

The Sabbath Recorder

Published by GEORGE B. UTTER.

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

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The Sabbath Recorder.

For the Sabbath Recorder.
TWILIGHT HOURS.
When the light of day is fading,
From the glowing western skies,
Ere the brilliant stars of even,
In the deep blue ether rise,
O, how sweet the deep twilight hours,
In some fragrant flowery power,
Earth, its joys and cares, forgot,
Lost in the sweet twilight hours.
Now are all rude passions sleeping
In the human breast;
O'er the heart is sadness creeping,
Starting tears which bless
Not until the heart's deep fountain
Are assuaged by sorrow's power,
Ere is fully felt the influence
Of the holy twilight hour.
Then some echo of sweet music,
Shrilling the still fragrant air,
In the heart's deep chambers lingers,
Whispering thoughts long hidden there,
Bringing memories of departed
Days of pleasure, hours of gloom,
Angel voices, forms of loved ones,
Long since sleeping in the tomb.
Then we hear their chiding voices,
Speaking to us low and sad;
Or, we feel their smiles approving,
Making our tired spirits glad. [end]
And our hearts are nerve and strength
To resist temptation's power—
Earth is lost, and heaven near us,
In the holy twilight hour. M. M. M.

THE FUNCTION OF THE CHURCH.

THESE were the words of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Rock River, Wis., on Christmas day, 1863.
BY D. M. MASON.
"Ye are the salt of the earth."—Matt. 5:13.
No one so well understands the use of an instrument, or the genius of an institution, as the one whose fertile mind brought it forth. For every invention of art, every institution of society, is but the outward form which some struggling ideal has taken on. All inventions, all active forms of outward life, have their prototype in the empire of mind. Mind only possesses creative energy. The plough, the reaper, the locomotive, are all only so many transmissions from the wonderful crucible of thought. They are the agencies by which the immaterial comes forth and dominates over the material world.
All material things, then, are representative, and shadow forth the outgoings of all-pervading thought. If you wish to know the meaning of the steamboat, ask a Fulton. If you wish to know the meaning of the telegraph, ask a Morse. If you wish to know the meaning of the railroad, ask a Great Western. If you wish to know the meaning of the newspaper, ask a Gannett. If you wish to know the meaning of the school, ask a Horace Mann. If you wish to know the meaning of the church, ask a Luther. If you wish to know the meaning of the State, ask a Washington. If you wish to know the meaning of the nation, ask a Lincoln. If you wish to know the meaning of the world, ask a Christ.
The church is the outward form which the divine idea has taken on. It is the instrument by which the divine will is made manifest to the human race. It is the agency by which the divine life is communicated to the human soul. It is the power by which the divine kingdom is established on earth.
The church is the salt of the earth. It is the leaven which leavens the whole lump. It is the light which lights the candle. It is the power which moves the world.
The church is the instrument of God's will. It is the agency of His love. It is the power of His grace. It is the life of His kingdom.
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union of its elements with the particles of sound substance, salt renders that substance incapable of decay; this we call its conservative property. 3d. By its pleasant savor it renders edible more agreeable to the taste; this is its *esthetic* or *beautifying* property.
Following the analogy, we shall find the function of the church operating through the gospel, toward the developing of three results, culminating in the grandest work of the ages, the salvation of humanity.
First, then, the work of the church is *disinfecting*, *purifying*. Sin has left its virus all over and through humanity. The poison has coursed through his veins till corruption has fastened on every part, and the whole machinery of man's moral nature goes sadly ajar, and disorder and ruin crash through the whole framework of society. Man is affected with no temporary ailment, which a simple anodyne will allay, or cathartic remove—with no trifling eruption, which a soothing emollient will remove. His disease is deep-seated, rooted in the very center of the soul, and thence permeating every organ, paralyzing every energy, and drying up the very fountains of life. No trifling remedy, then, will reach his case. The remedy must be all-pervading and radical, eradicating the very roots of sin from the soul. Anything short of this will fail to meet human necessities, and leave man still shivering with ague, burning with fever, still at war with himself, out of harmony with the laws of his being, wasting under the friction of his own disordered machinery. Some disinfecting agent must permeate the recesses of his soul, seize hold of the corruption that rankles there, and restore order, health, through all his being.
The gospel is this panacea of the soul. Deep, radical, as is the disease, so deep and radical is this remedy. No lurking root of evil can escape its searching eye, nor elude its penetrating power, when once the patient accepts it as his remedy.
This radical character of the gospel is strikingly illustrated by the immediate prophet of its advent, when he said, "Now also is the ax laid unto the root of the trees, and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." That, certainly, is a radical process, which lays the ax unto the root or radix of the tree. But the trees to be hewn down and cast into the fire are the *works* of the law, such as slavery, intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, backbiting, &c. That gospel came, not to temper with these sins, but to root them out, and consume them, but to root and branch, so that not a vestige of them should remain. The forest must be cleared, the stumps must be torn out by the roots, before the grain can wave in the ripening breeze. How long has it taken the radical to learn that his mission is the radical one, and that radicalism is the divine philosophy of reform! Why have so many good men been frightened from their commission? Why should they be denominated *radicals*? Why has this term ever become a term of reproach? Only because men have forgotten, or never learned, the divine method of reform. Every successful man in business is radical in his mode of procedure, and on this very mode depends his success. The man who goes to the bottom of things is the man of power. The surface swimmer never brings up the pearl. Only the one who plunges fearlessly to the bottom, brings back the glittering treasure. The pioneer of the woods lays his ax sturdily to the trunk of the towering pine, and it must come down, no matter at what expense of noise, and then, when a few years of patient toil gathers a little comfort around him, you shall see him disputing the ground with those conservative old stumps, which doggedly cling to the earth, and claim the right to cover half the soil, and thus exclude the full harvest. Pioneer demands the ground; stump clings to time-sanctioned immunities. Two hundred years of undisputed possession has sanctioned and sanctified its right to stand where it has always stood. It only asks to be *let alone*. But our pioneer, looking down the coming ages, and balancing the right of humanity to a clear field and a full harvest, over against the right of dry stumps to stand where they and their fathers before them stood, calls John to "gear the critters" to the huge machine, and take the stump right up by the roots, and to never mind its groanings and grumbings as it comes reluctantly out. This is radicalism; and so long as it has on its physical aspect, you applaud it. You say he is a good farmer who thus clears his soil; and if perchance you do today inherit a farm thus cleared by your father, you bless his memory that he thus cleared the way for you.
Now rise with me to the higher sphere of moral progress and Christian development; and is the radical man less to be admired? Have you ever considered how utterly impossible it is for virtue and vice to flourish where vice holds empire, that the tall corn can grow and ripen in the dark shade of the primeval forest? Sin, then, must be removed, destroyed, and give place.
Right here is the first great function of the gospel. It comes to the heart of man, and eradicates its roots of bitterness, that it may be a temple for the Holy Spirit to dwell in. How inefficient the gospel, if it were not that radical principle it, if it demanded only half the heart,

and allowed noxious weeds to grow all over the other half. I cannot see how it were possible for religion to demand less than the whole heart, how part of the soul could be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, while another part remained maculate with sin. Man's nature were incapable of such a phenomenon. The Maker of man, then, could not be the author of a religion based on a compromise with sin. The religion that is adapted to man's nature and man's wants, then, must lay the ax unto the root of "the trees," and herein does the true religion rise above all others. Every other leaves man in his sins. Some systems of heathen religion develop true ideas, and unfold some human virtues; but they all leave the heart unchanged; and hence in heathendom, in spite of the best it can do, the Upsas still overshadow and blight every green thing.
Why perished those splendid nations of antiquity, where art, science, poetry, philosophy, did all that human learning could do for man? Modern times have scarcely produced more sagacious law givers than Numa and Solon, better orators than Cicero and Demosthenes, better historians than Livy and Thucydides, better poets than Virgil and Homer; and yet Rome and Greece have long since passed from the annals of living nations, and their gods of wood and stone, of which Athens at one time had more than twenty thousand, are being dug from buried temples, and carried to the four corners of the earth, to grow dusty again on the shelves of the antiquary. What lacked these splendid products of human genius, but the religion of Jesus, to have made them immortal?
Turn from the mournful picture of buried nations, and ask of the living, throbbing present, whence its mighty power to chain the forces of nature, and inspire humanity with such life—throbs as it has not felt since the Nazarene proclaimed a new gospel on the hills of Judea? Whence these school-houses, academies, and colleges, opening wide their doors to the poorest, and bidding them "Come, and with all thy gettings, get understanding?" Whence all these houses of worship, that point their spires to heaven, and beacon the weary to find rest? All, all there is in modern civilization, that exalts it above that of the ancients, is due to this new element of the religion that underlies modern civilization. It is the religion of Christ, with its disinfecting quality, that power that works by love and purifies the heart. That great master of antiquity, eloquently teaching the best wisdom of the age, to his pupils gathered from Rome and Greece, was no such power in the earth as is a simple-hearted herald of Christ, away in a school-house on the prairie, crying out, "Ye must be born again." The philosophy of the new birth towers above all others. The cross on which the author of the new religion perished, has done more to uplift humanity, than all other instrumentalities. It is indeed the life of all others. This time may not yet have come, but it will come, when all schemes of human beneficence will come to center in the cross, and he be thought the wisest man, who sits most humbly beside it. It is thus the glorious prerogative of the church to stand nearest the great Father, as he bends over his children to bless them—to catch and echo on that thrilling invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The church, then, in its high function, as the salt of the earth, the purifier of humanity, can scarcely over-estimate its responsibility.
But the church is not only God's agent for purifying society; it must also preserve and perpetuate the excellence it has begotten. Since sin entered the world, humanity has tended downward. Something must take hold of man that will not only purify him, but be to him an ever-present counteraction. The new heart, given in regeneration, is not a heart of steel, made unimpressible by evil influences, stereotyped beyond the peradventure of deterioration. However pure the new birth may make it, religion has in the new birth but just begun its work. The new-born child awaits the mother's patient care to nurture it to full-grown and vigorous manhood.
Growth is a result of health. A healthy Christian must grow. Growth is indeed a condition of life; for if the Christian grow not, he cannot live, and hence the injunction to "grow in grace, and further knowledge of truth." Religion only acts as a preservative force by supplying the elements of growth to the soul.
The work of the church, then, spreads out over all the means by which humanity is to rise towards its perfected dignity. First in the field of its noble enterprise, comes the preaching of the gospel. Its great commission is, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Was ever a sublimer work set to human hands? But the gospel, being sent to man to be promulgated, must have its appliances. It is for the church to furnish these appliances. They are to the real life of the church, what the body is to the soul. The soul, in the physical world, can only maintain its connections and perform its functions as it operates through the physical organs. We would not think it a very wise soul, which should repudiate and cast off its body, and still claim its place among embodied souls. We would not place a very high estimate on the Christian's intelligence,

who should discard human agency and physical appliances, in the promulgation of the gospel. Nor would we deny God's miraculous power, and his disposition to use it sometimes in the management of human affairs. Still it remains true, that human agency is the *rule*, while miracle is the exception, in the divine procedure. Christians should early learn that they must work out their own salvation, or it will not come out.
This beautiful house, which you this day dedicate to God, indicates that you place a just estimate upon the appliances of religion.
It is proper to say, in completing the analogy suggested in the text, that the gospel has not only purifying and preservative qualities, but it is peculiarly *esthetic* in its qualities. It not only satisfies the grosser wants of humanity, but satisfies its highest longings for the beautiful. There is left in every human being a sense of the fitness of things—an idea of the beautiful which is ever struggling to embody itself in outward forms. In its highest realization, we have those splendid works of art, which ages have pronounced beautiful, and which are immortal, because the esthetic element of man's nature is immortal. Religion does not come to crucify this element of man, but to rectify and ennoble it.
The gross and ignorant man, with an unsatisfied heart walks almost unmoved amid earth's beauties and heaven's harmonies. The "music of the spheres," is too refined for his gross ear. He sees more beauty in a pumpkin pie, than in a rainbow—in an acre of corn, than in a patch of heaven's blue vault, set with blazing worlds. He does not see the divine philosophy in making everything beautiful in his time. He calls good taste pride; fine churches, fine houses, fine dress, he deems evidence of decline. He can never be made to believe, that religion has an element of beauty, that demands of man to make everything beautiful, in order that he may be more nearly imitate God, and be the more often reminded of him. The *health* represented by the most unworthy and hideous images, because the esthetic of the true religion have not cultivated these attributes. It is no false pride which induces the mother to dress her child in good taste, to put the ribbon on its little cloak, and the trimming on its little shoes. It was not pride in God which induced him to make that little prattler so beautiful—those chubby cheeks, those little fat hands. Where is the mother who has not tried to make something pretty for her baby, to wear? Mother, God bless you; it is a pretty baby, and if you can get but the cheapest material, make it pretty little hat. I know how easily good taste may degenerate into selfishness. Pity the top; and yet religion is quite as complacent with the top as with the boot.
It was not pride, I hope, which planned and built this house in so good a style of architecture, which painted and grained this pulpit and these slips so tastefully, any more than it was pride which made the temple of God at Jerusalem the most splendid structure of antiquity. True, for the simple purpose of seats, plain unpainted boards would have answered as well. Instead of this tasteful pulpit, a simple pine table would as well have held your Bible and hymn book. But yet is there one here who does not feel that there was an eminent fitness in making this house of God beautiful as well as comfortable?—that the house of God, warm and comfortable, is a demand of nature?
But there is a higher demand, and that is, that it should satisfy the desire of the mind for something proportionate, harmonious, beautiful, in order that, by the power of association, the mind may be more easily passed to the contemplation of Him who never made an awkward thing.
Such as this house is, we have come here to-day to dedicate it to God, with fitting ceremonies. But you have not built this house as an end, but as a means. It points to something beyond itself. It is a deeper meaning in it, than is realized in the physical comfort it imparts. This meaning takes hold of the inner life. This house is the product of Christians' prayers, seeking through it nothing short of the salvation of souls. It is to be the *heartstone* around which God's family are to gather for his worship—the sacred spot where souls are to be born and mustered for heaven—the holy place over which the shekinah hovers—the very ark wherein Jehovah's law is sacredly guarded. When Solomon dedicated the house he had built to God, he sacrificed twenty thousand oxen and a hundred and twenty thousand sheep. Where are your offerings to-day, brethren? I hear no lowing of cattle, no bleating of flocks. Have you no offering, then, but this simple edifice? Solomon had come up to offer to God a temple of the costliest construction, and decorated with the finest workmanship, in purple and gold; and yet he drove up to the altar a host of living creatures to offer to God. It was thus that the *heart's devotion* was expressed; and in signification of his acceptance of this devotion, God filled the place with his divine presence, and the burden of a departed dispensation has passed away. It is well that you have not your flocks here for sacrifice to-day. But is there no offering, then? Is this house all you

give to God to-day? What wants he of your house? May I feel to-day that this house is the outward token through which this whole people make a solemn offering of all the heart's affection? Do you bring here your soul's best gifts of devotion, and before God solemnly inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" Then may God's presence overshadow the place, and this be indeed God's house and God's people.
To-day will be a starting point of this people toward a higher or a lower platform of Christian consecration. O, my brethren, trust not in this house, but in the God who has prospered your hands. Remember, that with these new accommodations, come new responsibilities. God will expect of you just as much better work as he has given you better means. If this be not the result—if religion among you gain nothing by the erection of this house—then it had been far better for you to have still gone to that humble house where so often God has met you—where so often the anxious have sought and found the Saviour, and so often you have stood up to confess your faults one to another. If you transfer not those scenes to this house, and if those precious seasons come not often to you here, you can hardly feel that this has become your Father's house. Brethren, I leave the issue with you; and as I leave it, I am solemnly impressed, that the work now completed will be either a blessing or a curse to you—either an infinite loss or a gain only to be estimated in eternity. Which shall it be?

SUFFERING.
FROM THE GERMAN OF EARTHAN.
Trial, when it weighs severely,
Stamps the Saviour's image clearly
On the heart of all his friends;
In the frame His hands have molded
Is a future life unfolded.
Through the suffering which He sends,
Suffering curbs our wayward passions,
Childlike tempers in us fashions,
And our will to His subdues;
Thus He leads, so soft and healing,
Each disordered power and feeling
By a blessed change renews.
Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted,
That they call the best preferred,
By the world's beguiling art;
'Tis like some angelic warder,
Ever keeping sacred order
In the chamber of the heart.
Suffering tunes the heart's emotion
To eternity's devotion,
And awakes the soul's desire
For the land where psalms are ringing,
And with palms the martyrs sing
Sweetly to the harp of glory.
Makes us give our faith assurance,
Suffering patient in endurance,
Here they call the only torment
That they call the best preferred,
Which not every one attains.
Though in health, with powers unwasted,
And with willing hearts, we lasted
To take up our Saviour's cross;
If through trial our good Master
Should refine these powers the faster,
What good Christian counts it less?
In the depth of its distresses,
Each true heart the closer presses
To His heart with ardent love;
Ever longing, ever crying,
Oh, conform me to Thy dying,
That I live with Thee above!
Sighs and tears at last are over;
Breaking through its fleshy cover,
Soars the soul to light above,
Who, while here below, we measure
That deep sea of heavenly pleasure,
Spreading there so bright for aye!
Day by day, oh Jesus, nearer
Show that bliss to me, and cheerer,
Till my latest hour I see.
Then, my weary striving ended,
May my spirit be attended
By bright angels, borne to Thee!
J. D. B.

conducted by proper teachers for children under fourteen years of age, in day time, opening at 10 A. M., and closing at 12 noon, re-commencing at 1 and closing at 4 P. M. No child under the age of fourteen shall be detained from school during the winter months, unless in case of sickness.
"An adult evening school shall be opened for the benefit of the laborers on the farms and in the mechanical shops. The teachers shall require of each boy over sixteen or girl over fourteen, a permit from the superintendent before he or she can be admitted to the day-school, nor shall the superintendent give such permit while their services are required in the labor department.
"Punishment shall be of three grades. In mild offences it shall be a reproof from the officer in charge of the delinquent; in cases of idleness or disposition to shirk from labor, or untidiness or uncleanness in person or habitation, the one offending shall be deprived of his or her ration of sugar for the next five days, and also be deprived of all passes from the camp during that time."
AN ORNAMENT TOO LITTLE WORN.
Much has been said and written concerning the "wearing of gold," and "putting on of apparel." While there is great diversity of opinion as to the propriety of employing laces, flowers, feathers, pearls and diamonds, by way of enhancing personal charms, all agree that there is one ornament, "a meek and quiet spirit" with which woman is not only permitted, but commanded, to adorn herself.
The genuine article is little worn, though we see many clever imitations. Susan Easy wears one. I had seen her at church, at the sewing society, and several other places, and was completely deceived by it. But I chanced one day to call at her home, and found her ragged children quarreling in the door-yard, and saw Susan herself sitting in the littered breakfast-room, leaving the table to clear itself, the empty baby to wash itself, and her own hair to comb itself; and I then learned that her ornament was an indolent spirit.
Silence Brown has another imitation, and it deceived me a long time. It was not till I saw her at home, marked her coldness to her aged father-in-law, her monosyllabic answers to her husband, her no-answers at all to her children, and her don't-care manner to everybody else, that I discovered her ornament to be a snllen spirit.
Still another imitation is worn by my young friend, Lucy Day. This looks like the genuine, provided it is always rubbed in the right direction. If, by chance, the order is reversed, it turns black, and electric sparks are evolved in quick succession, not unlike what you have often noticed when stroking a cat's fur the wrong way. One day I chanced to witness this phenomenon; and when I left, Lucy's mother was patiently at work with the soft, leathery rubber of "fair speech," moistened with the oil of flattery, trying to remove the blackness and restore the brightness.
It is supposed that all women possessing godliness are owners of the real gem, it being always given, if desired, with that robe of righteousness purchased for them by the blood of Christ; but many of these ransomed ones either undervalue its beauty, or think it unsuited to every-day wear.
Martha Jones belongs to this latter class. She seldom wears hers except on great occasions, and for the most part keeps it carefully laid away in a napkin. This is a great mistake, as sunlight tends to increase its luster. Moreover, no woman who does not daily wear it knows the secret of putting it on in such a manner that it shall have a home look; and it has been observed that Martha's always has the appearance of being out of place. She sometimes resolves to wear it every day; but then she never puts it on as a part of her morning toilet, never on washing days, or house-cleaning days, or when there is unexpected company, or a change in the kitchen cabinet. She has been seen to lay it hastily aside on hearing the cross, hungry children coming in from school; and she always does so when about to administer discipline by the rod.
Aunt Patience Smith has long possessed this jewel, and she is never seen without it. The smoke and steam of the kitchen never tarnish it, the dust from the carpets never settles on it, and if it sometimes gets hard brushes from the careless, blundering servants, it never seems the worse for it. She wears it in the nursery, and though all from the little children to the big boisterous boys, are permitted to handle it at pleasure, its brightness is undiminished. She wears it in the sick-room, and the constant sight of it seems to soothe the sufferer's pains.
Not long ago I saw her beside the coffin of her first-born. He had fallen in battle, and nothing but his cold clay, on which she might not even look, was left her. I marveled if, in her deep anguish, she would lay aside the long-worn jewel. There it was called an inconceivable spirit, that many people put on as a suitable accompaniment of craps and bombazine. But Aunt Patience retained her old ornament, and never did it seem more becoming than when gleaming from underneath her drooping veil and sable mantle.
She is now on a couch of suffering, but her darkened chamber is

lighted up by the radiance of this same jewel, whose increasing brilliancy shall, ere long, hide itself in heaven's own light.—*Conyngton.*
The Tower of Babel. A distance of about eight miles, we were on the foot of the Bier-Nimrod. Our horses' feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks, which showed here and there through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes arose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was the Bier-Nimrod, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, by which the first builders of the earth had vainly sought to scale high heaven. Here also it was that Nebuchadnezzar built for his "bricks beating," his name having been found in the ruins. At the top of the mound, a great mass of brick work pierces the accumulated soil, which was the very brick, large, square, and massive, that was used in the building of the tower. The "bricks" were made more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious people. From the summit of the mound, the view over the plain, we could see the shining, brilliant as a star, the "light" of a "meek and quiet spirit," that could not deflect the bright rays of the shining sun. This shining jewel was the "meek and quiet spirit," which was the daily desire of every devout Mohammedan.—*A Letter in Blackwood.*
"TELL THEM GOD IS LOVE."—Such was the message of the late Hon. Theo. Freelinghusen, as he was dying, to the students of the college over which he presided. When asked to have any word of counsel or advice for them, his earnest and touching reply was, "Tell them that God is love."
So rich and glorious and attractive did the love of God appear to him, as to fill the field of his spiritual vision. With more than the fresh feeling of the young convert, who thinks he has only to tell the impatient sinner of his own sin, and experience to them at once to the Saviour, he seemed to feel that if he could but tell the young men of the love of God, and they but see it as he did, they would be won to devote themselves forever in love to Him and His service.
If there is any message that will touch and soften and melt the heart, it is the love of God in Christ Jesus, who gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. If we ever love him, it is because he first loved us.
Spread the blessed tidings that "God is love." Proclaim it earnestly, affectionately, continually, to every creature, by word, by tract, by the printed volume; and pray for the Holy Spirit to attend the message.
NATURE'S COVER FOR BATTERED FEET.—Did I ever tell you, among the interesting little things one is always seeing in these stirring times, how I saw on the Bull Run battlefield, pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of the emptied ammunition boxes, a rose, that bore its graceful head through the holes of its last charge (or retreat, as the case may have been) in the battle, and a cunning scarlet verbenas peeping out of a fragment of battered shell, in which strange cup it had been planted? Wasn't that piece growing out of war? Even so shall the grateful and beautiful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever advancing world. Nature covers even battle-grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty soon spring up in the track of devastating campaigns, and all things in nature and society shall work out the progress of mankind and harmony of God's great design.
THANKFULNESS.—If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes; and search for them with my fingers; and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most valuable particles! The unthankful heart, like any magnet in the sand, discovers no particles; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so will that to every hour come heavenly blessings; and the iron in God's sand is gold.—*Dr. Holmes.*
LAST WORDS.—"Speak to me now in Scripture language alone," said a dying Christian. "I can trust the words of God; but when they are the words of man, it costs me an effort to think whether I may trust them." This was the testimony of one who died in the morning of life. "Charles, bring me the Bible," said a dying father. "The work I never laid his thin, pale hand upon the blessed book, and said, 'I will trust in the Bible.'"
Men sometimes think that the dark cliffs of sorrow will be a stream of life forever, but when the green and undulating hills spread far away in pastoral beauty, and the delicate blossoms of the banks where the willow hangs its beading garlands

The Sabbath Recorder.

WESTERLY, N. Y., FIFTH-DAY, MARCH 10, 1864. Geo. B. Utter, Editor.

MISSIONARY MATTERS.

A Special Meeting of the Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society was held at Westery, on Fourth-day, March 2d. Fifteen letters to the Corresponding Secretary, from missionaries and others, were read. The time of the Board was then given to the consideration of such letters as appeared to require immediate action, leaving the others to be acted upon at the regular Board Meeting in April.

From the letters of Bro. J. P. Hunting, who was sent on an exploring tour to Newbern, N. C., and vicinity, it appeared that he had completed his exploration, and returned to his home in Central New York, and that he is inclined soon to go back to North Carolina, take the oversight of a Baptist Church there, and do what he can in the way of teaching, preaching, &c. After considerable time spent upon the subject, the Board adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary notify Bro. Hunting of the receipt of his letters, and the Treasurer remit the amount due him as per account rendered; that in view of the indefiniteness of the letters received, and the importance of thoroughly canvassing the plan of future operations, we find it necessary to defer definite action on the subject until our regular meeting, the first week in April; that previous to such meeting, Bro. Hunting be requested to give us any additional information he may have; and that, meanwhile, the Board do not think it advisable to take any action looking to the collection of funds for the Freedmen's Mission, until the plan of operations shall be determined, and if possible the person who shall carry out that plan.

Some time was occupied in considering the missionary fields in Southern New York and Northern Pennsylvania, where Bro. J. R. Irish has been laboring. The Board voted, in view of a letter from the Church in Cassawago, Pa., to appropriate \$100 a year to assist that Church in sustaining the ministry. They also voted, that if Bro. Irish should conclude to locate in one of the fields on which he has been laboring, they will take into consideration the claims and prospects of such field, and appropriate in its favor as circumstances shall seem to justify.

Notice was received that Bro. A. W. Coon has been engaged to labor with the Church at Clifford, Pa., and the Board voted to carry out the encouragement, by appointing Bro. Coon a preacher for the coming year, and \$25 towards the expense of removing a preacher to the field.

Bro. A. B. Burdick, late missionary in Minnesota, being present, the accounts between him and the Board were settled; and he was appointed to co-operate with Bro. Griswold, the Recording Secretary, in raising some four hundred dollars to assist the Church at Wasioja in building a meeting-house.

The calls for missionary labor in Iowa were considered, and it was voted to co-operate with the Executive Board of the North-Western Association in sustaining such labor during a part of the coming year.

The following preamble and resolution were adopted:

"Whereas, it is reported to this Board, that efforts are making in certain churches of the denomination to get up a stock company, or society, with a view of raising ten thousand dollars to send to Palestine our late missionary, Bro. Wm. M. Jones; and that the getting up of such new organization is attempted to be justified on the plea that Bro. Jones was not liberally dealt with by this Board—a plea which we believe to be without foundation in fact—therefore,

Resolved, That we appoint a Committee, consisting of the President, the Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, and the Treasurer, to prepare and present at our next meeting a paper embodying the facts connected with the settlement between this Board and Bro. Jones as their missionary."

"THE CHUBON," &c.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder: If it is not improper for a single reader to do so, I would respectfully request the author of the series of articles under the above title, now appearing in the columns of the Recorder, to publish those articles in a book or pamphlet, if it is consistent for him thus to do. The production, seems to me worthy of a more permanent form than is secured to it in the columns of a newspaper, and a more careful study than is likely to be bestowed upon it in its present form. And, aside from its value considered independently, who knows but such a publication would mark the beginning of a new era in our denominational literature? The great poverty of our literature must have been, by many, long and keenly felt; and yet the want is not being satisfied. Our schools flourish; we have living teachers of no mean rank; in countless numbers of our youth drink at the fountains of learning; but

where are our books, works on theology, or on practical religion, or (I might almost say) on anything else? Must succeeding generations of our youth, like those of the past and present, including students of theology, continue to drink at foreign fountains? It is true, we have a number of excellent tracts on the Sabbath, beside our periodicals; but almost nothing else. Is it because we have not the requisite talent for literature? or is it because there comes up a negative answer to the eminently practical, Yankee question, "Will it pay?" Who will tell us?

"MOUTH SERVICE."

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder: This subject, forming the theme of several late articles in the Recorder, (of which, I am sorry to say, "Geneva's" first number never reached us,) is of deep interest to me, as it cannot fail to be to the sisterhood generally. Now, my post of observation being midway in the "middle kingdom," naturally gives me a sort of medium view of questions generally, inclining to one side or the other, as the weight of argument attracts, and sinking back into my central position, the moment those influences are withdrawn. In isolated consciousness, I commence feeling for the pillars of my faith. I grasp the Bible. So, evidently, have they all done, who have written on this subject; for both sides have much of Scripture truth in their arguments, widely as they differ in their conclusions. Is the Bible, then, at variance with itself? Nay, certainly! Then there must be some central point, some golden mean, where these vibrating theories may meet and rest. But having appealed to the Bible, the Bible must decide. "To the law," then, and "to the testimony." What have they to say for us?

The law on this subject, as given by Paul, has been well exhibited by "Langley," on one side, a lecture for ladies only; while "Albion," on the other side, has summed up, in a masterly manner, the arguments for "mouth service," as applying to Christians generally, the sisterhood included. Langley, however, should have explained to us, why Paul, with his great carefulness for all that concerned the honor of the "weaker vessel," gave such stringent rules for the manner of their praying and praying? In the august presence of the lords of the assembly, (even to their head-covering,) if they were not to "commit their sins," surely his strictures could not be meant to apply to the secret devotions of the closet, or even to the worship of the family circle.

But what says the testimony? The first example of woman joining audibly in the public worship of God, is that of Miriam the prophetess. No, where is she accused of violating any rule of female propriety. Her words, however, were few, pithy, and well-timed, worthy to be the organ of a "mouth service" of all the women that "went out after her." Again, a remarkable instance of the propriety of female silence, is illustrated by the conduct of Manoah's wife, who received the message of the angel in silence, speaking not, until she poured out the feelings of her full heart in the ear of her husband at home. And when the angel again appeared to her, again she spoke not, but went in haste to call her husband, leaving him to do the talking. And when, at the sacrifice, they both looked on in wonder, she still kept silence. But when his fearful heart failed, and he said, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God," she immediately uttered such "mouth service" as showed it was not for want of feeling that she had hitherto held her peace.

Again, let us go with afflicted Hannah to the house of the Lord. Seer weeping before the altar, while she breathes out the prayer of her sorrowful spirit. "But her voice was not heard." "Yet her prayer was accepted, and the God of Israel granted the petition which she asked of him," as the sympathetic Eli had encouraged her to expect he would do.

In the New Testament, there is a most striking example of "mouth service" from woman in the sanctuary, in the case of "Anna the prophetess." "She gave thanks unto the Lord, and spake of him, to all them that look for redemption in Israel." The Samaritan woman, who first preached Christ to her countrymen, seems not to have offended any one's sense of propriety, although she even acted as street preacher, which we should consider far more unlady-like than speaking in a meeting-house.

These examples illustrate what seems to me the golden mean, by which "mouth service" is to be regulated. They simply prove that "there is a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." The first may not be so easily definable; but the last is made evident, in the sermon of

Peter, on the day of Pentecost, in his thrilling quotations from the prophet Joel, "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." God grant that the fearless, candid Geneva's voice, may be heard among those daughters, and the faithful, earnest Langley, be numbered among the gratified auditors, while the delighted Albion, and his uncompromising brethren, shall rejoice at the opportunity of listening to "mouth service," rendered with the spirit and with the understanding also. L. M. CARPENTER. SHANGHAI, Dec. 24th, 1863.

ESCHATOLOGY—No. 2.

DEATH.

What is death? A question more easily asked than answered. Death is often spoken of as a person, an entity, and in nearly all languages receives a proper cognomen. By the Greeks and Romans it was deified, and it was frequently personified by the sacred writers. The common sentiment of mankind, as expressed in language, represents it as a power or agent. In the Apocalypse, death is represented as an Angel flying over the earth, also, as a Reaper gathering mankind into the region of hades, or the underworld; again, as a living, ghostly corpse, like Hoseaman, after whom followed the inhabitants of the hades world. Death was also represented by the Hebrew poets as a subtle Fowler, secretly spreading his net to catch the unwary travelers of earth; also, as a living reptile, preying on the lifeless body; also, like a beast of prey; as a burglar, entering a house, seeking to kidnap its inmates; as a mighty despot; as a tyrant; as an invisible monarch; as a dark and gloomy vale; as a great tree casting its sombre shadows over the pilgrims of earth. The above are but a few of the many images, figures, or personifications of death.

Still the question returns, What is death? Relieving it of all its prosopopoeias, it is simply the negation of life, in whatever sense the term life is to be understood. And here it may not be inappropriate to remark, that while, in most languages, death has been personified, life has not. Death is an event, a state, or condition. When applied to matter, it refers to inertness, lifelessness; when applied to spirit, it refers to its moral or intellectual state or condition. Death is the state of the animal (and we include the vegetable organism, or unorganism, after the spirit or life has departed. Thus death is not a power, or cause, but an effect produced by a power, force, or cause. As life is a continuous process of activity, so death is the result of such activity ceasing.

In order to a true apprehension of what death is, we must understand what life is. Life, like many other words, has a variety of significations. It means existence—the favor of God—"In thy favor is life." Obedience and its accompanying prosperity—"I have set before thee this day life and death; choose life, that ye may live." Enjoyment, pleasure, or happiness—"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of his possessions." Re- the soul—"To be spiritually minded is life and peace." Also, the following: "Path of life," "Fountain of life," "Wisdom is a tree of life," "Ponder the path of life," "Mouth of life," "A man's life is his riches," "Love is a fountain of life," "Sound heart is life," "Reproof of life," "King's countenance is life," "Wisdom giveth life," "Spirit of life in the wheels," "In him was life, and the life was the light of the world," "I am the bread of life," "My manner of life," "Justification of life," "The spirit giveth life," "Alienated from the life of God," "A peaceable life," "Pride of life." The above are but a small portion of the texts in which life is used, but they are sufficient to show that the sacred writers used the term life in a spiritual sense, embracing the very realities of the soul.

Now, death being the direct antithesis of life, it also must be so understood. True life consists in conscious purity of heart, energy of faith, and union with the Holy Spirit. Death must then be—impurity of heart, unbelieving, alienated from God. The service and fruits of sin, the Bible represents by death, while the life of holiness, the service of Christ, is represented by life.

Christ most explicitly marks the distinction between the body and the soul. In fact, the whole of the Scriptures, as much assumes the existence of the soul as a spirit, as it assumes the existence of God as a spirit; and similar language is used when speaking of both. In short, materialism annihilates deity, or reduces Him to mere matter. Says Christ, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." "Being put to death in the

flesh, but quickened in the spirit." "The body without the spirit is dead." Such is the philosophy of the sacred writers—a philosophy accordant with every notion of mankind. The exceptions have been so few, that they rather seem to strengthen than to weaken. Death, then, when applied to matter, describes its condition after life has ceased to act; but when applied to spirit, intelligent spirit, it describes a moral or intellectual condition or state. S. S. GRISWOLD.

NOTES OF A WINTER JOURNEY.

OWENSBORO, KY., Feb. 23th, 1864. To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

It is a stormy day in Owensboro. This morning, rain was pouring from the surcharged clouds; it has continued to fall through the day; but since noon has changed to sleet, as the cold has increased. Now the full-blossomed maple-boughs in the yard are fringed with icicles; the ground, the tops of fences, the roofs of houses, are covered with a southern sleet, that looks so near like northern snow, that you couldn't tell the difference; while within doors a bright coal fire cheers us with its genial warmth, and combining its home-like glow with the influence of the icy prospect from my pair of windows, half cheats me into the notion that I am in Rhode Island, and that this is indeed an old-fashioned New England winter day.

Yes, we have coal stoves and coal fires in Owensboro. The coal is not the Pennsylvania anthracite, which we use in New England, but bituminous coal, which is found in abundance, both on the Kentucky and the Indiana shores of the Ohio, a few miles above this town, and is cheaper here than wood, notwithstanding wood is so plenty all along the banks of the Ohio.

Coal, no doubt, is a blessing kindly and wisely bestowed upon man; but this bituminous coal is a particularly dirty blessing, for which, I fear, its recipients (I, at least, for one,) are not sufficiently thankful. Coal smoke taints the air and hangs like a fog over the town; coal dust settles upon every thing, soils the clothes, smuts the hands, stains the rain-water, which we faint would drink instead of the lime-water of the wells; in fact, I believe that I am growing black and blacker every day, so that, if warm weather does not hasten hither and lessen the quantity of coal burnt here, I cannot say but that my liberty may be endangered, and my hair, and this is a slave State.

I was nearly a week and a half journeying from Rhode Island to Kentucky—from Westery to Owensboro—and that too, in this age of steam, electricity, and impatience. Trains all behind time, every connection missed. At New Albany, Indiana, I was detained from the last of one week until Tuesday night of the next week, because no boats went down the river in the interim. But even in an unnecessarily long and tedious winter journey, may some stray gleams of sunshine be discovered. In New York, I was obliged to wait twelve hours; but the tedium of delay was relieved by a leisurely visit to Goupil's Art Gallery in Broadway, where, I need not say, Johannes Oertel's sublime painting, "The Final Harvest," is on exhibition. The coldest, the most tedious, the most vexatious part of my journey was through Pennsylvania. The ice on the car windows persistently refused to be scratched or melted off and gave our disappointed eyes a glimpse of the fine mountain scenery through which we were passing; and the ancient coal stove in one end of our car—a stove, doubtless, that was made after coal came into use in our country—stubbornly ignored all the passengers' laborious attempts to make or coax it to give out heat. We met a broken-down train in a lonely place, far from any station, and having ridden all night, and had no breakfast in the morning, were detained nearly three hours at two o'clock P. M., at Altoona, and took our dinner at an extremely fashionable hour, by gas-light, in the cold and gloomy city of Pittsburgh. But even in this unpromising part of my journey, were two or three rays of sunshine, one of them, at least, seeming very broad and bright indeed to my tired eyes. The smallest of these, yet one by no means to be forgotten, shone forth in the shape of a dear little unsophisticated lassie, who was my seat-mate, and seemed very sorry to part with me. Both traveling alone, we had much enjoyed each other's society, and had interchanged ideas upon iced windows, old coal stoves, the best manner of making corn cakes, &c., though we knew nothing of each other's names or homes or lives. But the broad and bright ray came to me—oh, wonder of wonders!—in that very dismal, dirty, chilling, disagreeable city of Pittsburgh, making the memory of nine hours' delay there, a sunny spot to look back upon through life. It was dark when we arrived in the city—a place with which I was wholly unacquainted. We were to wait here until two in the morning. I was alone. Where should I wait? What should I do? A gentleman of whom I made these necessary inquiries, kindly escorted myself and another young lady, who was also alone, up town to a good hotel, where he said we had better

wait. We three, strangers to each other, formed an acquaintance which, though brief, and perhaps never to be renewed on earth, was full of interest. Our gentleman friend proved to be no less than a brother of our talented countryman, Bayard Taylor. He too had spent much time in foreign lands, and his conversation was full of incidents and reminiscences, so pleasantly narrated that, forgetting our delay, forgetting our weariness, forgetting that we were only strangers and not old friends, we enjoyed a full free flow of thought, and when the time for parting came, felt like upbraiding the so lately lagging hours for vanishing so swiftly. GENOVA.

SPOTTED FEVER.

CLIFFORD, SUSQUEHANNA CO., Pa., Feb. 24th, 1864. To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

This dreadful scourge has been raging for something over two months, sweeping off the inhabitants at a rapid rate. It first made its appearance in the city of Carbondale, as has been noticed in the Recorder heretofore. From this place, it has spread to the south, west, and north-west, for a number of miles. To give something of an idea of the disease, as it is among us, I will notice a few cases. In Herrick, the adjoining town to Clifford, a family by the name of Sweet were as well as common on Friday, and the next Monday the mother and four children were buried, and another child, the last one of the family, was sick, and not expected to live. In another family, by the name of Walker, the mother and five children died in about the same length of time, the father and one child alone being left. In Carbondale, similar cases have come within my knowledge. In Clark's Glen, and immediate vicinity, a small village in Luzerne county, of a little over one hundred inhabitants, forty have died of the fever. In the places that I have spoken of, with the exception of Carbondale, very few have recovered who have been attacked. In other localities, quite a number have recovered, and some are now convalescent. It was at first a disease altogether new to our physicians, and was considered by many to be very contagious. And it was supposed that people brought it to their families in the country, by going to Carbondale to trade. Very many, I suppose, have suffered for want of proper care, in consequence of people taking this view of the thing. No funeral services were performed, and some were under the necessity of burying their own dead. But a different view is taken of it now, and it is supposed to be similar to other fevers in respect to its contagiousness. It seems at present to be subsiding, as I have heard of but one new case in nearly a week. Our little society here have been very much favored. Although there has been considerable sickness with other diseases, only two or three have had this fever, and two died. D. B. K.

SANITARY FAIRS.

In every part of the country, Fairs for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission appear to be the order of the day. In Buffalo, N. Y., a Fair was recently held at which \$30,000 were received. At Cleveland, Ohio, \$60,000 were received during the first week of a Fair. But the Metropolitan Fair, to open in New York on the 28th of March, will take the lead in such matters, and will realize, it is hoped, a million of dollars. The Committee of Wholesale Dry Goods Dealers, already acknowledge subscriptions to the amount of \$75,000. The Brooklyn and Long Island Fair closed last Saturday evening, after a two-weeks exhibition, during which about \$350,000 were received. A large amount of goods was left on hand, the sale of which will carry the receipts up to between four and five hundred thousand dollars. One of the entertainments was an old-fashioned Yankee wedding, celebrated last Thursday evening, in the New England Kitchen. The price of tickets was three dollars. The Evening Post notices the wedding as follows: The committee in charge of the Kitchen devised various pleasant entertainments, cleared the room of tables retained all the antique chairs, and among the refreshments were able to show a huge wedding-cake, worth one hundred dollars, a gift from the ladies of Knickerbocker Hall to the bride. "The costumes were queer, and the customs quaint. Immense sleeves and reduced skirts, rich lace-collars and faded brocades—a century old—puffy hair and powdered bag-wigs, knee breeches and silver shoe-buckles, were the prevailing fashion, and bright eyes and pretty faces looked doubly bewitching in the old costumes of the wearers' grandmothers. "At 9 o'clock, the bridal party emerged from a side-room, and proceeded in couples to a platform at the extremity of the Kitchen, where all the guests had a view. "Cousin Zeke!" was there to "lead the singing" of an old melody in old style, and when the hour came for the performance of the marriage ceremony, a veritable clergyman of Brooklyn appeared, in black coat, black gloves, and cocked hat (laced), to officiate in the genuine colonial style. He proceeded to make the grave announcement that the bans of marriage had been published between

Mehitable Jones, spinster, of the town of Swampscott, in the colony of Massachusetts, and Jonathan Simpkins, Deacon and Selectman, of Marblehead—and furthermore, that if any person present had any objections to offer to the union, they must state them then and there, or forever after hold their peace. There were no objections. Thereupon the reverend gentleman proceeded to address the happy pair with great gravity and quaintness, admonishing them of the holiness of the marriage tie, making a little statement to the effect that the institution was as old as human misery, and repeating the scriptural injunctions appropriate to such occasions. The bridegroom Jonathan then solemnly bowed his assent to the proposition to take his wife for better for worse, and the bride Mehitable dropping a courtesy to second the motion which would have graced the staidest minuets of the early Republican Court—the ceremony was complete. The bridesmaids and groomsmen then flocked in to salute the bride, and the bridegroom saluted the bridesmaid—and then the wedding-cake was cut, and the refreshments were handed about, and the floor was cleared for the dance, which lasted until midnight.

It is proper to add, that the couple had already been married for several years, and that the Rev. Jeremiah Poundtack was no other than the Rev. Theodore L. Caylor, who was caught by the committee for the performance of a ceremony for the bride and groom, when he himself had dropped into the Kitchen solely for the performance of another ceremony for himself—to wit: eating a New England dinner.

RENDEZVOUS AT ELMIRA.—A BUSINESS

letter from a volunteer stationed at Elmira, N. Y., says: "This rendezvous has been somewhat noted for bad management on the part of those having it in charge; but for a few weeks past, great improvements have been made. Barracks No. 3, under the supervision of Col. Moore, are becoming really inviting to soldiers, and not repulsive to citizens. The barracks have all been white-washed, well ventilated, and are being made comfortable and home-like inside. Those who visited this place two months ago would hardly recognize it now as the same place. This is as it ought to be. The health and comfort of the defenders of liberty should be cared for by the government. Indeed, the government does care for them; any neglect is on the part of unprincipled agents, and not the fault of Father Abraham."

A SABBATH BATTLE AND DEFEAT.—

A most interesting battle of the Spring campaign was that fought at Olustree, Florida, on the afternoon of February 20th. The federal troops were the attacking party, and were thoroughly defeated, with a loss of from twelve to fifteen hundred out of five thousand men. Col. Fribley, of the 8th United States, was left dead on the field. Col. Reed, a distinguished Hungarian officer, was mortally wounded; and all of the officers of Hamilton's Battery were wounded. The 20th of February was Saturday, the Sabbath of the Lord. Was there any connection between the time and the result of this battle? We commend this question to those who are trying to write up the sacredness of Sunday in view of defeats to patriots opening battles on that day.

A GOOD MOVEMENT BY THE SULTAN.—

The Sultan of Turkey has decreed that, dating from the commencement of the current year, a certain number of youths, fixed for the present at thirty-two, and chosen each year from among the Greek, Bulgarian, Armenian and Catholic Armenian communities, shall be educated at the government expense in the Imperial Military Schools of Constantinople and Paris, with a view to their subsequently receiving commissions in the Turkish army; eight out of this number will be brought up for the civil service. These students will likewise be permitted to practice their religion without any restrictions, in the same manner as the Christian students in the Imperial School of medicine; and, to prevent any undue influence being exercised on them by their Mussulman fellow-students, they are forbidden to embrace Mahometanism under pain of expulsion.

A GOOD SUGGESTION IS MADE BY A

correspondent of the Morning Star, as follows: We fall into many and useless customs in our formulas of religious worship, some of which deservedly bring us into ridicule. One, and very common in some congregations, is that of appending the syllable "er" to the end of sentences, and often to the end of every two or three words. Brother, sister, fill up your breaks in your prayers and exhortations with thought, instead of this superfluous and meaningless "er." For example, and that you may have a view of its rather ridiculous use, as sometimes employed in prayer, let me quote: "O Lord-er, bless our dear brother-er; he has long blown the gospel trumpet-er; lived many years on the Lord's side-er." Leave out the "er."

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR, to open on

the 28th of March, will occupy about two acres of ground on Fourteenth St., near Sixth-Avenue. Part of the space is already covered with buildings; the balance will be ready in time.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. Wm. B. Mackenzie, pastor of the Friendship street Baptist Church, Providence, was agreeably surprised, the other evening, by a large number of his people, who went to his residence and left the generous sum of two hundred and seventy-five dollars. They met at the vestry early in the evening, and proceeded to the residence of the pastor in a body, which was the first demonstration of his lady had seen since the intended visit. A very pleasant time ensued, and the ties binding pastor and people were doubtless strengthened.

In consequence of the disturbed state of the Catholic mind in Europe and of the Greek mind in Asia, an English Episcopalian proposes that the Book of Common Prayer shall be translated into Latin and Greek, and circulated as a means of influencing it in the right direction. This idea is worthy of notice by those American Episcopalian who are proposing a union with the Russo-Greek Church. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon recently comforted his hearers in the following manner: "Lately a great deal of infidelity had broken out in the church, and he thanked God for it. It seemed as though God had let the devil loose among them to stir them up to renewed exertion. He trusted that God would deliver them from a sleeping devil, for a roaring devil was a blessing rather than the reverse."

The managers of the St. Louis Sanitary Fair have issued an appeal to the people of Great Britain and Ireland, to aid them in their attempt to raise \$500,000, the amount they are ambitious to secure. The appeal is signed by the consuls of Switzerland, Hanover, Frankfurt, Austria, Prussia, and the other German states. An interesting rivalry prevails in the Baptist Church at Great Falls, N. H. Fifteen converts have recently been baptized. A similar interest continues in the Baptist Church in Dover, N. H. Twenty-three have lately been added to the church. The London Congregational Chapel Building Society has purchased the Tabernacle built for and occupied by Whitfield, for £4400. It has been refitted at an expense of £4000, making a handsome and commodious structure, capable of seating 1500 persons. General Wild, commanding at Norfolk, Va., has directed the churches of that city to be opened and the pulpits filled by loyal preachers. Colored soldiers must be admitted to the churches the same as others, and any insult or indignity will be punished. Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, formerly President and late Professor in Amherst College, died at his residence in Amherst, Massachusetts, on Saturday, Feb. 27th, in the seventy-first year of his age. For two or three years his health had gradually failed, and his distress at the death of his wife, a year ago, hastened his own end. Mr. Isaac Davis, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has given the University of Rochester, New York, the sum of one thousand dollars, as a foundation for a prize fund, the annual income of which is to be awarded in gold medals to members of the Senior class for excellence in elocution. Professor Daniel J. Noyes, of Dartmouth college, has secured \$5,000 in Concord, New Hampshire, by subscription, for the use of that college; and this amount will be increased enough, perhaps, to endow a professorship, to be called the Concord professorship. President Chapin, of Beloit College, Wisconsin, has raised in the eastern States \$15,000 for that institution. Some one has given \$10,000 besides to the College. The western friends of the College are raising \$25,000 for it. The Providence Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church meets in New London on the 23d of March. Bishop Ames, who has recently returned from his tour to the southwest, will preside. Among the Representatives in the Massachusetts Legislature, are five Baptist, five Congregational, one Methodist, and two Unitarian clergymen. The Paris Presse computes the population of the globe at one thousand and millions, speaking three thousand and sixty-four languages, and having eleven hundred different forms of religion. Popular education is making great strides in Italy. Common and free schools are everywhere extended by the Italian local governments, and the number of scholars is largely increasing. Revivals of religion are in progress at Detroit, Jackson, and several other places in Michigan. An extensive revival at Woolwich, Maine, is also reported. A PATRIOTIC SOCIETY.—The Baptist Society of Saco, Me.; has sent thirty its members to the war, and considering that the society was not large, the compliment is all the more deserving. Now the pastor has gone. In one class in the Sunday School all enlisted; the teacher recruited it to its full number and again lost them. He then got a lad of sixteen to come, thinking he should have at least one, but by and by the lad came to him and told him he, too, was going to the war. The Doctor broke down at this news, and now he has gone.

GENERAL GRANT IS NOW Lieutenant-

General of the military forces of the United States, his nomination by the President having been approved by the Senate. It is understood that the provisions of the law in relation to Lieutenant-Generals are such as will enable him to remain in the field, which he will probably do until his work in the Southwest is finished.

MR. CARPENTER writes from Shang-

hai, under date of Dec. 24th, that he expected to start for home, by way of California, in about four weeks.

General Intelligence.

WAR NEWS OF THE WEEK.

VIRGINIA.

A bold movement was on foot in Virginia last week; the full details and results of which are becoming known. The plan was to send a cavalry force, under General Kilpatrick, into the rear of General Lee's army, to cut his connection with Richmond, and then to meet a force sent up the Peninsula by Gen. Butler, and together take Richmond, or relieve the prisoners there, if found practicable. In carrying out this plan, Gen. Custar went round the left flank of Lee's army, and attracted attention enough to its operations to give Kilpatrick a fair start in his circuit about the other wing. Penetrating within three miles of Charlottesville, Gen. Custar had the satisfaction of hearing several trains together arrive from the east with troops, and then, having made all the trouble he could, returned as dashing as he went. Kilpatrick's movement began on Sunday morning, Feb. 28th, at 3 o'clock. He crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, eight miles east of Germanna Mills, surprising and capturing the rebel picket of two officers and fifteen men, and marched to Spotsylvania Court-House. He must have passed within five miles of Lee's right on the road to the Court-House, and after leaving it turned toward the main body of the enemy, marching direct for Louisa Court-House in its rear. His arrival at that point is positively affirmed. Thence turning east, again, he pushed forward on the line of the Virginia Central Railroad, marching in three columns, and destroying everything as he went. Accounts in the papers of Saturday say that Kilpatrick, after creating a panic in Richmond, and finding that the torpedo boat had been successful ten days after the occurrence, which it will be remembered, was on the 11th. The torpedo was commanded by Lieutenant Dixon, of Mobile.

It seems probable, from Richmond papers, that the torpedo boat which sunk the Housatonic must have been also lost. The Charleston papers of the 27th speak of having only ascertained the cause of the sinking of the Housatonic from captured Yankees. They had previously supposed the vessel had sunk in a storm, and only learnt that the torpedo boat had been successful ten days after the occurrence, which it will be remembered, was on the 11th. The torpedo was commanded by Lieutenant Dixon, of Mobile.

Admiral Dahlgren is on a visit to Washington, where his family reside, but will soon return to his post at Charleston.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Advices from North Carolina state that Jeff Davis has ordered the immediate capture of Newbern, Plymouth and Washington, which fact is accepted (rather hastily, we think) as an indication that Virginia is to be abandoned, and North Carolina to be made the battle-ground.

THE GULF DEPARTMENT.

We have intelligence from the Department of the Gulf to Feb. 27th. Admiral Farragut was continuing active operations against the forts below Mobile. The troops from the Teche county were moving to his support. A powerful rebel ram was off Fort Morgan, and was expected to attack our fleet. It is believed that Pensacola has been entirely destroyed by the rebels, under the impression that our forces intended to occupy it.

THE ESCAPED UNION PRISONERS.

Colonel Streight, Major McDonald, Captain Scarce, and Lieutenant Sterling, who escaped from the Libby prison, arrived at Washington last week. This party had traveled together ever since leaving Richmond, hiding in the daytime and stealing through forests and swamps at night. They remained concealed in Richmond several days after their escape from Castle Thunder, and finally started out in a northerly direction. Boats were found in some of the rivers, and in others, rafts were constructed, upon which the passage across was effected. They were closely pursued by cavalry, militia, negroes and dogs; but owing to the marshy character of the region through which they passed, the dogs were unable to trail them. Upon several occasions they narrowly escaped capture. Upon arriving at the Potomac they found a number of rebel soldiers picketing the river. These were avoided for a few days, and making their way up through the country, the refugees were taken up by the gunboat Ella.

BRAGG IN SUPREME COMMAND.

General Bragg has been assigned to duty at Richmond, and, under the direction of the President, is charged with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy." The Enquirer and some other papers ridicule this appointment as unworthy of the "President." Bragg is a special "pet" of the rebel chief.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

One day recently, a citizen of Philadelphia was caught smuggling whiskey to the colored soldiers at Camp Wm. Penn, and was punished in the following manner: One end of a barrel was knocked out, and a hole made in the other sufficiently large to admit the culprit's head. It was labeled, "I smuggled whiskey into camp." This new style of smuggling was placed on him, and he was compelled to march up and down the camp all day long, exposed to the sight and jeers of the soldiers and visitors.

Fourteen Quakers, who had been conscripted in Guilford county, North Carolina, by the rebels, arrived in New York last week. They were ordered to join the rebel ranks in July, 1862, but managed to avoid the service until recently, when they had to fight for the rebels, or flee to the North, and leave their families to follow them. They chose the latter,

and traveled at night, hiding by day, until they reached the Chowan river, where they were joined by other escaped conscripts and some negroes, and were taken away by a Union pilot.

The rank of major-general in the regular army was last week confirmed in the Senate in the case of Gen. Grant, and that of brigadier in the regular army upon Generals Meade, Thomas, Fergusson, Sherman, McPherson, Pleasanton and Warren. Pleasanton and Warren are made major-generals of volunteers.

Rev. Mr. Cox, a Methodist minister, and Chaplain of the 25th Regiment of colored troops, was hung by guerrillas a few weeks since, while on a visit to his family near Donaldville, Mississippi. The assassins entered his house in the evening, dragged him away, and hung him on a tree near by.

The Nashville Union of the 27th ult. makes the following announcement: "We are requested by the highest authority to announce that no more passes will be granted to the wives and families of officers, to the front of any of the armies in this theatre of operations."

The losses of our ship-owners and merchants, by the Alabama and other rebel privateers built in English ports, manned with English seamen, and armed with English cannon, amount now to about fifteen millions of dollars.

Letters from the Wilmington blockade intimate that the two boats which put off from the blockade-runner Pet before her capture, and safely reached the shore, probably contained Mason and Slidell, and other rebels of note.

Mr. Sumner has presented a petition in the United States Senate, asking that Congress shall establish, after the close of the present war, a regular army of 200,000 men, composed entirely of negroes, to be officered by white men.

The First Connecticut Artillery Regiment, has a battle flag of yellow silk, fringed, with the name of the regiment and that of the bloody fields on which they have shown their valor, worked in with blue silk thread.

Mr. Flood, treasurer of Rensselaer county, New York, was run over by the cars in Alexandria, Va., Feb. 2d, and killed. He resides in Troy, and went on with eighty thousand dollars to pay veteran troops their bounties.

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