

HON. ROWEN BARBOOK.
There has gone down to join thy kindred
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

For them who were and good, and nobly were
The soul of him who patriot fathers bore...

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE B. UTTER

VOLUME XXVIII—NO. 26

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

WESTERLY, R. 1, FIFTH-DAY, JUNE 20, 1872.

TERMS—\$2 60 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

WHOLE NO. 1432.

As we drove under some of these, and our heads touched the lower branches, white showers of locusts rained down on us.

Tom, the greatest curiosity of this locust investigating excursion, was the shells from which the insects emerged.

These lay in thousands of pounds underneath the trees. We had been told by old settlers, to whom the "seventeen-year locust" was familiar, that the eggs are years before—these authorities differing as to the number of years, some saying seven, others four, and some a still less number.

Deposited deep in the ground, and after the required number of years have elapsed, they emerge in thousands to the earth's surface, each one encased in its outer shell, which bears an exact resemblance to the locust's, but it does not accept the wings.

In a short time down the back, a very small opening is made, through which the locust crawls out, shakes its wings to dry them, and when they are dry it resembles a locust, but it does not accept the wings.

In a short time down the back, a very small opening is made, through which the locust crawls out, shakes its wings to dry them, and when they are dry it resembles a locust, but it does not accept the wings.

In a short time down the back, a very small opening is made, through which the locust crawls out, shakes its wings to dry them, and when they are dry it resembles a locust, but it does not accept the wings.

In a short time down the back, a very small opening is made, through which the locust crawls out, shakes its wings to dry them, and when they are dry it resembles a locust, but it does not accept the wings.

In a short time down the back, a very small opening is made, through which the locust crawls out, shakes its wings to dry them, and when they are dry it resembles a locust, but it does not accept the wings.

In a short time down the back, a very small opening is made, through which the locust crawls out, shakes its wings to dry them, and when they are dry it resembles a locust, but it does not accept the wings.

object-lessons—teaching what no books can impart. And one of their best lessons is that of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

the latest see. The bound speeds along with noisier near the earth.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

do? Just what I do when I am tired of anything else. I go to sleep, and become rested and refreshed, and then get up and go at it again.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

and in those misty points of light, the nebulae, which have so long puzzled and perplexed the astronomers and men versed in the physical sciences.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

the last five years, (including the present, 1870), has been five hundred and thirteen.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

who have more or less radical views on the subject of education.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

the returns of the number of the United States have been published, so far as the population of the several States is concerned.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The locust is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry. It is a creature of industry.

The Tract Department

Entered by A. H. Lewis, Agent of the American Sabbath Tract Society, to whom all matters for this department should be addressed, at Alfred Center, N. Y.

VALEDICTORY. Since January, 1869, it has been our lot to edit this Department of the Recorder. During that period, other duties connected with the General Agency of the Tract Society, and with the lecture field, have interrupted the work of editing in no small degree. We have aimed to do as well as possible under the circumstances. We know that our work has been marked by imperfections. For these we ask the forgiveness of Christian charity, as for failures in point of wisdom, rather than in heart and purpose. In selecting from current literature, we have aimed to furnish a mirror of passing events and ideas relating to the question of Sabbath Reform. In writing, we have not sought to please or displease, to agree or disagree with others. We have aimed to say plainly that which seemed needed, willing to leave results with Him to whom we have ever looked for aid and guidance.

When we entered upon the work of this Society, it was without regard, expecting to make Sabbath Reform a "life work." The desire to do so has increased with the experience of each year. Hence it is with unmeasured regret that we must announce that our connection with the work is about to cease. Repeated overwork in the lecture field has unfitted us for the year and fear of life away from home, and forced us to seek a livelihood at local work. Thus it is that circumstances beyond our control compel to a step than which few could be more painful.

As regards the work of Sabbath Reform, and the part assigned to Seventh-day Baptists therein, these are our growing convictions: 1. Sabbath reform, as a representative question, must continue to engage the attention of the American people. It involves principles and issues which are vital to the life of the church and to the maintenance of moral purity. The reform must begin as a religious reform in the church. 2. Seventh-day Baptists have been kept alive and trained for years. Their immediate mission is that of agitators. Their place is in the advance guard of reformers. 3. Their great need is holiness. The possession of important truth must lead to corresponding elevation of character and purity of life. Such holiness will bring unity of feeling and action, which, under God, cannot fail to give success. The demands are great, and daily increasing. We as a people ought to enlarge and intensify every department of our legitimate work. In many things, we must walk by faith in God and Truth, rather than by sight. We must not judge ourselves, our work, or the results which are apparent, by ordinary standards. Duties are ours; results are with God. The work will go on. The soil is being made ready. These are the years of seed-time. There is fruit enough to give all needed encouragement. With renewed determination, to gain a higher Christian life, and to sow the truth beside all waters, let us go on. Under God, let there be but one aim, and that, onward, upward.

ANOTHER CHURCH ORGANIZED. Dear Brother Lewis, I am now prepared to drop you a note in reference to our condition as Sabbath-keepers more definite than ever before. Last First-day, we gathered together the little band of despondent ones, and went boldly into the organization of a Seventh-day Baptist church. It is true, our number was small; but they are all active, efficient members—all alive to the interest of the cause of truth. So we are prepared to keep house for a Master. We have a deacon and church clerk in the person of Father Snead, an officer of long standing in the Baptist church; a pastor in the person of the writer of this communication. The little church organization at Harrisburg, which I want to come over en masse, and I want to come to you, and to the readers of the Recorder, that it was a time that will long be remembered. We had a fine discourse by Bro. Kelly, from Acts 17: 6—These things have turned the world upside down, can you tell me how after which we went into the organization, in the presence of a large congregation of First-day advocates, many of whom were very solemnly impressed. When the organization was completed, the Harrisburg church withdrew from the Baptist church, which met in a regular session to-day; and with many expressions of deep feeling and sorrow our names were dropped from their list.

Now, Bro. Lewis, I want to say to Sabbath-keepers everywhere, Go in to an organization at once, if you have but a half dozen members, get them all good to work, get them all about it. If you are

The Sabbath Recorder

WESTERLEY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, JUNE 20, 1872. GEORGE B. UTTER, EDITOR. Business Items. We have made arrangements with the future publishers of the Recorder for space in their columns to acknowledge receipts on past-due accounts, and to give such notices as we may deem necessary in closing up our part of the business. From the number of letters reaching us on publication day, we feel compelled to conclude that other letters intended to come under our proposition as to closing up accounts, may be on their way. We will treat all such letters, received during the next week, as coming in time, and will acknowledge their contents through the paper. On Fifth-day, June 20th, we expect to pass over to the representative of the Tract Society a new book, in which all sums paid for the Recorder are duly entered and credited. The books we keep show all credits as passed over, as well as all cash transactions in the past twenty-eight years. If any errors should be discovered—and they are sure to be—letters addressed to Geo. B. Utter, Westerley, R. I., will receive prompt attention, and all errors will be cheerfully corrected.

THE RECORDER. The present number brings us to the middle of the twenty-eighth volume of the SABBATH REFORMER—the time when, according to notice already given, the paper is to pass from our hands into those of the Tract Society. It is a question with us whether, following the usual custom, we ought to take the occasion to print a valedictory. Fifteen years ago this month, after an experience of thirteen years as editor and publisher of the Recorder, we made room for better gifts by retiring, and marked the event by something of the nature of a farewell. But when, a couple of years later, we found ourselves again in the editorial chair, we felt that any thing we had done in the way of bidding our friends good-by was labor lost. And now, after some thirteen years more of editorial experience, we are not sure but a repetition of the old procedure would be more labor lost. The truth is, that a man at fifty-three years of age, who can thank God that for forty years he has not seen a day in which sickness has completely unfitted him for work—and who can say now, gratefully, as Professor Kenyon used to say, derisively, "Never better"—is scarcely at liberty to talk of farewells. On the whole, we think the custom of valedictory—if there is no such word in the dictionary, there ought to be—is better called accordingly.

There is, however, a line of thought, suggesting itself in this connection, on which it is perhaps no more than just to some of our life-long friends that we should speak—partly to explain our own position, and partly to correct what we regard as false notions, and remove groundless apprehensions. In several letters received within the past three months, friends have signified their resignation to a change in our editorial relations, under the impression that for the past quarter of a century we ought to have been preaching instead of editing; and they often couple this expression of resignation to what they can not help, with an expression of hope that our attention will now be given exclusively to that "more sacred work." Thanks for the kind feeling which underlies these expressions. But tell us, pray, what else than preaching have we been doing? Sometimes in the pulpit—sometimes in the newspaper—sometimes in the public sessions of our Conferences and Associations, our Missionary Societies and our Tract Societies—sometimes in the committee meetings where the real work of organizations has been done—in public meetings, social gatherings, and private interviews—we have been all these years "trying to do preaching." If we have not succeeded in doing it by such methods, we fear there is small prospect that we shall succeed by turning our attention now exclusively to some one of them. And as to the matter of "sacredness," we have no expectation of finding, in this world or the next, any more sacred work than that in which we have all along been engaged. It was undertaken conscientiously, and is a work worthy of the best efforts of better men than we. If only we felt sure that our manner of doing the work was as well entitled as the work itself to be called sacred, we should have no aspirations for anything higher.

"What are you going to do with yourself?" is a question which has often been asked us by those who think, as we do, that retiring from business in this mundane sphere before the call comes to serve in the celestial sphere, is alike unwise and wicked. This question does not trouble us half so much as does the question how to find time to do what we have planned to do. The care of a newspaper for a quarter of a century—(half of that period two newspapers)—has left little time for the general literary work which such a manner of life suggests, and enables one to lay up the material for doing. Now that we are able to throw off the care of one of our papers, we hope to find time to put our library in order, to arrange the matter of various kinds which we have been in years ago storing up for days of leisure, and to make some permanent use of it. Retiring

from business is not in our line. A partial change of business, however, is quite in the line of our feelings, and will be trusted, prove profitable as well as pleasant. A good many letters have reached us, first and last, in which fear is expressed that we have retired too willingly from a field of service which long experience required us to occupy. To the writers of such letters—which, by the way, we have had neither time nor inclination to answer—it must suffice for us to say, that the change in prospect is not of our seeking, though we have accepted it willingly. For three or four years past, in public meetings and private gatherings, the subject has been canvassed, until the Tract Society, through its proper representatives, determined to establish a publishing house, and to make a denominational paper the nucleus thereof. It would hardly comport with modesty on our part, or be in compliance with the apostolic injunction, "Let each esteem other better than themselves," for us to say that the officers and agents of the Tract Society are all wrong, or to put ourselves in opposition to them. All we can say is, "Try it." Possibly will give us a paper in comparison with which the past will not deserve to be mentioned. Such, certainly, is our wish, and ought to be the prayer of every friend of our cause. The field is open, and the times are auspicious. The subscription list of the Recorder is larger now than at any previous period in its history—more than twice as large as it averaged during the first year of publication; while the advertising patronage of the paper now amounts to more each year than it did during the entire first ten years of its publication. Only two things seem to us essential to the success of those into whose hands the paper is now to pass—first, that they make a good religious and family newspaper; second, that they recognize the well-established fact, that a newspaper, like an individual, can do but little for others while calling upon others to do for it, and therefore shape their business so that the income of the paper will take care of its expenses.

Only one thing remains for us to do, and that is to thank our local agents, and our numerous friends in different parts of the denomination, for their aid in the work that has occupied us. It is with tender emotions, and a choking sensation, that we look over the list of those agents, and call up the faces of some of those friends. Among our agents now are several whose names stood in the list twenty-eight years ago; but of the ministers who were then our agents, not one occupies the same field he then occupied. And how many of those who have served us as agents have gone from their labor to their reward! Surely, one who glanced at such a list, made up of the active men in our churches twenty-eight years ago, and marks the changes which have taken place in those years, must be impressed that all men are mortal—save perhaps himself. Strange if, even in himself, there does not arise a feeling, that what he has to do should be done by his might, so that he may be ready at call to join in the number of company who have gone before. Our thanks to those who are now serving us and the cause, mingle with thanks to God for the hope of final reunion with those who have already entered upon the higher service.

The Sabbath Recorder

WESTERLEY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, JUNE 20, 1872. GEORGE B. UTTER, EDITOR. Business Items. We have made arrangements with the future publishers of the Recorder for space in their columns to acknowledge receipts on past-due accounts, and to give such notices as we may deem necessary in closing up our part of the business. From the number of letters reaching us on publication day, we feel compelled to conclude that other letters intended to come under our proposition as to closing up accounts, may be on their way. We will treat all such letters, received during the next week, as coming in time, and will acknowledge their contents through the paper. On Fifth-day, June 20th, we expect to pass over to the representative of the Tract Society a new book, in which all sums paid for the Recorder are duly entered and credited. The books we keep show all credits as passed over, as well as all cash transactions in the past twenty-eight years. If any errors should be discovered—and they are sure to be—letters addressed to Geo. B. Utter, Westerley, R. I., will receive prompt attention, and all errors will be cheerfully corrected.

THE RECORDER. The present number brings us to the middle of the twenty-eighth volume of the SABBATH REFORMER—the time when, according to notice already given, the paper is to pass from our hands into those of the Tract Society. It is a question with us whether, following the usual custom, we ought to take the occasion to print a valedictory. Fifteen years ago this month, after an experience of thirteen years as editor and publisher of the Recorder, we made room for better gifts by retiring, and marked the event by something of the nature of a farewell. But when, a couple of years later, we found ourselves again in the editorial chair, we felt that any thing we had done in the way of bidding our friends good-by was labor lost. And now, after some thirteen years more of editorial experience, we are not sure but a repetition of the old procedure would be more labor lost. The truth is, that a man at fifty-three years of age, who can thank God that for forty years he has not seen a day in which sickness has completely unfitted him for work—and who can say now, gratefully, as Professor Kenyon used to say, derisively, "Never better"—is scarcely at liberty to talk of farewells. On the whole, we think the custom of valedictory—if there is no such word in the dictionary, there ought to be—is better called accordingly.

There is, however, a line of thought, suggesting itself in this connection, on which it is perhaps no more than just to some of our life-long friends that we should speak—partly to explain our own position, and partly to correct what we regard as false notions, and remove groundless apprehensions. In several letters received within the past three months, friends have signified their resignation to a change in our editorial relations, under the impression that for the past quarter of a century we ought to have been preaching instead of editing; and they often couple this expression of resignation to what they can not help, with an expression of hope that our attention will now be given exclusively to that "more sacred work." Thanks for the kind feeling which underlies these expressions. But tell us, pray, what else than preaching have we been doing? Sometimes in the pulpit—sometimes in the newspaper—sometimes in the public sessions of our Conferences and Associations, our Missionary Societies and our Tract Societies—sometimes in the committee meetings where the real work of organizations has been done—in public meetings, social gatherings, and private interviews—we have been all these years "trying to do preaching." If we have not succeeded in doing it by such methods, we fear there is small prospect that we shall succeed by turning our attention now exclusively to some one of them. And as to the matter of "sacredness," we have no expectation of finding, in this world or the next, any more sacred work than that in which we have all along been engaged. It was undertaken conscientiously, and is a work worthy of the best efforts of better men than we. If only we felt sure that our manner of doing the work was as well entitled as the work itself to be called sacred, we should have no aspirations for anything higher.

"What are you going to do with yourself?" is a question which has often been asked us by those who think, as we do, that retiring from business in this mundane sphere before the call comes to serve in the celestial sphere, is alike unwise and wicked. This question does not trouble us half so much as does the question how to find time to do what we have planned to do. The care of a newspaper for a quarter of a century—(half of that period two newspapers)—has left little time for the general literary work which such a manner of life suggests, and enables one to lay up the material for doing. Now that we are able to throw off the care of one of our papers, we hope to find time to put our library in order, to arrange the matter of various kinds which we have been in years ago storing up for days of leisure, and to make some permanent use of it. Retiring

from business is not in our line. A partial change of business, however, is quite in the line of our feelings, and will be trusted, prove profitable as well as pleasant. A good many letters have reached us, first and last, in which fear is expressed that we have retired too willingly from a field of service which long experience required us to occupy. To the writers of such letters—which, by the way, we have had neither time nor inclination to answer—it must suffice for us to say, that the change in prospect is not of our seeking, though we have accepted it willingly. For three or four years past, in public meetings and private gatherings, the subject has been canvassed, until the Tract Society, through its proper representatives, determined to establish a publishing house, and to make a denominational paper the nucleus thereof. It would hardly comport with modesty on our part, or be in compliance with the apostolic injunction, "Let each esteem other better than themselves," for us to say that the officers and agents of the Tract Society are all wrong, or to put ourselves in opposition to them. All we can say is, "Try it." Possibly will give us a paper in comparison with which the past will not deserve to be mentioned. Such, certainly, is our wish, and ought to be the prayer of every friend of our cause. The field is open, and the times are auspicious. The subscription list of the Recorder is larger now than at any previous period in its history—more than twice as large as it averaged during the first year of publication; while the advertising patronage of the paper now amounts to more each year than it did during the entire first ten years of its publication. Only two things seem to us essential to the success of those into whose hands the paper is now to pass—first, that they make a good religious and family newspaper; second, that they recognize the well-established fact, that a newspaper, like an individual, can do but little for others while calling upon others to do for it, and therefore shape their business so that the income of the paper will take care of its expenses.

Only one thing remains for us to do, and that is to thank our local agents, and our numerous friends in different parts of the denomination, for their aid in the work that has occupied us. It is with tender emotions, and a choking sensation, that we look over the list of those agents, and call up the faces of some of those friends. Among our agents now are several whose names stood in the list twenty-eight years ago; but of the ministers who were then our agents, not one occupies the same field he then occupied. And how many of those who have served us as agents have gone from their labor to their reward! Surely, one who glanced at such a list, made up of the active men in our churches twenty-eight years ago, and marks the changes which have taken place in those years, must be impressed that all men are mortal—save perhaps himself. Strange if, even in himself, there does not arise a feeling, that what he has to do should be done by his might, so that he may be ready at call to join in the number of company who have gone before. Our thanks to those who are now serving us and the cause, mingle with thanks to God for the hope of final reunion with those who have already entered upon the higher service.

The Sabbath Recorder

WESTERLEY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, JUNE 20, 1872. GEORGE B. UTTER, EDITOR. Business Items. We have made arrangements with the future publishers of the Recorder for space in their columns to acknowledge receipts on past-due accounts, and to give such notices as we may deem necessary in closing up our part of the business. From the number of letters reaching us on publication day, we feel compelled to conclude that other letters intended to come under our proposition as to closing up accounts, may be on their way. We will treat all such letters, received during the next week, as coming in time, and will acknowledge their contents through the paper. On Fifth-day, June 20th, we expect to pass over to the representative of the Tract Society a new book, in which all sums paid for the Recorder are duly entered and credited. The books we keep show all credits as passed over, as well as all cash transactions in the past twenty-eight years. If any errors should be discovered—and they are sure to be—letters addressed to Geo. B. Utter, Westerley, R. I., will receive prompt attention, and all errors will be cheerfully corrected.

THE RECORDER. The present number brings us to the middle of the twenty-eighth volume of the SABBATH REFORMER—the time when, according to notice already given, the paper is to pass from our hands into those of the Tract Society. It is a question with us whether, following the usual custom, we ought to take the occasion to print a valedictory. Fifteen years ago this month, after an experience of thirteen years as editor and publisher of the Recorder, we made room for better gifts by retiring, and marked the event by something of the nature of a farewell. But when, a couple of years later, we found ourselves again in the editorial chair, we felt that any thing we had done in the way of bidding our friends good-by was labor lost. And now, after some thirteen years more of editorial experience, we are not sure but a repetition of the old procedure would be more labor lost. The truth is, that a man at fifty-three years of age, who can thank God that for forty years he has not seen a day in which sickness has completely unfitted him for work—and who can say now, gratefully, as Professor Kenyon used to say, derisively, "Never better"—is scarcely at liberty to talk of farewells. On the whole, we think the custom of valedictory—if there is no such word in the dictionary, there ought to be—is better called accordingly.

There is, however, a line of thought, suggesting itself in this connection, on which it is perhaps no more than just to some of our life-long friends that we should speak—partly to explain our own position, and partly to correct what we regard as false notions, and remove groundless apprehensions. In several letters received within the past three months, friends have signified their resignation to a change in our editorial relations, under the impression that for the past quarter of a century we ought to have been preaching instead of editing; and they often couple this expression of resignation to what they can not help, with an expression of hope that our attention will now be given exclusively to that "more sacred work." Thanks for the kind feeling which underlies these expressions. But tell us, pray, what else than preaching have we been doing? Sometimes in the pulpit—sometimes in the newspaper—sometimes in the public sessions of our Conferences and Associations, our Missionary Societies and our Tract Societies—sometimes in the committee meetings where the real work of organizations has been done—in public meetings, social gatherings, and private interviews—we have been all these years "trying to do preaching." If we have not succeeded in doing it by such methods, we fear there is small prospect that we shall succeed by turning our attention now exclusively to some one of them. And as to the matter of "sacredness," we have no expectation of finding, in this world or the next, any more sacred work than that in which we have all along been engaged. It was undertaken conscientiously, and is a work worthy of the best efforts of better men than we. If only we felt sure that our manner of doing the work was as well entitled as the work itself to be called sacred, we should have no aspirations for anything higher.

"What are you going to do with yourself?" is a question which has often been asked us by those who think, as we do, that retiring from business in this mundane sphere before the call comes to serve in the celestial sphere, is alike unwise and wicked. This question does not trouble us half so much as does the question how to find time to do what we have planned to do. The care of a newspaper for a quarter of a century—(half of that period two newspapers)—has left little time for the general literary work which such a manner of life suggests, and enables one to lay up the material for doing. Now that we are able to throw off the care of one of our papers, we hope to find time to put our library in order, to arrange the matter of various kinds which we have been in years ago storing up for days of leisure, and to make some permanent use of it. Retiring

from business is not in our line. A partial change of business, however, is quite in the line of our feelings, and will be trusted, prove profitable as well as pleasant. A good many letters have reached us, first and last, in which fear is expressed that we have retired too willingly from a field of service which long experience required us to occupy. To the writers of such letters—which, by the way, we have had neither time nor inclination to answer—it must suffice for us to say, that the change in prospect is not of our seeking, though we have accepted it willingly. For three or four years past, in public meetings and private gatherings, the subject has been canvassed, until the Tract Society, through its proper representatives, determined to establish a publishing house, and to make a denominational paper the nucleus thereof. It would hardly comport with modesty on our part, or be in compliance with the apostolic injunction, "Let each esteem other better than themselves," for us to say that the officers and agents of the Tract Society are all wrong, or to put ourselves in opposition to them. All we can say is, "Try it." Possibly will give us a paper in comparison with which the past will not deserve to be mentioned. Such, certainly, is our wish, and ought to be the prayer of every friend of our cause. The field is open, and the times are auspicious. The subscription list of the Recorder is larger now than at any previous period in its history—more than twice as large as it averaged during the first year of publication; while the advertising patronage of the paper now amounts to more each year than it did during the entire first ten years of its publication. Only two things seem to us essential to the success of those into whose hands the paper is now to pass—first, that they make a good religious and family newspaper; second, that they recognize the well-established fact, that a newspaper, like an individual, can do but little for others while calling upon others to do for it, and therefore shape their business so that the income of the paper will take care of its expenses.

Only one thing remains for us to do, and that is to thank our local agents, and our numerous friends in different parts of the denomination, for their aid in the work that has occupied us. It is with tender emotions, and a choking sensation, that we look over the list of those agents, and call up the faces of some of those friends. Among our agents now are several whose names stood in the list twenty-eight years ago; but of the ministers who were then our agents, not one occupies the same field he then occupied. And how many of those who have served us as agents have gone from their labor to their reward! Surely, one who glanced at such a list, made up of the active men in our churches twenty-eight years ago, and marks the changes which have taken place in those years, must be impressed that all men are mortal—save perhaps himself. Strange if, even in himself, there does not arise a feeling, that what he has to do should be done by his might, so that he may be ready at call to join in the number of company who have gone before. Our thanks to those who are now serving us and the cause, mingle with thanks to God for the hope of final reunion with those who have already entered upon the higher service.

The Sabbath Recorder

WESTERLEY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, JUNE 20, 1872. GEORGE B. UTTER, EDITOR. Business Items. We have made arrangements with the future publishers of the Recorder for space in their columns to acknowledge receipts on past-due accounts, and to give such notices as we may deem necessary in closing up our part of the business. From the number of letters reaching us on publication day, we feel compelled to conclude that other letters intended to come under our proposition as to closing up accounts, may be on their way. We will treat all such letters, received during the next week, as coming in time, and will acknowledge their contents through the paper. On Fifth-day, June 20th, we expect to pass over to the representative of the Tract Society a new book, in which all sums paid for the Recorder are duly entered and credited. The books we keep show all credits as passed over, as well as all cash transactions in the past twenty-eight years. If any errors should be discovered—and they are sure to be—letters addressed to Geo. B. Utter, Westerley, R. I., will receive prompt attention, and all errors will be cheerfully corrected.

THE RECORDER. The present number brings us to the middle of the twenty-eighth volume of the SABBATH REFORMER—the time when, according to notice already given, the paper is to pass from our hands into those of the Tract Society. It is a question with us whether, following the usual custom, we ought to take the occasion to print a valedictory. Fifteen years ago this month, after an experience of thirteen years as editor and publisher of the Recorder, we made room for better gifts by retiring, and marked the event by something of the nature of a farewell. But when, a couple of years later, we found ourselves again in the editorial chair, we felt that any thing we had done in the way of bidding our friends good-by was labor lost. And now, after some thirteen years more of editorial experience, we are not sure but a repetition of the old procedure would be more labor lost. The truth is, that a man at fifty-three years of age, who can thank God that for forty years he has not seen a day in which sickness has completely unfitted him for work—and who can say now, gratefully, as Professor Kenyon used to say, derisively, "Never better"—is scarcely at liberty to talk of farewells. On the whole, we think the custom of valedictory—if there is no such word in the dictionary, there ought to be—is better called accordingly.

There is, however, a line of thought, suggesting itself in this connection, on which it is perhaps no more than just to some of our life-long friends that we should speak—partly to explain our own position, and partly to correct what we regard as false notions, and remove groundless apprehensions. In several letters received within the past three months, friends have signified their resignation to a change in our editorial relations, under the impression that for the past quarter of a century we ought to have been preaching instead of editing; and they often couple this expression of resignation to what they can not help, with an expression of hope that our attention will now be given exclusively to that "more sacred work." Thanks for the kind feeling which underlies these expressions. But tell us, pray, what else than preaching have we been doing? Sometimes in the pulpit—sometimes in the newspaper—sometimes in the public sessions of our Conferences and Associations, our Missionary Societies and our Tract Societies—sometimes in the committee meetings where the real work of organizations has been done—in public meetings, social gatherings, and private interviews—we have been all these years "trying to do preaching." If we have not succeeded in doing it by such methods, we fear there is small prospect that we shall succeed by turning our attention now exclusively to some one of them. And as to the matter of "sacredness," we have no expectation of finding, in this world or the next, any more sacred work than that in which we have all along been engaged. It was undertaken conscientiously, and is a work worthy of the best efforts of better men than we. If only we felt sure that our manner of doing the work was as well entitled as the work itself to be called sacred, we should have no aspirations for anything higher.

"What are you going to do with yourself?" is a question which has often been asked us by those who think, as we do, that retiring from business in this mundane sphere before the call comes to serve in the celestial sphere, is alike unwise and wicked. This question does not trouble us half so much as does the question how to find time to do what we have planned to do. The care of a newspaper for a quarter of a century—(half of that period two newspapers)—has left little time for the general literary work which such a manner of life suggests, and enables one to lay up the material for doing. Now that we are able to throw off the care of one of our papers, we hope to find time to put our library in order, to arrange the matter of various kinds which we have been in years ago storing up for days of leisure, and to make some permanent use of it. Retiring

from business is not in our line. A partial change of business, however, is quite in the line of our feelings, and will be trusted, prove profitable as well as pleasant. A good many letters have reached us, first and last, in which fear is expressed that we have retired too willingly from a field of service which long experience required us to occupy. To the writers of such letters—which, by the way, we have had neither time nor inclination to answer—it must suffice for us to say, that the change in prospect is not of our seeking, though we have accepted it willingly. For three or four years past, in public meetings and private gatherings, the subject has been canvassed, until the Tract Society, through its proper representatives, determined to establish a publishing house, and to make a denominational paper the nucleus thereof. It would hardly comport with modesty on our part, or be in compliance with the apostolic injunction, "Let each esteem other better than themselves," for us to say that the officers and agents of the Tract Society are all wrong, or to put ourselves in opposition to them. All we can say is, "Try it." Possibly will give us a paper in comparison with which the past will not deserve to be mentioned. Such, certainly, is our wish, and ought to be the prayer of every friend of our cause. The field is open, and the times are auspicious. The subscription list of the Recorder is larger now than at any previous period in its history—more than twice as large as it averaged during the first year of publication; while the advertising patronage of the paper now amounts to more each year than it did during the entire first ten years of its publication. Only two things seem to us essential to the success of those into whose hands the paper is now to pass—first, that they make a good religious and family newspaper; second, that they recognize the well-established fact, that a newspaper, like an individual, can do but little for others while calling upon others to do for it, and therefore shape their business so that the income of the paper will take care of its expenses.

Only one thing remains for us to do, and that is to thank our local agents, and our numerous friends in different parts of the denomination, for their aid in the work that has occupied us. It is with tender emotions, and a choking sensation, that we look over the list of those agents, and call up the faces of some of those friends. Among our agents now are several whose names stood in the list twenty-eight years ago; but of the ministers who were then our agents, not one occupies the same field he then occupied. And how many of those who have served us as agents have gone from their labor to their reward! Surely, one who glanced at such a list, made up of the active men in our churches twenty-eight years ago, and marks the changes which have taken place in those years, must be impressed that all men are mortal—save perhaps himself. Strange if, even in himself, there does not arise a feeling, that what he has to do should be done by his might, so that he may be ready at call to join in the number of company who have gone before. Our thanks to those who are now serving us and the cause, mingle with thanks to God for the hope of final reunion with those who have already entered upon the higher service.

The Sabbath Recorder

WESTERLEY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, JUNE 20, 1872. GEORGE B. UTTER, EDITOR. Business Items. We have made arrangements with the future publishers of the Recorder for space in their columns to acknowledge receipts on past-due accounts, and to give such notices as we may deem necessary in closing up our part of the business. From the number of letters reaching us on publication day, we feel compelled to conclude that other letters intended to come under our proposition as to closing up accounts, may be on their way. We will treat all such letters, received during the next week, as coming in time, and will acknowledge their contents through the paper. On Fifth-day, June 20th, we expect to pass over to the representative of the Tract Society a new book, in which all sums paid for the Recorder are duly entered and credited. The books we keep show all credits as passed over, as well as all cash transactions in the past twenty-eight years. If any errors should be discovered—and they are sure to be—letters addressed to Geo. B. Utter, Westerley, R. I., will receive prompt attention, and all errors will be cheerfully corrected.

THE RECORDER. The present number brings us to the middle of the twenty-eighth volume of the SABBATH REFORMER—the time when, according to notice already given, the paper is to pass from our hands into those of the Tract Society. It is a question with us whether, following the usual custom, we ought to take the occasion to print a valedictory. Fifteen years ago this month, after an experience of thirteen years as editor and publisher of the Recorder, we made room for better gifts by retiring, and marked the event by something of the nature of a farewell. But when, a couple of years later, we found ourselves again in the editorial chair, we felt that any thing we had done in the way of bidding our friends good-by was labor lost. And now, after some thirteen years more of editorial experience, we are not sure but a repetition of the old procedure would be more labor lost. The truth is, that a man at fifty-three years of age, who can thank God that for forty years he has not seen a day in which sickness has completely unfitted him for work—and who can say now, gratefully, as Professor Kenyon used to say, derisively, "Never better"—is scarcely at liberty to talk of farewells. On the whole, we think the custom of valedictory—if there is no such word in the dictionary, there ought to be—is better called accordingly.

There is, however, a line of thought, suggesting itself in this connection, on which it is perhaps no more than just to some of our life-long friends that we should speak—partly to explain our own position, and partly to correct what we regard as false notions, and remove groundless apprehensions. In several letters received within the past three months, friends have signified their resignation to a change in our editorial relations, under the impression that for the past quarter of a century we ought to have been preaching instead of editing; and they often couple this expression of resignation to what they can not help, with an expression of hope that our attention will now be given exclusively to that "more sacred work." Thanks for the kind feeling which underlies these expressions. But tell us, pray, what else than preaching have we been doing? Sometimes in the pulpit—sometimes in the newspaper—sometimes in the public sessions of our Conferences and Associations, our Missionary Societies and our Tract Societies—sometimes in the committee meetings where the real work of organizations has been done—in public meetings, social gatherings, and private interviews—we have been all these years "trying to do preaching." If we have not succeeded in doing it by such methods, we fear there is small prospect that we shall succeed by turning our attention now exclusively to some one of them. And as to the matter of "sacredness," we have no expectation of finding, in this world or the next, any more sacred work than that in which we have all along been engaged. It was undertaken conscientiously, and is a work worthy of the best efforts of better men than we. If only we felt sure that our manner of doing the work was as well entitled as the work itself to be called sacred, we should have no aspirations for anything higher.

"What are you going to do with yourself?" is a question which has often been asked us by those who think, as we do, that retiring from business in this mundane sphere before the call comes to serve in the celestial sphere, is alike unwise and wicked. This question does not trouble us half so much as does the question how to find time to do what we have planned to do. The care of a newspaper for a quarter of a century—(half of that period two newspapers)—has left little time for the general literary work which such a manner of life suggests, and enables one to lay up the material for doing. Now that we are able to throw off the care of one of our papers, we hope to find time to put our library in order, to arrange the matter of various kinds which we have been in years ago storing up for days of leisure, and to make some permanent use of it. Retiring

from business is not in our line. A partial change of business, however, is quite in the line of our feelings, and will be trusted, prove profitable as well as pleasant. A good many letters have reached us, first and last, in which fear is expressed that we have retired too willingly from a field of service which long experience required us to occupy. To the writers of such letters—which, by the way, we have had neither time nor inclination to answer—it must suffice for us to say, that the change in prospect is not of our seeking, though we have accepted it willingly. For three or four years past, in public meetings and private gatherings, the subject has been canvassed, until the Tract Society, through its proper representatives, determined to establish a publishing house, and to make a denominational paper the nucleus thereof. It would hardly comport with modesty on our part, or be in compliance with the apostolic injunction, "Let each esteem other better than themselves," for us to say that the officers and agents of the Tract Society are all wrong, or to put ourselves in opposition to them. All we can say is, "Try it." Possibly will give us a paper in comparison with which the past will not deserve to be mentioned. Such, certainly, is our wish, and ought to be the prayer of every friend of our cause. The field is open, and the times are auspicious. The subscription list of the Recorder is larger now than at any previous period in its history—more than twice as large as it averaged during the first year of publication; while the advertising patronage of the paper now amounts to more each year than it did during the entire first ten years of its publication. Only two things seem to us essential to the success of those into whose hands the paper is now to pass—first, that they make a good religious and family newspaper; second, that they recognize the well-established fact, that a newspaper, like an individual, can do but little for others while calling upon others to do for it, and therefore shape their business so that the income of the paper will take care of its expenses.

Only one thing remains for us to do, and that is to thank our local agents, and our numerous friends in different parts of the denomination, for their aid in the work that has occupied us. It is with tender emotions, and a choking sensation, that we look over the list of those agents, and call up the faces of some of those friends. Among our agents now are several whose names stood in the list twenty-eight years ago; but of the ministers who were then our agents, not one occupies the same field he then occupied. And how many of those who have served us as agents have gone from their labor to their reward! Surely, one who glanced at such a list, made up of the active men in our churches twenty-eight years ago, and marks the changes which have taken place in those years, must be impressed that all men are mortal—save perhaps himself. Strange if, even in himself, there does not arise a feeling, that what he has to do should be done by his might, so that he may be ready at call to join in the number of company who have gone before. Our thanks to those who are now serving us and the cause, mingle with thanks to God for the hope of final reunion with those who have already entered upon the higher service.

The Sabbath Recorder

WESTERLEY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, JUNE 20, 1872. GEORGE B. UTTER, EDITOR. Business Items. We have made arrangements with the future publishers of the Recorder for space in their columns to acknowledge receipts on past-due accounts, and to give such notices as we may deem necessary in closing up our part of the business. From the number of letters reaching us on publication day, we feel compelled to conclude that other letters intended to come under our proposition as to closing up accounts, may be on their way. We will treat all such letters, received during the next week, as coming in time, and will acknowledge their contents through the paper. On Fifth-day, June 20th, we expect to pass over to the representative of the Tract Society a new book, in which all sums paid for the Recorder are duly entered and credited. The books we keep show all credits as passed over, as well as all cash transactions in the past twenty-eight years. If any errors should be discovered—and they are sure to be—letters addressed to Geo. B. Utter, Westerley, R. I., will receive prompt attention, and all errors will be cheerfully corrected.

THE RECORDER. The present number brings us to the middle of the twenty-eighth volume of the SABBATH REFORMER—the time when, according to notice already given, the paper is to pass from our hands into those of the Tract Society. It is a question with us whether, following the usual custom, we ought to take the occasion to print a valedictory. Fifteen years ago this month, after an experience of thirteen years as editor and publisher of the Recorder, we made room for better gifts by retiring, and marked the event by something of the nature of a farewell. But when, a couple of years later, we found ourselves again in the editorial chair, we felt that any thing we had done in the way of bidding our friends good-by was labor lost. And now, after some thirteen years more of editorial experience, we are not sure but a repetition of the old procedure would be more labor lost. The truth is, that a man at fifty-three years of age, who can thank God that for forty years he has not seen a day in which sickness has completely unfitted him for work—and who can say now, gratefully, as Professor Kenyon used to say, derisively, "Never better"—is scarcely at liberty to talk of farewells. On the whole, we think the custom of valedictory—if there is no such word in the dictionary, there ought to be—is better called accordingly.

There is, however, a line of thought, suggesting itself in this connection, on which it is perhaps no more than just to some of our life-long friends that we should speak—partly to explain our own position, and partly to correct what we regard as false notions, and remove groundless apprehensions. In several letters received within the past three months, friends have signified their resignation to a change in our editorial relations, under the impression that for the past quarter of a century we ought to have been preaching instead of editing; and they often couple this expression of resignation to what they can not help, with an expression of hope that our attention will now be given exclusively to that "more sacred work." Thanks for the kind feeling which underlies these expressions. But tell us, pray, what else than preaching have we been doing? Sometimes in the pulpit—sometimes in the newspaper—sometimes in the public sessions of our Conferences and Associations, our Missionary Societies and our Tract Societies—sometimes in the committee meetings where the real work of organizations has been done—in public meetings, social gatherings, and private interviews—we have been all these years "trying to do preaching." If we have not succeeded

Miscellaneous.

THE FOOLISH HARBRELL.

A harbrell hung his willful head, "I am so tired! so tired! I wish I was dead!"

WHAT A MAN WITHOUT HANDS CAN DO.

Most of the readers of this paper will remember the terrible misfortune that befell a young man by the name of Henry W. Fairchild, a few years ago, in his having both arms—very near the elbows—blown off by the premature discharge of a cannon.

A BIG TELESCOPE.

Messrs. Alvin Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Mass., are now manufacturing the largest refracting telescope for the world for the United States Government, to be placed in the Naval Observatory at Washington.

DEPTH OF PLOWING.

The present practice among the best farmers is to plow shallow for the Spring grain. A good rule is to plow about six inches now to be prepared for the ground with a walking cultivator, or a double shod, stirring the soil to the depth of two and a half or three inches, thereon sowing the grain.

THE FLIGHTS OF BIRDS HAVE BEEN COMPARED.

It is said that a vulture can fly 160 miles in an hour, wild geese 90 miles, and swallows 92 miles; common crows make about 25 miles an hour.

LAWYERS OF RHODE ISLAND.

An Act "Of the Assay of Liquors." Passed at the May Session of the General Assembly, A. D. 1872.

THE STORY OF AN ATOM.

The atom of charcoal floated in the corrupt atmosphere of the old volcanic crater, which had been a volcano.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

The Valley of Death, a spot almost as terrible as the promontory of the old volcano, lies in the heart of the old Mormon town of Orderville, a region 30 miles long by 20 broad, and is rounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains.

CONSUMPTION OF TALLOW.

Tallow is a very important article of commerce, and enters largely into the manufacture of various commodities of general consumption.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A prisoner arranged before a recorder in New Orleans was told: "I really don't know whether I had better fire on you or ten dollars; what's your idea about it?"

KISSING DAY IN RUSSIA.

A correspondent, writing from St. Petersburg at the beginning of the month, alluding to the festivities always observed in Russia on Easter Day, says: "Of all Russian pastimes the only one who does not look forward to the prospect of an Easter morning with any degree of pleasure is the Emperor himself; for it must be remembered that this is the great kissing season."

THE GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE TO THE WEST.

The Hudson River and New York Central Railroad, to Suspension Bridge, Canada to Detroit.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1871-1872. The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 6, 1871.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.