

The Sabbath Recorder.

EDITED BY GEORGE B. UTTER.

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

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SOUTHERN ABYSSINIA—NO. 3.

Travels in Southern Abyssinia, through the country of Adal to the Kingdom of Shoa, during the years 1842 and 1843. By CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. C. S.

ABYSSINIA IS AN IMPORTANT FIELD FOR CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

All the eastern coast of Africa, and the interior nations included within the tropics, to the western coast, are known to have a numerous population, without the saving knowledge of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and now without a single evangelical missionary to open up to them the knowledge of the way of life. No other large portion of the world is at the present day so much passed by as this, no man caring for their souls. Abyssinia, at the present, has only a traditional Christianity, and is resting under a wretched weight of dark superstition. She has within herself, however, some important elements for moral renovation. Her ancient language, the Geez, or old Ethiopic, is the parent language of a number of modern tongues, spoken by a large part of that benighted population whose ancestors formed part of the ancient Empire. Of this language, Mr. Johnston says:—"The Geez character, as a syllabic alphabet, is the most correct of any with which I am acquainted, and the best suited for conveying exact sounds."

In this language the sacred Scriptures exist in parchment manuscript, a portion of which has been printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the English Church Missionary Society, which would be a great assistance to the missionary scholar who should engage in the work of rendering them into modern languages. In this he would be farther assisted by the possession of Ludolph's Grammar and Lexicon of the ancient language in Latin, and a grammar and dictionary of the modern language in English, with the four gospels printed in Amharic—all to be had in London. And such is the affinity between the modern languages, that Mr. Johnston found a man from Berberaah, on the banks of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, who made himself perfectly understood in the Afuh language spoken by the Dankali tribes around Tadjoura.

South and west of Abyssinia, there are dwelling numerous distinct kingdoms, who are supposed, from their physiological characteristics, to be all of one race, which is called the Galla, and who were all originally pagans; but a portion of them are now Christians, and a part Mohammedans. Of these Mr. Johnston says:—

"One of the most remarkable traits of the Galla people is, the facility with which they appear to adopt the religious creeds of their neighbors. . . . It is very interesting, remark how readily the Galla people accept their natural habits to the circumstances in which they are placed. . . . This moral principle, however, whatever it may be, seems to promise an abundant harvest of converts to the zealous and intelligent missionary, who shall first appear as the apostle of Christianity among them."

We have been accustomed to regard the Mohammedan part of the world as almost hopelessly opposed to Christian efforts; but Mr. Johnston appears to think, that if Christianity were presented to them in its primitive simplicity, they would be a ready and willing people to receive it. He derives the origin of these people from countries farther in the interior; and of the pagan part of them, he says:—

"They worship a limited number of principal deities. Waak however, appears to be the supreme God, who made the world, and every inferior deity. Waak has no visible representative, but is everywhere, and exists in every thing. 'Waak segallo,' (God knows,) invariably expresses ignorance of a fact, and the best definition of him I could ever get from the most informed Galla; I ever conversed with upon the subject was, that he was the unknown God. Waak is, I think, the only deity proper to the Galla people. . . . They have derived some knowledge of one or two of the principal saints worshipped by the Greek Church, (Abyssinian,) and according to their situation with respect to the Christians of Abyssinia or the pagans of Zingera, so is their religion modified by the errors or absurdities of their neighbors."

In connection with this view of the circumstances of the interior nations of Eastern Africa, Mr. Johnston gives information and conjectures of the deepest interest to ourselves in connection with our projected mission.

Major Harris supposed the river Gibbee, which rises northwest of Shoa, flowed into the Ghocab; but Mr. Johnston obtained very satisfactory information which proves it to be a branch of the Nile, and he so laid it down on a map accompanying these volumes. The Ghocab he identifies with the (W)abbee, which, as Major Harris represents, enters the Indian Ocean at Juba, under the equator; or, otherwise, he says it must be the great southern river that rises four or five degrees southwest of Shoa, and which flows into the Indian Ocean by many mouths about three degrees south of the equator; the principal of which appears to be that at Lamoor. This is called the Kalli.

"No traveler gives any account of this river, though certainly it is a most important one in connection with our future intercourse with the Highlands

of Abyssinia. It is, as its name, Kalli, implies, a river of the black people, as the Assabi, or Zebbee, of the table land above, belongs exclusively to the country of a red race. The Portuguese name, Kilimancy, is merely the addition of a word, signifying river in the Shankalli language, to the original Arian term Kalli. The sources of this river are upon the southern scarp of the Abyssinian table land, in the same manner as the tributaries of the Hawash arise upon the eastern border. . . . A considerable degree of interest attaches itself to this river, and I could wish to see the attention of our geographers and politicians directed to its examination. All the red Abyssinian slaves, after a month's journey through the country, about the upper part of its course, are then embarked and carried down this river to Lamoor, to be carried away and disposed of in the Asiatic markets.

"There must, in fact, in this situation, be a most available road into the very centre of the continent of Africa, for I have seen Nubian slaves, who had been in the service of Zaid Zaid, Imaum of Zanzibar, that corroborated this statement respecting the transit of slaves across the table land of Abyssinia, from Sennaar to Lamoo on the Indian Ocean, and so to the market of Zanzibar.

"It is by this channel also, that Abashee colonies on the Malabar coast, of which Major Jervis has written some notices in a late volume of the 'Bombay Geographical Society's Journal,' are accredited. Those of the native Christians on the same coast whom I have seen myself, are decidedly of Abyssinian origin, and perhaps that religion may have been introduced into India by missionaries from that country. It was singular, that when an important and expensive political mission was about being sent into Abyssinia, some inquiries were not made respecting this southern route, along which a considerable intercourse at the present day exists between India and Abyssinia."

I suppose the Christians to whom Mr. Johnston here refers are the same of whom Dr. Buchanan speaks in his Christian Researches, where he says:—"It is probable that the Christian faith has been known in India since the times of the apostles; but we have authentic historical record for the following particular:—When the Portuguese first arrived in India, they were agreeably surprised to find a hundred Christian churches on the coast of Malabar; but when they became acquainted with the purity and simplicity of their doctrine, they were offended. They have preserved the Bible in its purity; and their doctrines are, as far as the author knows, the doctrines of the Bible. Besides, they maintain the solemn observance of Christian worship, throughout our Empire, on the seventh day; and have as many spies pointing to heaven among the Hindoos, as we ourselves."

Mr. Johnston's theory respecting their origin is that they are altogether Asiatic. We shall however keep this in mind, and hope for farther information respecting that people, whose faith and patience have been sorely tried in times past for keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

These volumes throw before us wide and interesting fields of labor, and encourage us to expect that we shall soon find a field where our missionaries may enter upon the work of African regeneration with safety and success. If Shoa should be inaccessible by the Adal country, our own government have commercial relations with the Imaum of Muscat, whose colonial possessions extend to the very mouth of the Kalli river, which Mr. Johnston considers so important for a southern route into the interior of Africa; and at this time the United States Government has a consul resident at Zanzibar. We need only faith in God, and consecration to the work which our blessed Redeemer enjoined upon his people, and important stations will be open as fast as we are prepared to occupy them.

S. D.

GOLDSMITH IN LONDON.—Goldsmith's first residence in London, after his wanderings on the continent, was at a chemist's, Fishstreet Hill—he set up as a physician—could not live by it—accepted the ushership of a classical school at Pakenham, that he might have the means of subsistence—returned poor to London after a few months—contributed articles for the Monthly Review—rented a miserable lodging near the Old Bailey, the approach of which was by Break-Neck Stairs, where Bishop Percy visited him in a wretched room with one chair—there, as a bookseller's hack, he translated, compiled and edited, wrote prefaces and reviews, leading articles and squibs—his labors were incredible. Here he wrote the Essay on Polite Learning, and many other elegant and graceful things, which (as Bell justly remarks) have embalmed his memory forever in the grateful hearts of posterity. Years after this he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Edward Burke and Bishop Percy were his faithful friends. He sojourned at last in gay lodgings—gave suppers—and took some comfort. But bailiffs haunted him, small debts oppressed him, the fear of jail was ever before his eyes, his tailor's bills were as terrible as spectres to romance readers, and the innocent, gentle, playful, warm-hearted Oliver Goldsmith found a refuge in "Death."

Were children accustomed from infancy to hear nothing but correct conversation, there would be but little need of their learning arbitrary rules of grammar—they would naturally speak and write correctly. Hence it is, that children of educated people are generally so much more easy and graceful in their conversation than the children of the uneducated. Our language, like our manners, is caught from those with whom we associate; and if we would have the young improve in this important part of education, we must be careful that they hear no vulgarity from us.

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

"Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?"

In yonder quiet dwelling, with vision bowed by the walls of a sick room, lies a Christian philanthropist. It is long since he has known active communion with the busy world. As the year is about to close, he looks out from the loop-hole of his retreat, and breathes the fervent inquiry, "Watchman, what of the night?" The murmuring of voices is heard in the distance, and a messenger approaches, saying, "Friend, of what wouldst thou gain intelligence? Dost thou inquire for the prosperity of Zion? Does thy heart linger by her fruitful fields, and abide by her desolate places?"

"Yea, thou hast judged rightly—first in my affections are the interests of Zion—dearest to my soul, loved more than all things earthly—

"If e'er my heart forget
Her warfare or her woe,
Let every joy thy heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow."

"Mine the God whom she adores,
Her Redeemer too she mine."

Tell me of her conquests—acquaint me with her defeats and triumphs. I am nearing the celestial city. Angels beckon me hence. My home is on high. My friends and kindred, hopes and treasures, all are there. And O, she is there, who "saw me cast out in the open field of death," and as he looked, he healed and bade me live.—My faith apprehends him as the chiefest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely. His love embraces a world—His offers of mercy are extended to the chief of sinners. Tell me, if thou knowest, who, during this waning year, hath believed his report? To whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?"

Christian Pilgrim—would that I could gladden thee with a better report. But thou must know the truth. Far and wide 'Zion's hearths are desolate.' Her harps have been silent long. An enemy strong and mighty hath broken down her walls. Few of her sons and daughters were unharmed, the liveliest of heaven. Few come to her solemn feasts. Few inquire at her altars the way of life. Dying men—those for whom Jesus groaned and bled, have turned from him in scorn, and hewn out to themselves broken cisterns that can hold no water.—There are weary and aching hearts, sad and care-worn visages, and scores with gay exterior, who rush for pleasures that continually elude pursuit, or grasp for wealth or fame, that whether attained or otherwise, plans deep the sting of disappointment; all, all reiterate the great truth that MAN IS A SINNER AND NEEDS A SAVIOUR; that nothing but to know God, and enjoy his presence, can satisfy the cravings of a deathless spirit. During the year the Death gate has been uplifted, and through it crowds have passed to endless bliss or woe. The watchman and their flocks have beheld this scene, and while some whose faith has enabled them to set a true value upon things eternal, have grieved over mind thus lost for eternity, and exclaimed in the language of the prophet, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people," blood-guiltiness has stained the skirts of others, and marred their right and title to the tree of life, and an inheritance in the holy city.

But, in the midst of this moral darkness, God has not forsaken his disobedient and rebellious subjects. He has tried and proved, but he has not cast away his people. "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loves them to the end." The year has been crowned with his goodness. Countless mercies from his hand have fallen like the drops of the morning, and to the eye of faith He has hung athwart the moral heavens, a bow of promise, beautiful as "the showery arch." The movements of his providence foretell a brighter day. The unchanging promises of his word indicate that retrogression among his chosen disciples, is not to be lasting—that the tide of death is to be rolled back—the prey delivered from the spoiler—the nations and kingdoms, possessions and talents of earth, are to be consecrated a willing offering to Him who shall reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

The moral enterprises of the day, report progress. Temperance is achieving new victories—pressing its way straight through the camp of its enemies, and though the wily foe still arrays his forces in the face of day, defeat is inevitable. The principles, the measures, and the laborers in this sacred cause, so far as they are right, command the conscience of the nation, and the co-operation of all the good—and so, although the wheels move more tardily, will it be in due time in relation to moral purity. Notwithstanding all that may be regarded as adverse, the records of the year prove conclusively that the cause is onward. The results of recent Legislative enactments in the states of Michigan, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Connecticut, are signs of promise. The increased list of petitions presented at the last session of the New York Legislature, the number and standing of the signers from the Metropolis, and other great centres of influence, indicate unequivocally, the rising tone of public sentiment.

The best portions of the secular and religious press are exerting a wide-spread and certain influence on the world. We learn by papers from Buffalo, Toronto, and elsewhere, that Grand Jurors are moving in this matter. In some sections of the country the stronger sex are also coming to the rescue. A political paper from Syracuse, announces that 400 gentlemen of the place, (all voters,) have recently enrolled their names upon a moral reform pledge, requiring purity of heart and life, and united efforts to promote obedience to the laws of God. These two are signs of promise, for which the friends of reform may well thank God, and take courage.

Slavery—that direst scourge of virtue and humanity though seeking with eager faith in God, shall guide us upon a broader territory, is nevertheless writing amid its chains, and the public heart is beating with deeper and still deeper throes for the down-trodden and the dumb. The day of its doom is approaching. The God of the oppressed has heard their cry, and when he shall arise to judgment who shall contend with him?

The utterances of the Tract, Bible, and Missionary enterprises—the cause of education, and every kindred effort are "peace on earth, and good will to man"—and if the lever of prayer, and strong faith in God, shall guide and control them, each and all will be as ministering spirits to the true interests of Zion, and though assailed by opposition, will continue their blessed influences until the welcome echo shall rebound from land to land—

"Traveler! Lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come."
Friend—thou mayst live, or die, with the peace of God ruling in thy soul, for Zion's King shall surely live to bring deliverance to his people. "The government is upon his shoulders." He will work and none shall hinder, until he shall have finished the superstructure that his hand is rearing, and placed upon it "the top-stone, with shoutings of grace, grace into it." Adv. Moral Ref.

From the Youth's Monthly Visitor.

WHEN SHALL WE PRAY?

Pray at the early dawn,
When the dew is on the flowers,
And offer to Heaven as incense pure,
The morning's rosy hours,
Pray when the heart is calm and free,
And the fetters of earth are cast from thee.

Pray at the noontide hour,
Midst the weary toils of life—
So shalt thou gather strength and power
To succor thee in the strife.
Pray when thy burden is hardest to bear,
And thy heart is throbbing with anxious care.

Bend low in the dewy eve,
And pour out thy spirit in prayer,
And the voice that spake to the troubled sea,
Shall whisper sweet comfort there,
The tempest of passion shall sink to rest,
And the sunlight of heaven illumine thy breast.

Pray when thy cup of joy
Is sparkling to the brim;
Pray when with base alloy
The gold of life is dim.
Prayer shall win thee a treasure untold;
Better than treasures of silver or gold.

'Mid sunshine and shadow,
'Mid pleasure and gloom,
In the morning of life,
On the verge of the tomb—
Pray, ever pray, and good angels beside thee,
Shall watch o'er and shield from the ill that befall thee.

M. L. D.

AN ALLEGORY.

From Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men."

We are repeatedly warned against the strange woman's House. There is no vice like licentiousness, to delude with the most fascinating proffers of delight, and fulfill the promise with the most loathsome experience. All vices at the beginning are silver-tongued, but none so impassioned as this. All vices in the end cheat their dupes, but none with such overwhelming disaster as licentiousness. I shall describe by an allegory, its specious seductions, its plausible promises, its apparent innocence, its delusive safety, its deceptive joys,—their change, their sting, their flight, their misery, and the victim's ruin.

Her house has been cunningly planned by an EVIL ARCHITECT to attract and please the attention. It stands in a vast garden full of enchanting objects. It shines in glowing colors, and seems full of peace and full of pleasure. All the signs are of unbounded enjoyment—safe, if not innocent. Though every beam is rotten, and the house is the house of death, and in it are all the vicissitudes of infernal misery; yet, to the young it appears a palace of delight. They will not believe that death can lurk behind so brilliant a fabric. Those who are within, look out and pine to enter; and those who are without, look in and pine to return. Such is the mastery of deluding sin.

That part of the garden which borders on the highway of innocence is carefully planted. There is not a poisonous weed, nor thorn, nor thistle there. Ten thousand flowers bloom, and wait a thousand odors. A victim cautiously inspects it; but it has been too carefully patterned upon innocency to be easily detected. This outer garden is innocent—innocence is the lure to lure you from the path into her grounds—innocence is the bait that that trap which she has secured all her victims. At the gate she says a comely, pious, and holy youth: "Will he let him turn in? Will the young man enter? Will he seek her house? To himself he says, 'I will enter only to see the garden, its fruits, its flowers, its birds, its arbors, its warbling flowers!' He is resolved in virtue. He seeks wisdom, not pleasure!—Dupe! you are deceived already; and this is your first lesson of wisdom. He passes, and the porter leers behind him! He is within an Enchanter's garden! Can he now return, if he wishes?—he will not wish to return, until it is too late. He ranges the outer garden, and the highway, thinking as he walks: "How foolishly have I been alarmed at pious lies about this beautiful place! I heard it was Hell! I find it is Paradise!"

Emboldened by the innocence of his first steps, he explores the garden further from the road. The flowers grow richer; their odors exhilarate; the very fruit breathes perfume like flowers; and birds seem intoxicated with delight among the fragrant shrubs and loaded trees. Soft and silvery music steals along the air. "Are angels singing?—Oh! feel that love, and worthy to fill this place; it is all the heaven I need! Ridiculous priest, to tell me that death was here, where all is beauty, fragrance, and melody! Surely, death never lurked in so gorgeous apparel as this! Death is grim, and hideous!" He has come near to the strange woman's house. If it was beautiful from afar, it is celestial now; for his eyes are bewitched with magic. When our passions enchain us, how beautiful is the way to death! In every window are signs of pleasure; from every opening, issue sounds of joy—the lute, the harp, the bounding fife, and echoing laughter. Nymphs have deeded the Flights of temptation,—they smile and beckon. "Where are his resolutions now? This is the virtuous youth who came to observe! He has already seen too much! but he will see more; he will taste, feel, regret, weep, wail, die! The most beautiful nymph that eye ever rested on, approaches with decent guise and modest gestures, to give him hospitable welcome. For a moment he recalls his home, his mother, his sister-circle; but they seem far-away, dim, powerless! Into his ear the beautiful hermit pours the sweetest sounds of love: "You are welcome here, and worthy to fill this place; it is all the heaven I need! Ridiculous priest, to tell me that death was here, where all is beauty, fragrance, and melody! Surely, death never lurked in so gorgeous apparel as this! Death is grim, and hideous!" He has come near to the strange woman's house. If it was beautiful from afar, it is celestial now; for his eyes are bewitched with magic. 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"THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."

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SOUTHERN ABYSSINIA—NO. 3.

Travels in Southern Abyssinia, through the country of Adal to the Kingdom of Shoa, during the years 1842 and 1843. By CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. C. S.

ABYSSINIA IS AN IMPORTANT FIELD FOR CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

All the eastern coast of Africa, and the interior nations included within the tropics, to the western coast, are known to have a numerous population, without the saving knowledge of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and now without a single evangelical missionary to open up to them the knowledge of the way of life. No other large portion of the world is at the present day so much passed by as this, no man caring for their souls. Abyssinia, at the present, has only a traditional Christianity, and is resting under a wretched weight of dark superstition. She has within herself, however, some important elements for moral renovation. Her ancient language, the Geez, or old Ethiopic, is the parent language of a number of modern tongues, spoken by a large part of that benighted population whose ancestors formed part of the ancient Empire. Of this language, Mr. Johnston says:—"The Geez character, as a syllabic alphabet, is the most correct of any with which I am acquainted, and the best suited for conveying exact sounds."

In this language the sacred Scriptures exist in parchment manuscript, a portion of which has been printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the English Church Missionary Society, which would be a great assistance to the missionary scholar who should engage in the work of rendering them into modern languages. In this he would be further assisted by the possession of Ludolph's Grammar and Lexicon of the ancient language in Latin, and a grammar and dictionary of the modern language in English, with the four gospels printed in Amharic—all to be had in London. And such is the affinity between the modern languages, that Mr. Johnston found a man from Berberaah, on the banks of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, who made himself perfectly understood in the Affih language spoken by the Dankalli tribes around Tadjora.

South and west of Abyssinia, there are dwelling numerous distinct kingdoms, who are supposed, from their physiological characteristics, to be all of one race, which is called the Galla, and who were all originally pagans; but a portion of them are now Christians, and a part Mahomedans. Of these Mr. Johnston says:—

"One of the most remarkable traits of the Galla people is, the facility with which they appear to adopt the religious creeds of their neighbors. . . . It is very interesting, remark how readily the Galla people adopt their natural habits to the circumstances in which they are placed. . . . This moral principle, however, whatever it may be, seems to promise an abundant harvest of converts to the zealous and intelligent missionary, who shall first appear as the apostle of Christianity among them."

We have been accustomed to regard the Mahomedan part of the world as almost hopelessly opposed to Christian efforts; but Mr. Johnston appears to think, that if Christianity were presented to them in its primitive simplicity, they would be a ready and willing people to receive it. He derives the origin of these people from countries farther in the interior; and of the pagan part of them, he says:—

"They worship a limited number of principal deities. Waak however, appears to be the supreme God, who made the world, and every inferior deity. Waak has no visible representative, but is every where, and exists in every thing. 'Waak segallo,' (God knows,) invariably expresses ignorance of a fact, and the best definition of him I could ever get from the most informed Galla; I ever conversed with upon the subject was, that he was the unknown God. Waak is, I think, the only deity proper to the Galla people. . . . They have derived some knowledge of one or two of the principal saints worshiped by the Greek Church, (Abyssinian,) and according to their situation with respect to the Christians of Abyssinia or the pagans of Zingera, so is their religion modified by the errors or absurdities of their neighbors."

In connection with this view of the circumstances of the interior nations of Eastern Africa, Mr. Johnston gives information and conjectures of the deepest interest to ourselves in connection with our projected mission.

Major Harris supposed the river Gibbee, which rises northwest of Shoa, flowed into the Ghocob; but Mr. Johnston obtained very satisfactory information which proves it to be a branch of the Nile, and he has so laid it down on a map accompanying these volumes. The Ghocob he identifies with the Whabbee, which, as Major Harris represents, enters the Indian Ocean at Juba, under the equator; or, otherwise, he says it must be the great southern river that rises four or five degrees southwest of Shoa, and which flows into the Indian Ocean by many mouths about three degrees south of the equator; the principal of which appears to be that at Lamoor. This is called the Kalli.

"No traveler gives any account of this river, though certainly it is a most important one in connection with our future intercourse with the Highlands

of Abyssinia. It is, as its name, Kalli, implies, a river of the black people, as the Assabi, or Zebbee, of the table land above, belongs exclusively to the country of a red race. The Portuguese name, Killimancy, is merely the addition of a word, signifying river in the Shankalli language, to the original Arian term Kalli. The sources of this river are upon the southern scarp of the Abyssinian table land, in the same manner as the tributaries of the Hawash arise upon the eastern border. . . . A considerable degree of interest attaches itself to this river, and I could wish to see the attention of our geographers and politicians directed to its examination. All the red Abyssinian slaves, after a month's journey through the country, about the upper part of its course, are then embarked and carried down this river to Lamoor, to be carried away and disposed of in the Asiatic markets.

"There must, in fact, in this situation, be a most available road into the very centre of the continent of Africa, for I have seen Nubian slaves, who had been in the service of Zaid Zaid, Imamu of Zanzibar, that corroborated this statement respecting the transit of slaves across the table land of Abyssinia, from Sennaar to Lamoo on the Indian Ocean, and so to the market of Zanzibar."

"It is by this channel also, that Abashee colonies on the Malabar coast, of which Major Jervis has written some notices in a late volume of the 'Bombay Geographical Society's Journal,' are accredited. Those of the native Christians on the same coast whom I have seen myself, are decidedly of Abyssinian origin, and perhaps that religion may have been introduced into India by missionaries from that country. It was singular, that when an important and expensive political mission was about being sent into Abyssinia, some inquiries were not made respecting this southern route, along which a considerable intercourse at the present day exists between India and Abyssinia."

I suppose the Christians to whom Mr. Johnston here refers are the same of whom Dr. Buchanan speaks in his Christian Researches, where he says:—"It is probable that the Christian faith has been known in India since the times of the apostles; but we have authentic historical record for the following particular:—When the Portuguese first arrived in India, they were agreeably surprised to find a hundred Christian churches on the coast of Malabar; but when they became acquainted with the purity and simplicity of their doctrine, they were offended! They have preserved the Bible in its purity; and their doctrines are, as far as the author knows, the doctrines of the Bible. Besides, they maintain the solemn observance of Christian worship, throughout our Empire, on the seventh day; and have as many spires pointing to heaven among the Hindoos, as we ourselves."

Mr. Johnston's theory respecting their origin is that they are altogether Asiatic. We shall however keep this in mind, and hope for further information respecting that people, whose faith and patience have been sorely tried in times past for keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus."

These volumes throw before us wide and interesting fields of labor, and encourage us to expect that we shall soon find a field where our missionaries may enter upon the work of African regeneration with safety and success. If Shoa should be inaccessible by the Adal country, our own government have commercial relations with the Imam of Muscat, whose colonial possessions extend to the very mouth of the Kalli river, which Mr. Johnston considers so important for a southern route into the interior of Africa; and at this time the United States Government has a consul resident at Zanzibar. We need only faith in God, and consecration to the work which our blessed Redeemer enjoined upon his people, and important stations will be open as fast as we are prepared to occupy them.

S. D.

GOLDSMITH IN LONDON.—Goldsmith's first residence in London, after his wanderings on the continent, was at a chemist's, Fishstreet Hill—he set up as a physician—could not live by it—accepted the tutorship of a classical school at Packenham, that he might have the means of subsistence—returned poor to London after a few months—contributed articles for the Monthly Review—rented a miserable lodging near the Old Bailey, the approach of which was by Break-Neck Stairs, where Bishop Percy visited him in a wretched room with one chair—there, as a bookseller's hack, he translated, compiled and edited, wrote prefaces and reviews, leading articles and squibs—his labors were incredible. Here he wrote the Essay on Polite Learning, and many other elegant and graceful things, which (as Bell justly remarks) have embalmed his memory forever in the grateful hearts of posterity. Years after this he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Edward Burke and Bishop Percy were his faithful friends. He sojourned at last into gay lodgings—gave suppers—and took some comfort. But bailiffs haunted him, small debts oppressed him, the fear of jail was ever before his eyes, his tailor's bills were as terrible as spectres to romance readers, and the innocent gentle, playful, warm-hearted Oliver Goldsmith found a refuge in—"Death."

Were children accustomed from infancy to hear nothing but correct conversation, there would be little need of their learning arbitrary rules of grammar—they would naturally speak and write correctly. Hence it is, that children of educated people are generally so much more easy and graceful in their conversation than the children of the uneducated. Our language, like our manners, is caught from those with whom we associate; and if we would have the young improve in this important part of education, we must be careful that they hear no vulgarism from us.

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

"Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?"

In yonder quiet dwelling, with vision bounded by the walls of a sick room, lies a Christian philanthropist. It is long since he has known active communion with the busy world. As the year is about to close, he looks out from the loop-hole of his retreat, and breathes the fervent inquiry, "Watchman, what of the night?" The murmuring of voices is heard in the distance, and a messenger approaches, saying, "Friend, of what wouldst thou gain intelligence? Dost thou inquire for the prosperity of Zion? Does thy heart linger by her fruitful fields, and abide by her desolate places?"

"Yea, thou hast judged rightly—first in my affections are the interests of Zion—dearest to my soul, loved more than all things earthly—

"If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy thy heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow."

Mine the God whom she adores,
Her Redeemer too is mine."

Tell me of her conquests—acquaint me with her defeats and triumphs. I am nearing the celestial city. Angels beckon me hence. My home is on high. My friends and kindred, hopes and treasures, all are there. And one is there, who "saw me cast out in the open field of death," and as he looked, he healed and bade me live.—My faith apprehends him as the chiefest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely. His love embraces a world—His offers of mercy are extended to the chief of sinners. Tell me, if thou knowest, who, during this waning year, hath believed his report? To whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?"

Christian Pilgrim—would that I could gladden thee with a better report. But thou must know the truth. Far and wide 'Zion's hearths are desolate.' Her paths have been silent long. An enemy strong and mighty hath broken down her walls. Few of her sons and daughters were unharmed, the liveliest of heaven. Few come to her solemn feasts. Few inquire at her altars the way of life. Dying men—those for whom Jesus groaned and bled, have turned from him in scorn, and hewn out to themselves broken cisterns that can hold no water.—There are weary and aching hearts, and care-worn visages, and scores with gay exterior, who rush for pleasures that continually elude pursuit, or grasp for wealth or fame, that whether attained or otherwise, plants deep the sting of disappointment; all, all reiterate the great truth that MAN IS A SINNER AND NEEDS A SAVIOUR; that nothing but to know God, and enjoy his presence, can satisfy the cravings of a deathless spirit. During the year the Death gate has been uplifted, and through it crowds have passed to endless bliss or woe. The watchman and his flocks have beheld this scene, and while some whose faith has enabled them to set a true value upon things eternal, have grieved over mind thus lost for eternity, and exclaimed in the language of the prophet, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people," blood-guiltiness has stained the skirts of others, and marred their right and title to the tree of life, and an inheritance in the holy city.

But, in the midst of this moral darkness, God has not forsaken his disobedient and rebellious subjects. He has tried and proved, but he has not cast away his people. "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loves them unto the end." The year has been crowned with his goodness. Countless mercies from his hand have fallen like the drops of the morning, and to the eye of faith He has hung athwart the moral heavens, a bow of promise, beautiful as "the showery arch." The unchanging promises of his word indicate that retrogression among his chosen disciples, is not to be lasting—the tide of death is to be rolled back—the prey delivered from the spoiler—the nations and kingdoms, possessions and talents of earth, are to be consecrated a willing offering to Him who shall reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

The moral enterprises of the day, report progress. Temperance is achieving new victories—pressing its way straight through the camp of its enemies, and though the wily foe still arrays his forces in the face of day, defeat is inevitable. The principles, the measures, and the laborers in this sacred cause, so far as they are right, command the conscience of the nation, and the co-operation of all the good—and so, although the wheels move more tardily, will it be in due time in relation to moral purity. Notwithstanding all that may be regarded as adverse, the records of the year prove conclusively that the cause is onward. The results of recent Legislative enactments in the states of Michigan, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Connecticut, are signs of promise. The increased list of petitions presented at the last session of the New York Legislature, the number and standing of the signers from the Metropolis, and other great centres of influence, indicate unequivocally, the rising tone of public sentiment.

The best portions of the secular and religious press are exerting a wide-spread and certain influence on this behalf. We learn by papers from Buffalo, Toronto, and elsewhere, that Grand Juries are moving in this matter. In some sections of the country the stronger sex are also coming to the rescue. A political paper from Syracuse, announces that 400 gentlemen of the place, (all voters,) have recently enrolled their names upon a moral reform pledge, requiring purity of heart and life, and united efforts to promote obedience to the laws of God. These too are signs of promise, for which the friends of reform may well thank God, and take courage.

Slavery—that direst scourge of virtue and humanity though seeking with eager haste to plant its iron hoof upon a broader territory, is nevertheless writhing amid its chains, and the public heart is beating with deeper and still deeper throes for the down-trodden and the dumb. The day of its doom is approaching. The God of the oppressed has heard their cry, and when he shall arise to judgment who shall contend with him?

The utterances of the Tract, Bible, and Missionary enterprises—the cause of education, and every kindred effort are "peace on earth, and good will to man"—and if the lever of prayer, and strong faith in God, shall guide and control them, each and all will be as ministering spirits to the true interests of Zion, and though assailed by opposition, will continue their blessed influences until the welcome echo shall resound from land to land—

"Traveler! Lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come."

Friend—thou mayst live, or die, with the peace of God ruling in thy soul, for Zion's King shall surely live to bring deliverance to his people. "The government is upon his shoulders." He will work and none shall hinder, until he shall have finished the superstructure that his hand is rearing, and placed upon it "the top-stone, with shoutings of grace, grace unto it!" Adv. Moral Ref.

From the Youth's Monthly Visitor.

WHEN SHALL WE PRAY?

Pray at the early dawn,
When the dew is on the flowers,
And offer to Heaven as incense pure,
The morning's rosy hours,
Pray when the heart is calm and free,
And the fetters of earth are cast from thee.

Pray at the noontide hour,
Midst the weary toils of life—
So shalt thou gather strength and power
To succor thee in the strife.
Pray when thy burden is hardest to bear,
And thy heart is throbbing with anxious care.

Bend low in the dewy eve,
And pour out thy spirit in prayer,
And the voice that spake to the troubled sea,
Shall whisper sweet comfort there,
The tempest of passion shall sink to rest,
And the sunlight of heaven illumine thy breast.

Pray when thy cup of joy
Is sparkling to the brim;
Pray when with base alloy
The gold of life is dim.
Prayer shall win thee a treasure untold,
Better than treasures of silver or gold.

Mid sunshine and shadow,
Mid pleasure and gloom,
In the morning of life,
On the verge of the tomb—
Pray, ever pray, and good angels beside thee,
Shall watch o'er and shield from the ills that betide thee.

M. L. D.

AN ALLEGORY.

From Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men."

We are repeatedly warned against the strange woman's house.

There is no vice like licentiousness, to delude with the most fascinating profers of delight, and fulfil the promise with the most loathsome experience. All vices at the beginning are silver-tongued, but none so impassioned as this. All vices in the end cheat their dupes, but none with such overwhelming disaster as licentiousness. I shall describe by an allegory, its specious seductions, its plausible promises, its apparent innocence, its delusive safety, its deceptive joys—their change, their sting, their flight, their misery, and the victim's ruin.

Her house has been cunningly planned by an evil architect to attract and please the attention. It stands in a vast garden full of enchanting objects. It shines in glowing colors, and seems full of peace and full of pleasure. All the signs are of unbounded enjoyment—safe, if not innocent. Though every beam is rotten, and the house is the house of death, and in it are all the vicissitudes of infernal misery; yet, to the young it appears a palace of delight. They will not believe that death can lurk behind so brilliant a fabric. Those who are within, look out and pine to return; and those who are without, look in and pine to enter. Such is the mastery of deluding sin.

That part of the garden which borders on the highway of innocence is carefully planted. There is not a poisonous weed, nor thorn, nor thistle there. A victim cautiously suspects it; but it has been too carefully patterned upon innocency to be easily detected. This outer garden is innocent—innocence is the lure to wile you from the path into her grounds—innocence is the bait of that trap by which she has secured all her victims. At the gate stands a comely porter, saying blandly: "Whoso is simple let him turn in hither. Will the youth enter? Will he seek her house? To himself he says, 'I will enter only to see the garden—its fruits, its flowers, its birds, its virtues, its sparkling fountains.' He is resolved in his art. He seeks wisdom, not pleasure—'Dupe! you are deceived already; and this is your first lesson of wisdom. He passes, and the porter leads behind him! He is within an Enchanter's garden! Can he now return, if he wishes? He will not wish to return, until it is too late. He ranges the outer garden near to the highway, thinking as he walks: 'How foolishly have I been alarmed at pious lies about this beautiful place! I heard it was Hell; I find it is Paradise!'

Entranced by the innocence of his first steps, he explores the garden further from the road. The flowers grow richer; their odors exhilarate; the very fruit breathes perfume like flowers; and birds seem intoxicated with delight among the fragrant shrubs and loaded trees. Soft and silvery music steals along the air. 'Are angels singing?—Oh! fool that I was, to fear this place; it is all of the heaven I need! Ridiculous priest, to tell me that death was here, where all is beauty, fragrance, and melody! Surely, death never lurked in so gorgeous apparel as this! Death is grim, and hideous!' He has come near to the strange woman's room; and if it was beautiful from afar, it is celestial now; for his eyes are bewitched with magic. When our passions enchant us, how beautiful is the way to death! In every window are sights of pleasure; from every opening, issue sounds of joy—the lute, the harp, bounding feet, and echoing laughter. Nymphs have deserted this Pilgrim of temptation;—they smile and beckon. Where are his resolutions now? This is the virtuous youth who came to observe! He has already seen too much! but he will see more; he will taste, feel, regret, weep, wail, die. The most beautiful nymph that eye ever rested on, approaches with decent guise and modest gestures, to give him hospitable welcome. For a moment he recalls his home, his mother, his sister-circle; but they seem far-away, dim, powerless! Into his ear the beautiful herald pours the sweetest sounds of love: 'You are welcome here, and worthy! You have early wisdom, to break the grounds of superstition, and to seek these grounds where summer never ceases, and sorrow never comes! Hail! and welcome to the House of pleasure!' There seemed to be a response to these words; the house, the trees, and the very air, seemed to echo, 'Hail! and welcome!' In the stillness which followed, had the victim been less intoxicated, he might have heard a clear and solemn voice which seemed to fall straight down from heaven: COME NOT NEAR THE DOOR OF HER HOUSE. HER HOUSE IS THE WAY TO HELL, GOING DOWN TO THE CHAMBERS OF DEATH!

It is too late! He has gone in,—who shall never return. He goeth after her straitway as an ox goeth to the slaughter; or as a fool to the correction of the stocks. . . . and knoweth not that it is for his life.

Eater with me, in imagination, the strange woman's House—where God grant you may never enter in any other way. There are five wards—Pleasure, Satisty, Discovery, Disease, and Death.

Ward of Pleasure.—The eye is dazzled with the magnificence of its apparel—elastic velvet, glossy silks, hushed satin, crimson drapery, plushy carpets. Exquisite pictures glow upon the walls, carved marble adorns every niche. The inmates are deceived by these lying shows; they dance, they sing; with beaming eyes they utter soft strains of flattery and graceful compliment. They partake the amorous wine, and the repast which loads the table. They eat, they drink, they are blithe and merry. Surely, they should be; for after this brief hour, they shall never know purity nor joy again! For this moment's revelry, they are selling heaven! The strange woman walks among her guests in all her charms; fans the flame of joy, scatters grateful odors, and urges on the fatal revelry. As her poisoned wine is quaffed, and the gay creatures begin to reel, the torches wane and cast but a twilight. One by one, the guests grow somnolent; and at length, they all repose. Their cup is exhausted, their pleasure is forever over, life has been expended in an essence, and that is consumed! While they sleep, servants, practised to the work, remove them all to another Ward.

es them. They wake, to crave; they taste, to loathe; they sleep, to dream; they wake again from unquiet visions. They long for the sharp taste of pleasure, so grateful yesterday. Again they sink, repining, to sleep; by starts, they rouse at an ominous dream; by starts, they hear strange cries! The fruit burns and torments; the wine shoots sharp pains through their pulse. Strange reveller fills them. They remember the recent joy, as a gleam in the morning thinks of his midnight madness. The glowing garden and the banquet now seem all striped and gloomy. They meditate repine; pensively they long for their native spot! At sleepless moments, mighty resolutions form,—substantial as a dream. Memory grows dark. Hope will not shine. The past is not pleasant; the present is wearisome; and the future gloomy.

The Ward of Discovery.—In the third ward no deception remains. The floors are bare; the naked walls drip with mire; the air is poisonous with sickly fumes, and echoes with mirth concealing hideous misery. None suppose that he has been happy. The past seems like the dream of the miser, who gathers gold spilt like rain upon the road, and wakes, clenching his bed, and crying "where is it?" On your right hand, in deep and crying "where is it?" is a group of fierce felons in bed, and crying "where is it?" With red and swollen faces, or white and thin, or scarred with ghastly corruption; with scowling brows, baleful eyes, bloated lips and demoniac grins;—in person all uncleanly, in morals all debauched, in peace, bankrupt;—the desperate wretches wrangle one with the other, each! Around the room you see miserable creatures unapparelled, or dressed in rags, sobbing and moaning. That one who gazes out at the window, calling for her mother and weeping, was right tenderly and purely loved. She has been baptized twice,—once to God, and once to the Devil. She sought this place in the very vestments of God's house. "Call not on thy mother! she is a saint in Heaven, and cannot hear thee!" Yet, all night long she dreams of home, and childhood, and wakes to sigh and weep; and between her sob, she cries "mother! mother!"

Yonder is a youth, once a servant at God's altar. His hair hangs tangled and torn; his eyes are red bloodshot; his face is livid; his fist is clenched. All the day, he wanders up and down, cursing sometimes himself, and sometimes the wretch that brought him hither; and when he sleeps, he dreams of Hell; and then he wakes to feel all he dreamed. This is the Ward of reality. All know why the first rooms looked so gay—they were enchanted! It was enchanted wine they drank; and enchanted fruit they ate; now they know the pain of fatal food in every limb!

Ward of Disease.—Ye that look wistfully at the pleasant front of this terrific house, come with me now, and look long into the interior of this Ward; for here are the seeds of sin in their full harvest form! We are in a lazaretto; its air oppresses every sense; its sights confound our thoughts; its sounds pierce our ears; its stench repels us: it is full of disease. Here a shuddering wretch is clawing at his breast, to tear away that worm which gnaws his heart. By him is another, whose limbs are dropping from his ghastly trunk. Next, swelters another in reeking filth; his eyes are rolling in bony sockets, every breath a pang, and every pang a roar. In a corner, a pile of rags, lies one whose yells of frantic agony appeal every ear. Clutching his rags with spasmodic grasp, his swollen tongue lolling from a blackened mouth, his blood-shot eyes glaring and rolling, he shrieks out: now blasphemous, and now imploring him. He hoots and shouts, and shakes his grisly head from side to side, cursing or praying; now calling death, and then, as if driving away fiends, yelling, avaunt! avaunt!

Another has been ridden by pain, until he can no longer shriek; but lies foaming and grinding his teeth, and clenches his bony hands, until the nails pierce the palm—though there is no blood there to issue out—trembling all the time with the shudders and chills of utter agony. The happiest wretch in all this Ward, is an idiot—'droppedical, distorted, and moping; all day he wags his head, and strains his eyes, and laughs, and bites his nails; then he will sit for hours motionless, with open jaw, and glassy eyes fixed on vacancy. In this Ward, a serpent, with the scales of PLEASURE. This is the torture-room of the strange woman's House, and it excels the inquisition. The wheel, the rack, the bed of knives, the roasting fire, the brazen room slowly heated, the silvers driven under the nails, the hot picquets,—what are these to the agonies of the last days of licentious vice? Hundreds of rotting wretches would change their couch of torment in the strange woman's House, for the gloomiest terror of the inquisition, and profit by the change. Nature herself becomes the tormentor. Nature, long oppressed on and abused, at length casts down every nerve for the scorching ray of pain to travel on, pulls at every muscle, breaks in the breast, builds fires in the brain, eats out the skin, and casts living coils of torment on the heart. What are hot picquets to the evened claws of disease? What is it to pass into a pit of snakes and slimy toads, and feel their cold coil or piercing fang, to the creeping of a whole body of vipers!—where every nerve is a viper, and every vein a viper, and every muscle a viper, and the whole body in all its parts, coils and twists upon itself in an agonizing anguish! I tell you, there is no inquisition so bad as that which the Doctor looks upon! Young man! I can show you in this Ward worse pangs than ever a savage produced at the stake!—than ever a tyrant wrung out by engines of torment!—than ever an Inquisitor devised! Every year, in every town, die wretches scalded and scorched with agony. Were the sum of all the pain that comes with the last stages of vice collected, it would weigh the very heavens with the entropy; would shake the earth; would even blanch the cheek of Infatuation! Ye that are listening in the garden of this strange woman, among her cheating flowers; ye that are dancing in her halls in the first Ward, come hither; look upon her fourth Ward—its vomited blood, its sores and fiery blotches, its prurient sweat, its dissolving ichor, and rotten bones! Stop, young man! You turn your head from this ghastly room; and yet, stop!—and stop soon, or thou shalt lie here! Mark the solemn signpost of thy passage! Thou hast had already enough of warning, in thy cheek, in thy bosom, in thy pangs of premonition!

But ah! every one of you who are dancing with the covered paces of death, in the strange woman's first hall, let me break your spell; for now I shall open the doors of the last Ward. Look!—Listen!—Witness your own end, unless you take quickly a warning!

Ward of Death.—No longer does the incarnate wretch pretend to conceal her cruelty. She thrusts—aye! as if wylwrens dirt—she shovels out the wretches. Some fall headlong through the rotten floor,—a long fall to a fiery bottom. The floor trembles to decay; slanders which yell below. Here and there, jets of flame spout up, and give a lurid light to the murky hall. Some would faint escape; and flying across the treacherous floor, which man never safely passed, they go, through pitfalls and treacherous traps, with hideous outcries and astounding yells, to perdition! Fiends laugh! The infernal laugh, the cry of agony, the thunders of damnation, shake the very roof and echo from wall to wall.

Oh! that the young might see the end of vice before they see the beginning! I know that you should look this picture; but your safety requires that you should look long into the Ward of Death, that fear may supply strength to your virtue. See the blood oozing from the wall, the fiery hands which pluck the wretches down, the light of hell gleaming through, and hear its roar as of a distant ocean chafed with storms. Will you sprinkle the wall with your blood?—will you feed those flames with your flesh?—will you add your voice to those thundering walls?—will you go down a prey to those devouring flames of the chamber of death? Believe then the word of God: Her house is the way to Hell, going down to the chambers of death. . . . avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away!

I have described the strange woman's House in strong language, and it needed it. If your taste shrinks from the description, so does mine. Hell, and all the ways to Hell, when we pierce the cheating disguises and see the truth, are terrible and trying to behold; and if men would not walk there, neither would we pursue their steps, to sound the alarm, and gather back whom we can.

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LAW AND GOSPEL.
NUMBER SIX.

Since the fourth commandment specifies, in language perfectly free from ambiguity, a particular day as the one, which God would have us to keep holy; there must be some other end of the sabbatic institution besides bodily rest and spiritual refreshment. For, for these purposes, one day would answer as well as another. It would be desirable, however, that some authority should fix the day, in order to prevent that confusion in society, which would be sure to obtain, if it were submitted to conventional arrangement. The endless variety of opinions among men; the different casts of their minds, by reason of which one day would appear more illustrious to one class on account of some event that had happened on it, and another day more illustrious to another class, on account of some other event;—would, considering the obstinacy with which human nature adheres to a favorite dogma, forever prevent uniformity. Hence, if there were no other reason, why the law should specify the day, this would be sufficient; for God is not the author of confusion, but of peace.

But in giving the Sabbath God had a more important end in view, than simply the prevention of confusion; for even this may sometimes be necessary. Matt. 10: 34. He had an end similar to that which he had in enjoining Baptism, the Lord's Supper, the Passover, the Feast of Tabernacles, or any other commemorative institution. It was to establish a perpetual MEMORIAL of his wisdom, power, and goodness, as displayed in the work of creation. Such being the end of the Sabbath, it could not be fixed on any other day than the seventh day of the week. But before proceeding to prove this, it may be well to show the importance of observing such a memorial.

Its importance is evinced by the argument it yields in favor of the reality and truth of Natural Religion. By Natural Religion we mean that system of religion, of which the Moral Law is an exact transcript; which, as we have already seen, lies in a recognition of God as our Creator, and grows out of the relation, which we bear to him as his creatures.

But how does the Sabbath afford an argument for Natural Religion? It is like a monument, upon which is inscribed the fact, that Jehovah made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh. Hence it bears witness to the great fact, which lies at the bottom of all religion. But as the force of the argument from monumental or commemorative institutions is not obvious to every one, we will enlarge upon it a little.

Suppose a foreigner, landing on our shores at Boston, should, on making his excursions to survey the country, come into the vicinity of Bunker's Hill. He beholds a lofty column, and wonders what it is. He approaches, and begins to read the inscription; from which he learns, that a memorable conflict took place there between the soldiers of Great Britain and the citizens of this land, with which commenced the rupture, that finally led to the entire separation of these colonies from the mother country. Does that man doubt, for a moment, the truth of the fact thus brought before him? Let it be supposed that he never read the fact before in books, and that no living witness is at hand to corroborate it; so that he has no opportunity to obtain any other proof of it, than what is there before his eyes. Nevertheless he does not doubt. He reasons in this way; that had not the event really taken place as there recorded, the monument could not have been erected. A whole community could never be brought to unite in erecting such a lasting testimony to a downright falsehood. Or, should an individual erect it, they would not suffer it to stand. The very boys of the streets would demolish it. He is therefore firmly convinced, that the event did actually transpire. He wants no better evidence.

Commemorative institutions are of a like nature with monuments; they afford the same kind of evidence. The yearly celebration of the fourth of July is, in itself, an evidence of the truth of the fact which gave rise to it. It speaks out the great fact, that the United Colonies of this country did, on the fourth of July, 1776, declare themselves free and independent states. Should some one, a hundred or a thousand years hence, start a doubt whether such an event ever occurred, all that would be necessary by way of removing the doubt, would be to show, that every year this celebration had been kept up. It could not have originated from nothing. There must have been some event at the bottom of it; and that event must have been of a nature congenial with the ceremonies, which have ever since distinguished it.

Now observe the wisdom of God in the appointment of commemorative institutions. They are not given, as some think, merely to assist the mind in the comprehension of spiritual things, nor as mere forms by which to express our allegiance to God; but to serve as so many strong and invulnerable arguments for the authenticity of revelation. In this view it appears to us, that those who reject the ordinances, are doing much to impair the evidence, by which the Book of God is authenticated.

Take the ordinances of the Lord's Supper and Baptism by way of illustrating our idea. The former commemorates the death of Christ; the latter his burial and resurrection. These are the great facts, on which the whole scheme of Christianity is built. We know, that these ordinances are now celebrated by Christians; we know, that

they have been so celebrated from our earliest recollection. The testimony of our fathers proves, that they were celebrated by the generation immediately preceding us. If we continue to trace it back, history shows that they have been continually observed by each generation of Christians from the resurrection of their Masters downward. Now as these ordinances could not have originated from nothing, and must have originated in some circumstances congenial with the formalities, which have always distinguished them, we hence arrive at the conclusion, that Jesus Christ *did* give his flesh for the life of the world—that he *did* pour out his blood for his people—that he *was* actually buried—and that he *did* rise again from the grave. Thus these ordinances confirm the truth of Christianity. They are not intended to assist the mind to understand, that by the death and resurrection of Christ the soul is saved; for that is made abundantly clear in other ways. Nor are they intended as mere forms by which we shall confess allegiance to our God; otherwise it were of little importance what particular form were used; and, as the cant expression is with regard to baptism, "a drop is as good as a fountain." But they are intended to hold up to view before the world the evidence for Christianity, by constantly bearing witness to the great facts on which it is built.

In like manner the Passover, together with the other commemorative institutions of the Old Testament, attests the authenticity of Judaism. Not a period in the whole history of the Hebrews can be found, that this institution was not regarded. In every generation their children were asking, "What mean ye by this service?" Even children knew that it meant something, and their inquiries always led to a recital of the history of their great deliverance, and their separation as a holy nation to the Lord.

But where is the ordinance, that attests the truth of Natural Religion? Where is that monumental institution, upon which is inscribed the great fact, that Jehovah created the world in six days and rested on the seventh?—that ordinance which bears witness against Atheism, by declaring that the world and they that are therein sprang not into existence by chance?—which testifies against idolatry, by declaring that Jehovah made all things himself, and called not to his aid any of the false gods of the heathen—where is it? Judaism had its ceremonies;—Christianity has its ordinances; but Natural Religion—that religion which is developed in the Moral Law—has it nothing to attest its authenticity? Infidelity abounds; Paganism covers more than four-fifths of the earth; and yet, according to fashionable theology, Christians must not keep up the institution which speaks out against these desolating errors! Nay, they must even give vantage ground to infidelity by nicknaming the institution, and with a sanctimonious scowl denouncing those who keep it as *Judaizers*. "Let us have nothing in common with that most odious brood of the Jews," said Constantine; and truly Christians of the present day bear witness that they are his children.

The great importance, then, of the Sabbath—the principal end of its institution—is this; that it is an ordinance, which proclaims to an infidel and heathen world, that there is but one God, who made the earth and created man upon it, whose hands have stretched out the heavens, and commanded all their hosts; who created not the earth in vain, but formed it to be inhabited. It thus proclaims that, which is a necessary item, not only of the Jew's, but also of the Christian's faith. Heb. 11: 3.

BAPTISM A JEWISH RITE.

Some time ago, Major M. M. Noah published in the New York Tribune a series of articles illustrative of certain laws and usages of the Hebrew nation, in the course of which he stated that Baptism was a Jewish rite. He has since been publicly requested to give his evidences of the truth of the statement, and his opinion of the origin of the rite of Baptism. This he has done through a late number of the Tribune, from which we gather the following.

Circumcision and Baptism, according to Mr. Noah, were the initiatory rites for the admission of Hebrew children into the established religion; and these two rites were from the earliest periods inseparable, although not both of the same divine authority. The Baptism of John in the Jordan, which many have regarded as the original of baptism, was not a new practice, but the induction into a new faith. In proof of these statements, he quotes Maimonides, who is regarded as high authority both among Jews and Christians, and who says, "Israel was admitted into the covenant by three things; by Circumcision, by Baptism, and by Sacrifice. Circumcision was in Egypt; baptism and sacrifice were in the wilderness before the giving of the law."

The origin of Baptism, Mr. Noah dates from the time of Jacob, when he received into the church the young women of Schem, and other heathens who lived with him. The command to them to "put away strange gods, be ye clean, and change your garments," is referred by Eben Ezra to that purification which was connected with baptism. This view, Mr. N. thinks, is corroborated by the fact that the heathen who became converts to the religion of the Jews, were admitted by circumcision and baptism, which were regarded as inseparable.

In regard to the manner of administering the rite of baptism, Mr. Noah says, the candidate was placed in the water, in company with a man duly appointed to the office, who first instructed him in some of the weightier obligations of the law, and then "plunged him in, so that every part of the body was immersed, not the tip of a finger being

left exposed; hence the difference between sprinkling and immersion in baptism."

—Such are the opinions of Mr. Noah, who will be regarded by most persons as a candid witness, and one not likely to be influenced by the various theories which the baptismal controversy has developed. In reading these opinions, several questions very naturally arise, which the unlearned and ignorant may be puzzled to answer. In the first place, they will be troubled to answer the question, If baptism and circumcision were both necessary for admission into the ancient church, how comes baptism now to be represented as having taken the place of circumcision? In the second place, they will not know what reply to make to the question, If in the old economy all who were circumcised and baptized became thereby members of the church, why do modern teachers baptize persons whom they refuse to admit as members of the church? In the third place, they will be puzzled to dispose of the question, If baptism originally consisted in plunging the candidate, so that every part of the body was immersed, why do modern administrators of the ordinance substitute for such plunging the mere sprinkling of a few drops of water upon the candidate? On behalf of such simple-minded Christians as may have occasion to answer these questions, we would thank some of the doctors of divinity whose practice has given rise to them, for a satisfactory solution of the difficulties.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—In looking over the proceedings at the anniversary dinner of the New York Hebrew Benevolent Society, we were struck by the mention of a custom which was new to us, and will be new, we presume, to many of our readers. It is described as follows:—"On the conclusion of the dinner and dessert, the President announced that it was customary to sell the honor and privilege of saying the blessing, to the highest bidder, for the benefit of the poor, which was purchased by Abraham J. Jackson, Esq., for thirty-five dollars, and by him given to Lyon Levy, Esq., who said the grace, after the manner of the German and Polish Jews, with impressive effect."

PUSEYISM IN BOSTON.—They have a Puseyite controversy progressing, it seems, in the city of Boston. A new church, known as the "Church of the Advent," has introduced certain innovations in the form of the communion table, the decorations of golden candlesticks, a large wooden cross by which the table is surmounted, and the posture observed by the officiating clergy of facing the altar. Against these innovations, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburn, prelate of the diocese of Massachusetts, has issued a public declaration, expressive of his disapprobation of these Romish ceremonies and outward signs.

LEGISLATION IN FAVOR OF SUNDAY.

We have already given some account of the discussion upon this subject, which took place at the recent "Sabbath Convention" in Philadelphia. We are glad to notice, as one of the results of this discussion, that some of the religious papers have been led to speak out plainly their sentiments in regard to the matter. The following paragraphs are copied from a long editorial article in the last number of the Christian Observer, a Presbyterian paper published in Philadelphia:—

"The subject of CIVIL ENACTMENTS, to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath, or to promote its observance, involves two important questions: 1st. Is it consistent or right, under the constitution of our country, which secures to every citizen perfect freedom of conscience and opinion and practice, in religion, for the State to enact a law, imposing a penalty for profaning or desecrating the Sabbath, as a divine institution? If the fundamental law of the land says to the people, 'you may believe and practice whatever religion you choose, or no religion at all,' and promises to protect their worship, or their neglect of worship, can the legislator, under this law, which he is sworn to obey, rightfully say to the people, 'you shall not pursue your ordinary labors on the Sabbath—it is a divine institution, and if you profane it, you must bear the penalty due to evil doers?' Believing, as we do, that the Constitution is right in protecting religious freedom, in its wide sense—notwithstanding the gross abuse of it by unprincipled and reckless men—we do not think it consistent to ask the State to inflict any penalty on the Sabbath-breaker, or to attempt to restrain him from worldliness on the Sabbath, by its enactments. We would leave him and his offences, after doing all in our power to persuade him to regard the authority of the divine law—to be judged by its Great Author, who will render to every man according to his works."

"There is another, and in some respects a more important question, connected with this subject. Is it wise or expedient to EMPLOY THE PENAL STATUTES OF THE STATE to persuade men to observe the Sabbath? Is it expedient to have recourse to this kind of power, to reclaim men from sin and error in religion, or to promote their reception of the truth? On this question, we concur in the views expressed by Dr. Bethune, Mr. Atwood, and others of the minority of the Convention. We deprecate the interference of State legislation on any question touching the religious faith or practices of the people, as injurious to the interests of true religion. In our view we witnessed a practical illustration of the virtue of penal statutes to enforce the observance of the Sabbath, in favorable circumstances. The officer charged with this duty was a near relative, who performed the service required by his oath, as kindly perhaps as fidelity would permit. The developments of the experiment were exhibited in cunningly devised falsehoods, to deceive the representative of law, and schemes to evade it, or subvert its authority. After a thorough trial in that part of New England, among a people of Puritan origin, trained from their cradles to reverence the law, the experiment was given up as hopeless. The old Adam of our fallen nature was found to be too strong, to be corrected in its religious faith by penal statutes. If the State law had not virtually died, it might have killed the Sabbath."

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

The following extract from a private letter of a friend in Western New York, contains a suggestion so general in its application that we venture to copy it.

"Elder A. has just been holding a debate upon the Sabbath question with the Rev. Mr. C., a Presbyterian clergyman. Elder A. defended the true doctrine of the Sabbath with ability and energy, and showed himself to be master of the question. As for Mr. C., I thought he managed the subject very well. But I always pity a Protestant in his defence of Sunday, because he has so little to do with the Bible, and so much to do with the Fathers—so little to do with proof, and so much to do with assertion. . . . Blessed be God, the glory of Sunday is departing, and the honor of the true Sabbath is appearing."

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

Among the curious manuscripts deposited in the British Museum at London, is one entitled, "A Copie of a Bull, given by the hollie Father the Pope, whereby men are permitted to have two wyves, for the multipliege of the Romish Church, or hollie Catholiques." It is addressed to the king of France, and dated October 8, 1582—a time when the Huguenots, by their successful wars, had greatly thinned the armies of the Pope. It would not much surprise one to find such a proclamation issuing from a political leader in a time of great emergency; but to meet with an instrument of this kind from the head of the holy Catholic Church, the vicegerent of Christ on earth, is truly surprising and noteworthy. Here is an extract, containing the most interesting portion of the bull, given literatim et verbatim, as translated from the Latin into English in 1582:—

"The goode peopell of the Catholicke's belief are almost ruined, destroyed, and dryven away, by an infinite number of hell-hounds, called Protestants, that swarme in these daies like bees, who, by their murders and cruelties have brought our goode children and christians into an almost utter desolation—which is the cause that we, by the ripe and good deliberation of our counsell, by our absolute power and special grace, and in consideration of the evils aforesaid, and to the end that the worlde may be replenished with catholiques, that may hereafter oppose and make resistance against these Turkeshe infidells, Huguenots, and therefore have ordeyned, and due ordeyne by these presents, that all men, of what condicon so ever they be, except priests of the Church only, shall, upon paine of excommunication, take and marry two honest women, and those such as may be apt to conceive and beare children, for and to the end to multiplie the worlde againe with Catholiques, which are sore decayed,—and, moreover, we do ordeyne that this dispensacion shall continue for the space of one hundred yerres. Furthermore, we will ordeyne and command, that if anie of these wyves cannot agree together, the husband shall put her away that is most troublesome, only giving her her apparel, and nothing els; and we do permit, by the authoritie aforesaid, that the same man may take another, such as he shall lyke."

"Given in our great Church of St. Peter at Rome, the 8th of October, and of our Popedom the 8th year."

GREAT RESULTS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

The Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum of this city held an exceedingly interesting Annual Exhibition on Wednesday of last week. Among the speakers on the occasion we notice the names of Dr. Reese and Dr. Alexander, both of whom spoke of the exercises and of the institution in terms of strong commendation. The following is said to be a true account of the origin of this charity. It ought to warn us against despising the day of small things, and encourage us to hope much from any effort prompted by Christian benevolence:

"A worthy woman was left a widow with two small children. Her only resource was to obtain a servant's place, which she did; but the mere board of her children absorbed all her earnings. Beside, there was no fit place where they could be boarded, even at so ruinous an expense to their mother. The matter so interested the lady with whom she lived, that after conversing with some of her acquaintances, it was determined to make an effort to provide for half-orphans. The beginning was very small. It was a matron in a basement, with three children. The institution has grown rapidly and interested intensely all who have become familiar with it; so that now an hundred and fifty or two hundred children are accommodated in the house belonging to the Association, with some half-dozen well-educated and energetic ladies to superintend and instruct them. The order, neatness and maternal kindness which pervade the whole establishment would almost make one wish that half the children in town were there. Since the commencement of the Asylum, more than six hundred children have enjoyed its benefits. Many have been returned to their parents; about two hundred have been put out to trades and other employments. There has not been a death in this house for a year and three-quarters, and the joyful countenances of the children indicated perfect health at present."

HAMILTON LITERARY AND THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.—We have received a Catalogue of the officers and students of this institution for 1845-6, from which we learn that the whole number of students is 221. Of these, 28 are in the Theological Department; 146 in the Collegiate Department, and 46 in the Academic Department. The advantages of the institution are not now restricted, as they formerly were, to candidates for the ministry, but may be enjoyed by any person of good moral character. We notice, however, that a large majority of the students have the sacred office in view.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.—A correspondent of the Evening Journal, writing from Danville, Ky., under date of Nov. 24, says he has just had an interview with Cassius M. Clay, who has been suffering lately from the effects of a cold, on which account he was about starting for a warmer climate, and would probably spend the winter in Cuba.

REVIVAL IN ADAMS.—We rejoice to learn, by a letter from Bro. Charles Potter, that the labors of Bro. Giles M. Langworthy, in Adams, Jefferson Co., N. Y., have been greatly blessed during the past fall. A gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit has been enjoyed, as the result of which backsliders have been reclaimed, sinners converted, and some twenty persons added to the church by baptism.

BAPTIST MISSIONS.—The Baptist Board of Foreign Missions have officially announced, that the subscriptions necessary to extinguish the \$40,000 debt have been secured. This announcement will be most gratifying to the friends of the Board. We trust it will be the means of giving new energy to their operations.

"A NUT FOR THEOLOGIANS."—Under this heading, we find in an exchange paper the following paragraphs, which we copy as another illustration of what we said last week about the tendency of arguing from accidents:—

"I perceive by the newspapers, that the Rev. Dr. Beecher, of Cincinnati, met with serious injuries to his person on a Sunday evening recently, by his carriage running away, whereby it was dashed to pieces, and the Dr. pitched on his back with great violence and laid senseless for forty-five minutes; and for several hours more breathed with difficulty, &c."

"Now, as the Reverend Divine, was riding on Sunday, (the Christian Sabbath, as he and his Christian brethren call it,) contrary to the prohibitions of Moses, I ask whether it was merely an accident, a calamity, a judgment, a punishment, or a wise Providence?"

"Had it been an *Infidel*, or a *No-del*, we would have been favored with homilies on the violation of the Sabbath without stint. But as it is the Rev. Dr. Beecher, one of the great guns or cannons of the church, I am anxious to know in what light his brethren view this catastrophe."

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.—The news from France in regard to religious movements is exceedingly interesting. A reformation is said to be progressing in some places, much like that of the sixteenth century. Rev. Dr. Baird writes:

"In the single Department of Haute Vienne, through the labors of a single missionary, six churches have been gathered, and have received pastors, on whose ministrations 6,000 persons, more or less, attend. Near the town of Senis, five parishes, through their Mayors, have called for Protestant pastors, and thirty-nine more are longing for an evangelical ministry. An agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in France, writes from another place, that Protestant worship might be established in forty communes in his neighborhood. A French paper says that there are an hundred places where evangelical ministers are now called for, and the number will rapidly increase."

UNEQUIVOCAL.—The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, speaking of Slavery and of those who hold that it is not a sin, says:—

"Enslaving men, in the first instance, is by their doctrine sinful; but he that takes up and perpetuates the wrong thus begun, is guilty of no wrong, though the curse of slavery is thus sent down through all the posterity to the judgment day! Will some of them tell us at which link in this horrid chain, the wrong loses its nature and becomes right? I tell you that at whatever link the slaveholder lays hold for the purposes of slaveholding, it will attract the electricity of God's wrath, that shall burn to the lowest Hell!"

JOHN B. GOUGH.

This eloquent champion of the temperance cause is again in the field, giving battle to the enemy at whose hands he has suffered so much. He spoke on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., before a crowded meeting, at the Tremont Temple in Boston. The papers represent him as rather feeble in bodily health, and considerably exhausted by his effort at speaking. The following sketch of his speech, which we copy from the Boston Traveler, will sufficiently exhibit his present feelings, and satisfy every candid mind, that the circumstances of his recent fall should not be formed an insuperable barrier to his personal efforts on behalf of the temperance cause:—

"Mr. Gough occupied but a few minutes. He said he did not stand there to explain his position, or the circumstances of his recent misfortune; he had already done that in his written communications to the public, and to his brethren in the church. He stood there in the dignity of an honest man. He knew that he had not betrayed the temperance cause, but had himself been betrayed by wicked men. He felt a full conviction that his character would yet be cleared up. But what was he? The cause of temperance was the cause of God, and he was no more than a bubble on the breaker. If a workman fell from the staging of a building which he was engaged in erecting, did that destroy the building? No more would his fall, the cause in the building up of which he was engaged."

"He appeared, he said, before the public a more determined and uncompromising enemy to strong drink, than he ever before was. What he had experienced during the past few months of bodily and mental suffering, had but made him a more determined foe to intemperance."

He then went on to argue against the traffic in ardent spirits, on the ground, which the dealers asserted, was the truth to him, viz: that he had voluntarily and deliberately sacrificed all his prospects, and all his hopes, his standing in society, and everything that he held dear in life, for the paltry gratification of drinking at the intoxicating cup. Now, said Mr. G., if this be true, as the dealers in strong drink say it is, what a picture does this very case show of the nefarious nature of their business? What is their business, but to form this all-powerful appetite, and to pander it when formed?—an appetite which is sufficiently powerful to make a man sacrifice everything of value for the sake of indulging it? Such is the rum-seller's business. Can honest men, and benevolent men, deliberately and understandingly follow this business?"

But little we shall the account.

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General Intelligence.

DOINGS IN CONGRESS.

But little was done in Congress last week, and we shall therefore occupy but little room with an account of the proceedings.

In the SENATE, several memorials were presented against the admission of Texas into the Union as a Slave State. The subject of appointing a printer for the Senate was under discussion, but seems to be difficult to dispose of, because the party printers are opposed by J. E. Dow & Co., who have proposed to execute the printing for 20 per cent. less than the prices paid during the last Congress.

The following officers of the Senate were duly elected, viz: Mr. Dickens, Secretary; Robert Beale, Doorkeeper; Mr. Holland, Assistant Doorkeeper. A message was received from the President, communicating from the government of the State of Texas, duplicate copies of the Constitution formed by the people of Texas.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, a large number of petitions were presented by John Quincy Adams and others, protesting against the Annexation of Texas as a Slave State.

A joint resolution for the admission of the State of Texas into the Union, was introduced, twice read, and made the special order of the day for Tuesday, Dec. 16th. The appointment of Chaplains was brought up, whereupon Mr. Pettit, of Indiana, commenced his old opposition to the appointment, and the subject was not disposed of.

Dr. Houghton.—A St. Clair (Michigan) paper states, on the authority of J. Houghton, jun., that all hopes of ever recovering the body of his lamented brother have ceased.

SPLENDID IRON BRIDGE OVER THE NEVA.—Messrs. Bury, Curtis, and Kennedy, the celebrated engineers of Liverpool, have received instructions from the Emperor of Russia to construct an iron bridge of powerful dimensions to be erected over the river Neva at St. Petersburg.

STATISTICS OF CRIME IN LONDON.—There are 12000 children training in crime and graduating in vice; 3000 receivers of stolen property; 4000 annually committed to prison for crime; 10,000 living by gambling; 20,000 by beggary; 30,000 practising theft and fraud.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, C. W.—We learn from the best authority, that the entire stock of this company has been taken in England by a few of the leading capitalists, and that 15 per cent. on the entire amount, \$6,000,000, has been paid up.

THE FACTORY GIRLS OF LOWELL.—There are 6,320 female operatives at Lowell. Of these, Massachusetts furnishes one-eighth, Maine one-fourth, New Hampshire one-third, Vermont one-fifth, Ireland one-fourteenth, and all other places, principally Canada, one-seventeenth.

GREAT PIGEON ROOST.—The Miner's Express, published at Dubuque, Iowa, notices a wonderful pigeon roost in the forks of the Maquoketi, Jackson county. It is three miles long, and half a mile in width. There can be no estimate made of their numbers.

LIBERALITY TO SLAVES.—A wealthy gentleman named Nicholas Worthington, died a short time since in Howard District, Maryland. He was the owner of a large number of slaves, all of whom were manumitted by his will, with the exception of five superannuated negroes who are to live upon either of two estates mentioned, as they may choose, and who are to be supported without labor the remainder of their lives.

GIRARD COLLEGE.—At length, says the Daily Keystone, the Orphans who were to be benefited by the munificent bounty of Mr. Girard, may exclaim, "We see land!" The college is nearly finished. Badly managed as the legacy has been, still the building is almost ready for the reception of students.

Dr. Houghton.—A St. Clair (Michigan) paper states, on the authority of J. Houghton, jun., that all hopes of ever recovering the body of his lamented brother have ceased.

At an auction sale of Chinese Fancy Goods on Tuesday, a large number of our fashionable ladies and gentlemen were present, and the bidding was sharp and eager. The assortment of shawls was particularly large and fine, and they went off, the best of them, at prices averaging from \$150 to \$425.

In old times, when slavery was sanctioned in Massachusetts, a wealthy lady residing in Gloucester was in the habit of giving away the infants of her female slaves, a few days after they were born, as people are accustomed to dispose of a litter of kittens.

Wm. Morris has been sentenced to the Alabama Penitentiary for thirty years, for entering slaves away to a free State.

The Yew trees of Surry, England, stood in the days of Julius Cæsar. There is an apple tree in Hartford, Conn., 200 years old. A fig tree in Palestine 780 years old. An olive tree in Asia Minor, 850 years old.

THE GOLD MINES OF RUSSIA produced from 1815 to 1835, the enormous sum of £25,000,000 sterling. The platinum mines have yielded since 1819, £55,120,000.

THE GREAT CITY.—London, upon an average, the last ten years, has paid annually \$48,840,000 in custom duties, or nearly half the whole amount of revenue raised from that department.

THE WHEAT CROP OF THE UNITED STATES for this year is estimated at 125,000,000 bushels.

J. W. Colburn, of Springfield, Vt., has this season harvested from seven acres of land on the Connecticut River interval, ten hundred and ninety-six bushels of sound corn in the ear.

SUMMARY.

The average price of flour in the month of January, for forty-two years, from 1796 to 1837 inclusive, was \$7.50 per bbl. In 1796 it rose to \$12.50, in 1801 to \$11.50, in 1805 and 1811 to \$11.00, in 1812 to \$12.50, in 1813 to \$13.50, and in 1837 to \$11.00.

A trial of considerable interest took place at Fredrick, Md., last week, in which Miss Bobit, a respectable young girl, residing near that place, was the plaintiff, and a young man named Thomas, the defendant. The charge was an aggravated case of seduction.

There is a man in Londonderry, Ireland, hale and hearty, though his age is upwards of a century. He is living happily with his eighth wife.

By rubbing red hot iron with the horn of a sheep, it will be coated with a durable and shining black varnish. Mechanics will try this.

Hon. John Cotton Smith, President of the American Bible Society, died on the 7th inst., at Sharon, Ct., aged 81 years.

The Chief of the New York Police, has reported to the Mayor 302 houses of ill-fame, with the names of the occupants.

The widow of Joe Smith writes from Nauvoo to the N. Y. Sun that she is left with a family of small children, without any means of giving them an education, for there is not a school in the city. She adds:

"I must now say, that I never for a moment believed in what my husband called his apparitions and revelations, as I thought him laboring under a diseased mind; yet they may all be true, as a Prophet is seldom without credence or honor, excepting in his own family or country; but as my conviction is to the contrary, I shall educate my children in a different faith, and teach them to obey and reverence the laws and institutions of their country."

Mr. Richardson, known as having undertaken an Anti-Slavery Mission to Morocco, has, on a similar errand, penetrated the Great Desert as far as Ghadames, the grand commercial depot of Northern and Central Africa.

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ALFRED ACADEMY AND TEACHERS SEMINARY

W. C. KENYON, Principal, and Professor of Languages. IRA SAYLES, Associate Principal, and Professor of Mathematics. GURDON EVANS, Professor of Natural Sciences.

From the very liberal patronage extended to this Institution during the past seven years, the Trustees have been induced to make arrangements for greatly increasing its facilities.

The apparatus will be further increased at the commencement of the ensuing Fall Term, by the introduction of whatever may be necessary, by a MANIKIN of the most approved structure, now being imported from Paris, expressly for this Institution.

Finally, the proprietors pledge themselves, that the reputation of this Institution shall be sustained by the introduction of whatever may be necessary to meet the demands of an intelligent public.

Its Library is choice and extensive, and accessible, also, to all the students gratis.

THE ACADEMIC YEAR for 1845-6 consists of three Terms, as follows:—The First, commencing Wednesday August 13, 1845, and ending Thursday, November 20. The Second, commencing Wednesday, November 26, and ending Thursday, March 6, 1846.

EXPENSES.—Tuition, per term, from \$3.50 to \$5.00. Board, per week, \$1.00. Piano, (extra,) per term, \$10.00. Washing, lights and fuel, per term, from \$2.00 to \$5.00.

PROVISIONS.—There is still a fair demand for Old Prime Pork, and sales 400 lbs were made supposed at \$10.50. Mess is nominally \$13.50.

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A Quarterly Meeting will be held with the Church in Scott, N. Y., commencing on the 6th day of the week before the next Sabbath in December.

De Ruyter, Nov. 27, 1845.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Table with columns for bank names and note values. Includes entries for New England, Western New York, New Jersey, etc.

Local Agents for the Sabbath Recorder.

Table listing local agents for the Sabbath Recorder in various states including New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Rhode Island, and Iowa.

The Sabbath Recorder.

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NO. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK. TERMS: \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. \$2.50 per year will be charged when payment is delayed more than six months.

Miscellany.

From the Sheet Anchor. BROKEN VOWS.

Men vow to Him who rules on high, And to him for protection cry; When tempest howls and thunder rolls, Then fear alarms their deathless souls.

Vows truly solemn they will make, When dashing billows o'er them break, Their lives they ask the Lord to spare, And then they vow they will him fear.

But when he calms the raging sea, They do not bow to him the knee; They break the solemn vows they made When lightning flashed, and tempests raged.

Those vows men make in trouble, will One day their hearts with sorrow fill; It will be then too late to say, I now my broken vows will pay.

God does remember every vow,— And though you scoff and trifle now With judgment and an awful hell, There, those who break these vows must dwell.

Now is the time to pay your vows, His bow of mercy round you throws Its golden rays, O, heed this bow, And God will grace on you bestow.

P. S.

SUFFERINGS OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

From an English Paper.

Many will, no doubt, recollect that the slave schooner Felicidade, of unhappy and infamous celebrity, after being the scene of the treacherous murder of the British officers and crew who had charge of her as a prize, a crime for which the perpetrators are now under sentence of death, was recaptured by her majesty's ship Star, and after being again mannaed by a small party of sailors under command of Lieut. Wilson, was despatched to Sierra Leone for adjudication. Fatality, however, dogged this vessel, which seems to have been the instrument and the scene of such an amount of crime and suffering.

She was suddenly upset in a squall, while on her voyage; but the vessel still floated, and the gallant crew, with wonderful skill and courage, rigged a raft from the spars and yards of the vessel as she lay submerged, and made sail for the coast of Africa, 200 miles distant. The sea broke over their frail raft, ferocious sharks glided around them as if expectant of their certain prey; but the gallant, fellows so far from being dismayed, very effectually turned the tables upon the monsters of the deep, and became the devourers instead of the devoured. They actually caught four of these horrible prowlers with no other resource but a bowline and their own good arms, and by a singular combination of gallantry, hardihood and good fortune, by this means preserved their own lives. A brief summary of this extraordinary escape has been handed us from an authentic source, which is as follows:

On the 9th of March last, the Felicidade, a Brazilian two-masted schooner fitted for the slave trade, was detained by her majesty's ship Star, and Lieut. Wilson was sent on board with four seamen of the Star, three Kroomen and two Brazilians to navigate her to Sierra Leone, for adjudication. On the 16th of March, in latitude 1° 18' N., and longitude 3° 20' W., at noon, Cape Three Points the nearest land, bearing N. N. E., distant 235, about 3 o'clock P. M., when under all sail, steering W. N. W., with a breeze from the south, a squall was observed coming up astern, and sail was immediately shortened; but the man at the helm instead of keeping her on the course she was steering, as he was ordered by Lieut. Wilson to do, put the helm apart, and then brought her by the lee: the squall took her at the same time, and she turned over on her beam ends, and filled. The squall passed over in half an hour. No lives were lost. The whole number were huddled together on the gunwale. Having no boat, and fearing that she might not float long, the only expedient that occurred to them for saving their lives, was the construction of a raft, which was immediately set about; three of the seamen had knives, with which they began at once to cut away all the spars, canvass, and cordage that could be got at; the main boom was not obtained without great difficulty, and then only by the Kroomen diving and cutting the gear under water. Before dark they had succeeded in lashing the main yard, fore and fore top-sail, top-gallant and sail yards, studding sail booms, and gaffs, for a raft; it was shifted to leeward of the vessel, and all hands, ten in number, got upon it, apprehensive that the vessel might sink during the night. In the morning, finding the raft was hardly able to carry them all, the fore yard was added as outside spar, the main boom being on the other side, and the smaller spars amidships. The only provisions they could procure was a little putrid pork, no water, and a gallon and a half of spirit, which had been lashed on deck. Nothing else could be procured, for the Kroomen, though expert divers, were prevented by the slave deck from getting into the vessel. Having nothing but their light clothing, some canvass was taken from the sails to serve as protection against the weather, and all the small rope that could be procured was also placed upon the raft for the purpose of replacing the lashings, should they be long upon it. As much of the plank of the bulwarks as could be torn off was preserved for paddles to steer with, and for seats.

About 9 A. M. of the 10th, finding the schooner had settled down considerably, and that nothing more was to be got from her, a mast and sail were rigged, and they cast off from the wreck with good spirits, in the hope of reaching the land. Having no compass, the sun by day and the stars by night were their only guide. For four days there was no appearance of rain, and all suffered much from thirst; and so few clothes had been saved, that in the day time they were scorched by the sun, and at night the cold was intense. From the weight upon the

raft, and the circumstance of all the spars having their fitting upon them, it swam very deep, which kept them constantly immersed in water, and if they laid down, the sea washed over their heads; in fact the fore part of the raft was from two to three feet under water.

On the 5th day they caught a little rain-water, which served to revive every one; and on the 7th they obtained another, though more scanty supply. On the 9th day, two of the Kroomen were delirious from drinking salt water; and in the evening the quarter-master, from the same cause, notwithstanding they had been earnestly cautioned against it, and the inevitable consequences pointed out. The sharks which had followed them from the third day, began now to swarm around the raft, an attempt was successfully made to catch one; a bait was held out, and when a shark was in the act of turning to it, one of the Kroomen seized him by the tail, a rope was immediately made fast, and the men cut him across the back with their knives, which rendered him comparatively powerless, and by their united efforts it was dragged upon the raft. The blood and flesh revived them; and that day, the tenth from their leaving the wreck, it rained heavily, which enabled them to assuage their thirst, and fill the empty spirit cask half full of water. Nothing, however, could restore the Kroomen and the quarter-master, who were previously delirious. The next morning one of the Kroomen was found dead on the raft, the other two died during the day, and the quarter-master in the evening, giving them a fearful warning of the effects of drinking salt water.

The greatest care was taken of the water, a mouthful being served out three times a day in the heel of a shoe. They caught three more sharks, in the same manner as before, and some flying fish; the latter however, they could scarcely swallow, so parched were their throats; they found the sharks much more nourishing, and easier to eat. It rained once or twice afterwards, but the sea ran over their heads in such a manner, that they found it impossible to catch water. Their utmost efforts were now required, to keep the raft together; it often got adrift, and little rope was left to secure it. Their limbs were so swollen and ulcerated, and so little strength was left them, that they could scarcely move; the mast-head had fallen down, and they were unable to raise it, so that all hope of reaching the land began to fail them. Nevertheless, they were resigned and obedient.

On the third of April, one of the Brazilians died. In the evening of the 4th, after having been 19 days on the raft, they saw the land; the next morning it was out of sight again. Soon after day-light they saw a sail to leeward; she appeared to approach the raft, and the hope of being saved gave them strength to stand up and make signals, but in vain, for she shortly bore up and left them. They were then so weak, that had the raft reached the land, they were well aware that they must have perished in the surf. Another vessel now appeared in sight, and communicated with the one they had first seen. She then stood toward them, and their hopes once more revived; a boat was set out, and they found that they had been saved by her majesty's brig Cygnet, being then about thirty miles to leeward of St. Paul's. Four hours after they had been picked up, the other Brazilian died; he also had drunk salt water. The conduct of the men was most exemplary throughout; and, under the providence of God, was mainly instrumental in saving their lives.

THE BEGGAR AND BANKER.

"Stand out of my way," said a rough voice under my window, one day, as I sat musing over the bustling scenes below me, at my lodgings.

"Your honor will please recollect," replied a sharp but somewhat indignant voice, "your honor will please recollect that I am a beggar, and have as much right to the road as yourself."

"And I am a banker," was retorted still more angrily.

Amused at this strange dialogue, I leaned over the case, and beheld two citizens in a position which a pugilist would denominate squared, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a purse-proud, lordly-mannered man, apparently in silk, and protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hog's head; the other ragged and dirty, but equally impudent and self-important a personage; and from a comparison of their countenances, it would have puzzled the most profound M. D., which of their rotundities were stored actually with good victuals and drink. Upon a closer examination, however, of the countenance of the banker, I discovered almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line bespeaking something of humor, and awakened curiosity, as he stood fixed and eyed his antagonist; and this became more clear and conspicuous when he lowered his tone, and said, "How will you make right appear?"

Said the beggar, "Why, listen a moment, and I will teach you. In the first place do you take notice, God has given to me a soul and a body just as good for all the purposes of eating, thinking, and drinking, and taking my pleasure, as he has you—and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus, as we pass. Then again, it is a free country, and here, too, we are on an equality; for you must know that here even a beggar's dog may look a gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common Master, are equally free, and live equally easy, are both traveling the same journey, bound to the same place, and have both to die and be buried in the end."

"But," interrupted the banker, "do you pretend there is no difference between the beggar and a banker?"

"Not in the least as to essentials. You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing—I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company which I like better than your company. You make thousands a day, perhaps

—I make shillings, perhaps—if you are contented, I am; we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes—I am just as comfortable in my old ones, and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling: if I have less property than you, I have less to care about; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I don't make as great a figure in the world, I make as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies, meet with fewer losses, carry a light heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who had all along tried to slip in a word edgewise, "is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as the contempt. You have, perhaps, the one, and I share the other. We are matched there, too. And besides, the world deals in this matter equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference between us in this particular worth naming is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me. I am content with a little, you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture any thing useful: we therefore add nothing to the common stock: we are only consumers; and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow."

Some passer-by here interrupted the conversation. The disputants separated apparently good friends, and I drew in my head, ejaculating, somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play, "Is there no difference between the beggar and the banker?"

But several years have since passed away, and now both these persons have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they lived, the one a beggar and the other a banker. I examined both their graves when I next visited the city. They were a similar length and breadth, the grass grew on both alike, and nothing appeared to distinguish the difference between the "Beggar and the Banker."

A Tiger Hunt.

A young man had been killed and devoured the day before the hunt here described, and his brother and sister engaged in the hunt to seek revenge. The writer says,

"On the morrow, before it was yet daylight, we commenced our march, reinforced by the brother and sister of the murdered Malay, who vowed in person they would be revenged on the offending panther or tiger. The dogs in our front we kept close together, penetrating a thick forest, which our guides told us we should not be long before we passed through. Arrived at a spacious open plain, we sat down to breakfast; but the tiger did not allow us much leisure. At the first frightful growling the dogs, which we had been told were courageous, slunk behind us, their tails between their legs, and with looks imprinted with the most stupid fright. Neither the whip nor stick, neither menaces nor caresses—nothing could move them on, and we resolved to pass before them. A second frightful growl, shorter and more loud, told us that the tiger was approaching; we looked to our primings, and put ourselves in order of battle, the Malay three paces in advance, his sister by his side, each armed with a pistol and an iron spear or harpoon; the point of steel being barbed. At length the creature appeared. It was a beautiful full grown tiger, his glossy coat striped like a zebra. He appeared with half open and foaming mouth, more surprised than frightened at our presence; stood stock still at first, issuing forth deep and deafening growls, his eye-balls flashing fire, and licking his lips with a rough red tongue. He was a magnificent sight.

We made some steps towards him, he made some few towards us; and all at once, as if ashamed of their pusillanimity, the dogs, without being excited to it, ran and placed themselves in our front, eager and silent. At the sight of them the tiger drew back, and elongated himself like a serpent, whipping his flank with his tail, and shaking the foam from his mouth. He took no notice of us, no more than if we had not been present—the dogs were to be his first victims, who dared to bay him. They advanced together at first, then separated to attack the ferocious beast before, behind, and on the flanks. The tiger kept his eye on the most daring of the dogs, and in a moment he had one enemy the less—the dog was crushed at a single bite. We wished to help the others, who had drawn back a few steps, but the Malay made a sign of the hand to reserve our fire; he wished to lasso the animal himself. His sister showed great intrepidity and sang froid; with her vigorous hand she held her spear before her, and I remarked that the yellow color of her face became gradually of a red tint, nearly of copper.

The field of battle was not above fifty paces at most in extent. At the call of Malay, and the impetuous look of the sister, the dogs renewed the attack on all sides with great courage—the redoubtable quadruped crushed his opponents one after the other with his claws. The conflict was bloody; he, too, was bleeding from numerous wounds, became more furious from his smarting wounds. All the dogs were hors de combat, three alone survived and seemed to implore our aid; the Malay advanced, we followed and fired; the tiger roared, made an attempt to leap, but fell to the ground like an aerolite. The young girl discharged her spear, which left rankling in the wound; another general volley gave the animal his coup de grace.

A LUCKY BOY.—A poor boy in Nashville, Tenn., lately found a small but beautiful stone among some muscle shells, on the banks of the river, and put it in his pocket, not knowing or thinking of its value. Soon after, he chanced to expose it to view, when a gentleman proposed to send it to Philadelphia to ascertain its value. It proved to be a genuine pearl, weighing 18 grains, and worth from \$500 to \$1000.



Rowland Hill.

The above is a picture of Rowland Hill, a minister of London, England. He was a man of great talents and of great benevolence, but was eccentric; that is, what children call odd. The picture looks rather odd, but it is no more so than was the man it represents. We cannot tell half the stories we have heard about this pious, yet strange divine.

It is said that his cook and his coachman quarreled about going after some milk, which she needed to prepare the breakfast. She wished the coachman to go after the milk, and he refused because he was hired to take care of the horses and drive the coach. Mr. Hill ordered the coachman to bring up the coach, which was done; then he ordered the cook to take her pitcher and get into the coach; then he compelled the coachman to drive her to the place where the milk was obtained and back again. This ended the dispute.

Mr. Hill once obtained the services of Dr. Chalmers on an important occasion, in which he felt a very great interest. He was very anxious that Chalmers should make a great effort. The Doctor began very moderately, and Hill felt very uneasy, thinking

he would make out nothing. Chalmers gradually rose and fired up with his subject, carrying Hill along with him, until he gave a mighty stroke of his eloquence, when Hill, losing his self possession, cried out at the top of his voice, "Well done Chalmers!"

He was on his way to his church one Sunday evening, and overheard two young men talking. One said to the other, "come let us go and hear Old Hill to-night, he will make real fun for us." Hill passed on and went into his pulpit, and the young men came in and took their seats directly opposite in the front of the gallery. Mr. Hill took for his text, "the wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God;" and fixing his eyes on the young men he exclaimed, "there will be fun for you, young men." So through the whole sermon, every little while he repeated the same words. Once he quoted the words, "And in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment," and then fixing his eyes upon the young men, he exclaimed, "there was fun for you, young men."

Mr. Hill died in 1833, aged 89 years.

Little Mary.

BY MRS. C. B. P. WITHERELL.

"O, mother," said little Mary Doane, one morning as she ran into the house, after having been out to feed her chickens; "O, mother, I have just thought what I shall do with my chickens next fall."

"Why, my dear, I thought you had settled that matter long ago," replied the mother.

"Yes—no, I thought once I should buy a nice muff for next winter, but I do not care anything about that now."

"Why not, my love?"

"O, because the one I have now is good enough, till I shall be two or three years older."

"So it is, my dear; but what has altered your mind so suddenly?"

"I will tell you, mother, if you will promise to let me do as I wish with my chickens."

"Why, you know, my child, that I told you that you might do what you pleased with them."

"Yes, but you did not think that I should give them away."

"Give them away! and do you wish to give them away, Mary?"

"Yes, mother, if you are willing."

"Well, that is certainly a new idea. To whom do you wish to give them, my love?"

"But will you promise me, mother?"

"I do not like to promise you unconditionally. But if it is right and proper, I shall have no objections."

"Well, you know that you sent me down to Mrs. Grove's yesterday, to carry her some tea."

"Yes."

"When I went in she was trying to read in the Bible. But she said she had only a small Bible, and the print was so small and her eye-sight was so poor now, that she could hardly read it at all."

"Poor woman."

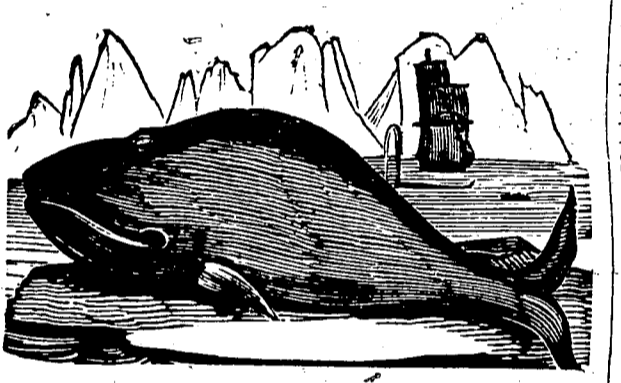
"Well, when I was coming home, I could not help thinking of her, and how much comfort she would take if she had a Bible with good large print, like ours, for you know, mother, that reading the Bible appears to be her greatest source of comfort, now that Mr. Grove is dead. Well, when I was feeding my chickens this morning, I thought of her again, and something seemed to whisper to me that I might buy her a nice large Bible with my chickens, if I would do without the muff, and so I thought if you was willing I would do so."

Mrs. Doane pressed her little daughter to her bosom, and tenderly kissing her, assured her that she was perfectly willing that she should purchase the Bible as she had proposed.

Little Mary was delighted, and seemed almost impatient for the time to come when her chickens would be ready for the market. But the time came at last, and Mary's father took the chickens to market, and returned with a beautiful large Bible.

Mary immediately carried it down to Mrs. Grove, who was so much pleased that she wept for joy. She thanked Mary over and over again, and assured her that as long as she lived she would pray that the richest of heaven's blessings might be showered upon her. Mary returned home happier than ever before, and on entering her chamber, found a beautiful muff, on which was fastened a little billet containing these words—

"TO GIVE TO THE POOR IS TO LEND TO THE LORD."



Catching Whales.

The above picture represents the whale fishery. The whale is brought up to full view, while the ship is seen at a distance. A little to the right of the ship may be seen the boat, very small. In the vicinity of the ship may be seen a great number of icebergs, that is, mountains of ice floating in the ocean. The process of taking whales is, to send a man to the mast head to look out for whales. When he sees one, he cries out, giving the direction at which he is from the ship; when near enough they start in a boat, and when they get near they harpoon the whale, that is, they throw a barbed iron which sticks into the whale. To this harpoon, is fastened a long rope, and when the whale feels the harpoon, he darts off, or dives down, and the rope is spun out with great speed. Sometimes the whale continues after he has got the whole rope out, when, to prevent having the boat drawn under, they cut the rope. The rope is coiled in a tub to prevent its getting fast to the boat, or being tangled as it is drawn out by the whale. Once the rope got looped round a man's body, and he was drawn under water. While being dragged down, he got out his knife and cut the rope, but cut it above him, and still he went down till he cut the rope again, and then he came up and was saved. Sometimes the boat is dashed to pieces by the whale, when another boat picks up the men, but sometimes some are lost. We suppose the children all know that the oil we burn in our lamps is taken from the whale.

AN INCIDENT.—My sympathies were awakened, awhile ago, by the touching appeals of a little girl, who besought some friends to buy her paper-boxes. They responded to her call, and soon every box was gold. With an instinctive delicacy, which should ever be observed with tiny children, as well as with those of "larger growth," they manifested no curiosity as to her object. Taking her little store of money, she repaired to a confectioner's, and purchased a glass of jelly, for her sick mother. The transparent yellow nutriment had attracted her attention, and she longed to buy some. Having no means, she devised the plan of making boxes. Many an eye moistened at this delicate attention, and the discovery of this generous trait in the daughter, was to the mother ample compensation for a long and dangerous illness.

[Orphan's Advocate.

A RETORT.—Masson, Regent of Trinity College, had asked one of his friends to lend him a book, which he wished to consult, and received for answer, "that he never allowed his books to go out of his room, but that, if he chose to come there, he was welcome to read as long as he pleased." Some days afterwards this pedant applied to Masson for the loan of his bellows, who replied, "that he never allowed his bellows to go out of his room, but that, if he chose to come there, he was welcome to blow as long as he pleased."

PRICE CURRENT

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including ASHES, CANDLES, COFFEE, DOMESTICS, FEATHERS, FISH, GLASS, IRON, LUMBER, MOLASSES, PROVISIONS, RICE, SEEDS, SUGARS, SALT, SHEETING, SOAP, and SPICES.

EDITED BY VOL.

The ORIGINAL THE CONTINUING THE UNALTERED BY JAMES

Signification of the Having exhibited the diving instrument purpose of establishing ther, it may be word Sabbath, which is to form strict primary mitted, that means "rest," therefore, in so plication— 1. In a special week, as the "For in six d the sea and all enath day; wh day and hollo 2. In a sense is given to sev festivals appoi These are en recorded in T bath-is first n Moses, saying and say unto Lord, which tions, even the done; but an holy convoca it is the Sabbath Lev. 23:1 even holy c in their season month, at every fifteenth of the ed bread unte eat unleaven shall have no servile w an offering en days; v vocation; ye Ver. 4.—S her express injunction to sanctifying o passover is r "No manner that which e done of you, has had appo rial in the w terposition in them from E over, with its mandated, "A ty." Exod- ing was abs the divine g gift. 3. "And Speak unto them, When unto you, an ye shall brin thereof sha And ye sha nor green e brought an statute for, your dwell from the that ye bro Sabbath s after the days; and Lord; ye wave loave sine flour are the fir fer with th the first ys rams; they Lord; with ferings, ev savor unto pointed time