

For the Sabbath Recorder. THE WIND-HARP.

A wind-harp hangs on a willow bough. Near the fringed edge where waters flow, I met one down on the shady bank, From whose leary cups my childhood drank.

To rest the glass of sweet glad sounds That, out of the wall of sadness draws; For music hath a charm to heal The ills of a doubtful wail.

I listened long, but all in vain; The harp was there, yet not a strain I spoke, for not an answering ear, To breathe an answering word.

No sound was there, save, now and then, A murmur from the slumbering glen; And wondrous now, I turned away To stray a more prophetic way.

When, lo! the harp's fingers swept, And strings of Heaven's music filled, A melody so soft and low, It seemed some spirit's whispered word.

How, so sweet, so true and full, 'T would fall bespeak a joyous soul— A harmony befitting one— To hear that music so loves to steal From busy cares awhile to rest.

These strains that breathe the breath of heaven, To send to the kind hearts of heaven; But list! they're dying slowly now, As ebbes from the mountain's brow.

How sweetly faint and far away, As ebbes from the mountain's brow, As ebbes from the mountain's brow, As ebbes from the mountain's brow.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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ter, Christ had occasion to illustrate the same truth over on the other side of character. Right across from where Jesus sat near the door of the temple, were rich men putting the large contributions into the treasury of the Lord. "And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called his disciples and said, Verily, I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than all they that have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all she had, even all her living." Measured by the pittance she cast into the treasury, that poor widow was a small woman, but measured by what she thought in her heart, she was greater than all the rich, purple-clad Jews that were pouring in their handfuls, for "as she thought in her heart, so was she." And so are you, my brethren, and so am I.

Solomon says, "The thoughts of a righteous man are righteous." And he goes on to say, "The thoughts of the wicked are abomination to the Lord." Isaiah speaks of "a rebellious people, which walketh after their own thoughts." Their sin of rebellion was in their thoughts. And God, speaking of the same rebellious people, says, "Behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts." Judged for their thoughts! Paul says, (Heb. 4: 12) "God is a discerner of thoughts." Put into the language of the schools and this doctrine stand thus: "The moral character of the action resides in the motive." You may undertake, out of the goodness of your heart, and of real friendship to me, to do me a kindness, but by some turn of affairs, which you could neither foresee nor prevent, your well-meant act turns to my hurt. You are to me a friend, just as real as if your well-meant act had reached its intended result of good to me. And so, if you meant an act to my hurt, and it turned to my good instead, you would deserve no credit for the good done me. "As you thought upon my heart to me, so was you to me." It is of these heart thoughts that the character is formed; so that when you see a man with coarse, vulgar, and bad manners, you know him to be a man who thinks coarse, vulgar, and bad thoughts. His heart is a nest of unclean things, which are constantly permeating and informing his character, so that if he act himself as he will be likely to, he will act out what is seething within him. And as we have already seen, it is better for him to do it, since attempting to cover it up with the garb of decency will only add another sin, and ensure him the greater damnation. O yes, if Henry Ward Beecher be guilty of the sin charged, then is his condemnation greater by all his professions. If the court in Brooklyn acquit him, there is a higher court sitting in his own conscience which will condemn him every hour, and hang condemnation like a mill stone around his neck. If all Plymouth Church, and all men should pronounce him innocent, it will only add weight to the mill stone that will sink him in the deep, dark sea of his own consciousness of self unworthiness. And as of the people of old, "the fruit of his own thoughts will come with light upon him," so that, if he be guilty, the verdict of acquittal the Brooklyn jury may give him, will only deepen the degradation into which the verdict of his own conscience will sink him, for "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

There is a day coming, when the secrets of our hearts will stand out in letters of gold or of fire. When he who is the dispenser of thoughts shall strip us of all the gauze of false pretense, and pronounce judgment upon us according to what he finds down in our secret souls, we shall awaken to realize the supreme consequence of being right, in these soul centers, of being right rather than of seeming to be so. "O Lord, cleanse thou me from secret faults; is a prayer that uttered, for "thou, God, seest me." Not unfrequently the foulest heart is, for a time, concealed by the blandest manners, the politest address, and the costliest equipage. And some polished villain find access to our homes, and opportunity to strike us with the fangs he has concealed; while honest worth, real manliness may go unnoticed, because just now it may happen to reside in some lawful, coarse-clad farmer boy. Who shall judge a man from his dress? Who shall know him by his dress? Papers may be fit for prices. Hidden, crushed, and covered, Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket May beclothe the golden ore Of the deepest thoughts and feelings, Which close no more than the golden ore of God who counts by souls, not dresses. There are purple buds and golden, Hidden, crushed, and covered, of God who counts by souls, not dresses. There are little sparkling tears, There are words in the heart, There are words on the hills. There are coarses by souls, not stations. Care for even you and me, For in our own distinctions, Are as pebbles by the sea.

And then spit it out, it might have caused you only temporary hurt. It will often come to pass, that, in the world where truth and crime mingle so closely, we may sometimes take in a mouthful of error, but being carefully, prayerfully guarding the avenues to the heart, constantly seeking for truth as heathen treasures, our truth discerning faculties will become quick, accurate, so that at the very first touch of error and falsehood, we shall feel a chill, a kind of nausea, which will set us at ejecting it, driving it away before we come to settle down to it, so as to be "thinking it in our hearts." If we let it go down there, the poison is at the seat of life, and thence goes coursing on till it taints the whole soul, for "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Great pains have been taken to point out and guard against this letting falsehood down into our heart-life so as to become part of us. It goes down to its final lodgment in the heart-thoughts, soul-life, by several ever well-marked steps. Few men ever open wide their arms, and at one embrace, hug an ugly lie into their hearts. It comes up clothed in some garb of loveliness, bringing something to please some fancy, gratify some appetite. Under these disguises of beauty and promises of pleasure it conceals its dagger. When Achan, of the tribe of Judah, stole the consecrated spoils of Jericho, as he passed along by them, there was no particular sin in seeing them. That gold from Shinar was beautiful, that silver and gold was shining. Well had it been for Achan and all Israel, had he simply seen, as needs he might, and passed on, content that God had forbidden to touch it. But when he saw, he stopped and looked till the glittering treasure filled his eyes, and then, by natural course, it waked up bad lusts, and as he stood looking, he thought: "I wish that were mine," and then he coveted it, and thus broke one plain command; that done, and another could be more easily broken; and so on from looking he coveted, and from coveting he went on to stealing, and from stealing to concealing, lying; and from there, in another day, to burning, and then to a bunch of ashes under a monumental stone-heap. He saw, he coveted, he stole, he hid, and then he burned. And that is about the history of sin everywhere.

Said David, "Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsels of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of scornfuls." These are the things that fearful law do to the place where they are content to sit down with scornfuls all at once. They first give their ear to listen to the counsel of the ungodly. To hear an ungodly man advise ungodliness, casually, and hurry on to do the hearing, may be no sin, but an unavoidable nuisance; but to stop and listen, and then begin to heed the evil counsel, is a step down, and then by natural sequence and easy descent, comes the next downward step, to where we "stand in the way of sinners," &c., stand where they stand, stop over the wine cup at the Christmas dinner. There is but one more step, and that almost sure to be taken, down to the seat of the scornful, to enjoy and help on the jests and jeers, and scornful thrust at Christians and Christ, at God and good. Heart dead. There is the truest philosophy, the divine philosophy of temperance, in God's warning to "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright, when it giveth its color in the cup." O if ten thousand young men in our country would heed this injunction and never let their eyes look upon the well arranged and glittering rows of decanters that sparkle so temptingly behind the bars of our respectable lincen run shops, there would be ten thousand less drunkards' graves, and ten thousand less drunkards would lift up their wail from hell, bitterly regretting, when too late, that they so much as "looked upon the wine when it was red;" for just as God said, in the end it is biting like a serpent and stinging like an adder. Somebody told them they could drink wine, nothing but wine, and be in no danger of drunkenness, and the delusive lie was believed. O if he had not so sincerely believed this delusion of the devil, that he could drink moderately and not become a drunkard, he never would have become one, from the deep predilection of his lost soul might have to lift up his eyes in despair. O yes friends, young men, young women, boys and girls, it does make a world of difference what you believe, for it is your belief that makes your lives, yourselves. From out your belief you are framing your lives, and you are framing them compactly, definitely, finally, according to the sincerity of your beliefs. Believe me, heed me when I say, it is invariably and eternally true, that the belief of truth will lead a man right, and secure his temporal, spiritual, and eternal welfare, while on the contrary, the be-

lief of falsehood will lead a man wrong, and destroy his interests in relation to whatever the falsehood pertains, whether temporal or spiritual. Believe me once more: The more sincerely you believe a falsehood the more it will damage you, while the more sincerely you believe a truth the more will it become a power of life to you. By all means be sincere, but by all means, be first truthful. Truth from the deep well-spring of your inner life will shape your whole being into its own beautiful likeness, for as you think in your heart, so are you.

ENTERING THE MINISTRY. High thoughts and visions are the out of every victory. The words we bear seem so divine, So full of truth and power, that we are not our own selves, but of his, as if his shining, shining rays, Will reach that world of grace, And coolly turn away.

But soon a sadder mood comes round— High hopes have fallen to the ground, And we are left to mourn and grieve, And weeping, that men will not cease To strive with heaven—they'll only mourn That suffering men will not cease, That weary men refuse to rest, And wanderers to return.

Well it is, that he not ensued Another, yet another mood, When we get our heads, and say, "Aha! it is a weary, weary strife, To face the numb limbs of pain, That will not move again."

THE SPIRITUAL VIEW OF MAN. Of the Basis of Knowledge and the Limitations of Science. The first of a series of six lectures delivered by Mark Hopkins, D. D., LL. D., before the Theological students of the Independent. Something must be said, and especially in view of the subtlety of current skepticism, in the present lecture by way of fixing common ground, which knows no law, or rather, is law. It must either be assumed or doubted; but to say "I doubt," would be to assume self-existence, or to be going around in a circle, and thus to be confused of a being that by supposition doesn't exist. In a word, the knowledge of one's existence is direct and absolute.

When one has fallen upon the fact of being, of entity, one has fallen on a fact too vast for finite minds to grasp the wonder of—the becoming, the being, the to be. All men come not upon this fact, and it is impossible to teach it to the masses. Their "wonder" is the wonder of too many men is only at new combinations, at novelty. Before going a step farther, it is worth while to note the approximation felt in certain quarters, because the facts of Christianity are incapable of that verification which is usually spoken of in the mind. Therein, for example, lie all the facts of conviction, tossed by ever so many storms from age to age, but from age to age the same, and obedient to the same laws of association and gaining philosophy.

CHILD'S SERMON. "Limpy! Limpy! you're lame, or you'll lose your supper." A lame man, who was walking along with staggering steps, leaned upon his cane, and looked around to see who thus addressed him. But no one was in sight; and, muttering an oath, he shuffled on. "I'll not be called names," and this time he was quite sure that he were spoken by some one in the field, from which he was separated by a high wall, and made his way towards it. "Who are you calling me?" "I won't be called names by anybody." "Please, sir, I'm sorry, if anybody calls you names," said a child; and he looked at the man, and he was angry that before.

"Then what do you do it for?" he growled, raising his hand as if to strike the beautiful child, who looked wonderingly into his face. "I'll not be called names," and he named for anything. "Did you think I would?" And little May Bemis drew nearer to her companion. "I didn't hear anybody speak to you," said the child. "Somebody called me Limpy." "Why, that's my lame chicken. I call him Limpy. He runs away ever so much, for all he's so lame. Please, sir, ain't you Mr. French?" "Yes," replied the man; although he could hardly remember when he had been addressed as Mister. "What of it?" "I've set a lame man go by

MRS. GERRIT SMITH. The widow of the late Gerrit Smith has not long survived him, her death having occurred at Peterboro on the 27th inst. She was receiving medical treatment in New York city when her husband suddenly died there, and she went home greatly benefited. The severe winter, which has proved fatal to so many elderly persons, tried her beyond her strength, and she died of an inflammatory disease.

Mrs. Smith's maiden name was Ann Carroll Fitzhugh, and she was a daughter of William Fitzhugh, a citizen of Hagerstown, Md., where she was born on January 11th, 1805. In 1812, Mr. Fitzhugh, in company with Charles Carroll and Nathaniel Rochester, removed to western New York, where they purchased valuable tracts of land in what are now the counties of Monroe and Livingston, and she has since resided in the village of Rochester, Col. Rochester was the founder of the city which bears his name.

He did think of it. Many a sermon he had heard, yet none like this; and when May Bemis grew to womanhood, she knew that an old man had died blessing her name.

A WORD TO THE BOYS. When I was fifteen, (writes Mr. Spurgeon,) I believed in the Lord Jesus, and joined the Church of Christ; and nothing on earth would have made me more than I am now, than to find myself in diversity—to pass from clouds and rocks to their common elements, from plants and animals to their species and genera, from the earth to the sky, and from the cosmos of their belonging—yes, possibly from rational life here to the one life in which all things might consist and form in truth a unity and order.

REASONS FOR BEING HOLY.—A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy, for he is an heir of celestial beings, and who is soon—he knows not how soon—to be translated to heaven, should be holy. Are angels my attendants? Will I be in their company? Am I so soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet so soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue soon to invite with the angels to praise the Lord? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips, should be pure. Am I to be called to any one's praying without a pure heart? Am I to be called to a certain day his prayer took flight, ran away, broke the sulky and broke the bishop's leg. The bishop was in great pain and in fear of dying and called for some one to pray with him. There was an honest Christian man, one John Rogers, who lived near by, who was sent for, and he saw the situation of the prelate, he was deeply affected. The baronet said to him, "I have taken the bishop in hand, to humble him, O Lord, make through work. If breaking one leg won't answer, O Lord I break 'em both."

FAMILY RELIGION. A certain county of a certain State was canvassed some time ago in reference to family worship. We have forgotten the figures, but if the number of families without a family altar was surprisingly large. And that number was not the number of the inhabitants of this county, but the number of the inhabitants of adjoining counties. We imagine that if we could get accurate statistics, we should be astonished to find how many professedly Christian families there are in which little or no attention is paid to this most obvious duty.

NEW-HAVEN.—A story is told of a High Church Episcopalian in England, who was very much opposed to any one praying without a family altar. He was one day attending a certain day his prayer took flight, ran away, broke the sulky and broke the bishop's leg. The bishop was in great pain and in fear of dying and called for some one to pray with him. There was an honest Christian man, one John Rogers, who lived near by, who was sent for, and he saw the situation of the prelate, he was deeply affected. The baronet said to him, "I have taken the bishop in hand, to humble him, O Lord, make through work. If breaking one leg won't answer, O Lord I break 'em both."

