

The Sabbath Recorder

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MY KNOWLEDGE. Though men confront the living God... I cannot solve mysterious things.

LITERARY FAITH.—NO. 5. Felicia Dorothea Hemans. BY MRS. S. A. UNDERWOOD.

LITERARY FAITH.—NO. 5. Felicia Dorothea Hemans. BY MRS. S. A. UNDERWOOD. Few, if any, of those women whose fortune it has been to have their names brought so prominently before the public as Mrs. Hemans, ever shrank with such sensitive delicacy from everything like publicity as she did.

turned during the life-time of his wife. That her romantic anticipations of the happiness of married life received in some way a severe shock, there is little doubt. Her sensitive nature, being in some manner grievously outraged by the manner of so warmly affectionate a heart, could not have consented to remain so long apart from her husband and the father of her children.

Sickness, were dictated by her at this time. She was deeply religious, and the fervency of her piety breathes throughout her writings. Death had few terrors for her sweet nature, and she calmly resigned, she awaited his approach with unshaken faith and fortitude, passing away so quietly at last, that those who watched her still in the gentle slumber, deemed which she had fallen some time before. This was on the 16th of May, 1835.

ter in perfect accordance with the holiness of the day, as taught by Isaiah 58: 13. Let the reading on that day, both by parents and children, be of a character that will tend to foster a respect for God and his institution. There is much reading material, literary, scientific, and even political, that is lawful on other days of the week; and seeing these have given us six days in which we may attend to them, and requires us to lay them aside only one day in seven, it seems to me that we become perfectly ingrate if we are unwilling to do so; or, if we do, to do it under protest.

THE HEROES OF THE LOCOMOTIVE. The independent contains some interesting sketches of the engineers on our railroads. We quote from it a few instances of personal fidelity and bravery: "A few years ago, my friend Osborne, who has driven the locomotive on the Great Northern and the Morris and Essex Railroad for twenty years at least, with faultless faithfulness, was delayed by snow on the track for several hours, but received explicit orders from the Superintendent 'to go ahead,' for the road was clear, no other train was on the track.

ONLY A BROOK. [A dying child feared, the River of Death, but while passing over, whispered, "It is only a little brook, after all." Dear Mother, I would like to thank I must die. It is lonely and sad to die, but I would like to go with you. I would like to go with you, I know that your heart would be glad to have me. I would like to go with you, I know that your heart would be glad to have me.

THE LIFE-TIME OF MAN. When the world was created, and all the creatures assembled to have their life-time appointed, the Ass first advanced and asked how long he would have to live? "Thirty years," replied Nature, "will that be agreeable to thee?" "Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the mill that others may eat bread, while I have no refreshment, nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of that time, I pray."

A STATE PRISON BOKER. On Fast Day the Governor of New Hampshire visited the State Prison at Concord, and after viewing the building, requested the Warden to bring a certain prisoner into the room. In a short time Mr. Mayo and the man entered, and took their position in the middle of the company.

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