whole earth is their sepulchre, and their epitaphs the unwritten memories of the heart."

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My DEAR MADAM.—Although I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with you, I feel that I must take this of that noble soldier, your husband, to express to you my deep sorrow at his loss, and to tender to you and his little family that sympathy which is felt only by a soldier for the family of a brave and loved comrade, who falls (if fall he must) as a soldier should, leading his men to battle.

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I am, madam, with much respect, yours, &c. J. B. MOORE, Col. Commanding 33d Regt. W. V.

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It is said that, "what has been introduced to answer the second question, furnishes an answer to the fourth." Well, what has been introduced in answer to the second question? All I find that is applicable to the question is, that Christ referred his disciples to God for protection. Now, I ask Bro. Estee if he believes that we, or the world at large, or even Christians, ought to depend exclusively on God, without human aid, for protection against the assaults of the wicked? And I respectfully request a fair answer to my four questions, without further evasion.

EVER READY.

At two o'clock a. m. came the call: "Up, boys! get rations in your haversacks, and be ready to march at a moment's warning." Ten minutes found us "ready to march," but, as the order did not come, we laid down again.

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May the God of battles keep, guide and protect you and yours; may he give you strength to meet this great affliction; is the deep, earnest prayer of officers and soldiers of our regiment.

I am, madam, with much respect, yours, &c. J. B. MOORE, Col. Commanding 33d Regt. W. V.

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EVER READY.

At two o'clock a. m. came the call: "Up, boys! get rations in your haversacks, and be ready to march at a moment's warning." Ten minutes found us "ready to march," but, as the order did not come, we laid down again.

How alike are we—Uncle Sam's soldiers, and the Soldiers of King Jesus! We are required always to be ready—our equipments in good order—our knapsack, haversack, and canteen ready to shoulder for a march on the foe at any moment. So should the Soldier of the cross ever be ready to meet all the emergencies of the voyage of life—his uniform all bright with "good works"; his knapsack well packed with Gospel Truth; his haversack plump with Faith, and constant Prayer; and his canteen fresh filled from the "well spring of hope."

GOD IN HIS MERCY GRANT, THAT THIS MAY EVER BE HIS MERCY SERVANT.

MEMO.

THE BOSTON ANNIVERSARIES are in full blast this week. The sermon before the Congregational Convention was to be delivered by Rev. Dr. J. P. Cleveland of Lowell. Rev. Drs. Hedge, Stebbins, and others, were to speak before the American Unitarian Association. John B. Gough, and others, were to address the American Tract Society, the Seaman's Friend Society, Peace Society, Emancipation League, Bible Society, and other benevolent associations, who to-day are attending during the week. The following letter, from the Col. oneel of the regiment to which Lieut. Swift belonged, will show the estimation in which he was held by his military associates:

My DEAR MADAM.—Although I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with you, I feel that I must take this of that noble soldier, your husband, to express to you my deep sorrow at his loss, and to tender to you and his little family that sympathy which is felt only by a soldier for the family of a brave and loved comrade, who falls (if fall he must) as a soldier should, leading his men to battle.

Lieut. Swift fell on the 19th of April, in a sharp engagement with the enemy on the Coldwater River, Mississippi, while leading his men forward to drive the enemy from a strong position which he had taken. His last words were words of encouragement to his men.

In his fall, you and your little family lose a husband, companion, father. We, his brother officers, a kind and valued friend and brother. Our country loses a firm supporter—a brave and accomplished officer. Lieut. Swift was one of the most accomplished officers in my regiment, a gentleman, a brave patriot. Living, we loved and were proud of him. Dead, we honor the memory of his noble qualities.

May the God of battles keep, guide and protect you and yours; may he give you strength to meet this great affliction; is the deep, earnest prayer of officers and soldiers of our regiment.

I am, madam, with much respect, yours, &c. J. B. MOORE, Col. Commanding 33d Regt. W. V.

QUERIES NOT ANSWERED.

I think that Bro. Estee has entirely evaded my questions. I perfectly agree with Bro. Estee,

