

The Sabbath Recorder.

EDITED BY GEORGE B. UTTER.

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

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WHOLE NO. 150.

The Sabbath Recorder.

ELD. HULL'S MISSIONARY REPORT.

[Continued.]

On the third of February, I went to Diana, Lewis Co., and arrived just in time to give notice through the school for a meeting in the evening. I had a good congregation, composed mostly of young people, who were generally, if not all, non-professors. There is, for the number of inhabitants, a large proportion of young people, and but very few of them professors, in all the towns where I preached, which was five. Many of the old people are non-professors, and many are backsliders. Infidelity is quite common. Indeed, I felt as if I was on missionary ground. I staid in this place through the week, visited in the day time, and preached evenings. I found the state of religion quite low as a general thing, although some seemed established and devoted. The church here seemed generally determined to maintain the cause of religion; still, for some cause, they seemed not to entertain such hopes of increase as are important to success. In fact, it seemed to me that one of the prevailing difficulties in all the churches in the region which I visited, was a want of moral courage. There are causes probably for this state of things. Our church is scattered over a large territory; the members have not the conveniences for getting together which many of our churches in an older country have; and they are seldom blessed with the preached word oftener than once in two months. These embarrassments will probably account for the evils or difficulties I have mentioned.

On sixth-day I went with the brethren of Diana, and met the brethren of the other neighborhoods at the house of Bro. Burdick, in Pitcairn, St. Lawrence Co., in covenant meeting. We had an interesting season. The church seemed quite glad to welcome me there. They were united, and traveling together, except two persons, for whom much anxiety was felt, and many fervent prayers offered. On Sabbath was their communion season. Eld. Robinson was present, and took part in the exercises. A deep solemnity marked the interview. In the evening I preached again.

On first-day Bro. Robinson and myself went to Fullerville, in the town of Fowler. We called on a deacon of the Baptist Church, and found there the minister, who invited one of us to preach in the after part of the day. It was learned during the forenoon exercises, that we were Seventh-day Baptist ministers, and at intermission we were requested to preach on the Sabbath question. We expressed a willingness to do so if the congregation desired it. When we came together the minister asked the congregation if they desired to hear us on that subject, and they by the show of hands said they did. I accordingly preached two sermons, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. I commenced by examining the claims of Sunday, and took up in order the general propositions by which it is sustained, and labored to disprove them. On finishing my objections to the first proposition, I asked them if their doctrine appeared sound on that point, to which some of the congregation responded audibly, and some in a whisper. No. 5 of all the general propositions examined. Their hearty responses showed that deep feeling prevailed in the congregation. I finished my objections to Sunday-keeping, and dismissed the congregation with an appointment for evening. As the congregation were leaving the house, one of the church members asked their former pastor, who invited me to preach, saying she did not like it, for, said she, he has taken our Sabbath all away. He told her not to mind that, as I would bring back one in the evening that would be as good as the one I had taken away. In the evening the congregation was larger than in the day time. I proceeded to defend the Sabbath of the fourth commandment; by showing, in the first place, that it is not Jewish in its character; second, that it is universal in its claims; and third, that it is perpetual in its obligation. As in the day time, so in the evening when I passed from point to point, they would audibly assent to what I said. I think I never attended a discussion of any doctrinal question, where the views of the congregation were opposed, and so much good feeling prevailed. Quite a number professed themselves convinced of the truthfulness of our cause—some half a dozen at least, among whom were their former minister and deacon. One member of the church said she could not keep Sunday any more; another, that he wished the whole church would consider the matter and turn; another, that she was extremely troubled. I did not hear of any who expressed their feelings, who did not acknowledge themselves convinced. Still I presume there were those who would not make such an acknowledgement. After sermon I gave liberty for any candid question to be asked. The minister wanted to know how we would get along with the observance of the seventh day, where

it was six months day and six months night. I replied, that I did not like to answer objections to our views, which rested with equal force against the observance of any day, unless the objector should take no-Sabbath ground, but in this case I would do it. I stated, in the first place, that there was no part of the earth where it was impossible to distinguish and reckon days; second, that those portions of the earth to which the objector alluded were mostly uninhabited; third, that such an objection could hardly be admitted by a Baptist, who would not yield to the objection of Pedobaptists, that there are portions of the earth where immersion cannot be administered; and fourth, that if there are any places on the earth where men cannot keep the commandments of God, they had better keep away from them. He assented fully, and said that he had not asked the question on his own account, but on the account of others.

V. HULL.

PRESTON, N. Y., April 27.

For the Sabbath Recorder.

REPLY TO "D. E. M." ON TEMPERANCE.

I almost determined not to reply to the last communication of "D. E. M." in reference to the point in hand; but perhaps I am justifiable in showing that I have something more to say. My antagonist remarks, that all the proof I adduce in favor of my position, consists in two quotations from the Bible. I observe, that other passages may be quoted, but even now I have the advantage of him, as he produces no scriptural proof at all, and therefore, he is driven to argue from expediency or propriety, to neither of which I object.

The idea that I should in any case have a scriptural warrant to rob my neighbor of his corn, because the disciples plucked the ears as they passed through the corn-field, is perfectly ridiculous. I might feel myself justified, however, in occasionally taking a little wine, could I obtain the unadulterated juice of the grape, as it is to be inferred from several portions of holy writ that it was commonly done. It is very doubtful whether any kind of stimulant was used in that age of the world, and in that part of the globe to which Scripture history refers, except the wine made from their rich grapes. That this sort of drink was plentifully made, is evident from the fact that vineyards were as common as our gardens and orchards. A failure was considered a divine judgment, as may be seen by a perusal of the prophets in a great multitude and variety of their prophecies. It would be superfluous to quote the many texts on this point, as every habitual reader of the Bible has them in his recollection. It may be fairly supposed, that what we call ardent spirits were not manufactured, and of course not in use. We may imagine that wine was so plentiful that no other kind of stimulant was thought of, neither rum nor whisky. Respecting the last-mentioned drinks, I should suppose most people know, that they produce a deleterious effect on the human system when used in a regular way, and it is doubtful whether they are not injurious altogether, taken alone. I have no hesitation in saying now, that the regular use of ardent spirits is a most dangerous experiment, as the thirst for them seems almost invariably to increase with their regular use.

What "D. E. M." says in answer to my reference to the Saviour's turning water into wine, is no answer at all. I neither said nor thought that this display of his divinity afforded a warrant for the improper use of wine; but the use of it is certainly deducible from the fact that he did make it for the purpose of being drunk. How could it have been known that it was the best wine, had they not drunk it? Yes, how could it have been known that it was wine at all? And hence, would have been the knowledge of the miracle? Can this reference to Christ's converting water into wine in any sense encourage the drunkard to appeal to the Scriptures in defense of his practice, or even the use of ardent spirits at all? It must be allowed by any candid man, that in this case there is no appeal for him. Nor do I think many drunkards, if any, would be silly enough to adduce it in the presence of any sensible person. No, sir, the drunkard has no appeal from the sacred word—that denounces him in the most alarming language.

It is said and believed by some, that there is no medium between drinking and drunkenness, and it seems that my friend has this notion in his mind. Now I must acknowledge that this is a kind of logic I cannot understand. I thought it was understood by every body, that there is a wide difference between the use and the abuse of a thing. I know of no one blessing of providence which may not be so abused as to turn it into a curse. Water, bread, and meat, our fruit, and all the produce of the earth, may be so abused as to ruin our health. Our appetites and our passions may be so gratified as to produce disease in our bodies, ruin our reputation, break up domestic peace, injure mankind; and expose us to everlasting destruction. I am perfectly satisfied that God has drawn a line so plain between the use and abuse of every thing, and has endowed man with a capacity of discerning it so strong, that he cannot cross that line without knowing it or feeling guilty. I do think, then, that I am the fortunate discoverer of the line of demarcation between the moderate and immoderate use of anything. I do think, too, that when persons talk about being a little drunk by the use of wine, of the smallest possible quantity, that they have quaffed some spirit which has intoxicated their brain. Do not suppose from what I have said,

that I am in the habit of taking stimulants, or of using them at all. I am a total-abstinence man, not because I think the Bible requires it—nor because I have any fear of getting over the line—nor because I think a glass of good wine occasionally would hurt me—but because I would not encourage a man in drinking who has no command over his appetite—because I am determined on countenancing every society which I think has a tendency to correct the prevailing evils of the time—and because I am persuaded that it is the duty of Christians to make every effort in their power to reform the world.

SALEM, N. J., April 12, 1847.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

How simply and beautifully has Abd-oll-Kadir, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:—

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then taking out eighty dinars, she told me I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming—

"Go, my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet until the day of Judgment."

I went on well, till I came near Hamandnai, when our Kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me "what I had got?" "Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments." The fellow laughed, thinking no doubt I was joking with him. "What have you got?" said another; I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," I replied; "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments!"

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"And how came you," said he in surprise, "to declare so openly, what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised I never will tell a lie!"

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it."

He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the path of virtue."

And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand. [History of Persia.]

A CHAPTER ON MISTAKES.

1. Persons who write long articles for family newspapers, make a great mistake, when they expect them to be generally read.
2. Writers who select subjects of controversy, are greatly mistaken if they suppose that a protracted discussion will interest a majority of readers.
3. Writers who extend obituary notices much over half a column, are greatly mistaken if they imagine that they secure the attention of one half the general readers.
4. Those who write only a few lines to indicate respect for the deceased, are greatly mistaken, if they suppose their brief notices will be overlooked.
5. Writers, of careless habits, are greatly mistaken if they suppose an editor has nothing to do, but to correct their miserable punctuation and orthography, and remodel one half their clumsy sentences.
6. Writers, of indolent habits, are greatly mistaken, if they think that printers can decipher scratches as readily as they can well-formed letters.
7. Writers of verses are greatly mistaken when they suppose that an editor will always think as highly of their productions as they do themselves. His taste may be at fault.
8. A writer whose article may be declined, is greatly mistaken when he charges the editor with prejudice and partiality.
9. Any reader who may suppose we mean him in any one of the above paragraphs, will be greatly mistaken, as we write not with individual reference.
10. Unless we are greatly mistaken, it will be well to stop at this point. [Methodist Prot.]

STRENGTH OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

A right and respectable Jew of Silesia employed a Christian nurse in his family. She was a pious woman, sincerely devoted to the Lord. When she rocked the little girl in the cradle, or bore it in her arms, instead of singing silly songs, she repeated in a mild voice the solemn and harmonious hymns of her Church. As the little child grew, she seemed to take pleasure in the hymns, and as the nurse remained several years in the service of her father, she had time to conceive for her a strong attachment. The seed sown in the heart of the child was not lost. Hidden from the eyes of men, it sprouted and grew under dew from on high. At the age of sixteen, the young girl was led to ask the privilege of becoming a Christian. She would take no rest until a Protestant took her under his instructions, and soon after, she had the pleasure of being admitted to the holy sacrament of baptism. Often she attested afterward, that her nurse was the principal instrument of her conversion. The hymns sung to her in her childhood had left on her mind impressions so deep, that nothing could efface them. A counsel to pious parents! [N. Y. Observer.]

MINISTER'S EXPENSES.

The following, copied from the Advocate, is a truthful delineation, if hundreds in this matter may be permitted to bear their testimony. We believe that many a church might trace an absence of blessing on the words and means of grace, to the want of a disposition to give them an adequate support. It is too bad to add pecuniary, to the other cares and anxieties of the minister of Christ.

"I think," said a worthy brother in a Baptist church, to his pastor, "you ministers must be somewhat extravagant, or else you do not know how to manage very well, for you must all complain that you can't live on your salaries."

Pastor.—That is true enough. We do find it somewhat difficult to square up with the end of the year; at any rate, I do.

Brother.—Well, how is it? you have five hundred dollars a year, and I should think that enough.

P. How much does it cost you a year?

B. I don't know; I never kept an account.

P. Well, how much do you think it costs a year to support your family?

B. I can't say—but nothing like five hundred dollars.

P. Are you sure of that?

B. Why—yes, I'm sure it can't amount to anything like five hundred dollars.

P. What do you pay for rent?

B. Eighty-four dollars.

P. Can you keep your horse for less than a hundred dollars a year?

B. No—I cannot—that would be moderate.

P. What does it cost to clothe yourself, wife, and four children?

B. Can't say, exactly; but I should think one hundred dollars or so.

P. How many barrels of flour do you use a year?

B. Four or five.

P. You take a quart of milk every day, don't you?

B. We always take three pints; but we get it rather low; my brother lets us have it at four cents a quart.

P. How much butter do you think you use a year?

B. Well—let me see—perhaps about one hundred and fifty pounds.

P. Can't you get along with a dollar a week, for what you take from the butcher's cart?

B. O yes! I should think so. Let me see—last week, on Tuesday, beef, 61 cents; on Thursday, mutton, thirty-five cents; on Saturday, corned beef, forty cents. I don't know—I guess the average would be a dollar a week.

P. I wonder what you pay a year at brother Jones's store? What do you think your coffee, tea, sugar, molasses, oil, and every thing else you get at his store amount to, in the course of a year?

B. Well—I—you had better stop—I ain't so sure, after all, of coming much inside five hundred dollars. However, I know what my bill was last year, for I let it run. It was ninety-seven dollars.

P. Do you know how many cords of wood you used?

B. Last year we used seven.

P. What do you pay the girl that lives with you?

B. A dollar a week.

P. Now let us see:—

House rent, - - - - - \$84.00

Expenses of horse and carriage, - - - - - 100.00

Clothing, - - - - - 100.00

Four barrels of flour, at \$6, - - - - - 24.00

Milk, - - - - - 21.00

150 lbs. butter, at 15 cents, - - - - - 22.50

Groceries, - - - - - 97.00

Seven cords wood, at \$5, - - - - - 35.00

Girl, at a dollar a week, - - - - - 52.00

Butcher's meat, - - - - - 52.00

\$587.50

There—according to your own estimate, you already have run up to \$587.50.

B. You don't—(looking over the items, and casting up.) Yes—you have cast it right. Well—I declare—I couldn't have thought it.

P. You never have any sickness in your family, do you? Now and then, a small fee for the doctor, eh?

B. I forgot that.

P. I suppose you sometimes buy vegetables, such as potatoes, beets, beans, peas, turnips, &c. &c., and occasionally a barrel of apples. Now and then it don't come amiss to buy a good book or two. You are fond of reading the papers, I reckon, from the number you often take from the Post Office. Then, too, you want to give something handsome every year to good objects, for you know you told the church, the other night, that Christians ought to be liberal. Once in a while, a new piece of furniture does not particularly wound your conscience, I guess, judging from that new sofa I saw going in your front door yesterday.

Your children need books for their school, I suppose; sometimes you have company; and sometimes your wife goes a visiting, and, if I mistake not, once in a while, you journey a little by railroads and steamboats; and, if I may make bold, the last time you came from New York, somehow or other a gold watch came with you for your wife, and no small variety of presents for your children; and then, too, you recollect—

B. Stop—stop—I give in—I give in. You need not go any farther.

P. Well then what do you think now—is it such an easy matter for a minister to live on \$600 a year?

B. I've changed my mind on that subject; and I will tell you another thing—I'll keep an account of my expenses after this; and I'll tell you still another thing—at our next society meeting, I shall make a motion that your salary be increased to \$600 a year; and one thing more, and I have done; please give this (handing him a \$50 bill) to your wife, with the kind regards of a friend.

THE YOUNG PRUSSIAN.

Frederick, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and nobody answering, he opened his door, and found his page fast asleep in an elbow chair. He advanced toward, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curiosity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. It was a letter from the young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her a part of his wages to relieve her misery; and finished with telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection. The King, after reading it, went back softly to his chamber, took a purse full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to the chamber, he rang the bell so loudly that it awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have had a sound sleep," said the King. "The page was at a loss how to excuse himself; and putting his hand into his pocket by chance, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and looking at the King, shed a torrent of tears, without being able to utter a single word. "What is that," said the King. "What is the matter?" "Ah, sire," said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "somebody seeks my ruin! I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket." "My young friend," replied Frederick, "God often does great things for us, even in our sleep. Send that to your mother; salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

VALUE OF ONE LEAF.—There was once a caravan crossing, I think, the north of India, and numbering in its company a godly and devout missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labors of the journey, and sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and kneeling down at his side, when the rest had passed along, whispered into his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with great effort succeeded in answering, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and immediately expired with the effort.

The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer; and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, he felt assured that he had died in Christ. "How, or where," he thought, "could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got his hope?" And as he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse, which he succeeded in getting out. What do you suppose was his surprise and delight, when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the first epistle of John, in which these words occur. On that page the man had found the gospel. [Children's Missionary Newspaper.]

THE PRIZE POEM.—When Milton was going to St. Paul's school in London, at one of the public examinations, the subject for poetical composition happened to be our Saviour's first miracle, the turning of water into wine at the marriage feast. Folios were written and handed in on the subject. When it came Milton's turn to hand in his poem, from which much was expected, he merely wrote on a slate one line,

"The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

The Judges looked at each other in astonishment; the laconic beauty of the line, and simple sublimity of the idea, were so striking. After bestowing eulogiums upon the more elaborate productions, according to their merits, they awarded the prize to the future bard of "Paradise Lost."

DUE ESTIMATE OF AFFLICTION.—Richard Baxter prosecuted his manifold labors as an author and preacher, under the constant embarrassment of bodily weakness and disease. His comment upon the case of the man whom the Saviour healed at the pool of Bethesda, is not less affecting than singular:—

"How great a mercy it was to live thirty-eight years under God's wholesome discipline. Oh, my God, I thank thee for the like discipline of fifty-eight years; how safe a life is this, in comparison with full prosperity and pleasure!"

To a person who regretted to the celebrated Dr. Johnson that he had not been a clergyman, because he considered the life of a clergyman an easy and comfortable one, the doctor made this memorable reply:—"The life of a conscientious clergyman is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life; nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life."

A celebrated writer on the side of scepticism and irreligion, in a book published since his death, to recommend atheism to the world, has been pleased to say, that all the devout persons he had ever seen were melancholy. "This might very possibly be; for, in the first place; it is most likely that he saw very few; his friends and acquaintances, being of another sort; and secondly, the sight of him would make a very devout person melancholy at any time. [Horne.]

The way in which vanity displays itself in little things, is often amusing. Every body has heard of the warm farmer, who complained of the heat of wearing silver buttons, when he found those he sported unnoticed, in the manner, Dr. Johnson related an anecdote of a man who was so fond of displaying on his sideboard all the plate he possessed, that he actually added his eyes to the shining heap.

Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant, in an action of law, to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and during each other to remain longest under water.

The Sabbath Recorder.

New York, May 6, 1847.

THE SABBATARIANS OR SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS.

[Continued.]

The Cripple Gate Church.

The congregation of Sabbatarians in London, commonly known as the Cripple Gate or Devonshire Square Church, was gathered in the reign of Charles II., by the learned Mr. FRANCIS BAMPFIELD. Mr. B. was descended from an honorable family in Devonshire, and was a brother of Thomas Bampffield, Speaker in one of Cromwell's Parliaments. Having been from childhood designed for the ministry, he was at sixteen years of age sent to Wadham College, Oxford, from which he received two degrees at the end of eight years. He was soon afterward provided with a living in Dorsetshire, and was also chosen Prebend of Exeter Cathedral. Thence he was transferred to the populous town of Sherbourne, where he exerted an extensive influence among the adherents to the Established Church. While there, he began to doubt the authority of his church to prescribe forms of worship, and finally became an open non-conformist. The consequence was his ejection from the ministry, and his imprisonment in Dorchester jail, for preaching and conducting religious services contrary to law. During this imprisonment, which lasted about eight years, his views upon the subjects of baptism and the Sabbath underwent a change, and he became a firm Seventh-day Baptist. He preached his new opinions boldly to his fellow-prisoners, and several were led to embrace them. Soon after his release from Dorchester, Mr. Bampffield went to London, and there his 'liberty to preach the Gospel continued, like his former imprisonment, about ten years.' His labors were at first in the vicinity of Bethnal Green, in the eastern part of London, where he preached and administered the Lord's Supper to a company of brethren in his own hired house. At the end of one year, on the 5th of March, 1676, to use the language of the record, they "passed into a church state, on these two great principles, viz: Owning and professing Jesus Christ to be the one and only Lord over our consciences, and lawgiver to our souls; and the Holy Scriptures of truth to be our only rule of faith, worship, and life." Mr. Bampffield continued to labor as pastor of this church until 1682, when he was brought before the Court of Sessions on a variety of charges connected with his non-conformity. He was several times examined, and at each examination the oath of allegiance was tendered to him, which he constantly refused, because his conscience would not allow him to take it. The result was, that the Court declared him to be out of the protection of the King, his goods to be forfeited, and he to be imprisoned during life, or the King's pleasure. His constitution had always been feeble, and the anxieties of his trial, together with the privations which he endured, brought on disease, of which he died in Newgate Prison, on the 15th day of February, 1684, at the age of sixty-eight years. His funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Collins, one of his fellow-prisoners; and his body was interred, amidst a large concourse of spectators, at the burial place of the Baptist church in Glass-house Yard, Goswell-st., London.

After Mr. Bampffield's imprisonment, the church was dispersed for a season. But the times becoming more favorable, they reunited in church fellowship on the 14th of October, 1686, and invited Mr. EDWARD STENNETT, of Wallingford, to take the oversight of them. He acceded to their wishes in part, and came to London at stated periods to preach and administer the ordinances. He still retained his connection with the people at Wallingford, however; and finding it difficult to serve the church in London also as he desired, he resigned the pastoral care of them in 1689, recommending the appointment of some one to fill his place. Mr. Stennett is described as "a minister of note and learning in those times." He is distinguished as being the ancestor of the famous Stennett family, who all kept the seventh day, and were for several generations an ornament to religion, and to the cause of Protestant Dissent. The part which he took in the civil wars, being on the side of Parliament, exposed him to the neglect of his relatives, and many other difficulties. His dissent from the Established Church, deprived him of the means of maintaining his family, although a faithful and laborious minister. He therefore applied himself to the study of physic, by the practice of which he was enabled to provide for his children, and to give them a liberal education. He bore a considerable share in the persecutions which fell upon the Dissenters of his time. Several instances are recorded, in which his escape seems altogether miraculous, and affords a striking evidence of Divine interposition.

In 1690, Mr. JOSEPH STENNETT, the second son of Edward Stennett, was ordained pastor of this church. With a view to usefulness in the ministry, he early devoted himself to study, mastered the French and Italian languages, became a critic in the Hebrew, and made considerable proficiency in philosophy and the liberal sciences. He came to London in 1685, and was employed for a time in the instruction of youth. But he was at length prevailed upon, by the earnest solicitation of his friends, to appear in the pulpit, where his efforts attracted

considerable attention, and led to his being called to succeed his father. His ministry was eminently evangelical and faithful. His labors were not confined to his own people; but while he served them on the seventh day, he preached frequently, if not constantly, to other congregations on the first day. Among the Dissenters of England, he maintained a high standing and exerted a powerful influence. In the reign of King William, he was chosen by the Baptists to draw up and present their address to his Majesty on his deliverance from the assassination plot. On another occasion, he was appointed by the dissenting ministers of London to prepare an address to Queen Anne, which was presented in 1706. He also prepared a paper of advice, which was presented by the citizens of London, to their Representatives in Parliament, in 1708. When David Russen published his book, "Fundamentals without a Foundation, or a True Picture of the Anabaptists," Mr. Stennett was prevailed upon to answer it, which he did with so much ability that his antagonist never thought fit to make any reply. The popularity which he gained by this work, led to many solicitations from his friends to prepare a complete History of Baptism. This he intended to have done, and he was several years engaged in collecting materials for it. But the feeble state of his health prevented his carrying out the plan. Early in the year 1713 he began to decline, and on the 11th of July he fell asleep, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-third of his ministry.

For fourteen years after the death of Mr. Stennett, the church was without a pastor, during which time the pulpit was either supplied by ministers of other denominations, or the meetings were held with the Mill Yard Church. But on the 3d of December, 1727, according to the record, "the church gave themselves up to Mr. EDMUND TOWNSEND," who continued to serve them until his death in 1763. Although not an educated man, he was a faithful and useful minister, and was much esteemed among his own people and others with whom he associated. He seems to have been sent to London as a Messenger from the church at Nattou. For a while he preached to both of the London churches, in the Mill-Yard Chapel, until invited to take the pastoral care of the Cripple Gate Church.

After the death of Mr. Townsend, the church was for about four years supplied by various Baptist ministers, until Mr. THOMAS WHITEWOOD was chosen pastor, in June, 1767. His race, however, was short; for after having preached three times, and administered the Lord's Supper once, he was laid aside by severe illness, of which he died in October of the same year.

At that time Dr. SAMUEL STENNETT, a great-grand-son of Edward Stennett, and son of Dr. Joseph Stennett, was pastor of the Baptist church in Little Wild Street, London. As his principles and practice corresponded with those of the Cripple Gate Church—"his judgment, as is well known, being for the observance of the seventh day, which he strictly regarded in his own family"—he was solicited to accept the pastoral office. There is no record, however, of his having done so, although he performed the duties of a pastor, administered the Lord's Supper, and preached for them regularly on the Sabbath morning. The afternoon service was conducted by four Baptist ministers in rotation, among whom were Dr. Jenkins and Dr. Rippon.

This state of things continued for nearly twenty years, until, in 1785, ROBERT BURNSIDE was chosen pastor of the church. Mr. Burnside belonged to a Sabbath-keeping family, was received into the church in 1776, and was afterward educated for the ministry at the Marischal College, Aberdeen. He sustained the pastoral relation to the church forty-one years. Meanwhile he was occupied more or less in giving instruction in families of distinction, and in preparing several works for the press, among which was a volume on the subject of the Sabbath, and two volumes on the Religion of Mankind. He died in 1826.

JOHN BRITAIN SHENSTONE succeeded Mr. Burnside. During the early part of his public life, he labored as a minister among the Baptists. For more than forty years he was connected with the Board of Baptist ministers in London, and by many was regarded as the father of that Board. Having become convinced of the claims of the seventh day, he commenced observing it as the Sabbath in 1825. Soon after Mr. Burnside's death, he was called to the pastoral care of the church, and continued to serve them until his own death on the 12th of May, 1844. Since that time this church has been without a pastor.

The Nattou Church.

The Nattou Church is located near Tewkesbury, in the west of England, about ninety miles from London, and fifteen from Gloucester. The exact time of its organization is not known. It is certain, however, that it existed as early as 1660; and it is quite probable that there were Sabbath-keepers in that region as early as 1640, who were prevented, by the unsettled state of the country, and their exposure to persecution, from forming a regular church.

The first pastor of this church, of whom any satisfactory account can be given, was Mr. JOHN PURSER. He is spoken of as a very worthy man, who suffered much persecution for conscience's sake, between 1660 and 1690. He was descended from an honorable family, and was

heir to a considerable estate, of which his father disinherited him because he persisted in keeping the seventh day as the Sabbath. Notwithstanding this, it pleased God to bless him in the little he had. He became a reputable farmer, as did many of the most worthy ministers of that time, and reared up a large family of children, who "all walked in his steps." The principal place of meeting in the early days of the church, was at the house of Mr. Purser in Aston; but other meetings were held at different places within a range of twenty-five miles, for the accommodation of the widely-scattered congregation. Mr. Purser was a faithful and laborious minister among them until the close of his life in 1720.

About that time there were two young men in the church who gave promise of considerable usefulness—Mr. PHILIP JONES and Mr. THOMAS BOSTON. Mr. Jones was chosen pastor of the church, and discharged the duties of that office until his death in 1770—a period of nearly fifty years.

He was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. THOMAS HILLER, who, although a Sabbatarian, became also the pastor of a first-day Baptist church in Tewkesbury. His ministry is spoken of as having been "successful at Nattou as well as at Tewkesbury." He died a few years ago, since which time the church, now dwindled to a mere handful, has been destitute of a pastor, but has enjoyed the assistance of a worthy Baptist preacher from Tewkesbury.

It may be well here to state, that in 1718, Mr. Benjamin Purser, a son of the first pastor of this church, purchased an estate at Nattou, on which he fitted up a chapel for divine worship on the Sabbath. It is a small room, with a board floor, a pulpit, one pew, a row of benches, a communion table, and a gallery. He also walled in a corner of his orchard for a place of burial. When he died, in 1765, he left the chapel and burying place to the church, together with a small annuity from his estate to all succeeding ministers.

The foregoing is a brief sketch of the only three Sabbatarian churches now remaining in England, out of the eleven which existed there one hundred and fifty years ago. Their decline has been gradual, but certain and unchecked. Sufficient causes for it may be assigned, however, without supposing any unsoundness in their doctrines. There can be little doubt, that the observance of the Sabbath upon a different day from the one commonly observed, is connected with greater inconveniences than results from embracing the peculiar doctrines of any other Christian denomination. It would not be very surprising, therefore, if in England, where the standard of piety, even among Dissenters, has been gradually adjusting itself to the notions of the Established Church, the number of Sabbath-keepers should as gradually diminish. But aside from this, there have been influences at work in the churches themselves exactly adapted to produce the results which are witnessed. From a very early period, it has been the practice of Sabbatarian preachers to accept the pastoral care of first-day churches—thus attempting to serve two masters at once, and practically proclaiming a low estimate of the doctrine by which they were distinguished. Closely connected with this, and perhaps a natural result of it, has been an almost total neglect, for a long period, to make any energetic efforts to promulgate their views. Take into account these two considerations, together with the fact that no missionary or associational organizations were ever formed to promote acquaintance and brotherly feeling among the churches, and their existence at all seems more a matter of surprise than their gradual diminution. [To be continued.]

CONCERTS OF PRAYER FOR THE HEATHEN.

It is instructive to notice how intimate a connection there has been between the monthly concerts of prayer for the heathen and Christian efforts for their salvation. These concerts were commenced, it is said, in 1784, by the North Hampton Association of Baptist ministers in England, with Ryland, Fuller, and Sutcliffe at their head. It was not long before Dr. Carey appeared among them, and asked to be sent to India. That was the starting point of modern protestant foreign missions. Who can estimate the wondrous results of this agreement among a few country ministers to meet on a certain day of each month for prayer? Missionaries are laboring in nearly every quarter of the globe, and there is scarcely any body of orthodox Christians who do not now have a monthly season of special prayer for the spread of the gospel in heathen lands.

How is it with the monthly concert in our own churches? The first Sabbath in each month was long ago chosen as a fit time for this object. Is it observed? In some places we know that it is, and with great profit. It should be so in all. We solicit the attention of ministering and lay brethren to the subject. There has never been a time when the occasion for faithful attendance upon the concert seemed greater than at present. Our missionaries are probably now on heathen ground, surrounded by many trials, and anxiously laying their plans for future labor. Let them be remembered in earnest and frequent prayer before Him who alone can guide and protect them.

The American Society for Meliorating the Condition of the Jews, in this City, received in donations and subscriptions from March 15 to April 15 the sum of \$381 94.

A SABBATH DISCUSSION—ALMOST.

Recently there like to have been—and we really began to hope there would be—a Sabbath Discussion between the editor of the Catholic Herald and the editor of the Christian Chronicle. As it may gratify our readers to know how the matter began, progressed, and terminated, we will give them the particulars, and leave them to make their own reflections.

The editor of the Catholic Herald was the aggressor, and he commenced the aggression by publishing in his paper the following paragraph:—

"The Sabbath Recorder attributes the religious observance of the first day of the week instead of the seventh, to the 'working of the mystery of iniquity, which had begun its movements even in the times of the Apostles.' It is also stated in the same paper, that 'those who observe the first day of the week, are to be regarded as 'symbolizing with Popery.' Our Protestant brethren will not relish this much. But there is certainly much truth in the latter part of the paragraph. It is impossible for them to defend the change of the Sabbath, without resorting to the very arguments which Catholics employ with still greater force, to defend other points which Protestants deny. There is certainly no express authority in Holy Scripture for the change. Consequently, all consistent Protestants should be Sabbatarians."

Thus far the Catholic Herald, published in the city of Philadelphia. Now the Christian Chronicle, a Baptist paper published in the same city—and of course a staunch vindicator of Protestantism, as all Baptists are—could not allow such an assertion as that "all consistent Protestants should be Sabbatarians," to pass unrebuked. Hence it copied this paragraph, and accompanied it with the following remarks:

"We quote the above from the Catholic Herald of this city. It is worthy of note. It will show that it is necessary for those who do not wish to be regarded as 'symbolizing with Popery,' to know on what grounds they rest the observance of the first day of the week. Who is so fearful of results, that he shrinks from a candid and full examination of all that the Scriptures teach in regard to the Sabbath and the Lord's Day? Baptists, certainly, have nothing to fear from such an examination. They profess to cling to nothing which the Bible does not teach and command. They make no laws to bind the followers of Christ; they only enforce what they find made by the Head of the Church, and recorded in the Scriptures. Hence they reject infant baptism—and hence they are ready to reject all that does not spring from the Scriptures. We shall be obliged to the Catholic Herald to point out anything which Baptists advocate by resorting to the very arguments which Catholics employ to defend other points which we deny. We shall regard it as a special favor.

"The Herald probably has not examined the question in regard to the Sabbath and the Lord's Day very fully, or he would hardly have affirmed so confidently, that the absence of express authority in Holy Scripture for the change would compel all consistent Protestants to become Sabbatarians. This is assuming what he might find it difficult to prove."

To this the editor of the Catholic Herald replies in the following mild and gentlemanly manner, showing a willingness to engage in the discussion just as soon as his opponent will commit himself by stating on what ground he stands:—

"The Christian Chronicle takes some exceptions to a paragraph in our paper two weeks ago, in which it was asserted that 'all consistent Protestants should be Sabbatarians.' His strictures, however, have left us in doubt as to the ground on which he advocates the abolition of the Jewish Sabbath, and the institution of Sunday in its place. And as this is the main point, we must be fully enlightened in regard to it, before we can attempt a reply. We must, therefore, inquire whether he professes to find in the Holy Scriptures alone a sufficient warrant for the change? If so, let him give us the passages on which he relies, not forgetting at the same time to prove that his interpretation of such passages is correct. We are, of course, familiar with the passages to which Protestants generally appeal in regard to this question, but in our judgment they are so utterly irrelevant that their bare citation proclaims the desperate nature of the case."

To the above question, the editor of the Christian Chronicle has not yet deigned to reply, although several weeks have passed since the question was asked. We must confess ourselves somewhat surprised at this, inasmuch as he evidently provoked discussion. The Herald first asserted that "all consistent Protestants ought to be Sabbatarians." The Chronicle expressed doubts on that point, and requested the Herald to "point out any thing which Baptists advocate by resorting to the very arguments which Catholics employ to defend other points which they deny." In order that this request might be intelligently granted, the Herald asked to be informed whether the Chronicle "professes to find, in the Holy Scriptures alone, a sufficient warrant for the change" of the Sabbath;—as much as to say, 'If you do, then I am ready for you.' But this is coming right back to the point from whence they started, and brings the question a little too close home. Hence the Chronicle, thinking no doubt that "discretion is the better part of valor," says nothing more about the matter, and evidently hopes that it will blow over. We should be sorry to believe that the editor of a Baptist paper could be frightened at so simple a question as this, especially when presented by one whom he is accustomed to regard as a representative of Antichrist. May we not hope, that he will yet rally, and put to flight this follower of the "beast," by showing that his own practice can be vindicated by the Scriptures alone!

RUM TRIUMPH.—The recent vote upon the license question shows a lamentable revolution since last year. Many towns which then voted against all licenses; with overwhelming majorities, have this year given majorities for license. Such a revolution was feared by some, in view of the very similar turn which things once took in Massachusetts and Connecticut. But still their fears have been more than realized. There is reason to believe, however, that this result has been brought about by an extraordinary effort on the part of the rum-selling and rum-drinking portion of community, and that the sober second thought of the people will put things right again at the next trial.

—It occurs to us here to correct an impression which some may have, that this has been a general vote on the license question. It is not so. Last year almost all of the towns went against licenses, and that verdict was final unless one-fourth of the legal voters in any town should unite in demanding a new trial. In most of the strong anti-license towns this has not been done, and of course there has been no vote in such towns upon the question. The vote has been taken only in those towns where the friends of licenses had reason to hope that they could carry the day. In too many of these places, it is true, they have succeeded. But this does not prove, by any means, that a majority of the people in the State are in favor of granting licenses.

TESTIMONY AGAINST THE WAR.—The Third Presbytery of New York, at a recent meeting, adopted a series of resolutions in relation to the war with Mexico, in which they declare, among other things, that it is against the principles of the Word of God, and the law of humanity, for a Christian nation to engage in war, unless it be strictly in self-defense; that the prosecution of war cannot be justified for the sake of conquest, or for any ends of mere pecuniary or territorial advantage; that they view with mourning and horror the great slaughter of the Mexicans, as well as Americans, and especially of defenseless women and children, in the recent battles and sieges against Mexico; and that every consideration of humanity, justice and duty, calls upon our government to stay the farther progress of these desolations, and to offer peace at once, on terms of the most complete generosity and forbearance.

MISSIONS IN GERMANY.—Letters recently received at the Baptist Mission Rooms in Boston, show that a good work is going on in Germany, notwithstanding there have been some exhibitions of intolerance. Mr. Oncken reports seventy-three baptisms at Hamburg during the past year; Mr. Lehman, the same number at Berlin and its outstations, with twelve candidates for the ordinance. Mr. Doerkson recently baptized two converts at Memel on the Baltic. Mr. Steinhoff, in a tour through parts of Germany and Switzerland, baptized thirty-five believers.

BAPTIST ANNIVERSARIES.—The 15th Anniversary of the Baptist Home Missionary Society is to be held in the meeting-house of the Oliver-street Baptist Church, on Tuesday evening, the 11th of May. The American and Foreign Bible Society will hold its anniversary in the morning of the same day, at the First Baptist Church in Broome-street.

SABBATH LAW IN NEW YORK.—The Albany correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, under date of April 26, says that "a bill is in progress to prevent the commencement of lawsuits against persons on Saturday, who religiously keep that day as other folks are taught to keep Sunday." He thinks it will become a law.

THE SUNDAY MAIL REPORT.—Barnabas Bates, Esq., in a letter to the Boston Chronicle, denies that he is the author of Col. Johnson's celebrated Sunday Mail Report. He says: "Justice to that gentleman compels me to say, that although I concur with him in opinion, yet I did not write the report, nor did I see it until it was published in the papers. I would also add, that the reverend gentleman, with whom the Colonel then resided, in Washington, and to whom the authorship has also been ascribed, stated to me, in a conversation upon the subject, that 'Colonel Johnson was as truly the writer of that Report as his namesake was of the Rambler.' 'Honor to whom honor is due,' is my motto."

BRITISH ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION.—Such is the title of an association recently organized among the Dissenters of England with a view to secure the separation of the church from the State. Its first triennial conference will be held in London early in May. The following are the fundamental principles upon which it is based:— "That in matters of religion man is responsible to God alone; that all legislation by secular governments in affairs of religion is an encroachment upon the rights of man, and an invasion of the prerogatives of God; and that the application by law of the resources of the State to the maintenance of any form or forms of religious worship and instruction, is contrary to reason, hostile to human liberty, and directly opposed to the Word of God."

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.—The Boston Atlas says that the Rev. Charles Robinson, of Lenox, Mass., for sixteen years a missionary at Siam, died on the passage home—which he undertook on account of his health—on board the bark Draco, of New-Bedford, when one week from St. Helena. His widow and four children arrived at New-Bedford in the Draco, on Friday evening. Mr. Robinson was a missionary of the American Board.

Advice... March, re... again est... margo. Al... and the in... ally return... they were... The troops... the wounded... From the... of Vera Cr... be seen by... pondent of... Juan, April... The div... cessive be... credibly... An expe... to the effect... Cerro Gordo... as could be... by Captain... goons. Lieut. Col... but not mo... Santa Ana... succession... the vicinity... Every thin... Anna is det... A dragoon... by Gen. W... the road sid... not been to... The Mexi... the same in... them, as it... than fifty of... on the road... The stea... York on Th... days later... her news w... able to trade... There was... which destr... From Irel... tinue. But... alleviated i... dismal acco... by fever, the... graveyards... The same... fortable-look... women, all... daily, with... In such num... with which t... the quays a... credible. A... desire to en... potatoes the... taken with t... The Crow... anxiety of t... county is; n... that they sh... gentleman h... Government... crowded by... famine. We learn... the 29th of... while walki... between six... struck with... minutes. O... come. O G... was raised to... cember last... The royal... that the Ev... the pale of... France, and... Mr. Georg... Anti-Slavery... trial, on a... Wardell in a... According... seven years... Forozepore... supposed to... as an ancest... for Romulus... quite savage... flesh. Upward... within the... logne, on t... Antwerp, wh... for America... More than... West Indies... of their bene... Mr. Anth... lately call... of age, who... oxalic acid... view to form... the most ed... ous vomiting... tion from t... of milk, in... half a pint, w... was restored... decided ant... lity cannot... RARA AVI... Burlington... measured... the point of... feet from... the mouth... lar height of... This is the... what the... what the... blood...

Miscellaneous.

From the Saturday Messenger.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Speak no ill of erring kindred! Breathe no slander on the name Of thy brother, unbefriended...

Lips may check, eye, blight forever, Ardent hopes and joyous hearts; Poison-tips'd, the tongue may sever...

Hard the heart that seeks its glory On the crust'd heel of funeral pile; Weak the tongue that lends its story...

From Brown's Whaling Cruise, recently published.

TAKING A WHALE.

April 8th 1843. We were running down for the Albadra Islands, with a fine steady breeze. The morning was bright and clear, and the water of that peculiar color which whalers regard as the favorite resort for whales.

"There she blows!" was the thrilling cry. "That's once!" shouted the captain. "There she blows!"

"That's twice, by jingo!" "There she blows!" "Three times! Where away, Tabor?"

"Off the weather bow, sir, two points!" "How far?" "A mile and a half. There she blows!"

"Sperm whale! Call all hands!" There was a rush on deck, each man trying to get to the scuttle first. Then came half a dozen loud knocks, and a hoarse voice shouting:

"Larboard watch ahoy! Turn out, my lads! Sperm whale in sight! Heave out! Lash and carry! Rise and chime! Bear a hand, my lively hearties!"

Those who were "rolled in" rolled out as soon as possible and buckled on their ducks, and in less than two minutes were all on deck, ready for orders.

"Clear away the boats! Come down from the mast head, all you that don't belong there! Bear a hand! We'll take them this rising!"

"All ready, sir." "Lower away, then!" The waist and larboard boats were instantly down, ready to "be on." Captain A—

and some of his boat's crew being too ill to man the other boat, we struck off for the whales without them. I pulled the aft oar, as usual; and as, by this time, I was as tough and muscular as my comrades, the boat danced along the water in fine style.

"Oh, lay back! lay back!" whispered P—, trembling with eagerness not to be outdone by the mate. "Do spring, my boys, if you love gin! Now's your time. Now or never!"

"Put the heef on your oars, every mother's son of you. Pile it on! pile it on! That's the way to tell it! Our whale this time!"

"Stand up, Tabor!" cried P—, in a low voice. Peeking his oar, Tabor sprang to his feet, and grasped a harpoon.

"Shall I give him two iron's?" "Yes, he may be wild." Another stroke or two, and we were hard upon him. Tabor, with unerring aim, let fly his iron, and buried them to the sockets in the huge carcass of the whale.

"Stern all!" thundered P—. "Stern all!" echoed the crew; but it was too late. Our bows were high and dry on the whale's head. Infuriated by the pain produced by the harpoons, and doubtless much astonished to find his head so roughly used, he rolled half over, lashing the sea with his flukes, and in his struggles dashed in two of the upper planks.

"Beat stove! beat stove!" was the general cry. "Stern all!" thundered the second mate as he sprang to the bow, and exchanged places with Tabor. "All astern, my hearties! Stern hard! Stern hard! before he gets his flukes to bear upon us!"

"Stern all!" shouted we, and in a moment more we were out of danger. The whale now turned flukes, and dashed off to windward with the speed of a locomotive, towing us after

him at a glorious rate. We occasionally slackened line in order to give him plenty of play. A stiff breeze had sprung up, causing a rough, chopping sea; and we leaked badly in the bow planks. It fell to my lot to keep the water bailed out and the line clear as the others hauled in, a ticklish job, the last; for, as the second mate said, a single turn would wipe off a shin "as slick as goose grease."

Notwithstanding the roughness of the sea, we shot ahead with incredible swiftness; and the way we walked past the larboard boat, whose crew were tugging and laboring with all their might, was surprising.

"Hoorah for the waist boat!" burst from every lip. Three hearty cheers followed, much to the annoyance of the other boat's crew and mate. We exultingly took off our hats and waved them a polite "good bye," requesting them, if they had any news to send to the windward ports, to be quick about it, as it was inconvenient for us to stop just then.

I believe Solomon says it is not good to be vain glorious. At all events, while we were skimming along so gallantly, the whale suddenly milled, and pitched the boat on her beam ends. Every one who could grasp a thwart hung to it, and we were all fortunate enough to keep our seats. For as much as a ship's length the boat flew through the water on her gunwale, foaming and whizzing as she passed onward.

It was rather a matter of doubt as to which side would turn uppermost, until Tabor stacked the line, when she righted. To have a boat, with all her irons, lances, gear, and oars, piled on one's head in such a sea, was rather a startling prospect to the best swimmer.

Meanwhile the whale rose to the surface to spout. The change in his course had enabled the mate's boat to come up; and we lay on our oars in order that Mr. D— might lance him. He struck him in the "life," the first dart, as was evident from the whale's furious dying struggles; nevertheless, in order to make sure, we hauled up and churned a lance back of his head.

I cannot conceive any thing more strikingly awful than the butchery of this tremendous leviathan of the deep. Foaming and breaching, he plunged from wave to wave, flinging high in the air, torrents of blood and spray. The sea around was literally a sea of blood.

At one moment his head was poised in the air, the next, he buried himself in the gory sea, carrying down in his vast wake a whirlpool of foam and slime. But this respite was short. He rose again, rushed furiously upon his enemies; but a slight prick of a lance drove him back with mingled fury and terror.

Which ever way he turned, the barbed iron goaded him to desperation. Now and again the intense agony would cause him to lash the water with his huge flukes, till the very ocean appeared to heave and tremble at his power. Tossing, struggling, dashing over and over in his agony, he spouted up the last of his heart's blood.

Half an hour before, he was free as the wave, sporting in all the pride of gigantic strength and unrivaled power. He now lay a lifeless mass; his head toward the sun, his tremendous body heaving to the swell, and his destroyers proudly cheering over their victory.

BENEVOLENT SAILOR BOY.

As a schooner was sailing near Montauk Point, Long Island, during the past year, she was suddenly struck by a heavy gust of wind, upset, and instantly sunk. A vessel near by, which had seen the calamity, sent its boat to save from sinking any that had not gone to the bottom.

On coming near where the schooner went down, they saw a little boy twelve years old, floating on some wood, and went to take him off. As they approached him, with a nobleness of soul not often manifested, he exclaimed, "Never mind me, save the captain; he has a wife and six children."

The kind-hearted boy knew that the captain's family loved him, and would need his support. Both, however, were saved.

Three days after the vessel was lost, the boy got into a car as it was passing between Boston and Fall River. As he was poor and ragged, some of the passengers who wore fine clothes, slightly shrunk from him. He took his seat quietly, and the sea-captain, who entered the car with him, told a minister what had happened.

In telling the touching story, the captain was much affected, and generously added: "The boy has only the clothes you see, sir, or he would not be so ragged. I care not much for myself, though I too lost all; but the poor lad will have a hard time of it."

Several persons who heard the story, gave the poor orphan small sums of money, and advised him to tell others what he had gone through, who would no doubt give him something. Many boys in his situation would have readily taken the advice, and told the story of their misfortunes in order to get help. But the poor boy replied, "I am not a beggar; I don't wish to beg their money."

A fine, benevolent-looking person then arose, and pleaded the case of the boy in such a manner, that the passengers gave ten dollars for him. The man who obtained this sum for the unfortunate boy had been a sailor and sufferer himself, and therefore knew how to pity the distressed.

EXPRESSIVE CHINESE PROVERBS.

Good iron is not used for nails, nor are soldiers made of good men. Wood is not sold in the forest, nor fish at the tank. Ivory does not come from a rat's mouth.

An avaricious man is like a serpent wishing to swallow an elephant. Exaggeration is to "paint a snake and add legs." To ride a fierce dog to capture a lame rabbit, is to attack a contemptible enemy.

To instigate a villain to do wrong, is like teaching a monkey to climb trees. An inefficient man to do anything, is like taking a locust's shank for a carriage shaft.

To climb a tree to catch a fish, is talking much and doing nothing. Looking for promotion, is hanging to the tail of a beautiful horse. Two skins cannot be stripped from one cow, is to say that exertion has its limits.

To win a cat and lose a cow, expresses the folly of going to law. Chickens will at last come out of the eggs, is equivalent to "murder will out." Let every man sweep the snow from his own doors, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles, conveys a lesson for people of all nations.

A CHARACTER.—John C. Neal, the "Charcoal Sketcher," in his limning of "Tribulation Trepid," a man without Hope, thus admirably hits off that class of people who are never so happy as when they are miserable:

"How are you, Trepid? How do you feel to-day, Mr. Trepid?" "A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee; most dead, I am obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I'm ever any better. I'm very sure, any how, I'm not going to be anything better; and for the future you may always know I'm worse, without asking any questions, for the questions make me worse if nothing else does."

"Why, Trepid, what's the matter with you?" "Nothing, I tell you, in particular; but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people when they can't tell what it is: that's what's killing me. My great grandfather died of it, and so will I. The doctors don't know; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough when I'm bad enough, and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days, right after my great grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of every thing in general. That's what finishes our folks."

EDUCATION IN PRUSSIA.—All children between the age of seven and fourteen years are directed to be either sent to school, or educated at home by their parents. If the latter plan is preferred, the municipal authorities are to be informed in what manner the education is provided.

If the former, attendance is insured by keeping lists of absentees, and submitting them, at short stated intervals, to the inspection of Local Committees. These are empowered to summon the parents in case of negligence, and to reprimand them; or in extreme cases, to punish them by the infliction of such penalties as are commonly awarded by police tribunals—that is, we presume, by fine and imprisonment. The parents are also deprived, as a measure of extreme rigor, of all participation in the public provision for the poor.

On the other hand, if poverty be the cause of absence, the commune is to furnish needful assistance in the shape of clothes or otherwise. The number of children thus educated is stated by M. Cousin to have been 2,043,030 in the year 1831—a number which, after deducting unavoidable absentees, embraces the whole population between seven and fourteen years of age. [Fraser's Magazine.]

SINGULAR IF TRUE—AND CAPITAL IF NOT TRUE. As a gentleman was passing along Fifth Street, he passed a place where some boys were playing marbles. One of them, in shooting his marble, cleverly put it under the gentleman's foot. The gentleman slipped and stumbled against a lady also passing, precipitating her along with him upon a large hog, which was examining the gutter geologically for debris.

The hog, frightened out of his propriety, bolted off, and ran between the legs of another gentleman, who in falling drew the string of a kite from the hands of a boy. The kite of course fell, and in falling frightened a span of horses attached to a wagon in an alley near by. The horses ran down the alley. A man who was building a fire in a carpenter's shop, by which they passed, started up to see what was the matter, and in so doing dropped his lighted match among the shavings. A fire was the consequence. The engines assembled, and in the hurry consequent upon the alarm, a man fell into the track of one of them and had his arm broke—which ended this budget of accidents for the day. [Morning Herald.]

TENURE OF LAND IN CHINA.—The laws which regulate agriculture and the transfer of lands, &c., are the same as those laid down by Confucius. The Emperor is the universal owner, so that all lands are held in occupation from him. The occupier can be dispossessed at pleasure. The chief security a Chinese farmer has in the possession of his land, is the means of cultivating it. When this is the case, a spot of land will descend from father to son for many generations.

Many farmers lease out a portion of their land, the rent of which is partly paid in kind. By far more than one-half of the cultivated land in China is held in this manner. There is no law against mortgages, except land held by soldiers, which cannot be mortgaged. On applying for unregistered land, the applicant must prove that he possesses means to cultivate it. There are no fishing privileges nor game laws. The land tax is paid in kind and in money, and remitted in seasons of distress. Evading the land tax by a false pretence, is punished by blows and confiscation. [Montgomery Martin's China.]

CULTURE OF THE CRANBERRY.—A "Practical Farmer," in the Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph, says:—The efforts of scientific gardeners and fruit-raisers, have of late abundantly demonstrated the important fact, that the cranberry is susceptible of easy and profitable cultivation on soils of almost every description, not even excepting the lightest lands. The yield, per acre, in many instances, has exceeded three hundred bushels! a crop which, in Boston market, would, at recent prices, be worth from four to five hundred dollars.

A writer, who professes to have had no inconsiderable experience in the cultivation of the cranberry, says:—"The method of preparing the ground is the same as for grain. The wild cranberry is transplanted in rows twenty inches apart; a little hoeing is all that is required, when they will spread, without care."

CITY OF THE SLEEPLESS.—There is no end to the ingenuity of luxury at Paris. The last new idea is to have a theatre which will commence at midnight and close at daylight—to have restaurants which will give meals during these same hours—and to make the city so brilliant with gas, that there shall be very little difference between any time of night and any time of day. The sleepless, and those with whom sleep is capricious, are eloquently pleaded for by the writer from whom we gather the details of the movement. There are many also to whom it would be much more healthful and convenient to rise and breakfast just before going to a ball, beginning the evening with the fresh spirits of morning, and dining after the four or six hours' exercise of waltz and polka—taking the "after dinner" to drive in the dewy air of sunrise, and going to bed at the heavy close of the afternoon.

All that a fish drinks goes out of his gills, is to describe a spendthrift.

VARIETY.

No well-bred person will be insolent to his inferiors. On the other hand, he will observe a scrupulous tenderness of manner towards them—a care of word and action, that shall lighten the burden of humility which they must necessarily feel, as much as possible. This refinement of heart is the most prominent characteristic of a high and noble spirit.

It is the only mark of a lady or gentleman that is wholly unequivocal. When we see a person very choice of his words, and very dainty at the table, yet capable of insulting the unfortunate, or ridiculing distress, we always think of the ass in the lion's skin.

We read in a letter from Egribos, (Greece,) of the 25th ult.: "There is in the whole of Greece only one guillotine. Whenever an execution is to take place therefore, the guillotine must be taken to the place. For some time past, this instrument had been stationary at Athens, as there were so many brigands to decapitate who had been taken in the environs. The guillotine is now making the tour of the provinces, and is at this moment at Egribos, where it has just served to cut off the heads of eleven persons, one of them a priest, who were condemned to death some time ago for piracy.

The following incident goes to illustrate the great numerical force of the printers with the army. Gen. Scott, on a recent occasion, wanted to have some general orders printed at a given time. He sent directions to the office of the Tampico Sentinel to have them done. He was told that in consequence of the scarcity of hands the work could not be accomplished. He then, on morning parade, ordered all printers to step forward three paces from the ranks, when several hundred men—all printers—obeyed the order!

General Chevert, at the siege of Prague, just at the moment of placing the first ladder to mount to the assault, called to him Sergeant Pascal. "Grenadier," said he, "by that ladder you will mount the first; the sentinel will cry *Qui vive!* You must not reply, but continue to advance. He will demand a second and a third time, and then he will fire; he will miss you; you will kill him, and I shall be there to support you." The grenadier felt inspired, and all succeeded as foretold.

Amongst the ornaments of Trinity churchyard, New York, is a monument just erected by the corporation of Trinity church, in memory of Capt. Lawrence, who was killed on board the frigate Chesapeake, in Boston Bay, during the last war. Besides the monument, which is of brown free stone, representing a sarcophagus on an oblong base, there have been placed around it eight NINE-POUNDEES, with their muzzles upwards, each carrying a ball, and all connected by iron chains!

Iron ploughs were first invented and used in the year 1701, by William Allen, of Lanarkshire, Scotland. Strange to say, it was a long time before they were used beyond the precincts of the little village, where alone, from ocular evidence, their superiority in every respect over the wooden ones could not be gainsayed. What an invention! and yet few inventors' names are more seldom heard than his.

A French scientific journal states that the ordinary rate per second of a man walking, is 4 feet; of a good horse in harness, 12; of a reindeer, in a sledge on the ice, 16; of an English race-horse, 43; of a hare, 88; of sound, 1038; of a twenty-four pounder cannon-ball, 1300; and of the air which, so separated, returns into space, 13,000 feet.

The rapidity with which bottles are made is almost incredible. A workman, with the assistance of a gatherer and blower, will begin and finish one hundred and twenty dozen of quart bottles in ten hours, which averages nearly two and a quarter a minute, and this is ordinarily done; and in some works the men are restricted to two per minute, to prevent the work being slighted.

An old footman having read Lindley Murray, was afterwards very precise in his announcements, when ushering in visitors. On one occasion a gentleman named Foot, with a daughter on each arm, was shown into the drawing room, with this introduction—"Mr. Foot and two Misses Feet!"

It is stated that the two great statesmen, Webster and Calhoun, are now engaged upon great works, which are to be the crowning efforts of their lives; Mr. Calhoun, upon a treatise on the principles of Government, and Mr. Webster upon a history and exposition of the Constitution.

We are acquainted, says Zion's Herald, with ten sisters now living, whose united ages amount to six hundred and forty-four years, all of whom have belonged to the Methodist E. Church for more than thirty years. They have sixty-six children and grand-children, belonging to the same church.

The Sultan has ordered the abolition of slave markets in Constantinople. This is the first step in that change which, in its results, will be among the most important that have ever taken place in the administration of the Ottoman empire.

A young girl about seven years of age, was asked by an atheist, how large she supposed her God to be; to which she, with admirable readiness replied,—"He is so great that the heavens cannot contain him, and yet so kindly condescending as to dwell in my little heart."

It is estimated that twenty-two millions pounds of maple sugar were produced in the United States, in 1846. There will, probably, be a much greater amount produced the present year.

A young lady who had been severely interrogated at court by an ill-tempered counsel, observed, on leaving the witness box, that she never before fully understood what was meant by cross examination.

The state of Coahuila, of which the chief town is Saltillo, is nearly all owned by two brothers named Sanchez. They own 20,000 peons, or slaves.

A little wealth will suffice us to live well, and less to die happily.

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THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY have just issued a new and revised edition of George Carlow's pungent and heart-searching Defense of the Lord's Sabbath. This work, originally published in London in 1724, probably surpasses, in the scope of the argument and the clear elucidation of the subject, any other work of its size extant. Its original and somewhat antiquated phraseology, has been much improved, and the work somewhat enlarged by the omission of occasional repetitions. The Society ask for it a general circulation. It is published in available covers at 15c., or five muslin gilt back and side 30c., or full gilt 56c. Orders, addressed to the General Agent, Paul Stillman, New York, will be promptly attended to.

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