The Sabbath Recorder.

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6.00 a. m.—For Flemington, Easton, Bethlehem, Mauch Chunck, Wilkesbarre, Pittston, Mahanoy City, Mt. Carmel, Hazleton, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Waverly, Belvidere, &c.
8.00 a. m.—For Easton. Connects at Junction with Del. Lack. and Western R. R.
9 a. m.—Western Express, daily, (except Sundays,) for Easton, Allentown, Harrisburg, and the West. Connects at Somerville for Flemington. Connects at Phillipsburg with Lehigh and Susquehanna Division for Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Williamsport, Erie, &c. Connects at Easton with Lehigh Valley Railroad for Mauch Chunk.
10.30 a. m.—Way Train for Somerville.
12.30 m.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Mahanoy City, Hazelton, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Pottsville, Harrisburg, &c.
2.15 p. m.—For Easton. Connects at Phillipsburg with Lehigh and Susq. Division for Bath, Allentown, Wilkesbarre and Scranton; at Easton with Lehigh Valley R. R. for Allentown and Catasauqua; at Phillipsburg for Belvidere.
3.20 p. m.—For Plainfield.
4.00 p. m.—For Easton, Allentown and Mauch Chunk. Connects at Junction with D., L. and W. R. R.
4.30 p. m.—For Somerville and Flemington.
5.00 p. m.—For Somerville.
5.30 p. m.—For Plainfield.
5.45 p. m.—Cincinnati Express—Daily for Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Chicago and Cincinnati.
6.00 p. m.—For Somerville.
7.00 p. m.—For Somerville.
7.30 p. m.—(Emigrant) for Easton.
9.15 p. m.—For Plainfield.
11.20 p. m.—For Plainfield:
Trains leave for Elizabeth at 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.45 a. m.—12.30, 1.00, 2.00, 2.15, 3.00, 3.20, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.20, 9.00, 10.30, 11.20, 12.00, p. m.
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STONINGTON AND PROVIDENCE AND STONINGTON AND NEW LONDON RAILROADS.

1871. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1872.

On and after Monday, Oct. 16, 1871, Trains will run as follows:

LEAVE PROVIDENCE.

8.10 A. M.—Accommodation Train for New London, connects at Wickford Junction with boat for Newport; also, at New London with 11.10 A. M. Train for New Haven and New York.
12.40 P. M.—On arrival of Express Train that leaves Boston at 11.10 A. M.—Express Passenger Train, stops at Greenwich, Wickford Junction, Kingston, Westerly, Stonington, and Mystic, connects at Wickford Junction with boat from Newport; also, at New London with Express Train for New Haven; arrives in New York at 7.30 P. M. Also, with a Train for Norwich and Willimantic.
1.00 P. M.—Freight, with a Passenger car attached, for Stonington only.
4.00 P. M.—Accommodation Train for New London, connects at Stonington with the new and splendid steamers Stonington and Narragansett, for New York.
6.15 P. M.—Passenger Train, for Greenwich only.
7.12 P. M.—New York Steamboat Train for Stonington, connecting at Stonington with the new and splendid steamers Stonington and Narragansett, for New York.
8.15 P. M.—Steamboat Train from Lowell and Fitchburgh, stops on this road at Kingston only, connecting at Stonington with the new and splendid steamers Stonington and Narragansett, for New York.
10.30 P. M.—Night Mail Train for New York, via New London and New Haven.
10.00 P. M.—Sunday Mail Train for New York, via New London and New Haven.

LEAVE GREENWICH.

6.15 A. M.—Passenger Train for Providence, connecting with 7 A. M. Train for Boston.

LEAVE STONINGTON STEAMBOAT WHARF.

2.30 A. M.—On arrival of steamers from New York.—Steamboat Train, for Boston, Taunton and New Bedford.
4.00 A. M.—Steamboat Train for Lowell and Fitchburgh, stopping on this road at Kingston only; connects at Providence with 6.15 a. m. train for Fitchburgh and 7 a. m. train for Boston.
5.45 A. M.—New London Special, for New London, connecting with trains for New Haven, Norwich, Willimantic and Hartford.
7.50 A. M.—Accommodation Train from New London for Providence, connects at Wickford Junction with boat for Newport; also, at Providence with the 10.40 A. M. Train for Boston, Taunton and New Bedford.
4.00 P. M.—New London Special, for New London, arrives in New London in time for afternoon Trains for New York, Norwich, Willimantic and Hartford.
5.59 P. M.—Accommodation Train for New London.
6.00 A. M.—Sunday Train for Mystic, or on arrival of steamers from New York; will proceed to Noank if they have passengers from the boats.

LEAVE NEW LONDON.

1.25 A. M.—Providence time.—Night Mail Train for Boston and Providence.
7.00 A. M.—Accommodation Train for Stonington and Providence, connecting at Wickford Junction with boat from Newport; also, at Providence with 10.40 A. M. Train for Boston, Taunton and New Bedford.
11.20 A. M.—New London Special, for Stonington.
1.15 P. M.—Accommodation Passenger Train for Providence, connects at Wickford Junction with boat for Newport; also, at Providence with 4.15 P. M. Train for Boston, New Bedford and Taunton.
5.15 P. M.—On arrival of the 12.15 Express Train from New York.—Express Passenger Train for Providence and Boston, stops on this road at Mystic, Stonington, Westerly, Kingston, Wickford Junction and Greenwich; connects at Wickford Junction with boat for Newport; arrives in Providence at 7.33, and Boston about 9 P. M.
7.15 P. M.—New London Special for Stonington, connects with steamers for New York.
[illegible] P. M.—Sunday Night Mail Train for Providence and Boston.
[illegible] MATHEWS, Superintendent.
Providence, Oct. 9, 1871.

IMPROMPTU POETRY.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

The following piece was written by Mr. Amos Collins, for the Hopkinton City Union Concert, at its last session, by special request, and I might say, almost impromptu. Mr. Collins is now nearly eighty years of age. He formerly resided at Hopkinton City, as a teacher; but has been absent nearly one quarter of a century, and was providentially with us at our Concert. A dialogue, entitled, "The Great Supper," preceded the reading of the poem, led by Mrs. Alfred Collins, a member of the Society of Friends. The Concert requested the publication of the poem. S. S. GRISWOLD.

The Parable of the Supper.

Once a lord of a far city,
For his neighbors, kith and kin,
Made a rich and costly supper,
And bade many enter in.

But the neighbors made excuses—
Married, sold, bought, and tilled—
Left his bounty all untasted,
And his table all unfilled.

So he sent his faithful servant,
Bade him for his table find,
In the highways, by the hedges,
All the halt, the lame, the blind.

So Christ Jesus, who was sailing
On the far-off Galilee;
Walking on the stormy waters
Of that dark and troubled sea;

Feeding all the famished thousands,
On that distant sounding shore,
Will come in and sup with any
Who will open wide their door.

From the highways and the byways,
From the cross-roads quite astray,
From the world with all its trappings,
He is calling us away.

At the early gray of morning,
When the noontide holds its power,
He is calling us to labor,
Every day and every hour.

If we have his counsel slighted,
Traveled on the downward way,
He, when we are lost, benighted,
Plucks us from the mire and clay;

Sets our feet on Rock of Ages,
Firmly by the hand he leads,
In green pastures, by still waters,
Where the hungry soul he feeds.

Shall we, then, to him returning,
Love him more than shining gold?
While the lamp of life is burning,
Enter into Jesus' fold?

RUSTIC BARD.

For the Sabbath Recorder.

USE OF THE INDEX RERUM.

The Index Rerum proposes to supply a want which is so commonly felt by those who care for more than the passing pleasure of reading, that very little needs to be said in favor of its use. The fact, however, that this want begins to be felt at an age when the use is not likely to be fully understood, say nothing of the many who know nothing at all about the proposed system of indexing, makes an exposition desirable. It would be difficult to find a girl or boy, whose inclination is to read useful books, and to gather valuable information, who has not at some time sought for some method of securing the best and most striking thoughts for future reference. With older people, the need of some such method is confirmed by the inability of the memory to retain more than a dim outline of facts and illustrations which present themselves as belonging to this or that train of thought or reasoning, and yet which can neither be fully recalled, nor readily referred to for re-reading. It is true, that few who undertake to enhance the value of reading and of observation by some method of indexing, persist in the attempt long enough to secure any considerable advantage from it. But this is doubtless not so much from a lack of disposition as from a want of a clear knowledge of the way to go to work.

The Index Rerum of Dr. Todd is well suited to meet the wants of the ordinary reader, as well as of professional men, and indeed it may furnish an incentive to useful reading in the carrying out of the plan which it presents. Whatever may be said of the practical value of his method, however, Dr. Todd has himself failed to present it in such a way as to give the work which it supposes the highest value. He seems to have been impressed with the idea, that the highest point of utility in an Index Rerum is reached by a reduction of the time and labor involved to the minimum; and looking to this he has failed to note that also, in this fast age, readiness of reference is quite as important, in point of utility, as smallness of outlay in time and labor. Brevity, which will make more practicable and increase the probability of perseverance, is a necessary feature of any such index; but not less important is that uniformity in execution which will give value to the work when it is done. That many would fail here, left to the directions and examples given by Dr. T., I have no doubt, from my own experience. Why, and how to avoid this, will appear from a critical examination of some of the examples which he has given.

But, first, a brief statement of the general plan, and the examples for illustration.

Any blank book, of sufficient size, can be used for an index, by ruling and lettering; but it will be found easier and cheaper, in the end, to purchase the Index Rerum, ruled and lettered, and with directions for using. On the left of each page is a margin for key-words to the subjects noted. At the top of the book are placed the letters of the alphabet in their order, combined with the vowels in such a way that each letter occupies one or two pages in combination with each of the vowels in their order. Key-words are placed in the Index with reference to the first letter, and the following vowel of the word, as seen in the example below, selected from different pages:

A. E.	
America	supposed to be known in the time of Homer. Thomas' Hist. Print, vol. 1., p. 20.
B. E.	
Brougham,	graphic and powerful description of. Port. Rhet. Reader, p. 248.
D. E.	
Destruction	of Jerusalem accurately described. Smith's View of the Hebs., chap. 1.
D. I.	
Difficulties	of our probation considered. Butler's Analogy, part 1, ch. 4.
E. I.	
English	composition, examples of its steady improvement. Irv. Elem. Comp., p. 206.
F. E.	
Frederick	the Great; instances of severity and ingratitude. Buck's Works, vol. 4, p. 224.
I. O.	
Importance	of Christianity in the world. Butler's Anal., p. 155.
O. I.	
Original	languages; use and best means of studying. Dis Trans., by Stuart.
S. I.	
Siege	of Jerusalem, by the Crusades, awfully cruel and bloody. James' Hist. Cru., p. 170.
Y. O.	
Young	men, importance of. Howe's Lectures, sec. 1.

It is to some extent true of every one, that facts and illustrations formerly met with suggest themselves in connection with the trains of thought or of reasoning to which they belong. The same mental classification should point out in advance to what line of thought, or, in other words, to what subject, any matter which may be thought worth preserving, belongs; and the value of any index that may be kept depends largely on this kind of classification. Now, while the examples above, which are taken from those given by Dr. Todd, in illustration of the use of the Index, fully illustrate the mechanical plan of the system, they are most of them entirely at fault with respect to classification. Take the fourth example. In connection with what train of thought would this discussion of Bishop Butler most naturally suggest itself as an aid? The question being asked, every one would say, In connection with the subject of Probation. Then, under what heading would one most naturally look for matter which belongs to this subject? Again there could be no hesitancy in saying, Under Probation. And yet, Dr. Todd has chosen as a key-word to this passage from Bishop Butler, the word Difficulties; simply one of the prominent words descriptive of the subject-matter of the chapter referred to, and as such chosen, without regard to its value simply as an index of the subject-matter involved. It might be urged, that this reference to the Analogy might aid one in the amplification of the subject, Difficulties, the possibility of which cannot be denied; but the mind must be strangely preoccupied with the difficulties of life, which, on reading the chapter referred to, should see this possible relation, and not see its relevancy to the special subject under consideration.

The third example is equally faulty. This description of the destruction of the Holy City would be valuable as a part of any study of Jerusalem; but it would rarely if ever be made use of to illustrate or embellish the subject of Destruction. The ninth example is open to the same criticism, unless the character of the siege for cruelty is the part to be retained; in which case, it might be best to trust to memory for the instance, and refer, as in the example, for the description, or it might be referred to under the head of Cruelty. The fifth, seventh, and eighth examples are open to the same criticism, without any qualification; while the first, second, sixth, and tenth, are instances of proper classification; in the last the common use of the double term, *young men*, leaving it of little consequence whether the adjective or the noun is chosen for the key-word. Often, as in the sixth example, matter may belong equally well to several subjects, when it should be referred under the several subjects, as Frederick the Great; instances of severity and ingratitude, Buck's Works, vol. 4, p. 225; and Ingratitude; instances of, in the life of Frederic the Great, Buck's Works, &c.; or, the first entry being made, the second and others may better be simply carried out by a reference to the first, as, See Frederick, &c.

In every case, the key-word should be one as nearly as possible comprehending the whole subject to which the special thought belongs, rather than a word indicative of the matter of some division or subdivision of the subject. To make this plain, and at the same time to illustrate what has gone before, by way of criticism, I have drawn up a partial skeleton for a historical sketch of Jerusalem:

- Ancient.
  - Captured from the Jebusites.
  - Under the Kings
    - building of the Temple.
    - " " walls, &c.
    - capture of.
  - During the Captivity, repaired under direction, &c.
  - Under Roman Emperors
    - birth-place of Christianity.
    - destruction of
- Mediæval.
  - From Division of the Empire to the Crusades.
  - During the Crusades
    - siege of
    - kingdom of

The word Jerusalem comprehends, and is the natural heading of all of the divisions, subdivisions, and subsubdivisions, to any extent that the analysis might be carried. So it would be with any subject, and so by the grouping together of facts under *generic* heads, a like advantage is gained by the person using the Index, to that which results from classification in general. It is much better and easier to study facts or things in natural groups, than to study them separately. This advantage is not so apparent in the simple process of indexing as in the after consideration, that of referring to the index for matter belonging to some subject under investigation. Suppose entries had been made under headings suggested by momentary fancy or caprice; or, giving the best possible view of the case, suppose these entries to be made under words which would occur in divisions, of some rank or other, of an analysis of the subject under consideration; even then there would be perplexing searches after possible headings for matter in question, and the perusal of page after page of the Index; all of which would be obviated by a classification of the material at the time of entry; while, as to the ability required, it is much easier to determine that striking thought and interesting facts belong to such and such a subject, than to analyze these subjects to find what belongs to them. So it is not so much ability that is wanted to make the work represented by an Index Rerum valuable, as a fixed policy of classification of the material indexed; a policy which, if I have not made it perfectly plain, will become so by study and use.

Probably all would not be benefited by the use of the Index Rerum; but it is undoubtedly a fact, that many are, and that many more might be, benefited by its use. This is particularly true of young people, however favorably or unfavorably situated for mental and moral culture. The Index Rerum aids the memory. It encourages and confirms the taste for useful reading, as opposed to light and injurious "trash." It begets careful, thoughtful reading, as opposed to hasty, careless reading. The use is itself a means of culture.

One word now about the way to use the Index, and I have finished the subject, for the present at least. Pay little or no attention to the direction of Dr. Todd to have the Index handy by when reading. That is likely to cumber the reading. Have a sheet of note paper in the book being read, and it may be a small note book for more general reading and observation; make notice of reference with pencil, exercising care in classification, as pointed out above, transferring to the Index at leisure, but without failure. In this way, by well regulated reading, as well with regard to quality as to quantity, the Index Rerum will in a comparatively short time become one of the most valuable books of the library. A few pages of the portion of the Index designed for memoranda, should be retained for the names of books read, also giving the edition, &c., as "Europe during the Middle Ages," Hallam, London, Murry & Son, 1868. The necessity for this will be seen without enlarging on this particular. It may be desirable to place the date of the beginning of each year in the margin, thus preserving a record of each year's work. A. R. C.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Feb. 1st, 1872.

THE REFORMATION NOT YET COMPLETED.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

Your people and mine are pledged to the work of reform. The moral law of God is the great standard of right; and that law entire, and nothing less, is the goal which we purpose to reach. Until that law is established in its supremacy and entirely, in the hearts of all the people of God, our work is not accomplished. And since the Christian world acknowledge their obligation to this law, except its fourth precept, the Sabbath truth must be conspicuous upon our banner. This our distinguishing characteristic truth is divine; and it must be maintained in all its prominence. We cannot stifle it. We cannot make it subordinate to any thing else; for, unless the Christian world can be converted fully to God's immutable and eternal law, we may well despair of the conversion of the world.

In this holy cause, it is a delightful privilege to me to join hands and march shoulder to shoulder with you, until the truth shall triumph; for triumph it will. I am perhaps better known to the readers of the RECORDER as a controversialist upon another theme. But the immortality question is not the theme of my choice. The law of God and the gospel of Christ are paramount. Practical truth—the truth that can save men's souls—is of first importance. It is greater pleasure to unite with you here, than to contend with you there.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century is not yet completed; and it will not be, until the law of God entire is fully established among the people of God, as the rule of right, and the gospel of Christ in its purity, as the only means of salvation from sin, in the place of those human ordinances which have been introduced to supplant it. The reason why the Reformation has not been completed ere this, is because it is so much easier for human nature to sink than to rise. If the church could decline so rapidly from the purity of apostolical teaching and primitive practice, so as to develop, in a few centuries, an apostacy on a "dead level" with heathenism, we may be sure that with the same material—fallen human nature—to be used in rebuilding, the work of the Reformation is no small work. Reformation is up-hill work. When the work is fairly begun, and prosperity looks promising, ere you are aware, it is progressing backward. The first churches of the Reformation soon came to a stand-still. They allied themselves to civil rulers who were ready to set up a rival popery at home, provided they could be the popes. Some errors and abuses were corrected; others were not. When denominations were young, they manifested a good degree of zeal and purity; but as they came to majority, it was found that, instead of progressing in the right direction, they were fallen far from their original simplicity and purity. These are some of the reasons why the Reformation is not yet completed. It is ours still to labor for its completion. The grand and decisive battle of the Reformation is yet to be fought; and, notwithstanding all the obstacles and discouragements, the victory is sure. God will be honored by the exaltation of his church; and those who are co-workers with Him in this cause will finally be exalted in glory.

My brethren, in the providence of God the fields are white. Now is the time to reap; and "he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." At this auspicious moment, is it a time to look back and seek a compromise with error, falsehood and corruption? Is this the way to battle for the truth? It is not the way that Luther battled. Shall we look back toward Rome? No, no! Let our motto be Divine truth, and our watchword, Onward to victory! Let us, who have been so fortunate as to be educated from childhood in the holy principles of the law of God entire, prove ourselves worthy sons and daughters of our honored parentage. R. F. COTTRELL.

Selected for the Sabbath Recorder.

UNSEEN PURPOSES.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

I saw a gentle creature in beauty fade away,
And I watched the fearful struggle of the spirit with the clay;
The large, soft eyes, were darkened, and the lashes, long and meek,
Lay in a jetty shadow on the fever-tinted cheek;
The silky hair was parted from that gentle brow away,
And on its pure transparency the dew of anguish lay;
The lips were red with fever, and the fastly-ebbing breath
Came through their parted rose-leaves, with the withering gasp of death.
The tiny hands contracted in an agony of pain,
As each succeeding spasm rent the vital chord in twain.
I watched the final struggle, the deadliest and the last,
As the pure and spotless spirit to the realms of glory passed,
And a doubt and a misgiving to my erring bosom stole,
That darken'd for a moment all the light within my soul.
I marveled, in my musings, why the free from earthly stain,
The gentle and the innocent, were made to suffer pain;
Why our sweetest, purest blossoms, ere their dawn of life begin,
Are with the guilty called to pay the penalty of sin.
Then spoke a voice within me, in a soft, rebuking tone:
"Is not the day more glorious when storms have come and gone?
The pangs by which the spirit from that lovely clay was riven,
Will make more light and beautiful the blessedness of heaven!"
I looked upon that lily face; a gleam of holy light
Lay on those marble lineaments, so cold, and still, and white;
And I felt the dark misgiving beneath its power flee,
Though still there was within my soul a shade of mystery.
This world is full of suffering; along the mournful air,
The notes of sad complaining are ringing everywhere.
Love shieldeth not our idols from death's unsparing darts,
And the whole wide earth is teeming with crushed and broken hearts;
Yet were no clouds of sorrow around our pathway driven,
This world would be a paradise; we would not dream of heaven.
The erring heart to purify, is sent the chastening rod,
To discipline the spirit, and to draw it nigh to God.
We are bid to bow in meekness to the loss of those we love,
And are pointed to the mercy of a Providence above,
To raise the heart to heaven, with a meek and holy trust,
And silence its repinings, that have bound it to the dust.
We may not see the purpose why our hearts are pierced and riven,
Yet, with a faith undoubting, let us still look up to Heaven!
This life is full of trials, yet we know that One above
Looks ever down upon us, with a sympathizing love,
And pitieth our infirmities, though others may deride,
For the heart hath not a sorrow by which He was not tried.
O, let us, then, be patient—be meek, and murmur not,
Though clouds, and gloom, and shadow, surround our earthly lot.
And when the heart repineth, think of that Holy One,
Who meekly bore and suffered, to win for us a crown!
We know that life hath mysteries, for God hath not designed
To shed his great omniscience on the lowly, finite mind;
But when the soul is ransomed, and the fount of life unsealed,
The mind shall grasp infinity, and all will be revealed.
Then let us place the anchor of our confidence and trust
On the might of the Creator, the Omnipotent and Just,
Whose will we may not question, nor the hidden motive tell,
Yet rest in the assurance, that "He doeth all things well."

SUNDAY AND THE SABBATH.

In view of the unquestionable facts of history, one considers with utter amazement the boldness with which professed Christian teachers insult the intelligence of the public, by seeking to confound the Sabbath, the seventh day of the week, observed by the Jews in accordance with the Mosaic law, with Sunday, the first day of the week, upon which Christians have been accustomed, from the primitive age of their religion, to assemble for worship, and which was never formally set apart for the purpose by any authority competent thereto, but rests solely upon usage. If this is done in ignorance, in this age of the world, such ignorance is inexcusable in those who ought to know and teach better.

Sabbath and Sunday are distinct days, and the reason given by Moses for consecrating the seventh day to rest cannot be made to apply to Sunday, the first day. The further back we go, the less warrant do we find for that strict use of Sunday now defended by so many. Sunday was not observed during the life of Jesus. . . . The first day of the week was not instituted as a sacred day in the place of the Sabbath, but among Christians there grew up the custom of meeting together on that day made memorable by the resurrection of their Master. When the meeting was over, there is no reason to suppose that they did not return to their usual avocations.

Joy was not forbidden in the early Church, nor was labor. But gradually, as Sunday came to be the one day for religious meetings, less work was done, and when Christianity became allied with the Roman empire, Sunday became one of the feast days of the empire. On these, labor was considered not wicked, but in bad taste, as hindering the universal joy. In the year 321, Constantine, by an edict, forbade labor in towns on Sunday, but expressly permitted agricultural labor to go on. Not until 538 years after Christ, was field labor forbidden. The day continued one of joy and pleasure, and was given up more and more to amusement, until the Reformation. Calvin, who never cared much for amusement (except fire works!) attached no importance to Sunday, and regarded it purely as a matter of convenience. He even thought of changing it to Thursday for the sake, he said, of "demonstrating our Christian liberty." Luther was of the same way of thinking. Beza, another of the reformers, was in favor of work on Sunday. Chemnitz was in favor of all work that did not interfere with public worship, and Bucer insisted that rest from work was not in itself pleasing to God.

It was the Puritans who shut down at once on every sort of work, and every sort of amusement, and hedged the day about with awful penalties, civil and eternal. The Lowlands of Scotland is the birth-place of this heresy—its age about two hundred years—its extent wherever Puaitan influence has reached. There is no difference between Sunday and other days in its intrinsic sanctity. All things that are lawful and right on other days are lawful and right on Sunday, but all things are not expedient. The need of such a day is deeply rooted in our social life. We need these periods of rest for noble pleasure and innocent amusement, a day the memory of whose sweet and solemn joy shall drop like a benediction on the week, and make days good enough in themselves the better for the admonishing beauty of this day's tender and delicious smile. There is little use of discussing this Sunday question. Those who know what constitutes evidence, understand the laws of evidence, and how to weigh it, are in accord on this subject. But no evidence can affect convictions which have been arrived at without evidence; and why should we attempt what it is hopeless to accomplish? Logical argument cannot combat popular delusions.—*A Broad Churchman, in the Boston Investigator.*

"DEATH IN THE SPARE ROOM."

On one occasion, having need to see a minister early, the morning after Conference adjourned, I went to his boarding place, one of the choicest in the city. He and his room-mate were making their toilet, and revealed their presence by hoarse and almost incessant coughing. Their entertainment had been most hospitable; but they had been assigned to the "spare room," in that case an elegant apartment, reserved for favored guests. The spacious and yielding bed had an inviting look, but a damp and moldy smell. Indeed, the whole apartment revealed an alarming unfamiliarity with sunshine. But it was the "best room," and any intimation from them that both room and bed were damp, had seemed rude and ungrateful. So they occupied the room and bed, and contracted colds, from the effect of which one has since died, and the other still suffers.

Beds that have been left unused for days, and even weeks, in the damp season of the year, are dangerous to the health and life of those who sleep in them. When visitors are expected, the parlor stove may be for the first time set up, and a fire kindled in it, and the parlor bedroom opened. And this is considered sufficient preparation to make the friends comfortable. But the bed and bedding, if not carefully separated and aired, are not safe for any one to use.

Said a pale and haggard sufferer, not long since, "I think I should be able to visit my appointments at least a few times more, if friends would not persist in putting me away in their chilly spare rooms and damp beds." When such cases have run their course, doctors may say, "died of hepatized lungs;" but more will understand them if they say, "died of sleeping in spare beds."

The motives of good people cannot be questioned; but unwittingly they literally "kill with kindness." In the name of the brotherhood, I protest, if we are to occupy the "spare room," and sleep in the "spare bed," they should be dry and well aired. We certainly do not elect to be *suicides from courtesy*, and you would not give us *death for a bedfellow!*—*Ch. Advocate.*

HEART-KEEPING.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." As good "house-keeping" is essential to domestic comfort, so good heart-keeping is essential to healthful and happy piety.

The word of God represents the human heart as a dwelling. The unconverted heart is a habitation of the evil one, with his brood of unholy thoughts and sinful tastes and passions. When Jesus Christ first enters this dwelling-place of the evil one, he finds it fearfully filthy and out of order. The first work of the Divine Spirit is to cleanse the house. Every room must be entered and purified. Into the stately and sumptuous drawing-room, where pride held court, the lowly Saviour enters, and expels the occupant. From the walls of sensuality's chamber many wanton pictures have to be taken down. The deserted and cobwebbed closet of conscience is entered by the key of truth, and is thrown open to the daylight.

Memory is another apartment of the mind which the Holy Spirit renews for a higher and holier use. Ranged on its shelves he finds the stores which were brought in through the five doorways of the senses. Much of this accumulation is but rubbish. Christ does not destroy this faculty; he simply makes it henceforth a granary of truth. A sanctified memory is the soul's store-room. We pity the man with whom this is but an empty garret or a confused lumber-room, heaped up with accumulated things, so hopelessly mingled that its owner can never lay hands on what he needs at the moment. With a devout believer, the memory is a cabinet of curiosities of God's love. In no apartment does Jesus abide oftener than in this; here the alabaster-box of gratitude is broken, and the room is filled with the sweet odor of the ointment.

There is also a chamber of taste, from whose window the lover of beauty looks out on magnificent landscapes; and at midnight up into the star-studded vaults of heaven. There is a lofty watch-tower, where holy Vigilance keeps guard to espy the approaches of the enemy. Woe unto the Christian when the sentinel falls asleep on the tower! Over the doorway to this turret the Spirit has written, "Watch unto prayer!" "Blessed is he whom his Lord when he cometh shall find watching." From this tower faith often looks out through the spyglass of the promises, and catches bright glimpses of the celestial city which lies at the end of the way.

"For glimpses such as these,
My willing soul will bear
All that in darkest hours it sees
Of toil and pain and care."

We must not overlook one room in a converted heart, though it be ever so small or ever so secluded. It is the secret "closet" where faith holds sweet fellowship with God. It is fragrant with the presence of Jesus. Here stands the mercy-seat. To this inner sanctum faith keeps a golden key inscribed, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; pray without ceasing." Over the door she readeth the inviting words: "Enter into this closet, 'and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.'" On the walls are inscriptions written in moments of devout intercourse with God, when the meditations of him were like the droppings of the honeycomb.

This is Faith's stronghold; here she weapons herself for the daily conflict. Silence in that closet of prayer bespeaks death throughout all the house. When that door is suffered to rust on its hinges, and that chamber is deserted, then the heart-house is soon retaken by Satan, and evil spirits come in and dwell there.

To keep this house with all diligence is the primal duty of every one who bears the name of Christ. How to keep Jesus in the inner heart, and how to glorify Jesus in the outer life, is the twofold secret of spiritual success and of final salvation.

HOW TO REMOVE DUST.

Every crevice about the windows and doors—and where is the builder who does not leave too many of them?—invites the dust which is flying with the wind to enter. Every incoming foot which crosses the threshold brings its contribution from the soil it has trodden. The furnace and the grate deposit a delicate veil of ashes over every article of furniture, and ornament, and on every bit of stucco work and moulding, and even hang it like tapestry on the walls. Is it any wonder that the dismayed house-keeper cries out, "Where does all the dirt come from?" and the problem how to get rid of it is a serious one. Certain it is, that in many households sweeping means little else than "stirring up" the dust. The carpet is forced to yield its store only that the greater part may find a lodgment on the furniture, from which a vigorous use of the feather duster again sets it afloat to settle down again at its leisure when the maid leaves the room, triumphantly carrying with her, as a trophy of her labors, a dustpan containing a little of the coarser dirt and a great deal of the wool from the carpet, and in her own lungs as injurious an amount of the finer particles.

A few simple arrangements will make the business of sweeping much more effectual, and the suggestions we make can with a little thought be applied to the different apartments in the house. First let the mantel ornaments be dusted with a soft cloth and removed to an adjoining room or closet. It is best also to put the smaller articles of furniture out of the room. The [illegible] much out of the way as possible the shades rolled up, the upholstered portions of the chairs and sofas carefully brushed, everything which must remain in the room covered with cloths prepared for the purpose. Then let the windows be opened, and with a long handled duster the stucco work and mouldings carefully brushed, the worker especially watching to disturb any insidious spider. It is well also to brush the picture cords as well as the backs of the pictures. Moths make sad havoc in the worsted cord, and sometimes their ravages cause a disastrous crash.

With a small whisk, the corners and edges of the carpet should be brushed, that the dust which a large broom cannot reach may be dislodged. A careful person will find it a great help to scatter damp tea-leaves or bran over the carpet, but if some drops of liquid should be spilled with the leaves, an ugly stain may be left, especially if the colors of the carpet are delicate. Short, light strokes of the broom are most effectual. It is not advisable to beat your carpet while it is in the house, and heavy strokes only beat out the dirt and wear off the fibres of wool. Sweeping is a much easier and less disagreeable task, if carpets which are much used are frequently taken up and cleaned, and the comfort and health of the whole family are thus greatly increased. One thoughtful and intelligent gentleman of our acquaintance considers that the atmosphere is rendered so impure and unhealthy by the dust which arises from woolen carpets, that he is discarding them from his home, and is now using with satisfaction the recently invented wooden carpet.

The room having been well swept, and a sufficient time allowed for the dust to "settle," we will arm ourselves with two clean dusting cloths, a small feather-duster, and proceed to wage war against the minute particles which, escaping from the assaults of the broom, have flown up and ensconced themselves about the room. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the results of the sweeping should be gently brushed into a dustpan and carried carefully out of the house; and yet it is common to see a sort of winnowing operation in which the dirt is swept from the room through the hall and out of the front door, thus sending a cloud of dust through the house. The coverings thrown over the larger pieces of furniture should be taken off carefully and shaken out of doors. Next with the cloth wipe off all the dust that can be reached. Let the feather-duster alone, except for such delicate carved articles, and such small interstics, as defy the entrance of a cloth. I should like to enter here a savage onslaught against the tribe of feather dusters. They might be the invention of the patron saint of dust. They institute a pleasant game of battledore and shuttlecock with it, sending from one side of the room to the other. A cloth may be used to no better purpose, but if the furniture is gently wiped, the dust will adhere to the cloth, and can be finally disposed of. The articles taken from the room can now be replaced, and there remains only to take a final circuit with a damp cloth to remove finger marks and other spots from the doors, window-sills, marbles, etc., wipe and polish the hearth, and the room may invite the inspection of the most fastidious housekeeper.—*Christian Weekly.*

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

Though Life's a dark and stormy path,
Its goal the silent tomb,
It yet some spots of sunshine hath,
That smile amid the gloom:
The friend who weal and woe partakes,
Unchanged whate'er his lot,
Who kindly soothes the heart that aches,
Is sure a sunny spot.

The wife who half our burden bears,
And utters not a moan;
Whose ready hand wipes off our tears,
Unheeded all her own;
Who treasures every kindly word,
Each harsher one forgot,
And carols brightly as a bird,
She, too, is a sunny spot.

The child who lifts at morn and eve
In prayer its tiny voice,
Who grieves whene'er its parents grieve,
And joys when they rejoice;
In whose bright eye young genius glows,
Whose heart, without a blot,
Is fresh and gay as summer's rose,
That child's a sunny spot.

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHT.

Dr. Baird, in his lecture at the conference room, gave some interesting facts. There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweeden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of night. He had no conception of it before his arrival. He arrived at Stockholm, from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends—he had not taken notes of the time—and returning about midnight, it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the streets; it seemed as if the inhabitants were gone away, or were dead. No signs of life—stores closed.

The sun in June goes down at Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes around the earth toward the north pole, and the refraction from its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight. Dr. Baird read a letter in the forest, near Stockholm, at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia, where, on June 21st, the sun does not go down at all. Travelers go there to see. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon; you can see the whole face of it; and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape, latitude 72 degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about 25 degrees above the horizon at midnight. The way the people there know it is midnight is seeing the sun rise. In the winter time the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks. Then it comes and shows its face. Afterward it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, then descends, and finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in regard to hired persons, and what they considered a day. He could not say, but supposed they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at usual hours. The doctor did not know how they learnt the time, but they did, and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about 7 P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning; and the people get into the habit of late rising too. The first time he awoke in Stockholm he was surprised to see the sun shining in his room. He looked at his watch, and found it was only three o'clock; but there were no persons in the streets. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing, probably, to the climate.

BOOKS WRITTEN IN PRISON.

The two most celebrated men who come into the list of writers of books in prison in the first half of the seventeenth century are Raleigh and Cervantes. The gallant Sir Walter, after serving when young as a gentleman volunteer, went with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to America, returned, and was knighted, raised a volunteer squadron against the Spanish Armada, and became a courtier. Something he did or said gave offence at court, and he resided abroad for some years. When Elizabeth died, and James I. succeeded to the throne, Raleigh returned to England; but he was arrested, and found guilty of treason by a packed jury. Twelve years of his life were passed continuously in prison; and here he wrote his "History of the World," a marvelous work to execute under such circumstances. In order really to begin at the beginning, he begins with the creation, and gravely discusses the opinions expressed by the learned as to whether paradise was as high up as the moon, or only as high as mid-air, or under the equinoctial line. But still the "History of the World" is a noble fragment, which could only have been written by one who had read much, thought much, and traveled much. Hapless Raleigh! King James hated him with all the hatred which a narrow mind feels towards an intellectual superior, and sent him to the scaffold. The other great man whose name we have coupled with Raleigh was the Spanish novelist Cervantes, the author of the world renowned "Don Quixote." He was first a student, then chamberlain to a cardinal, and then a soldier. He was thrice wounded at the battle of Lepanto, was taken prisoner by the corsairs, kept five years in captivity, and ransomed by his friends. Returning to Spain, he married, entered upon civil employments, traversed wild regions of his native country, and watched well the habits and peculiarities of his countrymen. Monetary embarrassment, rather than political or religious discord, threw him more than once into prison, but his imprisonment was a great thing for the world, since it was occupied by the planning and commencement "Don Quixote."

Open the portals wide; let us admit the greatest prison writer of the second half of the seventeenth century, John Bunyan, tinker, preacher, and author of a religious allegory, which is said to have been translated into a greater number of languages than any other book in the world, with two exceptions, the Bible and the 'Imitation of Christ.' He was thrown into Bedford Jail because he would not renounce dissent, and there supported himself for twelve years by making tagged boot laces. He wrote many controversial tracts, preached to his follow prisoners, and read to them the Bible and "Fox's Book of Martyrs." It was a fine answer that he gave to the clerk of the peace, who advised him to gain his liberation by recanting. "Sir, the law hath provided two ways of obeying; the one, to do that which I in my conscience believe I am bound to do actively; and when I cannot by activity, then I am willing to lie down and suffer whatever they shall do unto me." And it showed a vein of humor in his character when he replied to a Quaker who had come to visit him, and who declared that the Lord had ordered him to search for Bunyan in half the prisons of England: "If the Lord had sent you, you need not have taken so much trouble to find me out; for the Lord knows that I have been a prisoner in Bedford Jail for the last twelve years." He wrote the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" while in prison, a fact that ought to endear his imprisonment to us.—*All the Year Round.*

A COMMONPLACE MAN.

Some of the specimens furnished by our young friends at Yale of their recent attempts at journalism are full of philosophy and jokes of the inevitable college quality. Boys will be boys, from generation to generation; and we have no right to laugh at these young fellows, when their raw youth manifests itself offensively. We were every whit as positive and conceited in our day; quite as apt to cackle over our new-found ideas, and to thrust them at everybody we met with loud logic; quite as certain that the world was out of joint, and that we were to be made A. B.s to set it right. The boys too, nowadays, rely on genius as the salvation of the age, just as we did. It is the brilliant fellow, who learns without study, and leaves his Alma Mater in a crackle of eloquent fireworks, that is the demigod among them. They are apt, too, to cherish a tender belief in him always. When he is missed on the roll of "few and immortal names," they blame the world, so slow to recognize genius, and rank him with Chatterton, one of the wondrous boys who have gone down not into the grave, but into country offices, dry goods shops, and groceries.

We wish all these hero-worshiping boys (who are earnest, sincere fellows, if a little feverish) could read with older eyes the life of a man who died a few weeks ago, and understand its meaning now as middle-age will teach it to them. We mean that of the missionary Bishop Patteson, of the South Pacific. A friend of the prelate, who has published a sketch of him in *The London Spectator*, dates his acquaintance with him back to Eton, where Patteson was a famous cricketer and oarsman. At Oxford he "was but a dull scholar, with no especial gift, took little interest in the theological and political problems of the day—was, in short, colorless and commonplace." The only noticeable point about him was, that whatever he tried to do he did with all his might and to the extent of his ability, however limited that ability might be. Outside of this, he was an honest, straightforward, loveable man. After college came years of travel and ordination, marked by the same dogged persistence in work that had made him first in play, and utter unconsciousness of self. His brain developed its powers slowly but surely, and always healthfully. The dull college boy became one of the most profound and exact of linguists, the steady, powerful leader in University Reform. "A man," says his friend, "distinguished always by his singleness and simplicity of aim, singularly free from perturbations of self, or temper, or nerves." He went into the missionary work with no spasmodic resolve to become a martyr; no inflation of enthusiasm; but with the same practical, sweet-tempered, hearty steadiness in the duty open before him. His life was passed in going from one savage island to another, in an open boat, wading and swimming through the reefs, carrying his life in his hand literally from day to day. No man was ever more successful in reaching the hearts of his savage hearers with his Master's message, and no man has ever left behind him more enduring work to aid the labors of others; he having mastered twenty-five of the Melanesian dialects and finished thirteen grammars. The man had within him the elements of highest success, whatever profession or business he had chosen in life; but what was his reward? We find a hint of it in a pathetic story which he told in a letter to his friend of an attack made upon his boat by the cannibals of one of the wildest islands whither he had gone to preach, in which one of his converts, a boy of eighteen, was wounded and died of lock-jaw. The childless Bishop writes of him as if he had been a son. "There was not one word of complaint. 'I am glad,' said the dear boy in his agony, 'that I was doing right. Tell my father I was doing right.' The last night, his body being then rigid as a bar of iron, he said faintly, 'Kiss me, Bishop,' and after a short time he fell asleep. At the age when the flesh and the devil are beginning their work, this lad was innocent as a child. God has been merciful to me, to give me this comfort."

The daring life and the tragic death of this man, set against the tropical background of the Pacific coasts, might serve to point many a fervid moral, but "the Bishop was a plain man. He did not like fine things said about him or his work." Yet in these days of ambitious struggles and incessant friction between men of unequal mental power, there can be no more wholesome lesson for our boys than to see here the lofty purpose which a commonplace man with ordinary abilities may serve in life.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

[illegible] once told that when he was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburg, a gentleman of the factory, being ill, was ordered into the country for the benefit of the air. Accordingly he went into a village about ten miles distant, and after some time died there. Upon this, application was made to the parson of the parish for leave to bury him in the church yard. The person inquired what religion he was of, and was told he was a Calvinist. "No!" says he; "there are none but Lutherans, in my church yard, and there shall be no other!" "This," says Dr. Thomas, "was told me, and I wondered that any man of learning or understanding should have such ideas. I resolved to take my horse and go and argue the matter with him, but found him inflexible. At length I told him he made me think of a circumstance which once happened to myself when I was curate of a church in Thames street: I was burying a corpse, and a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the midst of the service. 'Sir! Sir! I want to speak to you!' 'Prythee,' says I, 'woman, wait till I have done.' 'No! Sir; I must speak to you immediately.' 'Why, then, what is the matter?' 'Why, Sir,' says she, 'you are burying a man who died of the small pox next to my poor dear husband, who never had it!'" This story had the desired effect, and the curate permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in his church yard."

THE POWER OF GOODNESS.—Did you never see a person whose coming into a room was like the bringing of a lamp there? Did you never see a person whose mere presence made the whole room shine, as it were? You cannot analyze nor understand the power which such a person exerts on you. It is not intellectual. It is a mysterious influence which emanates from him, so to speak. There are persons, the mention of whose names awakens in you feelings which nothing else does. Their lives are so radiant, so genial, so kind, so pleasure-bearing, that you instinctively feel, in their presence, that they do you good. It seems to you wholesome to breath the atmosphere where they are. Their influence seems to you like the perfume of flowers in a garden. There are persons who are so genial, so gentle, so forth-putting in the direction of purity, and gentleness, and love, that you have not the slightest doubt of their being Christians. Have you never known persons of whom you have said, "I do not want any other definition of a Christian than that which I see in him?" He is an orphan who, having lived forty years, cannot lay his finger on any one, and say, "He gives me my idea of goodness." Blessed be God, I know a great many.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

LAUGHING.—I never saw a Frenchman laugh. They smile, they grin, they shrug up their shoulders. They dance, they cry "Ha!" and "Ciel!" but they never give themselves up to boisterous, unlimited laughter. They have always a rein upon their lungs, and their muscles are drilled to order. Their mirth does not savor of flesh and blood. I do not mean to contend for the pampered laugh which grows less and less, in proportion as it is high fed, (so gin given to children stops their growth,) but for a good broad English laugh, such as belongs to a farce or fair. The Germans laugh sometimes, the Spaniard's face is fused, the Scotchman's thawed into a laugh; but a Frenchman never laughs. They smile, indeed; but what then? Their smile is like their soup meager, thin; their merriment, squeezed and strained, there is in it something of the acid of their salads, something of the pungency of their sauces, but nothing substantial; it is neither solid nor ethereal, but a thing between wind and water; not of earth or heaven, good nor bad, but villainously indifferent, and not to be admitted as mirth.—*London Magazine.*

THE ADVERTISER.—When trade grew slack, and bills fell due, the draper's face grew long and blue; his dreams were troubled through the night, with sheriff's bailiffs all in sight. At last his wife unto him said: "Rise up at once, get out of bed, and get your paper, ink and pen, and say this unto all men: 'My goods I wish to sell to you, and to your wife and daughters too; my prices are so very low, that all will buy before they go.'" He did as his good wife advised, and in the paper advertised. Crowds came and bought off all he had; his bills were paid, his dreams were glad; and he will tell you to this day, how well did printer's ink repay. He told us with a knowing wink, how he was saved by printer's ink.

HOME EDUCATION.—We should not hesitate to attribute greater importance to home education than to school education; for it is beneath the parental roof, when the heart is young, and melted by the warmth of fireside affection, that the deepest impressions are made; it is at home, beneath parental influence, and example, that the foundations of physical, moral, and mental habits are laid; it is at home where lasting opinions are founded. School instructions can never supersede the necessity of vigilant parental leading and training at the fireside.

IN the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths nor in our hearts; and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

BISHOP MCTYEIRE makes some singular statements concerning the indifference of some of the Southern Methodists to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He stated that there are churches in which that sacrament has not been observed in ten years. Worse yet, he says, "We have churches in the country, with moss on the roof, that have never had the Lord's Supper celebrated in them."

AFTER a suppression of three hundred years, monastic life has revived again in England, manifesting surprising vigor, and Benedictine, Dominican, Capuchin, Augustine, Cistercian, and other orders of monks have founded establishments in various parts of the country, manifesting the ancient aptitude of the Roman Church for securing choice localities.

The Tract Department.

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EGYPT OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

The attention of our denomination has been much occupied, for some time, with the Sabbath reform movement in the region that has so long been known everywhere by the name placed above. Any reliable statements, therefore, respecting the people of that "dark" land, will be read with interest in these columns. "*Letters from the Egypt of Southern Illinois,*" by Rev. J. Bulkley, D. D., are appearing in the *Watchman and Reflector* (Baptist) of Boston. His prefatory paragraph is as follows:

"Very few portions of our country have been so imperfectly understood, and so terribly misrepresented, as Southern Illinois. Travelers and adventurers passing through it hastily, for pleasure or gain, have come in contact with the very worst features of society, and from imperfect data have drawn wholesale conclusions, as far from the truth as as the zenith from the nadir. Even admitting that there are portions that may be properly termed an intellectual or moral desert, in it may be found *oases* of no ordinary dimensions, as bright as any to be found elsewhere."

The Doctor gives a specimen of exaggerated picturing, by quoting at length from an article over the signature of Wolverine, in the *Torch Light*, the organ of Kalamazoo College, which speaks of the "native suckers" as "tall, gaunt and yellowish, with gait like a camel, and motion like a snail," and as "hating the negro," and "fighting railroads and common schools with all their power." He then proceeds to show how Southern Illinois appears in the light of its early Baptist history, asserting that "some things have taken place there which will compare favorably with similar occurrences in any other part of our grand Union." From the facts given in detail as the result of his investigations, we can present only the more important.

The Bethel Baptist church, the oldest in the State, held its sixty-second anniversary in December last. It is located some twenty miles east of St. Louis. No single organization in the valley of the Mississippi has exerted an influence so extensive and powerful. It started on its career of great usefulness Dec. 10th, 1809, with the following constitution:

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed agree to unite and be constituted on the Bible of the Old and New Testaments, and to be known by the name of the baptized church of Christ, friends to humanity, denying union and communion with all persons holding the doctrine of perpetual, involuntary, hereditary slavery."

The little band that struck hands in fellowship upon this basis consisted of eight persons, and were members of a single family, and fugitives from the proscriptive spirit of that iniquitous system. "How grand the spectacle! In the almost trackless depths of God's primeval forests, with the Bible in their hands, they lay the immovable foundations of a church of Christ, whose leaven has thoroughly permeated a large part of Southern Illinois, and a part of Missouri, and even Iowa." From that mother church, so feeble in membership, but so mighty in God and the Right, in a short time, scores of churches were built up, with thousands of members, and gathered at least five Associations, all designated as "baptized churches of Christ, friends of humanity," who filled all that territory with their anti-slavery sentiments. This movement, so fruitful, began but four years after the abolition of slavery in England was brought forward as a government measure, under the Fox and Greenville ministry, in 1806, and thirteen years before the society was formed, under the influence of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Buxton, for the mitigation and gradual abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions. Thus early was the principle accepted in Southern Illinois, that slavery was a crime against God and man that could not be tolerated by a Christian church. This was twenty-one years before Garrison established the *Liberator* in Boston, in 1831, with the platform, declaring that "slaveholding was a sin against God, and a crime against humanity," and that "immediate emancipation was the right of every slave and the duty of every master."

The family who furnished the constituent members of the Bethel church bore the name of Semen. In 1818, when a convention was held to frame a Constitution for the State, one of this family, the Rev. James Semen, Jr., was present as a delegate, having been elected for his anti-slavery radicalism. He was supported in the contest, which was sharp, bitter and decisive, by his own father, his mother's brother, and his two brothers, all ministers, and another brother, then twenty years of age, who afterwards became eminent in the ministry. Together they form a spectacle of remarkable moral sublimity. Five *actual* Baptist ministers, and a *prospective* one, all in a single family, most of them men of more than ordinary ability, deriving their weapons from the Word of God, stood in the majesty of regenerated human nature, and contended for the God-given right of every man to perfect civil and religious and personal freedom, carrying out these principles successfully in the election of one of their number to the convention which should frame the organic law of the great State of Illinois. Many noble men fought side by side with them against the thousands who desired a slave-code, else the victory never could have been won.

An annual meeting of the "Friends to Humanity," held in September, 1821, shows the little band of eight, increased then to a membership in the several churches of 149, with nine ministers. In their circular letter, they speak of their growth in ten years since the first church was organized, saying, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." After recounting labors and triumphs, and expressing trust in "the arm that quietly props the universe," and confidence in the righteousness of their cause, they conclude their address with a "short exhortation:" "Recollect, brethren, that we are constituted on the Old and New Testaments, and have also taken them for our form of government. Must it not be said of them, as was said of Goliath's sword, 'There is none like that; give it me.'"

These gleanings are sufficient to show that Southern Illinois is not without some glorious pages in her record. Even there great principles have borne rich fruits. There the authority of God and His Word has been honored, and good materials are being found for another contest for reform. May the friends of God's Sabbath, now marshaling in that field, stand as firm, and labor as heroically, as those "Friends to Humanity," whose deeds form a shining example. They testified that "several years were spent in faithful labor ere there was a discovery of any fruits thereof. At length Almighty God smiled propitiously upon our efforts, and almost instantaneously swelled our number to its present, and is still making daily additions." Be not discouraged, ye pioneers in the new contest for the truth on that old battle-ground. You too can say, "Our cause is just. The Holy Scriptures are on our side. God displays His power in our defense." May the historian of the future be permitted to tell also of the grandeur of your labors, and the wide extent of your moral power.

J. B. C.

"NOR THY SERVANT."

Our correspondent "Lewis" asks for an answer to the following question:

"Is it a violation of the fourth commandment to put out work, to be done by the piece or job, by a First-day man, who takes it within his own gates, the Sabbath-keeper knowing that the work will be done on the Sabbath?"

In explanation, he states the case as one in which the employee works upon the premises of the employer during the week, and takes work from those premises to his own on Sabbath.

1. He who serves another, thus directly, for a stipulated sum, is a servant. The word servant is used in no technical sense in the commandment. The *form* of service does not affect the *fact*.

2. The provision of the law concerning one's "own gates," is not made to meet the case of servants, but of strangers who are temporarily spending Sabbath within the limits controlled by the Sabbath-keeper. The law forbids that even he should be allowed to desecrate the Sabbath while on the premises of the Sabbath keeper. Hence the question of within or without the gates does not apply to servants; the law reaches them everywhere, just as it reaches the man whom they serve and represent, whether he be at home or abroad. So much for the application of the law. Now, what does the law require?

It forbids either the employer or his servant to work on the Sabbath. No change of location, or form of service, can annul this requirement. The Sabbath-keeper knows this fact from the beginning, and if he does his duty toward those whom he employs, they know the truth also. The act of working on the Sabbath is therefore known to be criminal by both parties, and *acknowledged* to be thus by the Sabbath-keeper. He therefore says to the workman, in effect, if not in words, "I know that it is wrong for you to work on the Sabbath, but since you desire to do wrong, *I will put the means of disobedience in your hands, and pay you for disobeying.*" He says to God, "I know that you have forbidden all work on your holy day, but since my servant does not respect you, and since his disobedience of your commandment will tend to my advantage in point of business, *I will encourage him in his disobedience.*"

Such is the simple logic of the case presented by our correspondent. Shorn of sophistry and excuses, it is a very plain one. Nor is it difficult to see that, comparatively, the Sabbath-keeper is the more inconsistent, and the greater criminal. Responsibility is co-extensive with the power to control. In this case, that power begins with the ability to *withhold the work* from the Sabbath-breaker. It does not relieve one from responsibility to say that he must get out of a difficulty which he might have avoided. One may "pull an ox out of the pit," but he may not work all the week to drive him in there. He wrongly begins by *choosing* to "get into the pit."

The inconsistency of a course like the one presented by "Lewis," is very glaring. The employer is bound to influence his employee for good, and to teach him the way of right. Now, suppose that one Sixth-day morning he spends an hour in trying to convince his servant that he ought to obey God's law, and keep His Sabbath. The servant refuses to obey; and when evening comes the employer says, "If you *will* do wrong by working to-morrow, you may do it *in my name, and I will pay you for it.*" Sabbath reform would move very slowly under such management.

Thus, by simple, unvarnished logic, we have sought to answer our correspondent's questions. They seem to be asked in candor; thus we answer. We know that more than one of our readers will find the case more or less applicable to themselves. Brethren, we speak no words of our own in condemnation. God has done that. We leave you with Him. But we plead that you heed His words, and "shun even the appearance of evil." There are many cases similar to the one proposed, wherein all labor on the Sabbath can be avoided. It is not a work of necessity or mercy. It is carrying on business, directly or indirectly, as on other days. It may be more convenient, if only business be considered. It may conduce to money-making for a time. But every disobedience is followed by evil. It would be folly to expect to convert men to the truth by such a course, or to gain closer communion with God thereby. A way may seem to be right, when half hidden by sophistry, and recommended by selfishness, "but the end thereof is death."

Education Department.

EDITED BY JONATHAN ALLEN,
President of Alfred University,
Assisted by such educators, and others, as have thoughts they wish to express through this medium.

SWEETNESS, LIGHT, PIETY.

THE IDEAL LIFE.

BY M. E. C. SHEPPARD.

Faintly and far its portals rise,
Like the dim gates of Paradise,
Half seen through rifts of clouds at even,
As angel hands had rent the veil 'twixt earth
O. fair it stands, [and heaven
In misty light,
Transfigured, on the holy hight
Of human possibilities.
As travelers who journey far
Across wide deserts waste, and bare,
And, faint with thirst and hunger's pain,
Have almost failed amid the plain,
As they might hail with rapt surprise
Some far-off lake that meets their eyes,
Or grove of palms whose shade is set
With gilded dome and minaret,
So greet we thee, O Vision! Dream!
O sweet Mirage! Life's fair Ideal!
Whose veiled splendors softly gleam
So far beyond this desert Real!
For here with bleeding feet we press
Our way o'er Life's sharp ruggedness;
Wearied, its heavy burdens bear
Of sin and sorrow, toil and care.
Athirst, we lift the sparkling cup
Brimming with nectar promise up,
But from the lips it falls untasted,
And on the ground the draught is wasted.
We stretch out eager hands for bread,
And, mocked, receive a stone instead.
We faint beneath the sultry noon,
We fall before the dread simoon,
That sweeps the plain with noxious breath,
And strews it with the wrecks of death.
And if, along the desert way
Is here and there an oasis,
Some gleam of gladness fallen astray,
Some sunny spot of random bliss,
Yet lurks e'en here a hidden curse
Of thorns, beneath the smiling flowers,
Or drop of bitter at the source,
That poisons all the fountain's showers.
And thus has struggled on amain,
And thus has fallen amid the plain,
That mighty myriad caravan,
That vast, innumerable throng,
That, ages on age ago, began
Its grand and solemn march along
The path of time. O, if we cast
One backward glance upon the past,
And note the wrecks, the wide debris,
That strew man's weary way, we see
The horrors of Reality.
How fraught with evil it has been,
How dark with suffering and sin,
How rife with Death! And glad we turn
Away from all the desert Real,
To where our joyful eyes discern
The pearly gates of the Ideal.

O, dim and far its portals gleam
Against those morning mists of grey,
Whose faint auroral tints proclaim
The dawning of the perfect day.
And wide, wide open stand the gates,
Each, on its golden hinges, waits
An entrance. Yet never, never
Has mortal foot-fall echoed there,
Nor wing of angel cleft the air,
Whose perfumed waves flow on forever.
But once, in visions of the morn,
When the veil was lightly worn,
And things were seen beyond their seeming,
I saw within those portals gleaming.

O, Life! Life! Life! O but to be
When being were such ecstacy!
For there life throbs in tides of bliss,
Down from the infinite abyss
Of being's source, and thrills along,
In vital currents swift and strong,
Through all the palpitating air.
O, if but man were only there,
To breathe that subtile, quickening breath,
He had no farther thought of death;
And that enrapturing influence
Would sweep a thousand chords of sense
That now in mournful undertones
Wail out sad threnodies of moans,
Would wake from long disused strings
Such music of unuttered things,
That its glad minstrelsy would rise
To swell the chorus of the skies,
And earth and heaven accordant sing
With songs that men and angels sing
For joy of life. And life would be
Ineffable for ecstacy.

O, if to live,
Live utterly, such bliss could give,
To live in soul, and mind, and heart,
No taint of death in any part,
No ashes underneath the bloom,
Nought that were fitter in a tomb—
One moment of such life would be
Better than an eternity
Of living death.

Then, O how blest
Were life within those pearly gates!
For there unmeasured fullness waits
To answer being's last behest.

All ministries of soul or sense,
All choice delights, all excellence,
That fullest, finest life could bless,
Are rounded there to perfectness.

If it should be,
That after type of Nature's plan,
Far hence, at last, humanity
Shall blossom to the perfect man,
Then, through the years' dim avenue
To welcome him, I send my voice—
Rejoice, O coming man, rejoice!
Speed on your way. Life waits for you!

And when with springing step he comes,
And passes o'er our grassy tombs,
Our listening dust shall hear his tread,
And leave its dark, low-lying bed,
Shall struggle up his steps to greet,
And mutely kiss his hastening feet.

And he shall pass o'er all the plain,
To that far, dim, Ideal attain—
Shall enter through those open gates,
And live the life that there awaits.

LENT—THEN EASTER.

Delivered before the Alfriedian Lyceum of Alfred University, July 2d, 1871.

BY C. E. DOWSE.

The waters of the Jordan had parted to receive the sacred form of Christ; the dove-like Spirit, and the voice from the opened heavens, had declared him God's beloved son. Almost thirty years had passed since the "star in the east" had set, and the glory that shone round the shepherds had faded out; silently slumbered the echoes of the angel-chorus among the voiceless mounts of Judea. Save for the treasured thoughts of the mother-heart, and the spirit-thrills and flashings of his own soul, Jesus had walked among men—unknown. Now the annunciation is repeated—the angel-greeted child is the heaven-owned man. Eager eyes are upon him; breathless multitudes wait the opening of his lips; they shall hear him, but not yet. The wilderness, and not the city, must receive him first. He who would speak to men must first talk with God; that peace Christ came to impart to sin-surged souls must first permeate his own being; the human must be baptized—absorbed in the divine; and more, the stone that was to become the precious corner, the sure foundation, must be a tried stone; light and darkness, heaven and hell, must meet upon it. Silence vails the scene. Alone among the mountains, while forty suns rose and set, He walked whose "right hand had first strewed the sno onw Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary." We would not, even with the most reverent hands, lift the vail; but what learner at Jesus' feet—what follower who has traced his every step from cradle to cross—what soul that has gazed upon Him until the Christ-image has again become incarnate—has not, though through a glass darkly, seen him even here? What one has not knelt lovingly at the mount's base, and by his God-begotten sympathy with Christ felt the electric thrills with which heaven was touching earth, sliding down even to him? Such was the exalted spirit in which the observance of Lent, as a Christian fast, was inaugurated. In that spirit many churches, and many lone disciples of Christ, keep it to-day. Whether, as an ordinance, it is founded on apostolic tradition, or was instituted by some early council, we shall not stop to inquire; but let not him who demands a "This do in remembrance of me" for every ordinance, rebuke another who prefers to follow Jesus *all the way.*

They were unwise, perhaps, who, forgetting, or sometimes fearing, their duties to the active world, clustered themselves within mountain solitudes, to live upon the peace of the perpetual hills; but God pity us if, in the reaction consequent upon the violent sundering of his church, we have passively settled upon the soulless flats and deadly marshes forever. Christ's path lay oftenest among the mountains; we avoid them, following him to the river and the synagogue, but never there. Who shall say how much of the torpor of the modern church is due to the suppressed, restrained, expressionless way in which we imitate Christ? Have we then less need than He, the sinless One, to separate ourselves sometimes from the babbling world, and be alone with God?—less need to make special preparation to meet and conquer evil? Is it not the greatest want of our luxury-pampered and care-distracted souls, to live now and then, for a blessed Lenten season, above bodily appetites, and in the silence of the heaven-enclosed mountains? The earth, waking from the sleep of winter, is washed and softened by the April rains, and made ready for the summer's work. Are there no winters in our souls, from which we should rouse—no sin-stains to be cleansed by Lenten showers of tears—no drifts and glaciers to be melted ere Easter can come? Is one tithe of the year too much to give to God? Show me Calvary when for the first time I see that the devouring floods of sin are engulfing me; Hermon when earthly light is fading from my eyes, and a new radiance, escaping from the near gates of pearl, enables me undazzled to behold the glory; but while the toiling, struggling days go on, let me see Christ oftenest in that place most human of all, the wilderness of Judea.

After Christ's fasting, solitude and temptation, came his blessed ministry, his miracles, his sublime victory in death, resurrection, and ascension; so, after the Church's Lent of abstinence and humiliation, comes the glorious Easter morning. Crucifix and altar-piece are unvailed, through nave and transept of the hitherto dark cathedral rolls the spring sun-light, fittest type of undying life; flowers, first fruits of the yearly resurrection, from every niche and altar silently repeat the "Christe Eleison," and breathe to heaven incense from their beautiful lips; souls clarified by recent separation from the world, tried in the wilderness, subdued in Gethsemane, crucified on Calvary, come forth now from their Lenten sepulchres with alleluias that are heard in heaven under the songs of the angels. O, you who hear no lessons from your eloquent gardens and meadows, who disregard the teachings of the venerable trees standing nearer heaven than you, you whose worship is unchanged from November to May, tell me not that their lives are less noble and Christ-like who, year by year, plow and harrow their souls with penitence, fasting and confession, and year by year, in one grand blossoming, throw open all the buds of their emotions to the glory of the resurrection morning, symbolized in Easter.

But if observed nominally only in certain churches, Lent and Easter are exemplified very largely in the histories of individual and associated lives. Some emotionless, negative souls, there may be, alike unsusceptible of joy and sorrow, frigid souls, eternally ice-bound. But if God has made a character positive, it has its zones and altitudes of changeful climate, its day and night, its Lent and Easter. Others there are, too entirely material for either. Christ was led of the Spirit; they follow no lead but that of sickly fancy or base sensualism, and he has no conception of Easter who has not passed through Lent. But in some sense all the world keep Lent, and sooner or later Easter comes. The forty days may lengthen into forty years, but the end is not less certain. Again, though millions suffer together, yet is each as entirely alone as was Christ in the wilderness. Hands may clasp while oceans roll between hearts. Not only is there a separate mount for each tried one, but sometimes a whole world, a lone planet, seems his isolation. Joy is social; grief essentially solitary. Sunlight reveals friends; darkness buries them. O, you who have but now come up from your baptism of sorrow, who has accompanied you as you followed the Spirit to the wilderness? Only your grief; silence, broken alone by your heart throbs, envelopes you; lifted above our reach, but so nearer God, tempted, it may be, but upheld; this is your Lent; though you can not believe it now, yet when you have ceased to hunger for earthly food, and have outlived temptation, then shall angels come and minister unto you, and the clouds, broken by their coming, shall float away, revealing a whole heaven of sunshine above, and admitting all the glory of Easter morning to your soul.

But it is not sorrow alone that produces the Lenten seasons of our lives. Did we but know it, that darkness we call sorrow is oftentimes but the shadow of angels' wings, brooding over us in mercy, not in wrath. But there are also dark days of doubt, when not our eyesight, but our heart-sight, is dim. O, most pitiable of all are these days; 'tis Lent, without the dew of tears—the wilderness, unroofed of heaven—fasting, with no manna for the soul—crucifixion, with no promise of resurrection.

And life is all Lent for selfish souls. In so far as you desire to possess, rather than to give; so far as you look for power to command, instead of to bless; so long as the hope before you is for supremacy instead of love; and your desire is to be greatest instead of least, first instead of last, so long you are enthroning in your affections him whose best offer is the old one, "the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them." No, selfish one, be sure that, in this life or the next, Easter comes only after victory over greed and love of power, after utter surrender and consecration of self.

For a nation in Lent look at France. Whether she is reaping the legitimate fruit of her follies, or is expiating the wanton guilt of years, she is doing it with her best blood. Be silent, ye critics; she has sacrificed treasures that belonged to the world, not Paris; you and I lost in the destruction of the Tuileries, and were not insured, nor can we ever be repaid. Talk of restored gardens and rebuilt palaces; recall the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries; reanimate Catharine de Medici, the Henrys and Napoleons; prove me that the carved work of the poured-out spirit of generations of devoted architects can survive the attack of ax and fire brand, and I will grant that time shall repair the loss. Am I inhuman? But it hurts me, these desolate wastes of ashes and debris, more than their dead in the sewers. Let them kill themselves in their madness, but why ravage with bloody hands the silent, sacred past. Would they have rifled the graves and chopped up the bones of their ancestors, from whom France has received all her glory? But they did infinitely worse, destroying in one rash hour not only the results of faithful, inherited energies, that had worked on from death to death of long generations, the fruit of their souls' travail, but whole consecrated lives, as they were chiseled into marble and ground in the stones. And yet we can only say, Poor France! Heaven pity poor France!

Another spot in Europe will show us Easter. The Alps shall no sooner hide from our view those sickening sights of France, than the rose-light of Easter morning shall greet us on the southern slope; so soon as the wailing shall die out in our ears, canticles of joy shall fill them—music from music's home, the Italian heart, shall assure us "United Italy is happy Italy."

So into these silent, shoreless Jordans, we are stepping, one by one. Not all rivers of tears are they, nor fathomless floods of doubt and despair, but often baptismal fountains, from whose life mere existence rises individualized, full-souled—buried creatures rising sons of God.

So the dove-winged spirit descends, and first we are conscious of self—separate, solitary self; so heaven opens, and first we feel, are flooded with God. Up to the wilderness, the mounts of life, shall the Spirit lead us now, soul to soul with the divine. Dare we follow to be tempted? Shall we yield? No, a thousand times *no*, though to their uttermost depths, their most appalling details, we sound the secrets of sorrow, this first conscious breath of the Infinite upon our souls must not die. No longer clay, nor simply human, but from this moment we, who had called ourselves the work of unseen hands, see that our architect was not only divine, but that he wrought himself into us; here this mortal puts on immortality, time reaches out and grows eternal. Now follows Lent. The powers of darkness shall grapple with the hosts of heaven, our souls the battle field; in this issue all the meaning, all the value of life are concentrated. O, the grandeur of these unheralded, soul-gained victories. Thenceforward, fed of God, alone with him, in his Holy of Holies, whose altars are the mountain peaks, and whose veil the mountain cloud.

From this mount into life all the ways are marked; down to the sea, through sorrow-shaded gardens, over night-covered mounts, they lead, but we walk with God. The Lenten veils are not yet removed, but we know Christ through them; the blackness of the Lenten night is yielding; the morn waxes toward Easter. The spring sun rolls zenithward; seeds buried in hope and prayer are stirring with throbs of life; buds are swelling into blossoms; vespers are becoming alleluias. The Lent of life opens, expands into the eternity of Easter.

KENYON HALL.—The Alfred correspondent of the *Hornellsville Times* says:

"The Kenyon Memorial Hall building, for the preservation of the Cabinet Specimens, is to be situated east of the Graded School building. Twenty thousand dollars is the amount required to construct the building (which is to be fire proof,) and help furnish and keep it in repair. Very few are aware of the magnitude this cabinet has grown to. In addition to what they are constantly receiving, a very nice collection of stalactites and stalagmites has been received from Iowa, taken from an ice cave. Prof. D. D. Babcock is the giver. Also, a beautiful collection of birds from Prof. A. R. Cornwall, of Albion, Wis. All old Alfred students are earnestly solicited to assist. Many are contributing for this noble work, sending in subscriptions ranging from twenty to one hundred dollars. In what way could we better perpetuate the name of William C. Kenyon, the noble founder of Alfred University?"

The Sabbath Recorder.

WESTERLY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, MARCH 7, 1872.

GEORGE B. UTTER.....EDITOR.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

I.

One might suppose, from the language sometimes used when men are urged to come to Christ, or to obey a particular truth, that those who should give their hearts to the Saviour, or obey this or that so-called unpopular truth, must expect to become the objects of scoffs and jeers, and to be despised and rejected by their fellow men. But the fact is, the truth, as it has been revealed in the life, death and sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, takes a strong hold of the hearts of men, and one hard to be resisted; for men still possess the image and likeness of their Maker, however sadly it may have been marred by sin. And when truth is brought home to their hearts and consciences, whether they themselves will obey it or not, they honor in their hearts all who are honestly trying to imitate the Great Exemplar.

So strong is the moral sense in men, that while dissemblers and hypocrites are always and everywhere despised, the honest and upright are universally respected. Some may indeed point the finger of scorn; but they are men for whose opinion or moral judgment the good and pure need care but very little. They are the low and depraved men, who neither fear God nor eschew evil, being blind to the excellence of real moral worth. But all whose sense of truth and right is not altogether perverted, all who have not lost the self-respect of true gentlemanliness, whether Christians themselves or not, are compelled by their own consciences to bow in reverence before purity of motive, and righteousness of character.

Let us then have done with presenting the truth as it is in Jesus, in such a way as to lead men to suppose that we do not believe it to be so like the law written on their hearts, that they are under the necessity of doing it homage, though never so unwillingly and secretly.

II.

There appear to me to be a few radical defects in our methods of vindicating Sabbath truth, and the claims of the whole moral law. We stultify ourselves, in the estimation of all intelligent Christian people, by questioning the honesty of those who differ from us in point of doctrine; and we assume a right that belongs only to the Almighty, when we declare what shall be their standing before the judgment seat of Christ. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own Master he standeth or falleth."

We have done, and are still doing, too much judging. And in this respect we are by no means unlike other Christian denominations. Our Saviour said, "*Judge not*, that *ye* be not judged." It behooves us, therefore, as defenders of a special truth, to recognize Christian character, likeness to Christ, under whatever *form* it may appear. Otherwise we violate the Saviour's command, one which is, I suppose, just as binding as any in the decalogue.

Then let us make that very Christian character the ground of men's obligation to be *seekers* after truth; and affirm, that by virtue of their being children of our comnon Father, they are bound to ignore no truth, however unimportant it may appear to them to be, should it prove to be His will; but to honestly decide between their own consciences and God, who is greater than these, in regard to what is claimed to be a divine requirement.

And again, the claims of moral law are often presented too much as if that law were altogether an arbitrary enactment, binding only as to the letter, rather than a revelation of what is embodied in God's infinitely holy nature, a code of precepts enjoining principles eternal as Jehovah himself, and which are re-embodied in our own moral constitution.

According to Christ's interpretation of the Ten Commandments, given in the sermon on the mount, they are but windows, to borrow a figure from Dr. Hodge, through which we, with our finite and depraved moral vision, may look, and catch glympses of the infinitely vast expanse of moral law lying beyond.

An entire self-surrender of the heart and life to the divine will and purposes, is therefore required. And we must not render obedience in the spirit of an hireling, who loves the reward rather than his work or Master; for Christians are not under law. The law brought to light their guilt and helplessness, and so led them to Christ, performing the office of a pedagogue; and they are now under grace. Every moral precept and principle is still to be obeyed; but Christians ought so to penetrate into the depths of moral law, their hearts should so grow into harmony with the very spirit of that which is holy, just, and good, that conformity to its demands would become more and more spontaneous.

Deceit, therefore, trickery in trade, covetousness, anger, the placing of stumbling blocks in the way of weaker brethren, impure desires, are just as certainly sinful as actual lying, theft, murder, or adultery; and the merely having a name to be Sabbath-keepers, is to virtually be Sabbath-breakers; for life and spirituality belong to real Sabbath-keeping as its true end; while the form, however inseparable it may be from the spirit, is a means and not an end.

The *letter* of the Ten Commandments fails, therefore, to express the Christian's ideal of moral law. His conception of it is rather of principles which had their origin in the infinitely holy nature of Him whom the heart worships as the world's moral Ruler, because of the law written on its own fleshly tablets. And in these principles, revealed in a codified form on Mount Sinai, and also underlying the ceremonies and types of the whole Mosaic dispensation, as they are grasped with an increasing clearness by the holy prophets, and above all as so clearly unfolded, *fulfilled*, in the teachings, suffering and death of Jesus Christ, he beholds with love and reverance that law which is perfect, converting the soul.

Such a conception of moral law gives the Christian faith in God and in men; it gives the religious teacher a glowing confidence in the power of every moral truth; opens new avenues to the consciences of men; and ought, it seems to me, to determine our methods of teaching Christian morality, and of vindicating the claims of any moral precept which may be rejected by men, or concerning whose importance notions in our opinion altogether inadequate may be entertained.

III.

There is, evidently, in the minds of some of our people, an idea that there exists a strong ground of affinity between Seventh-day Baptist and Seventh-day Adventist doctrines. Now, I would not be understood, in what I may say, as for one moment impugning the Christian character of our Adventist brethren, as doubting their sincerity and purity of motives in their peculiar beliefs and practices, or as not having respect for their great zeal in spreading and defending what they hold to be the truth.

As a rule, men's lives are but the expession of their faith; but a loving Father has so mercifully adjusted the Christian life to the wants and imperfections of our fallen nature, that that life may be possessed in the soul, in spite of belief in most unscriptural doctrines. We do not therefore forfeit one iota of our claim to broad Christian charity, and sympathy for moral worth, though we oppose never so strongly the outward forms in which that worth manifests itself; and the opinions, doctrines, and modes of interpreting the Scriptures, held by other Christians, as being greatly at variance with what appears to us to be plainly taught in the New Testament. And so, when we forbear passing judgment on the heart and inward life, we keep ourselves where we can love all who give evidence of being the servants of our common Lord and Master.

Adventist views concerning the godhead, the nature and destiny of man, the methods of explaining prophecy, and concerning "spiritual gifts," are, I suppose, wholly unlike our own, and those held by the great body of Christian believers. And I have yet to learn, that they do not so exalt their mission as food and raiment reformers, as preachers of the third angel's message, and Sabbath truth, as to almost ignore the necessity of preaching the *Gospel* to men who do not believe in Christ.

Now, are these opinions so like our own, or of so little moment, that we are justified in the course we are pursuing, in one way or another, towards those who hold them, while we frequently denounce others, in a most un-Christ-like spirit, because they differ from us in regard to one doctrine? By the practice of restricted communion, we protest against the substitution of sprinkling and pouring for Christian baptism, and of the Sunday for the Christian Sabbath; but would not one be justified in saying, that he could find in the relations which some apparently desire to have established between the Adventists and ourselves, no protest against materialism and materialistic interpretations of prophecy, and against the belief that certain ecstatic trances are really heavenly visions?

I feel that every year increases my love for the truth held by Seventh-day Baptists. But still I could "strike hands" with First-day Baptists on almost every doctrine they hold, and sympathize with nearly all their aims as a Christian people; while between Adventist doctrines and our own, I find a far wider difference, which I am unable to understand how we can ignore. For their materialism really differs but very little, so far as I can see, from philosophical materialism, save that it is, as some one has said, illogical and incoherent. Such appear to be the very necessities of thought, that should we follow their interpretations of the Bible, but more especially of the testimony of consciousness, (or perhaps I should say their disregard of its testimony, to their legitimate conclusions, we should be led into that materialism which is one of the greatest foes of Biblical Christianity, which robs men of a spiritual nature to which alone revealed spiritual truth can appeal, and saps the very foundation of religious life and doctrine. For me to deny the immortality of the soul, and I speak now only of my own convictions, would be but to surround myself with the dismal gloom of materialism, through which I can not concieve how a single ray of spiritual light could shine into my heart; and I should be constrained to say, Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we *die*.

It would therefore appear to be the duty of religious teachers to more faithfully give instruction in *Christian doctrine*, and to warn our people against the dangers there now are, that we shall come to look upon grave errors as of so little importance, that agreement on a few points shall lead us to ignore the fact that many and vital differences do actually exist.

Unless I am self-deceived, I would not be uncharitable; neither would I seek to oppose a true Christian fellowship between them and ourselves, nor place a single stumbling-block, however small, in the way of truth; but I cannot think it right to wink at things which we can but believe to be unscriptural, unreasonable, and fanatical.

And, furthermore, if we believe that Almighty God reigns in the world, rather than Satan; if we have not lost faith in mankind, and in the *leavening* power of Christianity—that *stone* destined to fill the whole earth—that *mustard seed* containing the germ of a great tree; if we are not blind to the evidences that men's consciences are growing more tender under the influence of Christ's example and teachings, and that brotherly love is gaining in its power over the very springs of human life; that the Christian world is and must, from the very nature of the divinely-imparted Christian life, be growing better; how can we indorse the opinion, that "the mark of the beast," or Sunday-keeping, is one day to be the only means of escape from a persecuting power; or the sentiment of the following words, lately spoken to the Adventists: "The time is coming when we shall have to suffer together for our faith, and we might as well begin to sympathize with each other now?"

IV.

What is our mission? That to live and to teach a higher and purer morality is an important part of the mission of every Christian people, would seem to be apparent to observers of human life and action. And is this part of their work sufficiently recognized by orthodox denominations? Well would it be for orthodoxy, should that class of religionists whose doctrines are mainly rationalistic and ethical, become, under Providence, the means of leading it to feel more, and preach more, that faith without works is dead; that mere belief, though never so correct—that merely formal and intellectual doctrinal soundness—are not enough to entitle one to the glorious privileges of the kingdom of heaven. We are unable to render *perfect* obedience to the moral law, and thus, like Christ, "fulfill *all* righteousness;" therefore we must be justified by faith. But they who shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, must be clothed, not in "legal" or "imputed," but in *real* righteousness.

But, as a more comprehensive statement of the mission of the Christian church, may it not be said, that the times unmistakably call us to the spread and defense of true doctrines concerning the Godhead, Man, and the Bible, doctrines which embrace the whole duty of man? Materialists are sowing broodcast the seeds of atheism, false notions are kept before the minds of the people concerning the inspiration of the Bible, and the person and work of Him who is the great central Figure of all Scripture and history; the demands for reform are becoming so one-sided in their aims, that we are in danger of forgetting that it is from the blessed truth as taught by the Son of Man, from the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and Him as *crucified*, and from this source alone, there flows a river of life-giving power, whose mission ever is to purify and sanctify the man, the family, the neighborhood, and the state; evangelical Christians are teaching the commandments of men, concerning baptism and the Sabbath; and, above all, let us not forget, that *men are dying in their sins.*

It is this solemn fact that makes me feel that we are called to labor for the redemption of men from the power of sin, more than for anything else. And I can but believe, brethren, that should we go to work as one man, earnestly and trustfully, for the conversion of men to *our Christ* rather than to *our creed*, we should better serve our Master and our fellow-men, and do more than we are now doing for our growth as a distinct Christian denomination.

ARTHUR E. MAIN.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb., 1872.

THE HEARTY THANKS of our missionaries for the prompt remittance, in spite of an overdrawn treasury, of what was found due them at the last meeting of our Missionary Board, is itself a measure of compensation to the Treasurer of the Society for advancin the necessary money. He does not wish to be selfish, however, and is ready to divide the thanks with those who remit money to replenish the treasury. We should be sorry to treat our missionaries as the New York papers say that the American Home Missionary Society is doing. Here is one paragraph on the subject:

"The Society has adopted a resolution to the effect that no money is to be borrowed to meet the deficit of contributions to their treasury. For six months there has been dearth in the offerings, and the well-to-do managers of the Society have simply left their missionaries through this most trying season without salary, rather than pledge their individual credit which is good, for the relief of their service. The contributions were used as far as they would go, and pastors in remote settlements have been left without support. The secretary coolly announces, that missionaries in some cases are obliged to sell their furniture and books for the means of life."

HOME NEWS.

ASHAWAY.

Eld. C. Chester's eightieth birthday occurred on Sabbath, Feb. 24th, and in the evening after the Sabbath, his children and grandchildren, to the number of twenty or more, called on him, to pay their respects, and congratulate him on having lived to see his eightieth birthday, his children being all present excepting the two who reside in New York State. During the evening, supper having been prepared, the party sat down to the big table which they used to surround in days of yore, and the venerable Elder offered up a very impressive prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord for having preserved so many of his offspring, with himself, to meet together on this occasion. After supper, the time was agreeably spent in conversation, until the party left for their homes; but before they separated, the aged parents were presented with envelopes from the guests, each of which was said to contain greenbacks. The interview was an agreeable one, and we trust a profitable one.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.

FEBRUARY 28, 1872.

We are having very cold weather, with strong winds. The sleighing is excellent. The snow is packed so that it drifts but little. Scarlet fever is prevailing among children quite extensively.

There has been quite an extended religious interest in the west and south-west part of the town, and quite a number have found peace in believing in Jesus. We of the village have also shared in it to some extent. Also, at what is called the quarter among the Freewill Baptists, in Columbus. I have been preaching half of the time since last Spring for them. They are greatly refreshed, and quite a number are hoping in Christ.

J. M. T.

HUMBOLDT, NEBRASKA.

A letter dated in January, which has been delayed somewhere, says:

"We still have no pastor to lead us, but we trust we have the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls to lead us. We have been corresponding with some of the brethren, and hope we shall be able to procure a pastor very soon. We are expecting one to visit us with this in view. Long have we felt the need of a pastor; but as we were somewhat divided, and very poor too, we did not think we could support a minister. Even now we feel our poverty, but we hope that we may be so united that we may be able to support a minister; at least, if we can have a little help from other sources. It is stated by those who are well acquainted, and who have lived here for many years—some of them ever since the church was organized—that society is in a better condition now than ever it was since that time. The elements of discord and dissension have been gradually dissolving for more than a year, until a great majority of the society are coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. *Now* we are having a glorious revival of religion. Cold-hearted professors are awakening, backsliders coming back in numbers, sinners weeping over their sins, and those who have stood their ground rejoicing at the work of the Lord. We bless the Lord for these tokens of his love and power. Brethren, you are not aware of the magnitude of the labor to be done here. Faithful laborers, who *can* lead the people on

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ALONZO H. BURDICK.

When we entered the office of the *Protestant Sentinel*, at Homer, N. Y., as an apprentice to the printing business, Alonzo H. Burdick, formerly of Lincklaen, N. Y., was a prominent man in the establishment. While that paper was being published in Schenectady, N. Y., he left it, and became connected with the *Onondaga Chief*, at Syracuse, N. Y. Afterward he was connected with the *Seventh-day Baptist Register*, at DeRuyter, N. Y., and with the *Reformer*, at Watertown, N. Y. Some twenty years ago he went west, and of his labors in that region, and his death, we find the following account in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* of Feb. 3d:

"Yesterday afternoon, death summoned to the invisible land Mr. A. H. Burdick, at the age of 60 years. Having resided in this city since 1852, he was very generally known among business men with whom his occupation has brought him in contact. He was a printer by profession, and came to Milwaukee from [illegible] county, N. Y., to take charge of the mechanical department of the *Free Democrat*. Remaining with that paper for some time, he afterwards found employment in an important capacity on the *Sentinel*, where he remained for several years. Subsequently he returned to the *Free Democrat*, and after being there for a second time, was mail-route agent between Milwaukee and Chicago for six years. Since that time he has occupied several different positions, but of late years his health has been poor, and his efficiency somewhat impaired. He has always been an enthusiastic temperance man, and his voice and pen have done good service in the cause. His friends will learn [illegible] with regret."

CONGRESS.

MONDAY, Feb. 26th.

In the Senate, the principal event of interest was a speech by Mr. Nye in regard to the French arms business.

In the House, an investigation was ordered into the French arms contracts. Two new civil service bills were introduced, both being modifications of Mr. Williard's bill. Mr. Shellabarger, Chairman of the House Committee on Commerce, introduced a bill for the revival of American commerce, which adopts the system recommended by the Secretary of the Treasury of granting bounties to all American built vessels. A bill was introduced by Gen. Garfield, to establish a record of naturalization in the State department. Gen. Ketcham introduced a bill to prohibit the Registers and Receivers of the Land Office, and Surveyer Generals and their wives and clerks, from locating or purchasing tracts of land, or acting as agents for the location or the sale of land, land warrants, or scrip. Mr. Ketcham also introduced another bill to authorize the appointment of two detectives to perform all duties for the Land Office similar to those performed by Supervisors in the internal revenue service.

TUESDAY, Feb. 27th.

In the Senate, the debate on the French arms business was continued, Messrs. Wright and Schurz being the principal speakers. A bill was introduced making provision for a group of statuary, by the sculptor Mills, to commemorate the suppression of the Rebellion.

In the House, several bills relating to the currency were discussed, without decisive action.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 28th.

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner spoke on the French Arms resolution, reviewing the whole subject, and stating the reasons why the investigations should be made.

In the House, the bill to facilitate Clearing house exchanges was recommitted.

THURSDAY, Feb. 29th.

In the Senate, the debate on the French Arms business was concluded, and Mr. Sumner's resolution adopted, the preamble being tabled.

In the House, a long discussion took place on the St. Croix Land Grant bill, and the measure was finally recommitted.

FRIDAY, March 1st.

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner declined to serve on the French Arms Investigating Committee. An unsuccessful attempt was made to elect the Committee.

In the House, the St. Croix Land Grant scheme was further discussed. A bill was introduced establishing a more effective system of Quarantine for the Southern coast.

BRITISH EVENTS.

Great Britain was stirred to the center on two occasions last week—on Tuesday by the thanksgiving festivities for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and on Thursday by an attempt upon the life of Queen Victoria.

Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving day opened with salutes and the ringing of bells at sunrise. From an early hour the streets through which the procession was to pass were cleared of vehicles and pedestrians. The line of march to and from the Cathedral was seven miles. The carriage-way along the entire route was fenced in and uninterrupted from curb to curb. The houses on both sides were decorated from cellar to attic, not house by house, but block by block, and all open spaces were filled by banks of seats. The avenue of flags, streamers, and gorgeous tapestry wound for miles through the heart of the city, passing under superb and costly triumphal arches. Every available place was occupied by the spectators, who were only to be numbered by millions. Fabulous prices were paid for single seats, and houses let for the day at their rent for a year. Twelve thousand soldiers and almost the entire police force guarded the lines. As the Queen left the court yard of the palace, a chorus of 30,000 children sang the national anthem, "God Save the Queen." At Temple Bar the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and six Aldermen and eight Councilmen, all on horseback, met the royal coach, and performed the ceremony of delivering to Her Majesty the keys of the city. The services at St. Paul's consisted of the singing by a grand chorus of a *Te Deum*, (written for the occasion from Psalm cxv.,) the reading of prayers, and a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The appearance of the interior of the Cathedral was greatly changed by the temporary arrangements for the occasion. A thousand workmen had been employed for weeks past in erecting seats and galleries, and their labors enabled 14,000 persons to be seated within the body of the church. At the conclusion of the religious services, the procession formed again and moved westward through Newgate-st., by the Old Bailey, to and across the Holborn Viaduct, near the western end of which (at the boundary of the city) the Lord Mayor's party bade adieu to the royal household and returned to Guildhall. On Snow Hill a platform was erected, which accommodated over 1,000 people. In front of the platform was a choir of 250 children, who sang the national anthem as the royal family approached. But their singing was drowned by the outburst of cheering as the royal coach, now containing the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Alexandra, came in front of the stand. The procession continued its way past High Holborn, and through Oxford-road to the more fashionable West End. The whole route to and from the Cathedral was seven miles in length, and the procession was four hours in motion. The best estimates place the number of spectators who witnessed its passage at four millions.

A London paper gives the number of casualties, during the Thanksgiving demonstration, at 229, only two of which, it says, resulted fatally. The most of the injuries consisted of broken legs and ribs, dislocations of other limbs, and cuts.

Assault upon the Queen.

The assault upon the Queen was made by a man named O'Conner, whose object appears to have been to frighten her with a pistol, and so compel her to sign a paper pardoning all of the Fenian prisoners. The Queen, returning from a drive, had reached Buckingham Palace. As her carriage stopped at the gate, a young man ran to the side of the vehicle, and presented a pistol within a foot of the Queen's head. The Queen bent her head down to avoid the shot, but the pistol did not explode. The man, in one hand, held papers granting a release to the Fenian prisoners, which he shouted to the Queen to sign, threatening her at the same time with the pistol. He was instantly seized by the attendants, and prevented from doing further harm. It was then found that the pistol was unloaded, and that it was of such primitive construction that if it had been loaded it probably could not have been discharged.

This is the fourth time the Queen has escaped unharmed from the pistols of would-be assassins. John Oxford, a crazy lad, fired at her in 1840, a few months before the birth of the Princess Royal. The second attempt was made by John Francis, in 1842; Francis was condemned to be hanged, but the Queen commuted his sentence to transportation for life. Two months after this second attempt, one J. W. Bean aimed a pistol at the Queen, but it was struck down before he fired. Bean was imprisoned for 18 months; and Parliament, at that time, made whipping the legal punishment for the crime. All of these acts of violence and menace were, undoubteely, the result of a monomania begot of long brooding over fancied personal or national wrongs.

JAPANESE EMBASSY.

A Washington dispatch of Friday, March 1, gives the particulars about the Japanese Embassy, as follows:

The Japanese Embassy reached Washington on a special train from Baltimore shortly after 2 o'clock this afternoon. They were met at the depot by Mr. Mori, Japanese Charge d' Affaires in this city, accompanied by Gov. Cooke, Gen. Shipman, and Gen. Myers, U. S. A., who has been detailed by the Department to take charge of the Embassy during the time they remain here.

The meeting between Mr. Mori and his countrymen was intensely cordial, and, after brief salutations, Gov. Cooke was introduced, and, in a very brief speech, welcomed the distinguished gentlemen to the Capital of the United States; after which he introduced Gen. Myers, who, he told them, would have them in charge; and also to Gen. Chipman. Mr. Iwakura replied, also very briefly, returning thanks for the cordial welcome, and, without further ceremony, the entire party entered the carriages in waiting, and were driven to their hotel.

The ladies of the party were taken to Georgetown, to the residence of Mr. Lanman, the Secretary of the Japanese Legation. The gentlemen of the Embassy will occupy about 50 rooms of the Arlington Hotel, including the entire adjacent portion of the building known as the Johnson House, and two entire buildings on the opposite side of Vermont-ave. The houses occupied by the distinguished visitors are handsomely fitted up and arranged into suites and parlors, while special servants have been detailed to wait upon them during their stay in the city. Upon the door of each sleeping chamber set apart for the use of the Embassy is the name, inscribed in Japanese characters, of the member of the party who is to be the occupant. A large number of private dining and reception rooms are also features of the accommodations which have been prepared for them.

ALLEGANY COUNTY ITEMS.

Burdick's sash, blind and door factory, at Little Genesee, was recently destroyed by fire.

Friendship has bonded itself for $30,000 in aid of the Rochester, Nunda & Pennsylvania Railway.

Rev. N. V. Hull commences his 27th year as pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Alfred Centre, on the first of April next.

Mr. Samuel Decker, of Belvidere, met with a bad accident, a few days ago, at Ceres, Pa. He was at work drawing logs, and had his right leg broken and ankle badly smashed.

The Valley Times say that the pulpit of the Presbyterian church of Almond is occupied for the present by Prof. Lewis of Alfred University.

MISHAP TO BURGLARS.—A gang of burglars met with a singular mishap in Manchester, Ohio, a few nights since. Eleven in number, they went at midnight to rob the First National Bank. Entering the building with a false key they proceeded to open the door of the safe with powder. While lighting the fuse, a spark fell upon a keg of powder which they had brought, and an explosion of unexpected proportions speedily followed. Two men were killed outright, and another had a leg fearfully mangled. The others escaped, but all except two of them have since been captured. With one exception, the burglars were residents of the county, where for seven years they have been committing depredations.

ANOTHER TRUNK MYSTERY.—Anna Royce, a beautiful young lady, the daughter of Maurice Royce, living near Wurtsboro, Sullivan County, N. Y., disappeared from her home in December last. Nothing was heard of her until recently, when a box marked "Miss Anna Royce, Centreville, Sullivan County, N. Y.," was received at Wurtsboro, and sent to the house of Mr. Royce. Upon being opened, it was found to contain the corpse of his missing daughter. Inquiry showed that the box, with a trunk bearing the same address, had been sent by express from New-York, but nothing further had been ascertained. It is believed that Miss Royce was the victim of a crime similar to that which cost the unfortunate Alice Bowlsby her life.

THE Erie Railroad furnishes a subject for innumerable newspaper paragraphs. A recent paragrph says that in 1867, the stock of the company amounted to $25,111,210, while its funded debt was $22,368,834 94, making a total of $47,480,044 94. In 1871, its stock amounted to $86,536,610, and its funded debt to $26,398,800, making a total of $112,935,710. Increase, in four years, of stock and funded debt, $65,555,666.

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL. D., Professor of Rhetoric and the English Language and Literature in the College of New Jersey, and late Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother, No 17 North Seventh-st. 1872.

We are indebted to the publishers for a copy of this book, which seems to us well adapted to serve the purpose intended by the author, as a text-book for scholars, and a book of reference for the general reader. In one important respect this work differs from most works on the same subject; it is not restricted to poetry, plays, and romances, but treats of whatever makes a part of public reading, and influences the opinions and actions of men, not excluding theological treatises, school-books, and other books for the young, fugitive tracts, daily and weekly newspapers, and literature in all of its forms. In another respect this book has advantages; its groupings are around conspicuous reigns, or other great public events, rather than by centuries. We do not know where to find so much matter in relation to English Literature condensed into a duodecimo volume of 636 pages.

CURIOUS REAL ESTATE QUESTION.—The owners of land around the shores of Beaver Lake, in Indiana, went to work, some time ago, and dug a ditch which drained all the water from the lake, and converted its former bed into excellent meadow land. A question as to the ownership of this land has now arisen. The State claims it, on the ground that she formerly owned the land around the lake, under the grant from the United States of swamp lands for school purposes. The men who dug the ditch maintain that, under the riparian laws, they have the right to extend the boundaries of their lands to the middle of the bed of the lake. One of the claimants became a defaulter to the State, and, in settling his accounts, assigned to it his right to the recovered land. A third class of claims has arisen. Certain persons, maintaining that the disputed territory re claimed from the lake is public land of the United States, have squatted upon it, under the preemption laws. After various conflicting decisions of the Indiana Courts, those interested have come to Congress for legislation. The matter has been referred to the Public Lands Committee, before which ex-Senator Hendricks, Gen. Milroy, and others, have made arguments.

A MISSOURI CHURCH MEETING.—A St. Louis dispatch of Feb. 28th says:

"George Webb was shot and killed, and James Aid and David Hamiltree wounded, on Saturday last, in an affray at Salem Church, five miles from Independence, Mo. It appears that a bitter family feud existed between the Webb and Aid families, and as both belonged to the Salem Baptist Church, an effort was made to settle the trouble through the influence of the church. With this view a meeting of the respective friends of the families was held on Saturday, and while efforts were making to heal the differences between Aid and Webb, a few angry words were spoken, whereupon Webb shot and wounded one of Aid's brothers. In attempting to stop the fight which ensued, David Hamiltree was wounded and Webb killed, the latter receiving seven bullets in his body."

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST LITERATURE.—I was pleased to see in the RECORDER a notice of "*Biographical Sketches*" of our honored brother, Eld. Eli S. Bailey. The work is a modest, yet manly tribute to one of our worthiest and most valued gospel laborers. It should be in every Seventh-day Baptist family, and read by old and young. His example of heroic toil in the straits and privations of early life, and his successful achievement of an honored name and earthly competence, with strict adherence to religious principle and social integrity, should stimulate all our youth to abide by Bible doctrines and duties, in the face of any and every opposing influence. J. R. I.

QUERY.—Will some reader of the RECORDER give us a valid reason for retaining members in a church longer than they, of loving choice, would prefer to remain such members? Now that the subject of communion is up for re-examination, will it not be well to have a satisfactory adjustment of this also? I have long felt that the rule which has prevailed in some of our churches, that persons asking a release must unite with some of our own churches, or be followed by a decree of excommunication, was a palpable violation of the golden rule. Let us hear the voice of wisdom in relation thereto. J. R. I.

LIBRARY OPENING ON SUNDAY.—A petition addressed to the Board of Trustees of the Cooper Union has been circulated, and will be presented to the Board at an early day. It asks that the library and reading-room of the Union may be opened to the use of the working people on Sundays for the purpose of promoting their moral, social and intellectual condition. This petition has been signed by 5,000 citizens of all classes, and among the names are those of several prominent clergymen. It is further indorsed by 10,000 working men, members of various societies and unions, who by resolutions have authorized their officers, in their official capacity, to communicate their concurrence.

GRANVILLE S. P. STILLMAN, Esq., a reputable lawyer in New York, was last week sentenced by Judge Barnard to be imprisoned one day, and pay a fine of $75, for contempt of court. Mr. Stillman claims that no contempt was intended or committed, and that the sentence was the result of personal ill-feeling on the part of the judge—an illustration, in other words, of judicial tyranny.

DR. W. W. CRANDALL, of the New York Legislature, has our thanks for public documents. A recent number of the *Wellsville Free Press* says of the Doctor: "He is one of the most useful and industrious members of the Legislature, and is making a record of which the Republicans of Allegany will have no reason to be ashamed."

THE New York Homeopathic Medical College held its 12th commencement on Thursday evening, Feb. 29th. The graduating class numbered thirty-six, among whom was Professor Henry C. Coon, late of the DeRuyter Institute.

PROHIBITION is being tried to some purpose in Massachusetts, and it is said that there are not less than one hundred and thirteen persons now in the different Houses of Correction, serving out their sentences for illegal dram-selling.

ONE of our Allegany County exchanges says that "the Methodists of Andover have sold their church and lot to the Seventh-day Baptists, and are to erect a $15,000 edifice for their own use next summer."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

An irritating story of a bank-teller is told in the newspapers. He lived in Hartford, Conn., and having saved a good deal of money, retired, bought a fine farm, stocked it, and went to live upon it, like a financial Diocletian. The directors of his bank were so pleased that they voted him thanks and a money gratuity; whereupon he went to their next meeting, and calmly informed them that he had made his little pile by speculating with the funds of the bank; and he also cautioned them to keep a good look-out for his successor, who might not be so successful as he had been.

The death of Mrs. Moses H. Grinnell, wife of the ex-Collector of the port of New York, at Genoa, is announced by a cable dispatch. She was the eldest daughter of Dr. Wm. Irving, and a niece of Washington Irving. Although remarkable for her literary tastes, she found her chief pleasures in the domestic circle. She accompanied her husband to Europe several months ago, and intended to remain abroad three or four years.

Recently, one Johnson traveled five hundred miles, from Geneva, Ill., to Shellmound, Tenn., in order to shoot William Singleton, for seducing Mrs. Johnson. The injured husband, advancing upon the destroyer of his domestic happiness, cried, "I've come five hundred miles to kill you;" he took a deliberate aim, and Singleton will probably die of the wounds which he received.

Massachusetts, in addition to her present excellent educational system, now propose to establish Industrial Schools. The law will give such schools legislative sanction; but it is permissive, not obligatory, and towns may raise money for the support of the schools (either day or evening) at pleasure, the School Committee to determine the arts or trades to be taught.

A farmer named Willis Williamson, living near Muncie, Indiana, followed his daughter to Dalesville, where she had gone to marry one Landry. He found the young woman at the house of a relative, and cut her throat, killing her instantly. He then shot himself twice in the mouth with a revolver. His wounds are supposed to be mortal. He had a large family.

The Tuileries, according to the report of M. Garnier, may be fairly placed in the category of ruins, like the Acropolis or the Coliseum. There is not a stone left of the old pile which can be made to serve in its reconstruction. M. Garnier proposes to rebuild the two pavilions, so that the Louvre, with its great square and gardens, may be more fairly seen.

A dispatch from Wyckenburg, Arizona, says the Apaches attacked two trains between that place and Phenix, and murdered Samuel Culhember and Thomas Harris. At Martinez Ranche they ran off the stock and plundered the station of all movables. Culhember and Harris were employees of the Stage Company.

A Holz electric machine, one of the largest, and probably most effective in the world, was forwarded, recently, to the University of Pennsylvania. The revolving-plate is 36 inches in diameter, and the machine is capable of giving an 18-inch spark, which will pierce a plate of glass 8½ inches thick.

Generally, it is mournful to say, sons-in-law quarrel with mothers-in-law, which much disturbs the harmony of some domestic circles. A youth in Syracuse has so far departed from the rule, as to fall in love with his step-mother, and moreover he has run away with her, taking also, to pay traveling expenses, some $500 of his papa's money.

On the 17th of February, the house of Henry Spinney, in Argyle, Yarmouth County, was burned, and his five children perished in the flames. Mr. and Mrs. Spinney were absent on a visit, and the only adult person left to protect the children was their grandmother, who is insane.

Charles L. Wilson, editor of the Chicago *Journal*, has received from New York an elegant silver coffee urn, presented to him by the buffalo hunting party, among whom were General Sheridan, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., L. W. Jerome, General Sager, Buffalo Bill, and others, for having brought down the first elk.

A company of juveniles in Toronto have carried on a profitable business for some time by capturing dogs on the street and restoring them to the owners when liberal rewards could be obtained for so doing. They have kept a yard in which they had thirty or forty canines prisoners all the time.

A "corner" in whiskey was developed last week in St. Louis. One firm purchased, at a cost of some three millions of dollars, nearly all of the old whiskey in market, for the purpose of establishing a monopoly, and raising prices.

Subscriptions to the National Voluntary Fund to pay the German war indemnity continue to be made from all parts of France. The fund now amounts to 23,000,000 francs.

The Hon. F. L. Allen, of New London, Conn., who was on Tuesday, Feb. 27th, nominated by the Democrats for Sheriff of New London County, died that evening. He was formerly Mayor of New London, and had been in both branches of the Legislature. His age was 53 years.

A scheme for setting apart a strip of country, five miles in breadth, running across the Indian Territory, from North to South, for use as a road for military, postal and commercial purposes, is urged upon the House Committee on Indian Affairs.

It appears from the 88th annual report of the German Immigrant Society, that 83,609 German immigrants arrived at the port of New York last year—an increase of 12,329 as compared with the preceding year. Of 1,560 Mormon immigrants, only 17 were Germans and 63 Swiss.

"A man who by crime puts the State to an expense for his arrest and confinement, may justly be, ought fairly be, kept long enough in confinement to make his labor balance at least his cost," say the Massachusetts Commissioners of Prisons.

The Chinese shoemakers at North Adams, Mass., of all the inhabitants of that town, were alone patriotic enough to celebrate the birthday of Washington, which they did by giving a feast in their shops, and by letting off a prodigious quantity of the most superior imported crackers.

A plan for electing postmasters by the people is now before Congress. Such an arrangement, it is thought, will be more satisfactory to those having business with post-offices, and will cut off a fruitful source of official corruption.

A party of Indians, having been furnished with liquor by whites in San Diego County, Cal., got into a fight, and a man named Valentine and several Indians were killed. The murderers were pursued into the mountains.

Nice is the grand headquarters for Americans abroad the present winter. A Bostonian writing from there states that he meets as many people in the street there that he knows as he would on Washington Street.

The friends of prohibition in Massachusetts have appointed a State Central Committee, composed of the leading temperance men, for the promotion of rational legislation for the suppression of intemperance.

A widow in Lancaster, Ohio, recently received a check for a large sum of money from a Cincinnati banker, who said it was morally due her for a kindness which her late husband had done him in his youth.

The Woman Suffrage Association of Webster, Mass., were recently treated by Mrs. John Flint, at whose house they met, to a pie which was six feet and nine inches in circumference.

A bill is now before Congress providing for some compensation to the widow and orphans of Admiral Dahlgren for the use of his ordnance inventions from their first introduction in 1849 up to the present time.

The Society of the Army of the Cumberland, at its reunion in November, determined to erect a monument to Major-Gen. Geo. H. Thomas. The monument will be a colossal bronze equestrian statue.

The report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the year 1870 has just been issued. It makes a volume of nearly 700 pages, which is copiously illustrated.

A legal friend living there writes that "Milwaukee is the only city, I think, where no Sunday law was ever imposed upon her intelligent citizens."

The average flow of water over the Croton dam during February was only four and one half inches, or nearly three inches less than during the same month last year.

London, with a population of 3,000,000, has only nine daily newspapers—five morning and four evening—while Paris has twenty, and New York twenty-four.

Mrs. Thomas Lee, of Rochester, was 100 years old on the 22d, Washington's natal anniversary. She went out in 1791 from Brookfield, Mass.

The Chicago Opera House, which is about to Phœnix, will cost $400,000, and be one of the most magnificent buildings of the kind in the country.

A New York bride fainted away at her wedding reception on discovering that she had lost the pendant of her diamond necklace on the way home from church.

Alexander Thomas, of Camden, Me., died recently, at the very hour he was to have been married, and was laid out in his wedding suit.

Mrs. Sarah M. Woods, of Millersburg, Ohio, has recovered $1,600 damages from Mr. George Schooner, for selling liquor to her husband.

The State of Massachusetts has paid to soldiers and their families, from the commencement of the war to the present time, $28,556,149,51.

Jenny Lind's daughter, fourteen years old, bids fair to rival her mother, both in the quantity and quality of her voice.

The receipts from customs in New York, for the week ending February 10, amounted to $4,757,548.

The San Francisco boys play with slings made of wire and rubber, with which a buckshot can be driven through a half-inch plank.

It is fashionable in New York for young ladies to invite their gentlemen friends, breakfast, instead of dinner or tea.

An enterprising North Carolina woman got married, separated from her husband, and eloped with another man, in a week.

A husk containing eight distinct ears of corn is a curiosity to be seen in Edgecomb county, North Carolina.

On the 26th of February, the police entered and searched an establishment of Jesuits in Posen, and seized a quantity of papers.

The President has sent to the Senate the name of Mr. Seth I. Comly for the position of Collector of Customs at Philadelphia.

The Louisville Daily Ledger has just given up the ghost, after sinking from $30,000 to $40,000 in one year.

The extension of the fortifications of Metz and Strasburg has been decreed by the Germans.

Miss Julia Trelawney Leigh Hunt, the surviving daughter of the poet, has died at Hammersmith.

A Pittsburg dog-importer has sold two English bull-terriers at $300 each, and two pups a $75 each.

A vein of coal one foot in thickness will yield one thousand tons to the acre.

There are sixteen firms in New York city who deal exclusively in corks.

A fourteen year old Wisconsiness has successfully completed her 205th dime novel.

A tombstone has been found in Hickman county, Tenn., dated 1540, with a Latin inscription.

The National Sunday-school Convention will be held in Indianapolis in April.

The youngest mother chronicled in history is a Boston girl, aged eight.

SUCH a filthy and profuse nasal discharge! Where does it all come from? The little glands in the tissue lining the chambers of the nose are ulcerated and diseased, drawing from the system its corruption. It is an outlet for its impurities. Stop this discharge by using the many advertised strong liquids, snuffs and inhalants, and you make an outlet in the lungs or elsewhere. The disease is translated to another locality more fatal. The rational way to cure is to correct the system by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which tones it up, cleanses the blood and heals the diseased glands by a specific influence upon them, and to assist, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only way to reach the upper and back cavities where the discharge comes from. No danger from this treatment and it is the only sure cure. The Douche and two medicines sold at once by Druggists for $2. 566.

BULLETIN of New and Elegant Sheet Music for March, 1872, for sale by Blake & Maxson, Main Street, Westerly, R. I.

Those marked with a * are elegantly illustrated. The letters in ( ) indicate the key; and the figures in ( ) the degree of difficulty—No. 1 being for beginners; No. 2, a little more difficult, and so on; No. 6 being very difficult.

VOCAL.

Marjorie's Almanac (F) Mme. Sainton-Dolby 40
This pretty ballad is sung most bewitchingly by Miss Edith Wynne, of the Dolby Troupe
Come where the fountains play. (Bb) Geo. Linley 35
O rest in the Lord! From "Elijah." (C) Mendelssohn 30
Tired. (Db) Mrs. J. W. Bliss 35
Deep in my heart. (Db) P. Centemeri 50
English and Italian words.
Clear and Cool. ("A brook.") (Ab) Doleres 50
Weep not, O Rose! (C) F. Campana 40
Beware! ("I know a Maiden.") (E) Ch. Gounod 40
A new edition of these standard and very excellent songs, which are always in demand.
Sweet, black-eyed Flirt. (Eb) F. Wood 30
Camp Meeting Songs of the Freedmen. 30
A collection of Melodies selected and arranged by Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patten, especially adapted for conference and religious meetings, and for the home circle.
There is a lady, sweet and kind. (C) J. Ford 10
Madrigal, for four voices, without Piano Forte accompaniment.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Thoughts of Home. Capr'e (3) C. de Janon 60
An excellent piece for instruction.
Warum, and Abendlied. Op. 12 and 85. (4) R. Schumann 25
Hortensia. Valse de Concert. Op. 53 (3) G. Lange 50
Long, weary day. Rondo. Op. 136. (3) T. Oesten 35
Jolly Dogs. Galop. (2) A. J. Boucher 30
Le Sphinx. Caprice. (3) Ch. Lysberg 50
A new edition of these widely popular Piano Forte pieces.
Tripping through the Meadows. Polka Rondo. Op. 26. T. D. Wilson 60
March Hongroise. 4 hands. Op. 66 (4) H. A. Wollenhaupt 75
Life let us Cherish. Waltz. 4 hands. Op. 340. (3) Strauss 1 00.
Copies mailed, postage paid.

"How to Go West."

Forty years ago, Illinois was as far west as most people wished to go, and journeys were made in the legendary "Prairie Schooner," but in these days of progress and improvement, the word West has come to mean Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, California, and the Territories, and the traveler reaches almost any point therein by a splendid line of Railroad.

This Line of Railroad is the Burlington Route, which starts from Chicago by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and, running through BURLINGTON, reaches Omaha, Lincoln, Nebraska City, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth and Kansas City, connecting with the Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific, and other railroads running from those cities.

People going to Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, California, or any point in the Territories, will study their own interests by going "By way of Burlington," for the rates of that Line are always as low as any other, and it is, the best Route in the West, therefore you are more sure of your *safety* and *comfort*.

The Burlington Route has admirably answered the question "How to go West?" by the publication of an excellent Pamphlet, containing a large, truthful map of the Great West, and much interesting and valuable information, which can be obtained, *free of charge*, by addressing General Passenger Agent B. & M. R. R., Burlington, Iowa.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ AT a regular meeting of Dakota Lodge, No. 459, I. O. of G. T., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of our late dear brother ALLEN PRENTICE, which occurred on the 9th of January, 1872, this Lodge has lost a beloved and valued friend, an earnest, active and effective advocate of the cause of temperance; and that we hereby tender to the bereaved relatives and friends our heartfelt sympathy for this great affliction.

Resolved, That we consider his example, as a brother, friend, and citizen, worthy of emulation; and that we will hold him in kind and grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be properly engrossed and presented to the family of the deceased, and that copies be sent to the *Waushara Argus* and SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

OSCAR BABCOCK, C. P. ROOD, MANSEL DAVIS, } Com.

Dakota, Wis., Feb. 17th, 1872.

☞ DURING our interview, the American Consul at Bankok, presented the King an elegant assortment of his medicines from Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., for the use of the Court. He explained to his majesty their origin from the great chemist and their uses. The Cherry Pectoral for coughs—the Sarsaparilla for eruptive diseases, and the Ague Cure for the fevers that are so fatal in this hot country. The dangerous condition of a favorite wife in the palace with one of the disorders these medicines cure, gave him special interest in these products of medical skill; indeed, these medical marvels interested him more in our country than all the other attentions we had shown him.—*Letters from a Lady in Siam.*

☞ DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES; if they did, anathemas against the depleting lancet, the drastic purge, and the terrible salivants of the materia medica, would arise from every graveyard. The motto of modern medical science is "*Preserve and Regulate, not destroy*," and no remedy of our day is so entirely in harmony with this philanthropic logic as DR. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS. In this powerful, yet harmless restorative, dyspepsia, bilious complaints, and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and nerves, encounter an irresistible antidote.

☞ FROM the Atlantic to the Pacific the fame of the celebrated [illegible] TIPPED Boots and Shoes is spreading. [illegible] last twice as long as Shoes without Tips.
Ask your Shoe Dealer for them.

☞ READER, are you so unfortunate as to be afflicted with any of the following complaints:

Dyspepsia, Tightness of the Chest, Heart Burn, take Old Dr. Warren's Quaker Bitters.
Jaundice, Bilious Attacks, Liver Complaints, take Old Dr. Warren's Quaker Bitters.
Loss of Appetite, Cramps in the Stomach, Bad Taste and Breath, take Old Dr. Warren's Quaker Bitters.
Headache, Pains in the Back and Side, take Old Dr. Warren's Quaker Bitters.
Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Ague and Cold Chills, take Old Dr. Warren's Quaker Bitters.
Costiveness, Piles, Discoloration on the Skin, take Old Dr. Warren's Quaker Bitters.

NEW YORK MARKETS—MCH. 4, 1872.

Ashes—Pots $8 25. Pearls 10 00.

Cotton—Ordinary 19⅝@20c. Low Middling 21⅝@22⅜c. Good Middling 23@23⅝c.

Flour and Meal—Flour, 6 20@6 65 for superfine State, 6 70@6 90 for Western shipping extra, 7 00@7 10 for round-hoop Ohio, 7 75@8 50 for white Ohio and Michigan, 7 75@9 50 for extra Genesee, 8 00@11 00 for single, double and triple extra St. Louis. Rye Flour, 4 10@4 70 for Western, 4 65@5 10 for State and Pennsylvania. Corn Meal, 3 60@3 65 for Jersey, 3 55@3 90 for Western, 4 10@4 15 for Brandywine. Buckwheat Flour, 3 10@3 20 for State, 3 20@3 25 for Pennsylvania.

Grain—Wheat, 1 60 for No. 1 Chicago Spring, 1 70 for Red Western, 1 81 for White Michigan. Barley, 75@76c. for two-rowed State, 1 14 for Canadian. Barley Malt, 1 00 for good two-rowed State, 1 40@1 50 for City. Oats 52@56c. Rye 96c. Corn, 70½@70¾c. for Western mixed.

Hay—1 15@1 30 ℔ cwt. for shipping, 1 35@1 60 for retail lots, 50@70c. for Salt Hay, 75@90c. for Clover. Straw, 1 05@1 10 for long Rye, 85@90c. for short do.; 75@85c. for Oat.

Hops—25@65c. for '71s, 25@61c. for Eastern do., 20@30c. for '70s.

Provisions—Pork, 13 35 for old mess, 14 00 for new do. Beef, 8 00@10 00 for plain mess, 10 00@12 00 for extra mess. Dressed Hogs, 5⅝c. for Western, 6⅛@6¼c. for City. Lard 9@9¾c. Butter, 20@22c. for good yellow Western, 22@25c. for common to fair State dairies, 32@35c. for good to fine half tubs State. Cheese, 9@12c. for common farm dairy State, 14@15¾c. for good farm dairy, 12@14c. for ordinary State factory, 15¼@16¼c. for fair to good do., 16¾@17c. for fine State factory.

Seeds—Clover, 9¾@9⅞c. for Ohio, 10@10½c. for Indiana and Michigan.

Tallow—8⅞@9c. for common, 9⅛c. for choice City.

MARRIED.

In Westerly, Feb. 27th, 1872, by Eld. C. C. Stillman, at his residence on High-street, Mr. ALFRED A. STILLMAN, of Westerly, and Miss MARY JANE MINER, of North Stonington, Ct.

In Westerly, Feb. 28th, 1872, at the residence of the bride's father, by Eld. C. C. Stillman, Mr. JOHN P. CRANDALL and Miss MARY S. PENDLETON, all of Westerly.

In Wirt, N. Y., Feb. 24th, 1872, by Eld. B. F. Rogers, Mr. CHARLES SISSON and Mrs. SARAH E. HUGHS.

In Brookfield, N. Y., Feb. 1st, 1872, by Rev. J. M. Todd, Mr. HERMAN PALMER and Miss EMMA PALMITER, both of Brookfield.

In Brookfield, N. Y., Feb. 13th, 1872, at the home of the bride, by Rev. J. M. Todd, Mr. MERTON KENYON and Miss ELLEN L. BURDICK, both of Brookfield.

In West Winfield, N. Y., Feb. 14th, 1872, at the home of the bride, by Rev. J. M. Todd, Mr. T. W. TURNBULL, of Gouverneur, and Miss EVA D. E. ADAMS, daughter of William Adams.

In Berlin, Wis., Jan. 18th, 1872, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. M. B. True, Mr. WILLIAM A. PRENTICE, of Dakota, and Miss CALLIE N. BABCOCK, of Berlin.

DIED.

In Hope Valley, Jan. 20th, 1872, Mrs. SARAH ARNOLD, relict of the late Godfrey Arnold, in the 81st year of her age.
Connecticut papers please copy.

In Stafford, Conn., Sept. 20th, 1871, of consumption, JOHN J. CHURCH, aged 21 years.

In New London, Conn., Feb. 27th, 1872, Hon. FREDERICK L. ALLEN, in the 53d year of his age.

In Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 18th, 1872, JOHN F. TROWBRIDGE, M. D., aged 80 years—formerly of Bridgewater, N. Y.

In Richburg, N. Y., Feb. 19th, 1872, of scarlet fever, HATTIE M., daughter of J. T. and Mary R. King, aged 2 years and 11 months.

In the town of Adams, N. Y., Feb. 24th, 1872, Mrs. MARY JANE GREENE, wife of Geo. W. Greene, aged 32 years, 11 months, and 2 days. Her death was very sudden, occurring after only a few hours illness. But the record of her life was that of a consistent, devoted Christian. She had been a member of the Adams church for many years, delighting in the services of the sanctuary, and always ready to witness a good profession. This terrible affliction to the bereaved family is also a great loss to the church. But our Father "doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." A. B. P.

In New Auburn, Minn., Feb. 14th, 1872, of typhoid fever, EUNICE, wife of David Colegrove, and daughter of the late Dea. Pardon Coon, of DeRuyter, N. Y., in the 67th year of her age. She professed religion in her youth, and became a member of the DeRuyter Seventh-day Baptist church. Subsequent to her marriage, she removed with her husband to Wirt, Allegany Co., N. Y., and became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Nile, N. Y. She has since resided at Christiana, Wis., and at New Auburn, Minn. In both these places she was loved and valued as a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Her loss will be deeply felt, not only by the family circle, but by all who knew her. "The memory of the just is blessed." H. W. B.

In Penn, Minn., Jan. 17th, 1872, from the effect of a scald, MARTHA J., daughter of James W. and Elsie L. Crosby, aged 2 years and 11 days. She was beautiful in life and in death.

In Transit, Minn., Feb. 10th, 1872, CORYDON A. COON, in the 39th year of his age. He experienced religion in his youth, during a temporary residence in Rhode Island, and was baptized by Eld. C. M. Lewis. He was subsequently a member of the Second Seventh-day Baptist church of Brookfield, N. Y., his native town. Upon removing to Christiana, Wis., he became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church of that place. He was one of the number who constituted the Seventh-day Baptist church of Transit, of which he remained a faithful and efficient member until his decease. The disease of which he died was typhoid fever. He was zealous for God's cause in health, patient in sickness, and peaceful in death. He will be much missed by the community in which he lived, and by the church of which he was a loved member. He leaves a wife and two children, together with many other relatives, to mourn his death. For him "to live was Christ, to die gain." H. W. B.

In Brookfield, N. Y., at the house of Amos Phillips, Feb. 23d, 1872, MARTHA A. WASHBURNE, only daughter of Charles Washburne, aged 7 years and 3 months. Scarlet fever destroyed the life of this little girl in less than five days. J. M. T.

In Manhattan, Kansas, Feb. 10th, 1872, of pulmonalis, GARDNER P. PALMER, in the 26th year of his age. He was a member of the Church at Rockville, R. I., where funeral services were attended Feb. 24th. Sermon from Rev. 19: 9—"Blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." J. R. I.

LETTERS.

A. H. Lewis, J. Allen, F. C. Davis, Geo. D. Chester, O. W. Babcock, E. R. Clarke, E. R. Crandall, Oscar Babcock, James Bailey, S. W. Crandall, J. R. Irish, H. C. Coon, Leman Andrus, M. S. Wardner (haven't seen the card,) B. F. Rogers, J. R. Titsworth, N. V. Hull, A. B. Prentice, J. C. West.

RECEIPTS.

All payments for the SABBATH RECORDER are acknowledged from week to week in the paper. Persons sending money, the receipt of which is not duly acknowledged, should give us early notice of the omission.

	Pays	to Vol.	No.
G. C. Lanphear, Westerly,	$2 50	28	52
Alonzo Cimiano, "	2 50	28	52
Harriet N. Phillips, "	2 50	29	7
H. L. Vars, Dorrville,	2 50	28	52
Joseph Potter, Potter Hill,	2 50	28	52
J. K. Rogers, Waterford, Conn.,	1 25	28	26
J. R. Titsworth, NewMarket, N.J	2 50	28	52
Isaac D. Titsworth, "	2 50	28	52
Reuna F. Randolph, "	5 00	25	52
Ettie E. Dutcher, Jackson, Pa.,	1 25	28	52
Amos Colgrove, Farina, Ill.,	2 50	28	52
Mrs. M. M. Sayer, "	2 50	29	9
Henry M. Sheldon, Albion, Wis.,	2 50	28	52
Josiah Witter, Wautoma, Wis.,	2 50	28	52
John Graves, Westfield, Wis.,	1 00	28	26
F. C. Davis, Oysterville, W. T.,	2 50	29	41
J. R. Goulter, "	2 50	28	52
Amos Green, LittleGenesee, N.Y.	2 50	28	52

SALEM ACADEMY,
SALEM, HARRISON CO., WEST VA.
PRESTON F. RANDOLPH, - - - Principal.
THREE ASSISTANT TEACHERS.
CALENDER FOR 1872.
Spring Term of 12 weeks begins Tuesday, April 16th.
Vacation about 4 weeks.
Fall Term of 12 weeks begins Monday, August 5th.
Winter Term, November.
EXPENSES IN ADVANCE.
Tuition in Common School branches, $3 per Term, or $1 25 per month.
In Higher English, Higher Mathematics and Languages, $5 per Term.
Incidentals, 50 cents per Term.
Boarding in private families, $10 to $16 per month.
The Principal will take parental care of young pupils placed in his family for that purpose.
A NORMAL DEPARTMENT
will be organized during the Fall Term for the special training of those designing to teach. C. W. SMITH, the County Superintendent, and other educators, will assist in this Department, by lecturing, etc.
An Examination of Teachers will be held by the Superintendent at the close of the session.
This Institution is chartered by the Legislature, in connection with the Graded Schools of Salem, which receive aid from the Peabody Educational Fund.
BOARD OF EDUCATION.
SILAS FITTRO, JOHN FLINT, *Commissioners.*
DR. J. L. F. RANDOLPH, *President.*
P. F. RANDOLPH, *Secretary.*
LLOYD F. RANDOLPH, *Treasurer.*

MILTON COLLEGE.—THE Spring Term of this Institution opens Wednesday, March 27th next, and continues thirteen weeks.
Students are taught in both Academic and Collegiate Classes. The studies are arranged into five courses—Musical, Normal, Commercial, Scientific, and Classical. Students pursue any studies for which they are prepared.
Tuition from $8 to $11 per term. Board in families, $3 per week; club board, $2 25; and self board, $1 25.
For further information, address REV. W. C. WHITFORD, the President of the College. Milton, Wis., Feb. 20, 1872.

HAVE BEEN TO SO. AMERICA,
To all parts of the South and West, suffering pain beyond description.
ONLY FINDS RELIEF IN
VEGETINE.
BOSTON, Feb. 10, 1871.
H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:
Dear Sir,—Probably no case of Kidney Complaint has ever come under your observation where this painful disease had more stubbornly refused to yield to the influence of so many different remedies as my own.
I have suffered pain (more than I can describe) through my back, hips, and limbs, together with great difficulty in passing the urine, which was very often, and in small quantities. For twenty years I have been a great sufferer with this complaint. I have tried all of the remedies recommended which came within my reach. I have been to South America, to all parts of the South and West, to see if a change of climate would help me. I have expended thousands of dollars to obtain relief, still my only reply could be, No better.
About a year ago, I was advised by friends to try the VEGETINE; they having taken it themselves, and been cured. Without much faith, I consented to try it; and I can truly say, that I received great benefit from the first bottle. I began to rest better nights, and was not obliged to urinate so often, with much less pain. After taking three or four bottles, I was not obliged to get up but once or twice during the night; and the pain in my back and limbs was growing less from day to day. I have taken in all some twelve or fifteen bottles; and to-day I am as able to attend to active business as any man. Who can appreciate the blessing of good health more than one who has suffered for twenty years as I have? Is it not my duty (now I have found relief) to make this fact known? The VEGETINE has done more for me than I ever dared to hope or expect from any medicine; and believe me, dear sir, I am happy at all times to speak in its favor.
I am, &c., very gratefully yours,
WYMAN D. OSBORN,
416 Third Street.

ANOTHER WOULD GIVE A DOLLAR FOR A DOSE.
BOSTON, May 30th, 1871.
H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:
Dear Sir,—I have been badly afflicted with Kidney Complaint for ten years, have suffered great pain in my back, hips and side, with great difficulty in passing urine, which was often and in very small quantities, frequently accompanied with blood and excruciating pain.
I have faithfully tried most of the popular remedies recommended for my complaint; I have been under the treatment of some of the most skillful physicians in Boston, all of whom pronounced my case incurable. This was my condition when I was advised by a friend to try the VEGETINE, and I could see the good effects from the first dose I took, and from that moment I kept on improving until I was entirely cured, taking in all, I should think, about six bottles.
It is indeed a valuable medicine, and if I should be afflicted again in the same way, I would give a dollar for a dose if I could not get it without. Respectfully, J. M. GILE,
363 Third-St., South Boston.

MADE A NEW MAN OF ME.
SOUTH BOSTON, Sept. 27, 1870.
MR. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—For fourteen months, I have been afflicted with Kidney Complaint. I have tried doctors, and many patent medicines, but found no relief. My friends persuaded me to try your VEGETINE; and it has made a new man of me. I can most cheerfully recommend it to the public as a sure cure for the Kidney Complaint.
ALVIN GLIDDEN, 461 Broadway.

SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.
EAST MARSHFIELD, Aug. 22, 1870.
MR. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—I am seventy-one years of age; have suffered many years with Kidney Complaint, weakness in my back and stomach. I was induced by friends to try your VEGETINE, and I think it is the best medicine for weakness of the kidneys I ever used. I have tried many remedies for this complaint, and never found so much relief as from the VEGETINE. It strengthens and invigorates the whole system. Many of my acquaintances have taken it, and I believe it to be good for all the complaints for which it is recommended.
Yours truly, JOSIAH H. SHERMAN.

HEARTILY RECOMMENDS.
SOUTH BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1870.
MR. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—I have taken several bottles of your VEGETINE, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and general debility of the system.
I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from the above complaints.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. MUNROE PARKER, 386 Athens-St.

Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, &c., are always unpleasant, and at times they become the most distressing and dangerous diseases that can affect the human system. Most diseases of the Kidneys arise from impurities in the blood, causing humors which settle on these parts. VEGETINE excels any known remedy in the whole world for cleansing and purifying the blood, thereby causing a healthy action to all the organs of the body.
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FRANCIS SHEFFIELD, Agent.
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N. F. BURNHAM, York, Pa.

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Or PURDY & HANCE, South Bend, Ind.
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VEGETINE,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
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For Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness and General prostration of the Nervous System, no medicine has ever given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all of the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the Nervous system.
The remarkable cures effected by VEGETINE have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know to prescribe and use it in their own families.
In fact, VEGETINE is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable BLOOD PURIFIER yet placed before the public.
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OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
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Miscellaneous.

MIXED "HUMANS" vs. PURE ONES.

In a late lecture at the Museum of the Garden of Plants, M. Quatrefuges quoted some figures regarding the proportion of mixed human races to the pure ones. The aggregate of the populations of Mexico, Guatemala, Columbia, La Plata, and Brazil, amounts to 16,046,100, comprising whites, negroes, Indians, and mulattoes, of all descriptions. The number of the latter is 3,333,000, being one-fifth of the population. Now, according to M. Omalius' calculations, the whole globe is peopled with 1,200 millions of individuals; among these the half-breeds number 18 millions, which fixes their proportion at 1 in 66. Now, according to the Professor, these mixed races may perfectly well form nations by themselves thus: the Basters and Griquas, resulting from the intercourse between whites and Hottentots, have multiplied so as to become a serious annoyance to the Cape Government. Again, the Cafusos, who have sprung from the mixture of the negro with the native Indian of Brazil, form a separate race in the woods they have selected for their abode.

Another instance quoted is that of Pitcairn's Island, in the Pacific, where nine English sailors, six Otaheitian men, and fifteen women of the latter stock, landed in 1789. In 1793, owing to brawls among these people, the population was reduced to four whites and ten Otaheitian women. Ultimately only one white remained alive, but a mixed race sprung up, which in 1825 amounted to 66 individuals. In 1850 it consisted of 189, so that it had almost trebled in 31 years. The object of the lecture, which is fully reported in the *Revue Scientifique* of recent date, is to refute the partisans of the plurality of human races. M. De Qualrefages is a sincere adherent to biblical tradition, and wants to prove scientifically, that we have sprung from one common stock.

CARBONIC ACID.

If in one hundred cubic inches of oxygen gas about thirteen grains of carbon (coal,) are burned, the result will be no increase in the volume of the gas, but an entire change in its nature. The carbon chemically uniting with the oxygen, will produce what we now call *carbonic acid gas.* This is a material which has long been known to exist in great abundance in nature. It at one time passed under the name of *gas sylvestre,* or wood gas; then it was called "spoilt air," and afterward, "fixed air." Subsequently, when it was proved to be an acid, it was named "ærial acid," and finally, when its being a compound of carbon was pointed out, it was called carbonic acid gas. It is about one and a half times as heavy as common air, and therefore tends to settle to the bottom of whatever contains it. It is colorless, transparent, and has a pungent, pleasant taste, which is well known, as it is the material which gives the peculiar sparkling effect so agreeable in in our mineral and soda waters. Some portion of it exists also in nearly all spring water, and it is this, chiefly, which makes the latter so much more agreeable than insipid rain and distilled waters. It is present also in all fermented liquors, as wine, cider and beer; indeed, is one of the direct and chief products of fermentation. It is gas, too, generated by the yeast or the acid and alkali which are used, that causes the "rising" of our bread. It constitutes, also, no inconsiderable portion of our fruits and vegetables, so that we are well acquainted with it, both in our food and drink.

But though carbonic acid is so agreeable and healthful when taken into the stomach, it becomes a deadly poison when the gas is inhaled in considerable quantities into the lungs. One of the most common illustrations of this is where coal is burned in a close room, with no opportunity for the gas to be carried off or mingled with the outer air. The effect seems to be, not strangulation as from nitrogen gas, but a direct poison to the system, not un like that of opium when taken into the stomach. Lassitude comes over the victim, and unless he escapes at once he loses the power to go. Many are the instances of those who attempt to leave the room when it is too late; they fail in the attempt, and must die, unless some one comes to their assistance. We have the record of one man who took his life by this means, leaving a record of his sensations from the instant his charcoal fire was lighted till the time when he was too far gone to write more, the pen dropping from his hand, and he falling to the floor. Science gained some facts from his record, though he perished by his folly.

Carbonic acid gas is produced abundantly by natural causes, in some places where, on account of its weight, it settles in a body by itself; for example, in the cavities of a coal mine, especially after an explosion of "fire damp." In such cases those who escape death from the explosion often meet it from this gas which has been generated. Another example is that of old wells and cisterns, the danger of descending into which, without first applying a test, to know whether this gas has settled at the bottom, is well known. Many lose their lives every year by neglecting this precaution. The test is easily applied by lowering a lighted candle, which will be immediately extinguished if this gas is there in such quantities as to be dangerous. No man can safely go where a candle will not burn, though miners sometimes work in air which is so "foul" that the flame of their lamps will from time to time go out, and they are compelled to relight them by swinging in the air while the wick is yet "alive." But hardly anything can be more dangerous than working in such places. In the case of the well, if this gas is found to be at the bottom, it can be removed by lowering a pan of lighted charcoal, and when its fire becomes deadened, drawing it up and rekindling; then lowering again, and continuing the operation till the gas ceases to deaden the flame. Burning charcoal has the power to absorb some thirty-five times its own bulk of this gas, and the operation described, therefore, is much like using a sponge to sop water out of a pail. We have the account of one well which was cleared in this way in the course of a few hours, where the gas had risen so as to extinguish a light *twenty-six feet* from the bottom.

One treatment recommended for persons who have fainted from having inhaled this gas, is, if a common bellows is at hand, to try and draw the gas from the mouth and lungs through the valve, while pure air is forced into the lungs by the ordinary action of the bellows. If persons are not too far gone, dashing cold water in the face will restore them, the shock which this produces causing them to throw the gas from the lungs and inhale pure air in its place. This treatment restores the dogs that fall senseless in the famous "*Grotto del Cane,*" near Mount Vesuvius. There carbonic acid gas is produced in great abundance by natural causes, and, being so much heavier than air, settles at the bottom of the cave, so that men go into it with impunity, while the dog, whose head is so much nearer the ground, is paralyzed.

We do not always remember that we exhale this poisonous gas with every breath. That which we throw out from our lungs is precisely the same as that from burning charcoal. Only the close room, and breathers enough, are required to make death certain. The story is familiar of the one hundred and forty-six poor fellows confined, at night-fall, in the dungeon, eighteen feet by fourteen, in Fort William, Calcutta, with only two small apertures to give air to the whole. But twenty of the whole number were found alive in the morning! Too often we make our sleeping rooms a sort of miniature of this dungeon. The open air has but about one part of carbonic acid gas in two thousand, but often the bed-room has more than ten times that. No one, of course, can sleep in such an atmosphere with impunity; and the children in the trundle-bed, like the dogs in the cave, have the worst of it!—*New York Mercantile Journal.*

THE YEAR'S PRODUCT.

It is officially reported, that the value of all the farm products of the United States during the past year—excepting the live stock—amounts to $2,445,000,000. This represents the year's gross receipts, and it looks immense enough. But great deductions are to be made from it, before we can approximate to the clear profits of the year. The living expenses of our forty millions of people, for instance, are first to be taken out; then all the taxes, and the private debts falling due, and the interest at least on the others, must be subtracted. We should find on examination, therefore, that the real profit on last year's production is not so great after all. We see that David A. Wells, in a recent lecture, estimates that if the whole annual accumulation of the country was equally divided, each individual would receive but $175. This shows how closely the world lives from hand to mouth. A year's cessation from work would bring the greater part of mankind to starvation, even if they were as well off on the average as the people of the United States—which they are far from being. Mr. Wells also estimates that the permanent accumulations of the English nation for the last 800 years amount to about thirty thousand millions; those for the United States for the last 250 years amount to about twenty-five thousand millions. The difference is owing to the greater intelligence of our masses, and the superior natural advantages amid which they are placed; while the more general adoption of labor-saving machinery here, especially during the last fifteen or twenty years, has also worked in our favor.

HASTE AND HEALTH.

It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile in a minute for short distances. But locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes, in their haste to get rich, are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beat the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post. Foot races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exercises; steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise carried to exhaustion, or prostration, or even to great tiredness, expressed by "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise does good. All running up stairs, running to catch up with a ferry-boat or vehicle, are extremely injurious to every age and sex and condition of life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run twenty yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleeping over it," and who perform all the every day acts of life with calmness. Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people, and Quakers are a thrifty folk, the world over.

Taking Cold.—If a cold settles on the outer covering of the lungs, it becomes pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever, which in many cases carries the strongest man to his grave within a week. If a cold falls upon the inner covering of the lungs, it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains, and its slow, very slow recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints, there is rheumatism in its various forms; inflammatory rheumatism, with its agonies of pain, and rheumatism of the heart, which in an instant sometimes snaps the cords of life, with no friendly warning. It is of the utmost practical importance, then, in this wintry weather, to know, not so much how to cure a cold, as how to avoid it. Colds always come from one cause, some part or the whole of the body being colder than natural for a time. If a man will keep his feet warm always, and never allow himself to be chilled, he will never take cold in a lifetime; and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing and the avoidance of draughts and undue exposure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps the majority arise from persons cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural from exercise, or work, or from confinement to a warm apartment.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

Marriage Notices.—The London *Times* was the first paper which charged for their marriage announcements. In the early days of that paper it was the custom in announcing a marriage to state the amount of the bride's dowry—£20,000, or £30,000, or whatever it might happen to be; and in looking through the ladies' column one morning at breakfast, Mr. Walter threw out the suggestion, that if a man married all this money, he might certainly pay a trifling percentage upon it to the printer for acquainting the world with the fact. "These marriage fees would form a nice little pocket money for me, my dear," added Mrs. Walter, and as a joke her husband agreed to try the experiment. The charge at first was but a trifle, and the annual amount probably not much. But Mrs. Walter at her death passed this prescriptive right of hers to her daughter, and when a few years ago the right was repurchased by the present proprietor, it was assessed at £4,000 to £5,000 a year.

Apples for Human Food.—With us the value of the apple, as an article of food, is far underrated. Besides containing a large amount of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive matter, apples contain vegetable acids, aromatic qualities, &c., which act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerents, tonics and antiseptics, and when freely used at the season of mellow ripeness, they prevent debility, indigestion, and avert, without doubt, many of the "ills which flesh is heir to." The operators of Cornwall, England, consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes. In the year 1801—which was a year of much scarcity—apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor, and the laborers asserted that they could "stand their work" on baked apples without meat; whereas a potato diet required either meat or some other substantial nutriment. The French and the Germans use apples extensively, as do the inhabitants of all European nations. The laborers depend upon them as an article of food, and frequently make a dinner of sliced apples and bread. There is no fruit cooked in as many different ways in our country as apples; nor is there any fruit whose value, as an article of nutriment, is as great, and so little appreciated.—*Water Cure Journal.*

Waste Paper.—Few housekeepers are aware of the many uses to which waste paper may be put. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a tea kettle, coffee pot and tea-pot bright and clean, than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives and tin-ware after scouring. This saves wetting the knife handles. If a little flour be held on the paper in rubbing tin-ware and spoons, they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp-chimneys, paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mould if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw; it is warmer, cleaner, and makes less noise when one walks over it. Two thicknesses of paper placed between other coverings on a bed are as warm as a quilt. If it is necessary to step upon a chair, always lay a paper on it, and thus save the paint or wood-work foundation.

Pay and Mileage of State Legislatures.—Rhode Island allows $1 per diem, mileage 4 cents; Maine $2 per diem, mileage 10 cents one way; Vermont $2 per diem, mileage 10 cents each way; New Hampshire $2 50 per diem, no mileage; New Jersey $3 for 40 days, after that $1 50, mileage 10 cents; Delaware $3 per diem, mileage 4 cents; Minnesota $3 per diem, mileage 5 cents; West Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, Kansas and Nebraska, each $3 per diem, mileage 10 cents; Oregon and New York $3 per diem, mileage 20 cents; Tennessee $4 per diem, mileage 10 cents; Missouri and Kentucky, each $5 per diem, mileage 10 cents; Iowa $5 per diem, mileage 25 cents; North Carolina, Arkansas, and Alabama each $6 per diem, mileage 10 cents; Virginia, South Carolina, and California each $6 per diem, mileage 20 cents; Georgia and Mississippi $7 per diem, mileage 20 cents; Louisiana $8 per diem, mileage 10 cents; Texas $8 per diem, mileage 20 cents; Nevada $10 per diem, no mileage; Wisconsin pays $350 per annum, mileage 10 cents; Pennsylvania $1,000 per annum; Maryland $5 per diem, and 5 cents per mile. In Illinois and Florida the rate of compensation is fixed each session.

The Most Acceptable Gift.—It is refreshing to read of the quantities of good things which clergymen are just now receiving from their parishioners in the way of gifts—checks, tea pots, greenbacks, easy chairs, slippers, bookcases, gold watches, chains of the same satisfactory metal, books, including the most expensive commentaries on the Bible, purses with gratifying contents. Mostly it pleases us to observe that the parochial tendency is toward cash. About all the other testimonials of affection there may be an unpleasant doubt. When all the ladies of the congregation have worsted slippers on the brain, it is not only possible, but extremely probable, that the shepherd may receive enough of these comfortable things to last him through a considerable period of eternity; but send him the money, and he can buy a box of cigars, or Cruden's Concordance, or Dore's Bible, or furs for the shepherdess—whatever, in fact, meets his wants or suits his fancy.

It appears that Knoxville, Tenn., is built over an immense cave. Recently, in digging cisterns at the hotels, the "bottom fell out," and what were intended for cisterns made excellent sewers. Similar results followed excavations on other premises. The other day a public cistern, designed to hold three thousand five hundred barrels of water, had been completed, and seven feet of water pumped in. Within five minutes after the depth of the water had been measured, it had all disappeared. Further investigation showed that part of the bottom had fallen in, and the water run off somewhere in the interior of the earth.

A new religious journal has been established in Rome, which will oppose the dogma of infallibility. Pere Hyacinthe is to be one of the contributors.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Mudie's world-famed London Library put in circulation one thousand copies of Tennyson's latest poem, "The Last Tournament." The taste for the writings of George Elliott is more universal than that for the productions of the Poet Laureate, for the same popular caterers for the public took fifteen hundred copies of "Middlemarch," while two thousand copies of the first volume of Förster's Life of Dickenss how that the readers of "Mudie's" books have a still greater interest in the record of the life of their distinguished countrymen.

The Supreme Court of Iowa decides that the rule requiring regular and prompt attendance at school is for the good of the pupil. It also says: "The good of the whole school cannot be sacrificed for the advantage of one pupil who happens to have an unreasonable father; and, as the law now is, no other means can be devised for enforcing regular and prompt attendance than the penalty of expulsion."

A man residing in Muscatine, Iowa, is reported to have been suffering all winter from the effects of poison absorbed in his system last fall, through a pair of heavy boots lined with green material. His entire body has been swollen and covered with small eruptions—the result of verdigris in the boot lining—and it was but recently that a favorable change was produced.

The question of removing Trinity College from Hartford to New Haven, Conn., is agitated with considerable favor in both cities. Hartford would rather like the College grounds as a site for the proposed new State House, and New Haven thinks it would be a fine thing to have Trinity gathered with Yale under her sheltering elms.

A married woman in Michigan, the mother of three children, and the wife of a kind and prosperous husband, lately deserted her family and went to live as a common domestic in a family at Detroit, under the insane notion that her carelessness and extravagance would bring her family to poverty. After a long search she was found and restored to her home.

Stephen S. Foster says he "has registered a vow" that he will pay no taxes to the United States until Woman Suffrage is conceded. This indicates that he is going to some other country to reside; for if he eats, drinks, wears clothing, or rides on rail, stage, or wheel-barrow, in this country, he will be taxed.

A correspondent says that Alexis takes his breakfast in the palace railway car in this proportion: "Three miles of coffee, a mile of milk, three miles of oyster stew, ten miles of buckwheat cakes, twelve miles of tenderloin, nine miles of ham and eggs, and three miles of sugar, molasses, and napkins."

Several young ladies have been admitted as "associate" members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Colchester, Mass. It is said that the meetings of the Association have increased in interest since this action. Women will make a great many sacrifices in such a cause.

Remains of pre-historic cities have recently been discovered in the Pyrenees in the south of France, a few feet below the surface of the earth. The buildings are of the same general character as those sunk in the Swiss lakes, and the explorations promise to be highly interesting.

The laws of cause and effect have not been suspended in the town of Danielsonville, Conn. An enthusiastic newspaper correspondent, in describing the glories of that growing settlement, says: "There are three physicians, three druggists' shops, and two undertakers!"

A Buffalo, N. Y., shipyard is constructing a vessel on a very novel and peculiar plan. It is called a "composite tug," and the frames, beams, floor plates, keel and stern, are all of iron, while the planks are of white oak, three quarters of an inch thick, screwed to the frames.

Glashier, the æronaut, has noticed that the voice of a woman is audible in a balloon at the height of about two miles, while that of a man has never reached higher than a mile. A bugle note can be heard at a distance of six miles, while a harsh trumpet tone barely reaches a mile.

Some persons are so very sensitive! A St. Louis firm have sued a bank president for $30,000, because when one of their notes was offered for discount he remarked, that he wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole.

Mrs. Gordon, wife of Capt. Gordon, the clerk of the Circuit Court of Pemiscot County, Mo., and her little daughter, three years old, were burned to death by the explosion of a coal oil lamp, on the 22d.

An unusually painful accident, resulting from the use of kerosene, occurred in Somerville, Mass., the other day, two young children being smothered in their sleep by the bursting of a lamp.

The decennial prophet is now announcing floods for 1872, based on the characters of 1862, 1852, 1842, and all years that people generally have forgotten.

The famous copper mines at Granby, Conn., which were first worked in 1668, but have not been touched for many years, are to be reopened.

[The following we extract from a little book on Chronic Diseases, by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y. Our readers can receive this interesting and useful little book, post-paid, by enclosing one postage stamp to the doctor.]

CATARRH.

Symptoms.—In the early stages of the disease the patient may be annoyed with "only a slight dropping in the throat," as many express it, the amount of discharge from the air passages of the head at this stage of the disease being only slightly in excess of health. In some cases the discharge is thick, ropy and tough, requiring frequent and strong effort in the way of hawking, blowing and spitting to remove it from the throat, where it frequently lodges. In other cases, or in other stages of the same case, the discharge is thin, watery, acrid, irritating and profuse. The nose may be stopped up from the swollen and thickened condition of the mucous membrane, so as to necessitate respiration through the mouth, giving to the voice a disagreeable nasal twang. The disease sometimes assumes a dry form, there being very little or no discharge. In some cases the patient suffers from headache a great portion of the time, or may experience a dull, heavy, disagreeable fullness or pressure in the head, with confusion of his ideas, which renders him quite unfit for business, especially such as requires deep thought and mental labor. Memory may be more or less affected, and the disposition of those who are otherwise amiable is often rendered irritable, or morose and despondent. The mental faculties suffer to such extent in some cases as to result in insanity. The sense of smell is in many cases impaired, and sometimes entirely lost, and the senses of taste and hearing may be more or less affected.

The secretion which is thrown out in the more advanced stages of Chronic Catarrh becomes so acrid, unhealthy and poisonous, that it produces severe irritation and inflammation, which are followed by excoriation and ulceration of the delicate lining membrane of the air passages in the head. As the ulceration eats its way up among the small bones, the discharge generally becomes profuse and often excessively fetid, requires the frequent use of the handkerchief, and renders the poor sufferer disagreeable both to himself and those with whom he associates. Thick, tough, brownish incrustations or hardened lumps, are many times formed in the head by the evaporation of the watery portion of the discharge. These lumps are sometimes so large and tough that it is with great difficulty that they can be removed. They are usually discharged every day or two, but only to be succeeded by another crop. It is painfully unpleasant to witness the ravages of this terrible disease, and observe the extent to which it sometimes progresses. Holes are eaten through the roof of the mouth, and great cavities excavated into the solid bones of the face, and in such cases only the best and most thorough treatment, both local and constitutional, will check the progress and fatal termination of the disease.

Only a few of the large number of symptoms which I have described as common to the different stages of Catarrh will be likely to be manifested at one time in a single case. Although they are all *common* to the disease, in some of its stages, yet thousands of cases annually terminate in consumption or insanity, and end in the grave, without ever having manifested one-half of the symptoms above enumerated.

As the disease progresses, or frequently in its earlier stages, the throat is apt to become affected. Is becomes dry, sore or raw, or studded with very small ulcers, which, as seen through the mouth, look like small pimples or "canker sores," for which they are often mistaken. The voice may be more or less affected, especially on exposure to cold or over exertion, and a hacking cough is not unfrequent. Creeping along the continuous lining mucous membrane of the air passages, the disease gradually extends to the *larynx,* and by the same process of extension the bronchial tubes, and lastly the substance of the lungs, in their turn, are diseased, and Bronchitis and Consumption firmly established. Tightness in the chest, with difficulty of breathing, soreness, darting, sharp or dull heavy pain, or a prickly, distressing sensation, accompanied with more or less cough and expectoration, are evidence that the bronchial tubes have become affected, and should admonish the sufferer *that he is now standing upon the stepping-stone to Consumption,* over which thousands annually tread in their slow, yet sure, journey to the grave.

Treatment of Catarrh.

If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root.* This is the "common-sense," or rational way to treat Catarrh. As the predisposing or real cause of Catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity or otherwise faulty condition of the system, which invites the disease, and needs only the irritation produced in the nasal passages by an attack of cold to kindle the flame and establish the loathsome malady, in attempting to cure it our chief aim must be directed to the removal of that cause. The more I see of this odious disease, the more do I recognize the importance and necessity of combining, with the use of a local soothing and healing application, a thorough internal use of blood-cleansing and strengthening medicine, if we would successfully treat the disease.

As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head,

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy

Is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever discovered. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and contains no strong irritating or caustic drug or other poison. Its ingredients are simple and harmless, yet when scientifically and skillfully combined in just the right proportions they form a most wonderful and valuable healing medicine. Like gunwowder, which is formed by the combination of saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal, the ingredients are simple, but the product of their combination is wonderful in its effects. It is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer in this way. It speedily subdues acute attacks of "cold in the head," thus preventing their resulting in Chronic Catarrh. Its cleansing, antiseptic, soothing and healing properties are truly wonderful. The Catarrh Remedy fluid should be applied by the use of

Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche,

which carries it high up and applies it to all parts of the affected nasal passages, and the chambers and cavities communicating therewith. Three or four packages of the Remedy used with this instrument—which is sold by druggists at sixty cents—will do more good than a dozen used in any other manner. While the Catarrh Remedy is being used locally, we must not neglect to correct the constitutional fault upon which the disease generally depends, or the Catarrh, if relieved at all, is very apt to show itself again upon slight exposure. If it does not, the weakness or humor may manifest its presence by developing disease of the lungs, liver, bones, or other organs or structures. For this reason, in particular, the reader must see the great importance of purifying and regulating the system and building up the strength to a healthy standard at the same time that the disease in the head is being healed by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Not only will the cure be thus more surely, speedily and permanently effected, but you thereby guard against other forms of disease breaking out as the result of humors in the blood or constitutional derangements or weaknesses.

For this purpose I have discovered a medicine that will, better than any other, accomplish the object sought. To designate this wonderful medicine, I have named it

Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery.

No other alterative or blood cleanser, and no other pectoral, or throat, bronchial or lung medicine, should ever be used with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, as none other is so well calculated to work in harmony with and assist it in its operations.

Many blood and cough medicines have a tendency to interfere with the effects of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They should not therefore, be used.

My Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "help-mate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial and lung complications when any such exist, but from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages it aids materialy in restoring the diseased, thickened or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicating the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner, it is permanent.

Indeed very few cases of Catarrh can be cured at all by the use of local applcations only. A thorough course of alterative and tonic treatment must be used with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, if you would derive the greatest amount of benefit. This will require the use of from six to twelve bottles of my Golden Medical Discovery.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy effects cures upon "common-sense," rational and scientific principles, by its mild, soothing and healing properties, to which the disease gradually yields, when the system has been put in perfect order by the use of my Golden Medical Discovery. This is the only perfectly safe, scientific and successful mode of acting upon and healing it.

Scarcely a mail arrives that does not bring me new testimony of cures effected by the treatment which I here recommend. The best evidence of what *can* be done in the treatment of any disease is to be found in the *past* success of the treatment to be employed. An old proverb says, "what *has been* done *may* be done again." In view of these facts, and knowing that *I have cured thousands of the worst cases of Catarrh, and have never failed to effect a perfect cure when I have had a reasonable chance,* I hereby offer, in good faith, $500 Reward for a case of Catarrh which I cannot cure. I claim that I can cure any and every case of it if my directions are faithfully followed. Why then trifle with this disease, reader? Why put off the use of the sure means of cure which I offer? Do you not know that "procrastination is the thief of time?" Why try to make light of it by thinking that it is only Catarrh? Do you not know that *consumption and insanity are among its frequent results,* and that thereby *millions of graves are filled?* Do I speak strongly? Can I speak too strongly? Why disgust your friends and associates with the offensive odor of your breath, or by your constant hawking, blowing and spitting, when relief is so easily and cheaply obtained? Is it not a duty that you owe to others as well as yourself to get rid of this disgusting complaint? Do not think that the disease will in time wear out. On the contrary, it will, unless cured, wear *you* out. Do not think that you cannot be cured. *The world moves,* and *medical science is progressive.* Many forms of disease, which would once have been entirely incurable with the means then known, are, in the light of more recent discoveries in medicine, *very easily cured.*

Dr. Pierce's Medicines are sold by Druggists everywhere, or the Catarrh Remedy or Nasal Douche will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of sixty cents.

R. V. Pierce, M. D.,
Sole Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Commencing Jan. 10, 1872. Leave New York as follows:

6.00 a. m.—For Flemington, Easton, Bethlehem, Mauch Chunck, Wilkesbarre, Pittston, Mahanoy City, Mt. Carmel, Hazleton, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Waverly, Belvidere, &c.
8.00 a. m.—For Easton. Connects at Junction with Del., Lack. and Western R. R.
9 a. m.—Western Express, daily, (except Sundays,) for Easton, Allentown, Harrisburg, and the West. Connects at Somerville for Flemington. Connects at Phillipsburg with Lehigh and Susquehanna Division for Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Williamsport, Erie, &c. Connects at Easton with Lehigh Valley Railroad for Mauch Chunk.
10.30 a. m.—Way Train for Somerville.
12.30 m.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Mahanoy City, Hazelton, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Pottsville, Harrisburg, &c.
2.15 p. m.—For Easton. Connects at Phillipsburg with Lehigh and Susq. Division for Bath, Allentown, Wilkesbarre and Scranton; at Easton with Lehigh Valley R. R. for Allentown and Catasauqua; at Phillipsburg for Belvidere.
3.20 p. m.—For Plainfield.
4.00 p. m.—For Easton, Allentown and Mauch Chunk. Connects at Junction with D., L. and W. R. R.
4.30 p. m.—For Somerville and Flemington.
5.00 p. m.—For Somerville.
5.30 p. m.—For Plainfield.
5.45 p. m.—Cincinnati Express—Daily for Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Chicago and Cincinnati.
6.00 p. m.—For Somerville.
7.00 p. m.—For Somerville.
7.30 p. m.—(Emigrant) for Easton.
9.15 p. m.—For Plainfield.
11.20 p. m.—For Plainfield.

Trains leave for Elizabeth at 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.45 a. m.—12.30, 1.00, 2.00, 2.15, 3.00, 3.20, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.20, 9.00, 10.30, 11.20, 12.00, p. m.

Tickets for the West can be obtained at the office of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty Street, New York; and at the principal hotels and ticket offices in New York City.

R. E. RICKER, Superintendent.
H. P. Baldwin, Gen. Pass. Agent.

STONINGTON AND PROVIDENCE AND STONINGTON AND NEW LONDON RAILROADS.

1871. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1872.

On and after Monday, Oct. 16, 1871, Trains will run as follows:

LEAVE PROVIDENCE.

8.10 a. m.—Accommodation Train for New London, connects at Wickford Junction with boat for Newport; also, at New London with 11.10 a. m. Train for New Haven and New York.
12.40 p. m.—On arrival of Express Train that leaves Boston at 11.10 a. m.—Express Passenger Train, stops at Greenwich, Wickford Junction, Kingston, Westerly, Stonington, and Mystic, connects at Wickford Junction with boat from Newport; also, at New London with Express Train for New Haven; arrives in New York at 7.30 p. m. Also, with a Train for Norwich and Willimantic.
1.00 p. m.—Freight, with a Passenger car attached, for Stonington only.
4.00 p. m.—Accommodation Train for New London, connects at Stonington with the new and splendid steamers Stonington and Narragansett, for New York.
6.15 p. m.—Passenger Train, for Greenwich only.
7.12 p. m.—New York Steamboat Train for Stonington, connecting at Stonington with the new and splendid steamers Stonington and Narragansett, for New York.
8.15 p. m.—Steamboat Train from Lowell and Fitchburgh, stops on this road at Kingston only, connecting at Stonington with the new and splendid steamers Stonington and Narragansett, for New York.
10.30 p. m.—Night Mail Train for New York, via New London and New Haven.
10.00 p. m.—Sunday Mail Train for New York, via New London and New Haven.

LEAVE GREENWICH.

6.15 a. m.—Passenger Train for Providence, connecting with 7 a. m. Train for Boston.

LEAVE STONINGTON STEAMBOAT WHARF.

2.30 a. m.—On arrival of steamers from New York.—Steamboat Train, for Boston, Taunton and New Bedford.
4.00 a. m.—Steamboat Train for Lowell and Fitchburgh, stopping on this road at Kingston only; connects at Providence with 6.15 a. m. train for Fitchburgh and 7 a. m. train for Boston.
5.45 a. m.—New London Special, for New London, connecting with trains for New Haven, Norwich, Willimantic and Hartford.
7.50 a. m.—Accommodation Train from New London for Providence, connects at Wickford Junction with boat for Newport; also, at Providence with the 10.40 a. m. Train for Boston, Taunton and New Bedford.
4.05 p. m.—New London Special, for New London, arrives in New London in time for afternoon Trains for New York, Norwich, Willimantic and Hartford.
5.59 p. m.—Accommodation Train for New London.
6.00 a. m.—Sunday Train for Mystic, or on arrival of steamers from New York; will proceed to Noank if they have passengers from the boats.

LEAVE NEW LONDON.

1.25 a. m.—Providence time.—Night Mail Train for Boston and Providence.
7.00 a. m.—Accommodation Train for Stonington and Providence, connecting at Wickford Junction with boat from Newport; also, at Providence with 10.40 a. m. Train for Boston, Taunton and New Bedford.
11.20 a. m.—New London Special, for Stonington.
1.15 p. m.—Accommodation Passenger Train for Providence, connects at Wickford Junction with boat for Newport; also, at Providence with 4.15 p. m. Train for Boston, New Bedford and Taunton.
5.15 p. m.—On arrival of the 12.15 Express Train from New York—Express Passenger Train for Providence and Boston, stops on this road at Mystic, Stonington, Westerly, Kingston, Wickford Junction, and Greenwich; connects at Wickford Junction with boat for Newport; arrives in Providence at 7.38, and Boston about 9 p. m.
7.15 p. m.—New London Special for Stonington, connects with steamers for New York.
12.00 p. m.—Sunday Night Mail Train for Providence and Boston.

A. S. MATHEWS, Superintendent.
Stonington, Oct. 8, 1871.