

# The Sabbath Recorder

Published by GEORGE B. UTTER.

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

TERMS—\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXI.—NO. 31.

WESTERLY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, AUGUST 3, 1865.

WHOLE NO. 1071.

## The Sabbath Recorder.

For the Sabbath Recorder.

### COMMUNION.

An Essay read before the Seventh-day Baptist Western Association, by REV. SEYMOUR A. ALLEN, Western Editor.

2. *The Lord's Supper.* Communion, like Baptism, the Passover, and the Sabbath, has a commemorative or backward look. It likewise has, like them, a forward or typical look. This symbolic nature is imbedded in the nature of that which they commemorate. The object and spirit of the prototype passes over to the antitype, and it becomes imbued with the vivific power of its prototype. This is most especially and emphatically true of the Lord's Supper. The doctrine that it is purely commemorative and that its influences are simply moral or suggestive, which has obtained so largely in the left or rationalistic wing of the Puritanic churches, has shorn it of much of its life and power as a sacrament, and led to the present latitudinarianism and contradictions. Rather, there is, if we mistake not, a far larger and more pervasive import, grounded in, and springing from, its commemorative nature. The event it commemorates was an event that touched, at their most central point, the springs of the great life forces of the world. It embodies these principles, is vivified by them. Let us note some of them.

1. The union between Christ and his church, and through that with all true members, is not simply a moral or legal one, but vital, a new life, in the fullest and deepest sense, embodied and organized in the church. The life of Christ, ingenerated in each child of God, making him a member of the myical or spiritual church, becomes incarnated in the church organic, and through the membership of God's children. It is the divinely-appointed outward means whereby the inward and mystical union and membership is ever vivified and invigorated. It is the perpetual living self-communication of the divine life in its organic body, the church, embodied in an outward form, or symbol. In other words, it is the divine-human Saviour nourishing his outward, organic body, through an outward, organic process, full of grace and power. As the apostle—1 Cor. 10: 16—asks with deep emphasis, "The cup and the bread, are they not the communion—the participation of the blood and body of Christ—not a simple picturesque and striking symbol, to quicken sentiment, and nothing more, but rather a real, spiritual participation of the life-power of Christ's death, by the soul of the recipient. Whoever—(John 6: 54)—eateth and drinketh the divine-human flesh and blood, shall eternal life.

2. Its social nature springs from its divine nature. As Baptism is the initiatory organic sacrament, whereby the candidate becomes an organic, living, member of the church, so the Eucharist is the sacrament whereby this organic membership is perpetuated. As the apostle declares, (Gal. 3: 28), that baptism does that oneness in Christ which transcends nationality, or slavery, or sex, so the sacrament of the Supper perpetuates and vivifies that organic oneness. Again, as baptism is the formal initiating covenant, whereby the individual becomes a consecrated member of the outward body of Christ, so communion is the ever-recurring formal covenant whereby each participant declares himself a member of this body—an ever-renewing consecration to this brotherhood, with all of the rights, privileges, and responsibilities of membership. The consecrating, unifying, and binding nature of an eaten covenant among ancient and occidental peoples, we moderns and occidentals but little appreciate—the eating, not only in the Passover, and in connection with sacrifices, but also that wide-spread, ancient and significant eating of the covenant of salt, wherein bread and salt were the symbols. It is characterized in the Bible as "the salt of the covenant of thy God," (Lev. 2: 13). "A covenant of salt forever before the Lord," (Numbers 18: 19, 2 Chron. 13: 6). Those who partook of this symbol were bound in the most sacred bonds of brotherhood and mutual defense, inasmuch that those who were enemies to the extent of seeking each other's lives before, would, after partaking of the covenant, die in each other's defense. Of a like consecrating and binding power was the sacramental Supper held in the early ages of the church, wherein those partaking passed from the spiritual brotherhood to that of a family, or organic brotherhood, as the apostle expresses it: "one organic whole, as the loaf from which they partook was one.

3. It follows, if this be true, that as in baptism a baptized person is in the church, an unbaptized person is out of the church, so in communion a communicating person continues thereby in the church, or a communicating and one not communicating, is out of the church, or ex-communicant, in so far forth as his own act can place him without. To receive a person into the church, is to admit him to the sacrament of communion through the doorway of baptism. Baptism, communion, discipline, exactly co-ordinate each other. Where there is one, both of the others in here. Take away one, and you destroy the others. All three equal membership, sacrament eating, and discipline, are essential. All three membership is destroyed. All three

give the outward conditions of an organized church. Hence a baptized person, by that act, enters into church relations with the one baptizing him, and with all he officially represents. The minister baptizing a person does by that act bind himself to commune with that person, and, if need be, discipline him, taking steps laid down by Christ for church discipline. In other words, they are excommunicate of the same church. To excommunicate a person, as the word itself, from its etymology, affirms, is to withdraw the bread and wine, not the hand of fellowship, as is generally the custom in excluding a member. The very prevalent mode of voting to withdraw the hand of fellowship is either an unmeaning or figurative expression, while the withdrawal of the right of the Lord's table would be a real and genuine transaction, and have the very great advantage of placing the sacrament in its true relations. This was, if we mistake not, the apostolic and early Christian mode of excommunication. Again, if our position be true, the proper mode of receiving persons to membership by letter from other churches, is not by the usual mode of the hand of fellowship, but by mutual participation in the sacrament. Still further, whenever a person practices what is termed occasional communion, or communes with other churches than the one he is a permanent member of, he does by that act become a member, for the time being, of that church, subjecting himself to the disciplinary power of that church, with all of the accompanying responsibilities; and whenever a church receives to its communion table a person from another church, it, by that act, for the time being, enters into covenant or membership relations with that individual. The letters missive, or letters commendatory and of communion, used so extensively in the early ages of the church, and of which, it is supposed by some able commentators, the two minor epistles of John are examples, were, if we mistake not, based upon this very fact, that membership and its privileges followed communion.

In short, communion carries membership with it. Heretofore the radical point of difference of our argument, and most of the arguments for restricted communion. They generally come short of the principle of making communion the symbol of church membership, of continued fellowship. It is not simply having the same conditions for the two, yet holding them as separate, distinct things. Communion is fellowship—fellowship or membership expressed in the only biblical symbol, after the initiatory one, baptism. No church has a right, according to our argument, to receive to its communion a person that it is not willing to receive to its membership, with his faith and practice; nor, on the other hand, has a person a right to commune with a church that he is not willing and ready to become a member of, with its doctrines and practices. And why? Simply because, by communion, he does become a member.

If these positions be valid, then the discussion in reference to closed and open communion is stripped of much of its verbiage and perplexity, and becomes based upon its true merits. If a church, for instance, could be brought to believe and act out the doctrine, with all of its apostolic simplicity, that baptism created membership, and communion continued it, carrying membership wherever the sacrament went, the question would be reduced to simple and almost self-evident issues.

### STATE OF THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

Upon this topic, Dr. Gill, the solid old commentator, speaks thus sensibly:

I proceed to take notice of what is urged in favor of the insensibility of souls upon their departure. All those passages of Scripture are argued, which speak of persons sleeping when they die; as of sleeping with their fathers, and of sleeping in the dust of the earth, phrases frequently to be met with in the Old Testament; and of Christ being the first fruits of those that slept; and of sleeping in Jesus; and of some not sleeping, which are used in the New Testament. Bat—1. By sleep in all these passages death itself is meant. It was a way of speaking much used in the Eastern countries, and is expressive of the death of the body, and of that only; so to sleep with the fathers, is to die as they did, and to be buried with them; and to sleep in the dust, is to be interred in the dust of the earth; and to sleep in Jesus, is to die in the Lord. When Christ said, our friend Lazarus sleepeth, he meant that he was dead; and when the apostle Paul says, we shall not all sleep, he designs nothing else but that we shall not all die; for those who are alive at Christ's coming will be changed. The reason why death is expressed by sleep is, because sleep is the image of death; it locks up the senses, gives rest to the weary body, is but for a time, and then awakes again. 2. Death being designed by these expressions, if they prove anything in this controversy, they prove too much; for if they prove that the soul sleeps with the body, they would prove that the soul dies with it, since by sleep is meant no other than death. 3. No mention is made of the soul in any of these passages; it is not said of that, either that it sleeps; or dies; the passages only re-

spect the body; it is that only which at death is gathered to the fathers, and buried in the graves of ancestors; and which sleeps in the dust, or is buried in the dust of the earth; the sleep of which stands opposite to the change that will pass on the bodies of living saints at the coming of Christ. 4. Sleep is only of the body, and is a passion that belongs to the sensitive part, of a kind of a band and immovableness of it, so that it cannot operate; it only belongs to animals that have a brain, or something analogous to it; it is defined, "A cessation of external senses from operation, the vapors filling the nerves and the sensory passages, and so hindering the influx of the animal spirits." But what is all this to the soul, an immaterial and incorporeal substance, which has no brain, nor nerves, nor sensory passages, nor animal spirits? and therefore sleep has no place in it, and cannot be predicated of it. 5. When the body is asleep, the soul is awake and active, as appears in abundance of instances, in dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falls upon men, and is capable of attending to what is suggested to it, and of receiving instruction; it understands and perceives, devises and contrives, reasons and discourses, chooses and refuses, grieves and rejoices, hopes and fears, loves and hates, and the like; it can take in hints, admonitions, advice, and directions from God, or angels sent by him; as in some good men, as Abimelech, Laban, Balaam, etc., and others truly good men, as Jacob, Daniel, Joseph, etc., whose souls, when their bodies were asleep, were capable of attending to them, and receiving them, and acting according to them.

### PETTY PEOPLE.

You don't know who I mean by the term "petty people"? Let me explain. On some gala-day in nature, you are in your happiest, most genial mood. You have been held close to Nature's great heart, have talked with her face to face, until your whole being is thrilled with a still happiness, almost perfect in its rapture. Your heart is overflowing in its childlike trust in God the creator, and in its loving tenderness toward man the creature. It seems as if no cloud could obscure this serene sky.

In this state of beatitude, you are approached by some member of the Petty family. At that moment in the largeness of your soul, you have a tenderness even for him, although you feel a slight shiver—precursor of the darkness that is to follow—as you sweep slowly down from your altitude towards his level. These petty people would make good "sharpshooters" they are keen of eye, and nerving in aim. They have an eye quick to detect every little foible and frailty of your nature. They take a merciless delight in directing their entire faculties to the development of all the little pettinew which may be in known even to yourself, hid away in your soul, until, through their determined efforts, it is suddenly exposed to the full view of your torturers, and to your own annoyed gaze.

In from five to fifteen minutes, your friend Petty, having brought you from the region of clouds, and darkened your serene sky, by a few well-directed and apparently random remarks, which touch to the quick, and probe the weak point of your nature, leaves you, filled with almost hatred of him, and loathing of yourself.

And the clouds do not disperse as soon as gathered. It looked like a contemptible power that evoked them, yet it is beyond your power of will to emerge at once from their murky and malarious darkness. Time alone can do this, and that not always effectually.

It seems as if, in our happiest moments, we feel the blighting influences of these petty people the most—as if from radiant sunshine we passed to sudden eclipse.

Sometimes they attack you at one point; sometimes at another; always, however, with their characteristic discrimination. It is your most vulnerable and defenceless point that is the subject of attack. Sometimes it is your approbation; they touch it; sometimes your pet vanity, which, hid away in the darkest corner of your heart, you had cherished unknown, you fancied.

They have such an air of friendly candor in telling you how ill you are looking; how unfashionable your dress is; how awkward you are at something you fancied yourself an adept in; how contemptuously some one in whose estimation you thought you stood highest, had spoken of you; how ungraceful some peculiar attitude which you thought the perfection of grace, and the only one which perhaps you had ever studied, was, &c.—all little things, which your better self is ashamed to feel angry or hurt about. And yet you do feel very much hurt and annoyed, as you endeavor to smile nonchalantly in the face of your petty tormentors, though you try to make yourself, even, think that you do not care.

You imagine yourself a sort of moral Gelliver, and feel ashamed of feeling so fettered by these lilliputian souls. You think you have some idea now of how he must have felt, as he lay prone to the earth at the mercy of his tormenting little captors. In what bitter contempt he must have held his gigantic strength to her friends, who described to him

and stature, since these tiny creatures could so disarm him! Shall we, then, because they so pain and probe us, deprive the necessity for these petty souls, and shrink nervously from contact with them? That would be both cowardly and wrong—cowardly, as one who cries out with fear at the prick of the lancet that is to do him good; wrong, inasmuch as we do not recognize how much the littleness of these souls is necessary to true and daily life. We would perhaps soar so high above the common duties of life, that we would forget them, were it not for these; they are the twine that holds the soaring kite to earth, without whose steady influence, the impatient, ambitious soul, might share the fate of that treasured kite which

"Veered and fluttered, swung, and gave A plunge, then vanished with the wave."  
A. A. U.

### THE DEATH OF INFANTS.

How peaceful they rest,  
Crossed-folDED there  
Upon his mother's breast—  
Those tiny hands, that ne'er were still before,  
But ever sported with his mother's hair,  
Or the chain, cross that on her breast she wore!  
Her heart no more will beat  
To feel the touch of that soft palm,  
That ever rested on her curls,  
To bless him with her holy calm,  
Sweet thoughts, that left her eyes as sweet,  
How quiet are the hands!  
That wore those pleasant bands!  
But that they do not rise and sink.  
With his calm breathing, I should think  
That he were dropped asleep,  
And wandered on so his way  
In this his slumber  
Time scarce can number  
The years ere he will wake again.  
He did not float a little way  
Down the stream of time,  
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,  
Listening to the fairy choir.  
His slender sail  
Ne'er felt the gale,  
And but floated a little way,  
And putting to the shore,  
While yet 'twas early day,  
Went calmly on his way,  
To dwell with us no more.  
No jarring did he feel,  
No grating on his vessel's keel;  
He gave a little way,  
Mingled the waters with the land  
Where he was seen no more.  
O, stern woe—never more!  
Full short his journey was; no dust  
Of dreary graves, no sandals gave;  
The weary weight of old man's must,  
He bore not to the grave.  
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,  
And wandered on his way  
With us as short, and 'twas most meet  
That he should be no longer in earth's clod,  
Nor need to raise the dust beneath his feet  
To stand before his God.

ELY WHITNEY.  
BY JAMES PARTON.

One day in the fall of 1792 when General Washington was President of the United States, a company of Georgia planters happened to be assembled at the house near Savannah, of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, widow of the famous General Greene of the Revolution. Several of these planters had been officers under the command of the general, and they had called, naturally enough, to pay their respects to his widow.

The conversation turned upon the depressed condition of the Southern States since the close of the war. The planters were generally in debt, their lands were mortgaged, their products afforded little profit, and many of the younger and more enterprising people were moving away. The cause of this state of things, these planters agreed, was the difficulty of raising cotton with profit, owing to the great labor required in separating the fibres of the cotton from the seeds.

Many of our readers, we presume, have never seen cotton growing, nor even a boll, or pod, of cotton. This pod, which is about as large as a hen's egg, bursts when it is ripe, and the cotton gushes out at the top in a beautiful white flock. If you examine this flock closely, you discover that it contains eight or ten large seeds, much resembling in size and shape, the seeds of a lemon. The fibres of the cotton adhere so tightly to the seeds, that to get one pod of clean cotton, without wasting any, used to require a whole day's labor. It was this fact that rendered the raising of cotton so little profitable, and kept the Southern States from sharing in the prosperity enjoyed by the States of the North, after the close of the revolutionary war.

When the gentlemen had been conversing some time, the idea was started, that perhaps this work could be done by a machine. Mrs. Greene then remarked:

"Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; he can make anything."

Few words have ever been spoken in this globe that have had such important and memorable consequences as this simple observation of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene.

Ely Whitney, of whom she spoke, was a young Massachusetts Yankee, who had come to Georgia to teach, and, having been taken sick, had been invited by this hospitable lady to reside in her house till he should recover. He was the son of a poor farmer, and had worked his way through college without assistance—as Yankee boys often do. From early boyhood he had exhibited wonderful skill in mechanics, and in college he used to repair the philosophical apparatus with remarkable alacrity, to the great admiration of professors and students. During his residence with Mrs. Greene he had made for her an ingenious tambour-france, on a new principle, as well as many curious toys for her children. Hence her advice: "Apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; he can make anything."

She now introduced Mr. Whitney to her friends, who described to him

the difficulty under which they labored. He told them he had never seen a pod of cotton in his life. Without giving them any promise, he resolved to procure some raw cotton forthwith, and see what he could do with it. Searching about the wharves of Savannah, he found, at length, some unclean cotton, and, taking home a bundle of it in his hands, he shut himself up in a room in the basement, and set to work to invent the machine required.

All the winter he labored in his solitary cell. There were no proper tools to be had in Savannah. He made his own tools. There was no wire. He made his own wire. The children, the servants, the visitors to the house, wondered what he could be doing in the basement all alone; but he said nothing, and kept on tinkering, hammering and thinking, till, early in the spring of 1793, he had completed his work. Having set up the mysterious machine in a shed, he invited a number of planters to come and witness its operation. Its success was complete. The gentlemen saw, with unbounded delight, that one man, with this young Yankee engine, could clean as much cotton in a day as a man could clean by hand in a whole winter. The cotton grown on a large plantation could be separated from the seed in a few days, which before required the constant labor of a hundred hands for several months.

Thus was the cotton-gin invented. The principle was so simple, that the wonder was, that no one had thought of it before. The cotton was put into a large trough, the bottom of which was formed of wires placed in parallel rows, so close together that the seeds could not pass through. Under this trough saws revolved, the teeth of which thrust themselves between the wires, and snatched the cotton through, leaving the seed behind, which ran out in a stream at one end of the trough.

The simplicity of the cotton-gin had two effects; one good, the other bad. The good effect was that, in the course of a very few years, it was introduced all over the cotton States, increased the value of the cotton lands, doubled and trebled the production of cotton, and raised the Southern States from hopeless depression to the greatest prosperity. The effect was as lasting as it was sudden. In 1793, the whole export of cotton from the United States was ten thousand bales. Men acquainted with the subject are of opinion, that this simple invention is worth to the South one thousand million dollars. How much did the inventor gain by it? Not one dollar! Associating himself with a man of capital, he went to Connecticut to set up a manufactory of cotton-gins. But the simplicity of the machine was such, that any good mechanic who saw it could make one; and long before Whitney was ready to supply machines of his own making, there were great numbers in operation all over the cotton States.

His patent proved to be no protection to him. If he brought a suit for its infringement, no Southern jury would give him a verdict. He struggled under adverse influences for fifteen years. In 1808, when his patent expired, he gave up the contest, and withdrew from the business, a poorer man than he was on the day that he went, with his handful of cotton-pods, into Mrs. Greene's basement. Thousands of men were rich, who but for his ingenuity and labor would have remained poor to the end of their days. The leaves of the Southern seaports were heaped high with cotton, which, but for him, would never have been grown. Fleets of cotton-ships sailed the seas, which, but for him, would never have been built. He, the creator of so much wealth, returned to his native State, at the age of forty-two, to begin the world anew.

But Ely Whitney was a thoroughbred Yankee—one of those unquarrelsome men who, balked in one direction, try another, and keep trying till they succeed. He turned his attention to the improvement of firearms, particularly the old-fashioned musket. Having established a manufactory of firearms at New Haven, he prospered in business, and was enabled at length to gratify his domestic tastes by marrying the daughter of Judge Edwards, with whom he lived in happiness the rest of his life. Some of the improvements which he invented are preserved in the Springfield musket, with which our soldiers in the field were chiefly armed. It was he who began the improvements in firearms which Colt and many others have continued, and which have given the United States the best muskets, the best pistols, the best cannon, in the world.

It is a curious fact, that the same man should have supplied the South with the wealth that tempted it to rebel, and the United States with the weapons with which it enforced its just authority.

The time is at hand when Yankee ingenuity will again be employed in developing the vast resources of the Southern States. There are Whitney's still among us. When at length the opportunity shall be afforded them, they will set to work tinkering, and cogitating, inventing new machines and new methods, causing the worn field to smile again with abundant harvests, and the dilapidated old towns to renew their youth.

Long residence in a plain, enhances the influence of a good man, and calms his fears to dart before the "great ascendant." His wife, who was "a little better than his," lost she might be called a viper.

### THE MINIMUM CHRISTIAN.

*The minimum Christian!* And who is he? The Christian who is going to heaven at the cheapest rate possible. The Christian who intends to get all of the "world he can, and not meet the worlding's doom." The Christian who aims to have as little religion as he can without lacking it altogether.

The minimum Christian goes to church in the morning, and in the afternoon also, unless it rains, or it is too warm, or too cold, or he is sleepy, or has headache from eating too much at dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth very sensibly, sometimes to himself, often to his neighbors. He goes to the weekly lecture occasionally, more rarely to the prayer-meeting, as the latter is very apt to be uninteresting.

The minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sunday-school he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and ignorant. It is not convenient, however, for him to take a class. His business engagements are so pressing during the week, that he needs Sunday as a day of rest—no does he think himself qualified to act as a teacher. There are so many persons better prepared for this important duty, that he must beg to be excused, still, he will do it if he must. He is in favor of tract distribution, and of visiting the poor; but he has no time to take part in those labors of love. He thinks it a good thing for laymen to assist at prayer-meetings, and in social religious circles, but he has no gift for public prayer, or for making addresses, and he must leave it to others. He is very friendly to home and foreign missions, and gives his "mite."

He thinks there are "too many appeals," but he gives, if not enough to save his reputation, pretty near it—at all events, he aims at it.

The minimum Christian is not clear on a number of points. The opera and dancing, perhaps the theatre and card-playing, and large fashionable parties, give him much trouble. He can't see the harm in this, or that, or the other popular amusement. There is nothing in the Bible against it. He does not see but, that man may be a Christian, and dance, or go to the opera. He knows several excellent people who do. Why should he not?

In short, the minimum Christian knows that he cannot serve God and Mammon—he would if he could—but he will come just as near to doing so as he can. He will give to himself and the world all that he may, and to God as little as he can, and yet not lose his soul. He stands so close to the dividing line between the people of God and the people of the world, that it is hard to say on which side of it he actually is found.

Ah, my brother, are you making this attempt? Beware lest you find at last, that in trying to get to heaven with as little religion as possible, you have missed it altogether—lost, without gaining the whole world, you lose your own soul. The true child of God does not say, "How little!—but, "How much may I do for my God?" They thus judge, that if one died for all, he died that they which live should no more live for themselves, but for Him that died for them. Leaving the things that are belied, they reach forth towards those that are before, ever exclaiming, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

### OUR MISTAKES ABOUT EACH OTHER.

Not one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted, and we could all see ourselves as others see us, our self-esteem would, in all probability, be much more erroneous than they are now. The truth is, that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, none of which are correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevolence and envy, spectacle our eyes, and utterly prevent us from seeing accurately. Many whom we deem the porcelain of human clay are mere dirt, and a still greater number of those we put down in our "black books," are no further off from heaven, and perhaps a little nearer, than the censor who condemns them. We habitually undervalue or overvalue each other, and in estimating character, the shrewdest of us only now and then make true appraisal of the virtues and defects of even our closest intimates.

It is not just or fair to look at character from a stand-point of one's own selection. A man's profile may be unprepossessing, and yet his whole face agreeable. We once saw a young man whose timidity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into a river and save a boy from drowning, while his tormentors stood panic-struck upon the bank. The merchant who gives curt answers in his counting house, may be a tender husband and father, and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, your good business partner, who is all smiles and sunshine in public, may carry something as hard as the stone in the place where his heart ought to be.

Such anomalies are common. There is this comfort, however, for sleep whose misgivings of their fellow mortals, lead to the kindly side—such wrongs go to their credit for the great ascendant." His wife, who was "a little better than his," lost she might be called a viper.

serve; cannot be had back for the standard by which his conduct is guided is the goodness of his own heart. It is only the heart which believes all men "as they are," and, like themselves, "good or evil," are all evil. Even here we have a benevolent tact to remember, for when Rome was looking upon the death, some loving hand poured the grave with flowers.

Fable has an air of being fairly judged—at least, when it is how pure, they can be made healthy. However, we are sure to find evidence, that they may do while living, either for their own sake, or for the sake of others.

A correspondent of the *Louisville Journal*, who has visited the "famine villages" at Poland and New Villages, Mass., writes as follows:

The societies are made up of persons of all ages, and the aged homes are provided for every orphan, and all judgments on charitable persons, whose fortunes are common lot. They believe that in the temporal kingdom of Christ, a kingdom indivisible, one in property, spirit and action. Simplicity and an earnest zeal mark their religious gatherings. They assemble in a medium sized hall, well furnished, and finished in sky-blue paint. The sexes enter at different ends. At the appointed hour, the preceding brother gives a sort of manual catechism, which soon increases to full musical cadences, and brings all the worshippers to their feet.

They then form in platoons, sing each other, seen on one side, and females on the other, and individuals full choruses and chants, holding time by an oscillating movement of their hands, with upturned palms. This finished, the other advances from his seat, and offers a brief hortatory to a quiet and goodly, resumes his position. The dancing and dancing are then indulged in with quiet steps, and the most elegant movements of the body; the women, in the advanced stages of a double shuffle. An excellent choir, and the families separate and hear the older previously invited, the spectators, the "worshipers" to keep seated, until they should have retired. The remarks are by no means invidious, and, in fact, as they term the dancing, is of a decidedly queer and impressive character. The Shakers, on the whole, are industrious, orderly, and pious. They own all things in common, and develop much ability and business tact.

The *Book of Numbers*.—The whole number of books in the Old Testament is 39; New Testament, 27; total, 66. Chapters, old, 929; new, 260; total, 1189. Verses, old, 32,814; new, 7,959; total, 40,773. Words, old, 698,439; new, 141,383; total, 839,822. Letters, old, 7,379,100; new, 828,220; total, 8,207,320. The middle book of the Old Testament is *Proverbs*; the middle of the New Testament is *the Epistle to the Hebrews*, Chapter XX, between the 17th and 18th verses. The middle book of the New Testament is *the Theologicalian*; middle chapter, between Romans XIII and XIV; middle verse, *Acts, XVII, 1*; middle word is *John XI, 1*; the word "and" occurs 26,543 times in the old and 10,683 in the New Testament. The word "Jacob" occurs in both 5,825 times. *John XI, 1*, contains all the letters of the alphabet. The *Second of Kings*, Chapter XIX, and *XXXVII* chapter of Isaiah, are alike.

Your *Jewelry*.—One day a lady went to visit a neighbor, who was disconsolate from the loss of a child. He said to her as follows:

"Suppose now, some one were making a beautiful crown for you to wear, and you know it was to be made of what you were to wear it on; should you be surprised if it were made of iron? Now, if the maker of it were to give you more beautiful and splendid ones to take some of your jewelry to wear, to it, should you be surprised if some of them were made of iron? We habitually undervalue or overvalue each other, and in estimating character, the shrewdest of us only now and then make true appraisal of the virtues and defects of even our closest intimates."

It is not just or fair to look at character from a stand-point of one's own selection. A man's profile may be unprepossessing, and yet his whole face agreeable. We once saw a young man whose timidity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into a river and save a boy from drowning, while his tormentors stood panic-struck upon the bank. The merchant who gives curt answers in his counting house, may be a tender husband and father, and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, your good business partner, who is all smiles and sunshine in public, may carry something as hard as the stone in the place where his heart ought to be.

Such anomalies are common. There is this comfort, however, for sleep whose misgivings of their fellow mortals, lead to the kindly side—such wrongs go to their credit for the great ascendant." His wife, who was "a little better than his," lost she might be called a viper.

Long residence in a plain, enhances the influence of a good man, and calms his fears to dart before the "great ascendant." His wife, who was "a little better than his," lost she might be called a viper.

The Sabbath Recorder.

WEDNESDAY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, AUG. 3, 1865. Geo. B. Utter, Editor.

ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THE SABBATH.

PART II.—HISTORY. Chapter XIII.—Continued.

The Parliament party were not at once successful. The advantage seemed to be with the Royal party for some time after the opening of the war. Concerning this, and its effect on the question before us, we quote again from Neale, vol. 1, page 464:

"The Parliament's affairs being low, and their counsels divided, they not only applied to Heaven, by extraordinary fastings and prayers, but went on vigorously with their intended reformation. They began with the Sabbath, and on March 23, 1642-3, sent to the Lord Mayor of the city of London, to desire him to put in execution the statutes for the due observation of the Lord's day. His lordship, accordingly, issued his precept the next day, to the aldermen, requiring them to give strict charge to the church wardens and constables within their several wards, that from henceforth they do not permit or suffer any person or persons, in time of divine service, or at any time on the Lord's day, to be tippling in any tavern, inn, tobacco-shop, ale-house, or other victualling-house whatsoever; nor suffer any frouters, or herb-women, to stand with fruit, herbs, or other victuals or wares, in any streets, lanes, or alleys, or any other ways to put things for sale, at any time of that day, or in the evening of it; or any milk-woman to cry milk; nor to suffer any persons to unlade any vessels of fruit, or other goods, and carry them on shore; or to use any unlawful exercises or pastimes; and to give express charge to all innkeepers, taverns, cook-shops, ale-houses, &c., within their wards, not to entertain any guests to tipple, eat, drink, or take tobacco, in their houses, on the Lord's day, except innkeepers, who may receive their ordinary guests; or travelers, who come for the dispatch of their necessary business; and if any persons offend in the premises, they are to be brought before the Lord Mayor, or one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, to be punished as the law directeth. This order had a very considerable influence upon the city, which began to wear a different face of religion to what it had formerly done. May 5, the book tolerating Sports upon the Lord's day, was ordered to be burned by the hands of the common hangman, in Cheapside, and other usual places; and all persons having any copies in their hands, were required to deliver them to one of the Sheriffs of London to be burned.

That this arose not so much from a regard to the day as sacred, as from an effort to carry out their reforms, and conciliate the favor of Heaven, is seen in the fact that their fast-days were observed with the same strictness. The monthly fast was ordained in view of the troubles in Ireland, previous to the breaking out of the war. To the above, Neale adds:

"Next to the Lord's day, they had a particular regard to their monthly fast. April 24, all constables, or their deputies, were ordered to repair to every house within their respective liberties, the day before every public fast, and charge all persons strictly to observe it, according to the said ordinances. And upon the day of the public fast, they were enjoined to walk through their said liberties, to search for persons who, either by following the work of their calling, or sitting in taverns, victualling, or ale-houses, or in any other ways, should not duly observe the same, and to return their names to the Committee for examination, that they might be proceeded against for contempt. The fast was observed the last Wednesday in every month, the public devotions continuing with little or no intermissions from nine in the morning, till four in the afternoon; and (as has been already observed) with uncommon strictness and rigor."

"Next came the 'Assembly of Divines at Westminster,' the 'solemn league and covenant,' the expulsion of the common prayer-book of the established Church, and the introduction of the 'Directory,' as the guide to worship in the Parliament churches, the expulsion of royal professors from the Universities, &c., which brings us to the next enactment concerning Sunday, made by the Parliament, April 6th, 1644. Neale briefly records with reference to it on page 469, vol. 1:

"Religion was the fashion of the age. The Assembly was often turned into a house of prayer, and hard work passed without solemn fasting and humiliation in several of the churches of London and Westminster. The laws against profaneness were carefully executed, and henceforth the former ordinances for the observation of the Lord's day had more effect. It was ordained, April 6th, that all persons should keep themselves to the exercise of piety and religion on the Lord's day; that no wars, frisks, sports, or games of any sort, be exposed for sale, or used about the streets, upon penalty of forfeiting the goods. That no person without cause shall travel, or carry a burden, or do any worldly labor, upon penalty of ten shillings for every burden, and for every other labor, upon penalty of five shillings. Carriage roads have been

bells for pleasure, markets, wakes, church-ales, dancing, games, or sports whatsoever, upon penalty of five shillings to every one above fourteen years of age. And if children are found offending in the premises, their parents or guardians to forfeit twelve pence for every offence. That all May-poles be pulled down, and none others erected. That if the several fines above mentioned cannot be levied, the offending party shall be set in the stocks, for the space of three hours. That the King's declaration concerning lawful Sports on the Lord's day, be called in, suppressed and burned.

"This ordinance shall not extend to prohibit dressing meat in private families, or selling victuals in a moderate way, in inns or victualling-houses, for the use of such as can not otherwise be provided for; nor to the crying of milk before nine in the morning, or after four in the afternoon."

OUR CHINA MISSION—NO. 2.

It will not avail to inquire, at this late day, whether Shanghai, as a mission station, is the best that could have been selected by our people. It seemed so to your missionaries in 1847; and now, in the year of grace 1865, it exists, a monument of the blessing of God upon the humble and earnest efforts of a denomination, which has inscribed upon its banner, as a distinctive badge, "The commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." It is possible that greater success might have crowned our efforts elsewhere else; yet certain it is, that the dear native Christians, whom we now so thankfully number in our ranks, would not, under those other circumstances, have belonged to us.

Other ports may be considered more healthy than this. Yet missionaries sicken and die at each, as well as Christians at home. Invalids often resort to Shanghai for a change of climate, just as they go from there to other places for the same cause. It was hoped that a decided advantage would be gained in this respect, from the opening of the northern gulf, where cold, dreary winters, which was believed, would be even invigorating, and where people could be as healthy as at home. But the bracing air, even of Peking, has its drawbacks. The winters are severely cold, but too dry, and the summers are fearfully hot. The hot summers of Shanghai are longer, but are relieved by milder winters, and the long autumns and springs, when the north-west monsoon prevails, which in mid-winter seems very cold and bleak, although the thermometer seldom falls many degrees below freezing point, and never very near to zero. East winds are most unfavorable, and may prevail at any time. Against these, as well as the damp night air at certain seasons, we must cautiously guard on the one hand, and the glaring mid-day sun on the other, if we would shun agues, fevers, and the other local diseases of Shanghai. All this one soon learns to do, and I sincerely doubt whether we should have been healthier at any other port than there.

Then, for social privileges, we have perhaps all that is necessary for missionaries, as that is not the special object for which we go out; still, no dearer friendships need ever be formed, than those which unite Christian missionaries in a heathen land. Party names and creeds, although distinctly defined, and will understand, do not preclude sweet fellowship in the one absorbing theme which unites all, the salvation of perishing souls. As a class, too, there will generally be found a parallelism of mental power, a sympathy of thought and purpose, which is understood to be the grand charm of social intercourse. You find a select society ready to your hand, which you have, after all, had no hand in selecting.

Shanghai, it is well known, has now its native and its European cities. The first is enclosed within its high stone wall, of three miles and upwards in extent, and it is within its circumference that most of the Christian chapels are built. The foreign town has all grown up since 1849, and most of it since our acquaintance there, and is at this time a large and still increasing city. Here, and in country locations, outside the native city walls, are the mission residences scattered about. This proximity to civilized life, need not much concern the missionary, except in a business way, when he will certainly find it a great convenience. Here, too, it is much in the way of the native population, and has been

narrow and irregular foot paths for home convenience, and steamers are now available for inland travel, or conveyance to distant ports. Then the regular semi-monthly mails are such a comfort to us in our exile state, for exiles we certainly are. But is not the emigrant to Idaho or California equally so? Is it a greater trial to leave all for Christ's sake than for filthy lucre's sake? Read the trials and sufferings of adventurers in the Far West. Would they have been harder to bear, or more deserving sympathy, if endured under the name of Missionaries of the Cross? They toil for treasure—so do we. "There is gold in China," said one, "but we must dig for it." And which is most precious, the gold that perisheth, or that which shall go to make our crown of rejoicing in the Redeemer's kingdom? One day, Mr. Carpenter was walking into the city, with a most devoted missionary friend, Rev. Mr. Burns, when they chanced to meet that world-renowned Botanist of China, Mr. Fortune, returning from an excursion. After salutations, Mr. Burns remarked, "Well, Mr. Fortune, you are in quest of choice, but perishable flowers, while we are trying to gather unfading ones for the garden of our Lord." The great Botanist replied, "I own, Mr. Burns, that yours is the higher employment." "Yes, infinitely so," added Mr. Burns, and ended the conversation with some fitly-spoken words of exhortation to Mr. F., which were like apples of gold in pictures of silver, to listening ears. What joy when these plants, which might otherwise have been as stubble cast out to be burned, shall be gathered, like ears full ripe, into the garner of the Lord! It is with the hope of enlisting some heart in such a work, that these thoughts are presented at this time. L. M. C.

CHINA MISSION.

I had intended to have said something at this time, in connection with the notice below, concerning the China Mission; but the appeal of sister Carpenter, in the last issue, and the information given by her, precludes the necessity of so doing. I cannot, however, forbear to ask of all, the re-reading of that article. The case is an urgent one. Somebody ought to go. The church there needs the presence of foreign help, and the upbuilding of the truth must move slowly without it. Somebody must accept the toil—no, the privilege of laboring there and winning the crown due to such labor. Who shall it be? That God will soon inform us, in answer to our prayer, is our hope. A. H. L.

At the fast meeting of the Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, the following preamble and resolution were adopted, as expressive of the unanimous and earnest wishes of the Board, and the same were ordered published in the Recorder:

Whereas, the field so long occupied by the missionaries of this Society at Shanghai, China, has lately been made vacant by the falling health, and consequent resignation, of brother and sister Carpenter; therefore—

Resolved, That this Board is desirous of immediately supplying said field, and that we hereby invite proposals from any who may desire to enter upon that work. Communications should be addressed to E. G. Champlin, Cor. Sec'y, Westerly, R. I. A. H. Lewis, Rec. Sec'y.

PIGION AT ALFRED CENTER.

On Thursday, July 6th, the Sabbath-Schools of the First and Second Seventh-day Baptist Churches of Alfred, met in a beautiful Grove near Alfred Center, and spent the day in a manner so pleasant that it will long be remembered as one of those bright, sunny spots that border on life's too often clouded pathway, when the throbbing heart of childhood bounds with the keenest delight, youth's rosy cheek flushes with innocent pleasure, and even the heart of old age thrills with emotions that wreath the wrinkled face with smiles, and make the dim eye shine with the light of childhood's days.

The day was as fine as could be desired. The Alfred Brass Band were present, and by their soul-stirring and really well-executed music, contributed most generously to the pleasure of the entertainment. The exercises of the schools, under the direction of their worthy Superintendents, (Bro. Silas C. Burdick of the First Church, and John T. Green of the Second Church,) though brief, were creditable to the children, and in harmony with the occasion. Brief addresses were made by Rev. N. V. Hull, O. D. Sherman, and Prof. T. R. Williams. A bountiful supply of eatables had been provided, which soon disappeared under the determined charges of the light infantry, supported by detachments of the old guard. Swings had been erected in various parts of the Grove, and children, of larger as well as smaller growth, felt the thrill of their breathless leap, and this entertainment, together with

ball-playing, &c., occupied the remainder of the day; and no accident, nor anything of an unpleasant character, occurred to mar its enjoyment by all. S. D. O.

EYES WEST—NO. 3.

A DAY IN SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 13, 1865. My friend and I came to this central city and capital of the great corn State last evening. We were detained here one day on business. It has been to us one of the great days of our lives. Whatever may have been the local attractions of the city, in location, business, beauty, or as a State capital, it has now one overshadowing attraction. It was the living, and is now the dead home of Abraham Lincoln, our best-beloved President, and for this it will be known in the future.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HOUSE.

We visited first his former residence, his own house. It is situated on the corner of two streets, in a retired part of the city. It is a plain two-story house, without any adornments, of a yellowish brown color, and looks just like the home of a common, plain man. The only thing that took our attention specially was, that each window had black curtains covering one half of it. It will teach to many who shall look upon it, the republican simplicity of the greatest man of the age.

THE PRESIDENT LYING IN STATE.

The Assembly Chamber of the State House was fitted up for the reception of his dead body, where for three days a constant stream of visitors passed by, and looked upon his corpse. The room is now as it was then. A large platform was built, about two feet high, occupying the place of the Speaker's desk. This platform was covered with black cloth. Near the center stood the catafalque, on which the coffin rested. It was covered with black velvet, and trimmed with rich silver-laced borders. A canopy, sustained by six columns, lined with blue, and studded with silver stars, rested over the catafalque. The columns were covered with black velvet. Over each of these rose black plumes, with white centers. The center of the canopy was also crowned with a much larger plume of like character. Back of the catafalque stood a life-size likeness of Washington, draped with blue and white rosettes. The background covering the wall of the house was white, with red grape drawn across from the top of the center in different directions. This was surmounted in the center with a blue ground, with silver stars. The floor of this platform was strewn with faded arbor vitæ branches. On one side of the platform, on the entablature of the wall, was painted in large letters, "Washington the Father." On the other side, "Lincoln the Saviour." The bar of the house is a semi-circle. Over this semi-circle a gallery is sustained by large columns. On the entablature, sustained by these columns, is painted in large letters, the memorable and almost prophetic words, "Sooner than surrender these principles, I would be assassinated on the spot." The capitals of the columns had drops and festoons of black, with black rosettes, with white centers. On the columns at the lower edge of the gallery were evergreen wreaths of arbor vitæ and pine-foliage. On the breastwork of the gallery also faded evergreens. The panels between the eleven columns in front of the gallery were lined with black, with white olive branches crossing each other in the middle of the panel. This lining was trimmed with silver-laced bordering and fringe. A large clock in front of the platform, in the center of the gallery, was draped with black, interlaced with faded arbor vitæ, and decked with white rosettes. The clock was stopped at the precise moment of the President's death. The calendar of the clock had on one side of its center the word, "Saturday," on the other, "April," with its hand pointing to the numbers fifteen. Under the front edge of the gallery was stretched black and white cloth. In the center between the columns the black cloth was held up with black rosettes, from which depended drops of the same color.

THE PRESIDENT'S GRAVE.

From this room we followed in the line of his funeral cortege, about two miles north to Oak Ridge Cemetery. On entering the Cemetery, we recorded our names in a Register kept for this purpose for visitors, and took a card which would admit us inside of the enclosure of the vault. Following up a ravine a few rods, in front of the entrance, we came to the consecrated spot where now lies the body of Abraham Lincoln. A brick vault is built in the side of a bluff. The front is of granite, with massive granite doors. Our card, headed to the soldier who stood guard, admitted us inside the rope stretched in front of the vault. The granite doors stood open, but the entrance was guarded by iron gratings.

The floor of the vault was strewn with faded and fresh arbor vitæ foliage. On a platform elevated about two feet, rested two black-walnut coffins, containing the bodies of Abraham Lincoln and his son. The one on the left as we looked in, was the one that brought us there. The floor of the platform was strewn with faded foliage and flowers. On each corner of the platform was a large vase, containing a variety of faded flowers. On each coffin also stood a smaller vase, with faded flowers. Over the whole was raised an arch, covered with black, and ornamented with faded evergreens. With uncovered heads we bowed ourselves before this vault, feeling a sacred solemnity stealing over our spirits. We were in the presence of the mighty dead. The body of the saviour of his country, lay before us. He lay there, because he was assassinated, because he would not surrender the principle of human freedom. Hereafter this will be the weeping place for the nation, where the good and the true will shed their tears as a libation for the martyr statesman. Mount Vernon will still inspire the veneration of men of all nations who visit its consecrated soil. But Oak Ridge Cemetery will inspire an admiration sanctified with tears, because it contains the dust of an honest statesman and President, whose fame was full, and whose blood sealed the deed of the freedom of humanity, and the salvation of his country. Here the devout will bow themselves with thanksgiving to God for the practical virtues of a wise and great man. Here the lover of human freedom will shed tears for the martyred emancipator. On the granite threshold of this honored vault, may the enemies of the noble dead shed tears of penitence for their sympathy with the system that laid him low. May the good and the bad mingle their tears together here, in honor of the greatest man of the age. For many, many years, there will be no spot so honored, or visited by so many, as the grave of Abraham Lincoln. Travelers from other countries will hasten on in their journey, to visit the sacred spot that contains the ashes of the man they ridiculed, and then admired, and then honored above all our great men. It is located in the center of our country, as its occupant was in the center of all our hearts, and our best affections. From three hundred to five hundred visit it daily. As many as fifteen hundred have been there in a day. There has been no spot in the country so sacred as this. There never can be no other liberator of humanity, for humanity has been redeemed, never again to be degraded. There can be another saviour of the country, for there can be no foe with strength and daring sufficient to raise his hand against it. The height of pure honored fame has been reached by one man only; and his brow must continue to wear its crown. Go, ye who can, to Oak Ridge Cemetery. Shed your tears before its honored occupant, confess your political sins there, and then return to sustain with all your energies the freedom, which has been sealed with the life-blood of a President who dared do right. J. BAILEY.

FIRE AT LEONARDSVILLE.

Leonardsville, Madison Co., N. Y., was visited by quite a severe fire on Wednesday night, July 26th. The barn and storehouse of Capt. Charles R. Maxson, of the firm of Maxson & Hardin, Fork and Hoe Manufacturers, with all of its contents, was entirely consumed, about 11 o'clock in the evening. There was in the building 25 to 30 tons of flax-tow, an excellent set of flax-dressing machinery, a valuable span of horses, with wagons, sleigh, harness, feed, &c., belonging to Mr. Maxson, whose loss is from \$4000 to \$4500, on which he has insurance for \$3500, in the following companies: Mercantile of New York \$1000, Brevort of New York \$500, Merchants' of Hartford \$1000.

Messrs. Maxson & Hardin also lost a large quantity of fork and hoe handles, and other property in the building, valued at ten or twelve hundred dollars. Insured in the Park Company in New York for \$500. The combustible nature of the material was such; that the fire spread over the entire building, in both stories, so quick, that all efforts to save anything were unavailing, and it was with the most heroic efforts of a large force of citizens who turned out, with great promptness, that the adjoining dwelling house, belonging to Mr. Daniel Hardin, and the adjoining shops, were saved. They caught fire several times, but were saved. The origin of the fire is unknown as yet, but it is generally supposed to be the work of an incendiary. A. B. SPAULDING.

DEATH OF ARTHUR TAPPAN.—Mr. Arthur Tappan, about a quarter of a century ago and previously noted as the leading anti-slavery man in New York, died at New Haven, Ct., on Sunday, July 23d, aged 80 years.

He was for many years an active and most successful merchant, and had acquired at one time a large fortune, which he lost in the waste of life, when he was unable to renew the struggle for a competence. He had retired from all business for several years. He was one of the early Abolitionists, and cheerfully took a large share of the obloquy and persecution which was visited upon that despised class in its darkest days. When Garrison was imprisoned in Baltimore for an article in his paper upon the Domestic Slave Trade. Mr. Tappan paid the fine and released him from jail, and his name, from that time forward, was as notorious and almost as much hated at the South as Garrison's own. At home, also, during the early excitement on this subject, he was a marked man, and became very objectionable to those who opposed his ideas. At one time a mob attacked his house, and he was compelled to flee for his life.

ARTHUR TAPPAN AS A MERCHANT.—The Hartford Post gives some account of the peculiarities of Arthur Tappan, among which it is stated that when he established himself in business with his brother in New York, he sold his goods at cost for cash, depending on the interest for profit. He employed a large number of clerks, and compelled them to observe established rules for business and morals. They were obliged to be strictly temperate, to keep away from houses of ill-fame, to be home at an early hour, to refrain from the theatre, to know no actor nor actress, and on the following Monday to report the names of the church and clergyman, and the text of the sermon. They were also obliged to go to prayer-meeting twice a week, and before business was commenced in the morning, they were assembled and prayers offered. Although his religion and his system of selling at cost was laughed at, he prospered for seventeen years, until the flood of 1837 carried him off his feet.

THE HARVARD MEMORIAL.—Five hundred and twenty-nine graduates of Harvard went to the war, nearly one-fourth of the living alumni. Ninety-three died in battle, in hospital, or in prison. A Committee appointed to consider and advise as to the best permanent memorial to these heroes, has recommended the erection of a Public Hall, for the use of the College, in which shall be placed suitable tablets. The expense of a suitable building is estimated at \$150,000, a large part of which sum is already subscribed. Mr. Samuel Bachelier of Cambridge has given a parcel of land at the corner of Garden and Mason-sts., under the shadow of the elm where Washington drew his sword as General of the army of the Revolution. Mr. Chas. Sanders of Cambridge, recently deceased, left a bequest of between forty and fifty thousand dollars, which may be applied to this purpose. About a hundred thousand dollars remain to be raised by the children of the college—a trifling sum when their number and wealth is considered. But the appeal to their generosity is not yet made, and the Alumni hesitated to accept the recommendation of its Committee, and referred the whole subject to another Committee of fifty.

A DONATION TO THE GOVERNMENT.—The following letter, received by Secretary McCulloch, is another specimen of the way Gerrit Smith has of illustrating how a true man can be a real prince. He gives a son to the army, and his salary to the Government—both for the Union:

GENEVA, N. Y., July 8th, 1865. Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Sec'y of the Treasury: Dear Sir,—I entered the army on the 29th of July last as a Second Lieutenant in the 14th New York Heavy Artillery, and was discharged on the 12th of May following, on account of ill health resulting from a sun-stroke received the day after my muster-in, during the fight before Petersburg, after the explosion of the mine. Upon entering the service, my father, Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro', N. Y., requested me to refuse pay for my services, as he deemed it the duty of all men of means to take nothing from the Government in the hour of her need. But, being in need of ready money on my way from the front, I drew \$109 1/4—a check for which I therefore now enclose.

I am, sir, your very obedient servant, GERRIT SMITH.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN ENGLAND.—The British Parliament has lately shown a disposition to repeal some of the proscriptive laws against members of the non-established churches. In this respect, England is far behind most of the other countries of Europe. It was not until 1829, that the Catholics, although constituting about one-fourth of the entire population of the United Kingdom, were admitted to the two Houses of Parliament. It was only a few years ago that the doors of the House of Commons were thrown open to the Jews, but the House of Peers still remains closed to them. Both measures had been long desired by the country—and now that they are adopted, every body sees that they had become unavoidable, and that it will never be possible for any statesman to revoke them. The Roman Catholics are represented in the House of Commons by seven

thirty Irishmen; and the Jews, small as their number is, have already secured some half-dozen seats.

REAL ESTATE IN NEW YORK.—The New York Tribune says that holders of real estate around the City Hall Park may congratulate themselves upon the value of their property, if a recent sale may be taken as a criterion of its worth.

Mr. Bennett, of the Herald, has bought the lot on which the Museum stood, for the handsome sum of \$650,000. The lot measures 56 feet by 100, and the fee simple was in Mrs. H. W. Sargent, of Newburgh, we believe, to whom the purchaser pays \$450,000 in twelve years' time. Mr. Barnum, however, had a lease, with yearly two years to run, and for this he received \$300,000, or nearly one half the whole value of the property. It enabled him to reflect, with some equanimity upon the loss of his Museum, as he quietly walked down Wall-st., and invested the whole sum in 7-30 bonds. The site is an excellent one for a newspaper office, and if such a building is put up as the proprietor of a large daily journal knows from experience it should have, an additional sum of \$300,000 for building will be added to the cost of the land. The whole value, therefore, will be \$950,000.

THE OLD AND THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.—A correspondent of the London Morning Star, writing on board the Great Eastern, gives the following particulars regarding the cable of 1858 and that of 1865:

"The difference between this cable and the last may be briefly stated. The last had seven wires, and this has seven; but there the resemblance ceases. The seven wires in the one case weighed 107 lbs. per nautical mile; in this instance 300 lbs. The insulation in 1858 was by three layers of gutta percha, weighing 361 lbs. per knot; the present insulation is in four layers, weighing 400 lbs. The external covering then was by 18 of the spiral wires; now it is by ten solid wires of homogeneous iron, each wire 'served' with manilla yarn, saturated with a preservative compound. The weight in air then was 30 cwt. per mile; now it is 25 1/4 cwt. The weight in water was 18 1/4 cwt. per mile; now it is 14 cwt. The breaking strain was 8 1/4 tons; now it is 7 1/4 tons; and while the strength of the former cable was 8.6 times the strength required for the deepest water, this is 4.64 times stronger than is deemed absolutely necessary. Finally, the length shipped for 1858 was 3174 nautical miles; now it is 2300 knots. To render what is a genius for figures, these statements will probably convey a better notion of the cable than any mere description."

CHOLERA AMONG THE PILGRIMS.—A Trieste paper gives the following account of the ravages of the cholera among the pilgrims at Mecca:

"The Mussulman festival of the Kurban-Bairam took place during the first twenty days of May, when six hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand pilgrims annually assemble in Mecca and upon Mount Ararat, to celebrate their pilgrimage with the usual religious ceremonies. The mode of life, utterly opposed to all rules of dietetic prudence, pursued by these crowded masses for us to fifteen days at the holy place, yearly entails a number of diseases, to which many are sacrificed. For this year the cholera, or, as the government prefers to call it, cholera, was added to the customary pest, and is said to have carried off twenty thousand people at Mecca and upon Gebel Ararat within the short space of two months."

THE CHURCH WHERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPPED.—The National Intelligencer says the Polish Church, where Washington worshiped till the close of the Revolution, is now a mere shell; not a window, door, nor the smallest fragment of the pews, pulpit, nor floor, are to be seen. The last discourse in it was a tempestuous diatribe harangue by an itinerant Methodist preacher on a Sunday, near the opening of the war. Soon after hostilities commenced, it was used by the soldiers for shelter, and later was turned into a stable. The ancient tombstones of the abandoned graveyard are lying and leaning around, and desolation is painted in all its saddest forms upon the scene. This church was erected in 1778, and Washington was the chief contributor in its erection. For years he was a constant attendant, going some seven miles for that purpose, and he allowed no company to keep him from the Sunday services.

RELIGIOUS NEWSFROM IN ENGLAND.—In addition to the number of daily newspapers printed in Richmond, there has recently been started three new weeklies, representing as many of the Christian denominations, viz: The Christian Observer, New School Presbyterian, edited by the Rev. Dr. Converse; the Central Presbyterian, Old School, edited by the Rev. Dr. Brown; and the Episcopalian Methodist, edited by the Revs. D. S. Doggett and John E. Edwards. They are all neatly printed, ably and piously edited, and devoted to the interests of their respective denominations. The two former are resurrections of old issues, but the latter is an entirely new enterprise.

THE MINUTES OF THE WESTERN AND NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATIONS are completed—the former containing the report of Bro. Jonathan Allen on Communion, which has appeared in the Recorder, and the latter containing a lengthy Report of the Executive Board, which will appear in the Recorder.



Miscellaneous.

FOURTEEN ORNAMENTAL

There have been received at Fort...

A SOUTHERN UNION GIRL

The following story, from Albert...

RAISING RUBBER VESSELS

The mode of raising sunken ves-

MIRRIES OF MILLIONAIRES

Under this heading, the N. Y. Sun-

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES

Some years ago there arrived at

ORIGIN OF SOAP

The application of soap as a deter-

an earth, since named after the per-

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE

The Rochester Express relates this

WHAT BOYS CAN DO

The Norwich Bulletin says: C. A. Thom-

FEMALE EDUCATION IN GERMANY

A French traveler in Germany

A STORY OF THE WAR

When James Hendrick, of Wisconsin,

PRUNE THE ORCHARD

That is, examine every tree, especially

AN INGENUOUS PIECE OF WORK

Mr. R. T. Woodworth, of Roxbury,

Yet there was more in that single

A LIVING DEATH

Describing Dry Tortugas, to which place it is

HOW TO HANG AN AXE

A simple rule for even a simple thing

SELLING NEWSPAPERS ON CARS

For the privilege of selling books

END OF A LIFE OF FRAUD

The Havana correspondent of the World

HOW TO SERVE A DOG

A correspondent says this is the way:

ODDS AND ENDS

Fractional notes are redeemed,

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT"

Of Erie, Pa., was found the other day

AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

There was a fearful hurricane on the

ON THE 8TH JULY

A San Francisco rowdy, named Billy

By the last European mail we

THE LONG TALKED OF

International bridge at Buffalo

AN OLD BUILDING

In Taunton, Mass., known as the

THE LONDON MORNING STAR

While the Russian serfs, before

THE TOWN OF EXETER

Received information that Wm. Rob-

THIRTEEN PORPOISES

Were taken at one tide last week

AT BALLVILLE

Mr. James C. Gowdy was running a

THE POSTMASTER GENERAL

Has arranged the compensations

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN

The United States and Europe

THE CHOLERA IS OFFICIALLY

Announced in Alexandria, Egypt

THE PIERS OF THE SUSPENSION

Bridge across the Ohio River

A DISPATCH FROM MOBILE

Of the 17th July, states that two

MEASURES HAVE BEEN TAKEN

In Connecticut to raise a monument

A LITTLE GIRL IN BOSTON

Fell from a third story window

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A MEDICAL CONTRIBUTOR

To the columns of the New York

A CRUEL PARENT

Of Quebec looked up his un-

THE BRITISH ARMY

Lost 27 non-commissioned

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NATIONAL INK COMPANY

The large and successful business

AGENTS WANTED

It is not necessary to be a pen

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