

The Sabbath Recorder.

EDITED BY GEORGE B. UTTER.

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

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The Sabbath Recorder.

MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

BY L. M. SARGENT.

I have one of the kindest husbands; he is a carpenter by trade, and our flock of little children has one of the kindest fathers in the country. I was thought the luckiest girl in the parish, when G. T. made me his wife. I thought so myself. Our wedding day, and it was a happy one—was but an indifferent sample of those days of rational happiness and uninterrupted harmony, which we were permitted to enjoy together for the space of six years. And although for the last three years of our lives we have been as happy as we were at the beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long dark days and sad nights, that came between, for two years of our union were years of misery. I well recollect the first glass of ardent spirits that my husband ever drank. He had been at a grocery to purchase a little tea and sugar for the family; there were three cents coming to him in change; and unluckily that silver in the till; and, as it was a sharp frosty morning, he persuaded my good man to take his money's worth of rum, for it was just the price of a glass. He came home in wonderful spirits, and told me he meant to have me and the children better dressed, and as neighbor Barton talked of selling his horse and chaise, he thought of buying them both; and, when I said to him, "George, we are dressed as well as we can afford, and I hope you will not think of a horse and chaise until we have paid off the Squire's mortgage;" he gave me a harsh look and a bitter word.

I never shall forget them, for they were the first he ever gave me in his life. When he saw me shedding tears, and holding my apron to my face, he said he was sorry, and came to kiss me, and I discovered he had been drinking, and it grieved me to the heart. In a short time after, while I was washing up the breakfast things, I heard our little Robert, who was only five years old, crying bitterly; and, going to learn the cause, I met him running towards me with his face covered with blood.

He said his father had taken him on his knee, and was playing with him, but had given him a blow in the face, only because he had said, when he kissed him, "Dear papa, you smell like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler." My husband was very cross to us all, through the whole of that day; but the next morning, though he said but little, he was evidently ashamed and humbled, and he went about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed constantly for my good man, and that God would be pleased to guide his heart aright; and, more than a week having gone by, without a similar occurrence, I flattered myself that he would never do so again. But in a very short time, either the Deacon was short of change, as before, or some tempting occasion presented itself, which my husband could not resist, and he returned home once more under the influence of liquor. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance when he came in that night. We had waited supper a full hour for his return; the tea-pot was standing at the fire, and the bannocks were untouched upon the hearth, and the smaller children were beginning to murmur for their supper. There was an indescribable expression of defiance on his countenance, as though he was conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to brave it out. We sat down silently to supper, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us, during this unhappy repast. He soon went to bed and fell asleep; and after I had laid our little ones to rest, I knelt at the foot of the bed, on which my poor misguided husband was sleeping, and poured out my very soul to God, while my eyes were scalded with the bitterest tears I had ever shed. For I then foresaw, that unless some remedy could be employed, my best earthly friend, the father of my little children, would become a drunkard. The next morning, after breakfast, I ventured to speak with him upon the subject, in a mild way; and, though I could not restrain my tears, neither my words nor my weeping appeared to have any effect, and I saw he was becoming hardened, and careless of us all. How many nights have I waited, weeping alone at my once happy fireside, listening for the lifting latch, and wishing, yet dreading, to hear his steps at the door!

After this state of things had continued, or rather grown worse, for nearly three months, I put on my bonnet one morning, after my husband had gone to his work, and went to the Deacon's store; and, finding him alone, I stated my husband's case, and begged him earnestly to sell him no more. He told me it would do no good, for, if he did not sell it, some other person would sell it; and he doubted whether my husband took more than was good for him. He quoted Scripture to show that it was the wife's duty to keep at home, and submit herself to her husband, and not meddle with things that did not belong to her province. At this time, two or three customers called for rum, and the Deacon civilly advised me to go home and look after my children.

I went out with a heavy heart. It seemed as if the tide of evil was setting against me. As I was passing farmer Johnson's on my way home, they called me in. I sat down and rested myself for a few minutes in their neat cottage. Farmer Johnson was just returning from the field, and when I saw the little ones running to meet him at the stile, and the kind looks that passed between the good man and his wife, and when I remembered we were married on the same day, and compared my own fortune with theirs, my poor heart burst forth in a flood of tears. They all knew what I was weeping for, and farmer Johnson, in a kind manner, bade me cheer up, and put my trust in God's mercy, and remember that it was often dark before daylight. The farmer and his wife were man-

of the temperance society, and had signed the pledge; and I have often heard him say, that he believed it had saved him from destruction. He had, before his marriage, and for a year after, been in the habit of taking a little every day. He was an industrious, thriving man; but shortly after his marriage he became bound for a neighbor, who ran off, and he was obliged to pay the debt. I have heard him declare, that when the sheriff took away all his property, and stripped his little cottage, and scarcely left him those trifles secured to the poor man by law; and when he considered how ill his poor wife was at the time, in consequence of the loss of their child, that died only a month before, he was restrained from resorting to the bottle, in his moments of despair, by nothing but a recollection of the pledge he had signed. Farmer Johnson's minister was in favor of the pledge, and had often told him that affliction might weaken his judgment and his moral sense, and the pledge might save him at last, as the plank saves the life of a mariner; who is tossed upon the waves.

Our good clergyman was unfortunately of a different opinion. He had often disapproved of pledges. The Deacon was of the same opinion; he thought very ill of pledges.

Month after month passed away, and our happiness was utterly destroyed. My husband neglected his business, and poverty began to stare us in the face. Notwithstanding my best exertions, it was hard work to keep my little ones decently clothed and sufficiently fed. If my husband earned a shilling, the dram-seller was as sure of it, as if it were already in his till. I sometimes thought I had lost all my affection for one who had proved so entirely regardless of those whom it was his duty to protect and sustain; but when I looked in the faces of our little children, the recollection of our early marriage days, and all his kind words and deeds soon taught me the strength of the principle that had brought us together.

I shall never cease to remember the anguish I felt when the constable took him to jail, upon a dram-seller's execution. Till that moment, I did not believe my affection could have survived, under the pressure of that misery, which he had brought upon us all. I put up such things of the little that remained to us, as I thought might be of use, and turned my back upon the spot where I had been very happy and very wretched. Our five little children followed, weeping bitterly. The jail was situated in the next town. "Oh, George," said I, "if you had only signed the pledge, it would not have come to this." He sighed and said nothing; and we walked nearly a mile in perfect silence. As we were leaving this village, we encountered our clergyman, going forth upon his morning ride. When I reflected that a few words from him would have induced my poor husband to sign the pledge, and that if he had done so he might have been the kind father and the affectionate husband that he once was, I own it cost me considerable effort to suppress my emotion. "Whither are you all going?" said the holy man. My husband, who always appeared extremely humble in presence of the minister, and replied to all his inquiries in a subdued tone of voice, answered, with unusual firmness, "To jail, reverend sir." "To jail!" said he, "ah, I see how it is; you have wasted your substance in riotous living, and are going to pay for your improvidence and folly. You have had the advantage of my precept and example, and you turned a deaf ear to the one, and neglected the other."

"Reverend sir," my husband replied, galled by this reproach, which appeared to him at that particular moment an unnecessary aggravation of his misery, "reverend sir, your precept and your example have been my ruin; I followed them both—you, who had no experience of the temptations to which your weaker brethren are liable, who are already addicted to the temperate and daily use of ardent spirits, advised me never to sign a pledge. You admitted that extraordinary occasions might justify the use of ardent spirits, and that on such occasions you might use it yourself. I followed your example, but it has been my misfortune never to drink spirituous liquors without finding that my occasions were more extraordinary than ever. Had I followed the example of neighbor Johnson, I should not have made a good wife miserable, nor my children beggars." While he uttered these last words, my poor husband looked upon his little ones, and burst into tears; and the minister rode slowly away without uttering a word.

I rejoiced even in the midst of our misery, to see that the heart of my poor George was tenderly affected; for it is not more needful that the hardness of wax should be subdued by fire, than that the heart of man should be softened by affliction, before a deep, lasting impression can be made. "Dear husband," said I, "we are young; it is not too late; let us trust in God, and all may be well." He made no reply, but continued to walk on, and weep in silence. Shortly after, the Deacon appeared, at some distance, coming towards us on the road; but as soon as he discovered who we were, he turned away into a private path. Even the constable seemed somewhat touched with compassion at our situation, and urged us to keep a good heart, for he thought some one might help us, when we least expected it. My husband, whose vein of humor would often display itself, even in hours of sadness, instantly replied, that the good Samaritan could not be far off, for the priest and the Levite had already passed by on the other side. But he little thought, poor man, that even the conclusion of this beautiful parable was likely to be verified. A one horse wagon, at this moment, appeared to be coming down the hill behind us, at an unusually rapid rate, and the constable advised us, as the road was narrow, to stand aside and let it pass. It was soon up with us; and when the dust had cleared away, it turned out as little Robert had said, when it first appeared on the top of the hill, to be farmer Johnson's gray mare and yellow

wagon. The kind-hearted farmer was out in an instant, and, without saying a word, was putting the children into it, one after another. A word from farmer Johnson was enough for any constable in the village. It was all the work of a moment. He shook my husband by the hand; and then he began, "Neighbor Johnson, you are the same kind friend"—"Get in," said he; "let us have no words about it. I must be at home in a trice; for," turning to me, "your old schoolmate, Susan, my wife, will sit crying at the window till she sees you safe home again." Saying this, he whipped the gray mare, who, regardless of the additional load, went up the hill faster than she came down, as though she entered into the spirit of the whole transaction.

It was not long before we reached the door of our cottage. Farmer Johnson took out the children; and while I was trying to find words to thank him for all his kindness, he was up in his wagon and off, before I could utter a syllable. Robert screamed after him, to tell Tim Johnson to come over, and that he should have all his pinks and marigolds. When we entered the cottage, there were bread and meat and milk upon the table, which Susan, the farmer's wife, had brought over for the children. I could not help sobbing aloud, for my heart was full. "Dear George," said I, turning to my husband, "you used to pray; let us thank God for this great deliverance from evil." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I fear God will scarcely listen to my poor prayers, after all my offences; but I will try."

We closed the cottage door, and he prayed with so much humility of heart, and so much earnestness of feeling, that I felt almost sure that God's grace would be lighted up, in the bosom of this unhappy man, if sighs, and tears, and prayers, could find their way to heaven. He was very grave, and said little or nothing that night. The next morning, when I woke up, I was surprised, as the sun had not risen, to find that he had already gone down. At first I felt alarmed, as such a thing had become unusual with him of late years; but my anxious feelings were agreeably relieved, when the children told me their father had been hoeing for an hour in the potato field, and was mending the garden fence. With our scanty materials, I got ready the best breakfast I could, and he sat down to it, with a good appetite, but said little; and now and then I saw the tears starting in his eyes.

I had many fears that he would fall back into his former habits whenever he should meet his old companions, or stop in again at the Deacon's store, and I was about urging him to move into another village. After breakfast, he took me aside, and asked me if I had not a gold ring. "George," said I, "that ring was my mother's; she took it from her finger and gave it to me the day that she died. I would not part with that ring unless it were to save life. Besides, if we are industrious and honest, we shall not be forsaken." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I know how you prize that gold ring; I never loved you more than when you wept over it, while you first told me the story of your mother's death; it was just a month before we were married, the last Sabbath evening in May, Jenny, that we were walking by the river. I wish you would bring that ring." Memory hurried me back in an instant, to the scene, the bank upon the river's side where we sat together and agreed upon a wedding day. I brought down the ring, and he asked me, with such an earnestness of manner, to put it on his finger, that I did so; not however, without a trembling hand and a misgiving heart. "And now, Jenny," said he, as he rose up to go out, "pray that God will support me."

My mind was not in a happy state, for I felt some doubts of his intentions. From a little hill at the back of our cottage we had a fair view of the Deacon's store. I went up to the top of it, and while I watched my husband's steps, no one can tell how fervently I prayed to God to guide them aright. I saw two of his old companions standing in the store door, with glasses in their hands; and, as he came in front of the shop, I saw them beckon him in. It was a sad moment for me. "Oh, George," said I, though I knew he could not hear me, "go on; remember your poor wife and starving children!" My heart sank within me, when I saw him stop and turn towards the door. He shook hands with his old friends; they appeared to offer him their glasses; I saw him shake his head and pass on. "Thank God," said I, and ran down the hill with a light step, and seizing my baby at the cottage door, I literally covered it with kisses, and bathed it in tears of joy.

About ten o'clock, Richard Lane, the Squire's office boy, brought in a piece of meat and some meal, saying my husband sent word, that he could not be home till night, as he was at work on the Squire's barn. Richard added, that the Squire had engaged him for two months. He came home early, and the children ran down the hill to meet him. He was grave, but cheerful. "I have prayed for you, dear husband," said I. "And a merciful God has supported me, Jenny," said he. It is not easy to measure the degrees of happiness; but take it altogether, this, I think, was the happiest evening of my life. If there is great joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth, there is no less joy in the heart of a faithful wife, over a husband that was lost, and is found. In this manner the two months went away. In addition to the common labor, he found time to cultivate the garden, and make and mend a variety of useful articles about the house.

It was soon understood that my husband had reformed, and it was more generally believed, because he was a subject of sneers of a large number of the Deacon's customers. My husband used to say, "Let those laugh that are wise and win. He was an excellent workman, and business came to him from all quarters. He was soon able to repay neighbor Johnson, and our families lived in the closest friendship of each other.

One evening farmer Johnson said to my hus-

band that he thought it would be well for him to sign the temperance pledge, that he did not advise it, when he first began to leave off spirits, for he feared his strength might fail him. "But now," said he, "you have continued five months, without touching a drop, and it would be well for the cause that you should sign the pledge." "Friend Johnson," said my husband, "when a year has gone safely by, I will sign the pledge. For five months, instead of the pledge, I have in every trial or temptation—and a drinking man knows well the force and meaning of these words—I have relied on this gold ring, to renew my strength, and remind me of my duty to God, to my wife, to my children, and to society. Whenever the struggle of appetite has commenced, I have often looked upon this ring, I have remembered that it was given, with the last words and dying counsels of an excellent mother, to my wife, who placed it there; and under the blessing of Almighty God, it has proved thus far the life-boat of a drowning man."

The year soon passed away, and on the very day twelvemonth, on which I had put that ring on my husband's finger, farmer Johnson brought over the temperance book. We all sat down to the tea-table together. After supper was done, little Robert climbed up and kissed his father, and turned to farmer Johnson, "Father," said he, "has not smelt like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler, once since we rode home in your yellow wagon?" The farmer opened his book, my husband signed the pledge of the Society, and with tears in his eyes, gave me back—ten thousand times more precious than ever—MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES—THE JEWS.

At the recent anniversary of the American Society for Meliorating the Condition of the Jews, the Rev. Dr. Tyng submitted and remarked upon the following resolution:

Resolved, That the signs of the times are such as should rouse all who love the Lord Jesus Christ and wait for his salvation to renewed earnestness and enlarged effort in this holy enterprise.

Dr. T. said there was no cause in the whole circle of Christian effort he esteemed before the one in advocacy of which he rose. As the signs of the times are brought before the view, we see the necessity of the conversion of the Jews. Some thought the conversion of the world was to be like a gradual dawning of light to the fullness of day. He did not see this; he was one who looked for another dispensation—that this great work was to be instant, not gradual, as if the noonday sun should start suddenly from the darkened midnight sky. He looked for the coming of Christ for a second time, and in that Jerusalem shall take her promised place as the head of the nations. She is to be established as the metropolis of an empire such as present monarchies in vain attempt to typify. There comes a day when Jewish hands are to unlock the doors of spiritual consolation, and hordes of Gentiles are to seek for admission. When I see the whole history of prophecy coming to a conclusion—when I behold the present up-heaving of the ten parts of the old Roman Empire—when these kingdoms are destroyed, what then? Does prophecy stop at nothing? No, it stops with a returning heavenly monarch to gather His people—it stops where a mighty Conqueror comes forth and sets up His throne in His long suffering Jerusalem. Does any one doubt this result? The signs of the times urge us to advance this very thing—the Bridgeway cometh, go ye out to meet Him. He then read the following poem of Charlotte Elizabeth—"The Signs of the Times,"—as expressing all he could desire to say, had he even time at his command.

When from scattered lands afar,
Spreads the voice of rumored war,
Nations in tumultuous pride,
Heard the trumpet's pealing tide,
When the solar splendors fall,
When the crescent waxeth pale,
And the powers that starrily reign
Sink dishonored to the plain,
World! do thou the signal dread,
We exalt the drooping head;
We uplift the expectant eye,
Our redemption draweth nigh;
When the fig tree shoots appear
Men behold their summer near;
When the hearts of rebels fall,
We the coming Conqueror hail,
Bridgeway of the weeping spouse
Listen to her widowed woe,
Listen to the disingling woe,
Bid O bid thy trumpet sound;
Gather Thine elect around.
Girl with saints Thy flaming ear
Summon them from clime afar,
Call them from life's cheerless gloom,
Call them from the marble tomb,
From the grass-grown village grave,
From the deep disolving wave,
From the whirlwind and the flame,
Mighty Head, Thy members claim,
Where are they whose proud disdain,
Scorn to brook Messiah's reign?
Lo, in waves of sulphurous fire
Now they taste His tardy ire;
Fettered till the appointed day,
When the world shall pass away,
Gentle are all thy foes, O Lord,
Sheath again the dreadful sword,
Where the Cross of anguish stood,
Where thy life distilled in blood,
Where they mocked Thy dying groan,
King of Nations! plant Thy throne,
Send Thy law from Zion forth,
Speeding o'er the willing earth;
Each whose Sabbath glories rise,
Crowned with more than Paradise;
Sacred be the impending veil!
Moral sense and thought must fall,
Yet the awful hour is nigh,
We shall see Thee, eyes to eyes;
Be our souls in peace possessed,
While we seek thy promised rest,
And from every heart and house,
Breathe the prayer, "O Jesus come!"
Haste to set the captive free!
All creation groans for Thee.

There, said he is a beautiful list of the signs of the times in which we live. Well has it been said, that the redemption of the ancient people of God was an object nearest her heart, her dearest wish on earth. Well has it been said, that when He shall come to perfect this redemption, she will be with Him!

WAR ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

One of the conditions of the treaty with Mexico, it is said, is that any future war which may break out between the two countries shall be conducted on Christian principles. Now we all know this is an age of progress, and that all sorts of improvements are constantly going on in all sorts of matters, but war on Christian principles is certainly the latest, and if it be carried out, we think it will prove the greatest of all.

Just imagine it; we think we can see the two armies drawn out in battle array. A fair field is before them; the ranks are formed, the positions are taken, the great guns are unlimbered, Gen. Scott is just about to give the orders to fire, when an aid comes and respectfully reminds him that "the war is to be conducted on Christian principles," and that it will not do to fire. "Very true, very true," says the commander-in-chief, "but what are they? I have read Vauban, Scheiter, and Turenne, and Cockburn. I have read the lives of old conquerors, and have studied the campaigns of the soldiers; but I never happened to come across these principles in any work upon the military art. Do you know any thing about them, Colonel?"

"No."
"Nor you, Major?"
"No."
"Nor I, either."
"I really don't know how to begin; I suppose it would not do to shoot. Suppose we send for the Chaplain?"
The Chaplain arrives.—"Do you know any thing about this fighting on Christian principles?"

"Oh yes; it is the easiest thing in the world."
"Where are the books?"
"Here;" and the Chaplain takes out the "Bible."

"Really," says the General, "we ought to have thought of this before. It is a bad time to commence the study of tactics when the enemy is right before us; but I suppose we are bound by the treaty. What is the first thing, Mr. Chaplain?"

"Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."
"But these are not neighbors. They are Mexicans."
"The same book tells us a little farther on, that the opportunity to do good to a man makes him our neighbor."

"Will you go on, Mr. Chaplain?"
"Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them that despitefully use you. If a man smite you on one cheek, turn to him the other."

"But while we are praying for the Mexicans, they will be firing into us."
"No; they are bound by the treaty, also. It works both ways."

"Then what is the use of our arms?"
"This is also provided for in the same book. Bear your swords into ploughshares, and your spears into pruning hooks."

"Then I don't see as there is anything for us to do here."
"Nothing, unless you send over and ask Santa Anna if he needs any thing in the way of medicine, or provisions, or clothing. I rather think the treaty requires this of us. And I don't know but we ought to send them a few schoolmasters, for I understand they are a shocking ignorant people."

"But how do you know which party conquers in this fighting on Christian principles?"
"That is the great beauty of it. Both sides conquer, and there are never any killed and wounded."

Now this is all the way that we know of conducting war on Christian principles. In any demand which may be made on this State for men to carry on a war with Mexico, we think the Governor will best consult the conditions of the treaty by directing that the recruits shall all come from the peace society. He should appoint Thomas Anthony, Colonel of the regiment, and John Meader, Major, and he should go down to Newport on the first seventh day after the second sixth day in the sixth month, and quietly walk into the Yearly Meeting and ask the clerk to draw up a plan of the campaign. That is the way to fight on Christian principles.

HISTORY OF AN ENGLISH MINISTER.

The history of the elevation Mr. Labouchere, now a member of the British Cabinet, presents a curious combination of impudence and good fortune.

In 1822, Mr. Labouchere, then a clerk in the house of the banker, M. Hope, at Amsterdam, was sent by his employer to Lord Baring, celebrated London banker, in order to negotiate a loan. He displayed in this affair great ability, and gained the esteem of the English banker. "Zounds!" said Labouchere, one day, "Lord Baring, your daughter is charming, and you ought to give me her hand."

"Young man! no pleasantries," said the astonished banker, in a tone of severity. "I like you much, but be assured that my daughter shall never become the wife of a clerk!"

"But," said Labouchere, "suppose I was associated with Mr. Hope?"
"Oh! that would be a different affair, and would materially lessen the difference of rank."

On his return to Amsterdam, Labouchere said to his employer, "I wish to associate myself with your house."
"My friend, you are not serious," exclaimed Mr. Hope. "You are without fortune, and

"But suppose I was the son-in-law of Lord Baring?"
"In that case you should have my consent on the spot."

Fortified by these two promises, Labouchere returned to England, and two months after he espoused the daughter of Lord Baring, because Mr. Hope had promised to associate him in his banking house, and he became one of the partners in the house of Hope, because he was the son-in-law of Lord Baring, son-in-law of the

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MORE ABOUT THE ANTI-SABBATH CONVENTION.

It is not popular, we know, to say much about this movement, except in the way of condemnation and denunciation. Still we cannot withhold our approval from some things connected with it, nor can we misrepresent and caricature other things which we disapprove, even though such a course may be necessary to keep company with our orthodox contemporaries.

The essential views which have been declared in this Convention are in harmony with those put forth, in times past, by the Unitarian body. I grew up in that body. I never was instructed from their pulpits to hold the first day of the week as the Sabbath of God's command.

The following extracts are from a speech of Rev. Theodore Parker, which we find reported in the Liberator. They will help the reader to form some correct idea of the views and spirit of the men who took part in this movement which is every where spoken against:—

"For considerably more than three centuries, [after the introduction of Christianity] there was not any claim made for any divine command for keeping the first day of the week; and the Catholic notion of the Sunday, at the present day, is this—that it is a day set apart by the church, for the purpose of honoring God."

"It is commonly supposed that our New England notion respecting Sunday, is a very old notion; but it seems to me that that is a very great mistake. I know it is a mistake, and experience, I think, has shown that it is a sad mistake. I do not find that any considerable number of persons ever entertained our New England notions, until less than 300 years ago."

"It is sometimes said that the present prevalent notions respecting Sunday, notwithstanding they are untrue, superstitious, and unchristian, are yet 'safe,' and therefore it is very improper to come forward and oppose them. Therefore this Convention is likely to be a very wicked Convention, although it should say nothing but what is true."

A METHODIST MUSEUM.

Under this head the editor of Zion's Herald places the following curiosities. If he supposes they are found among Methodists alone, he is greatly mistaken, for there is scarcely any denomination in which some specimens may not be found:—

- 1. A professor of religion, praying with great fervor that God would convert the world, yet never giving a cent for missions.
2. A man getting shouting-happy and telling how much he loves the cause of God, and how much he is willing to deny self, yet fretting and scolding if any one asks for a little money.
3. A professor, too poor to take a religious newspaper, yet taking three or four political ones.
4. A Christian brother, very much hurt in his feelings to hear his minister refer to politics on the Sabbath, yet spending the whole Sabbath noon conversing on doings in Congress, and the probability of Taylor or Calhoun being the next President.
5. Another one, who thinks it very wrong to desecrate the Sabbath by holding temperance meetings on the evening of that day, yet spends the same in visiting his neighbors, or going to see his hired man about the work for Monday morning.
6. A Christian brother, very much opposed to anything like ornamenting our churches, such as furnishing them with blinds, carpeting the aisles, or cushioning the pulpit, yet furnishing his own dwelling with rich carpets, astral lamps, and splendid sofas.
7. A follower of the Prince of Peace, with his heart running over with the war-spirit, and rejoicing at the destruction of his fellow men.

CURIOS NAMES.

A correspondent of the Boston Investigator enumerates some of the curious Christian names by which individuals were designated in Boston about the year 1640, and also presents an extract, on the same subject, from Hume's "History of England." The following list of odd names to christen children with, is copied from the records of the town of Boston in the year above mentioned:—

"Deliverance Beck; Strange Beck; Free-Grace Bendall; Reform Bendall; Hoped-for Bendall; Seaborne Cotton; Fathergone Dinley; Return Gridley; Believe Gridley; Tremble Gridley; Hope Hawkins; Constance Milan; Patience Rice; Hopeskill Vicall; Waitstill Winthrop; Posthumus Dutchfield; Honor Mahone; Faith Munt; Joyliffe Rudock; Temperance Sweet; New-grace Wilson; Satisfaction Belcher; Exercise Shattuck; Redemption Scott; Christian Stoddard; Remembrance Amery; Desire-the-Truth Akers; Purchase Gibson; Zwizhaddai Browne; Pedajah Pormort."

The following, from Hume's "History of England," is the extract alluded to. It relates to the Christian names of the Puritans during the time of the eccentric Cromwell:—

"It was usual (says the historian) for the pretended saints of this time to change their names from Henry, Edward, Anthony, William, which they regarded as heathenish, into others more sanctified and holy; even the New Testament names, James, Andrew, John, Peter, were not held in such regard as those which were borrowed from the Old Testament—Hezekiah, Habakkuk, Zerubbabel. Sometimes a whole godly sentence was adopted as a name. Here are the Christian names of a Jury, empanelled in the county of Sussex about that time:—

"Accepted, Redeemed, Faint Not, Make Peace, God Reward, Stand Fast on High, Earth, Called, Kill Sin, Return, Be Faithful, Fly Debate, Fight the Good Fight, Hope For, Graceful, Weep Not, Meek."
"Cromwell," says Cleveland, "hath beat up his drums clear through the Old Testament. You may learn the genealogy of our Saviour, by the names of his regiments. The muster master has no other list than the first chapter of St. Matthew. The brother of Praise-God Barebone had for a name, If Christ had not died for you, you would have been damned Barebone. But the people, tired of this long name, retained only the last words, and commonly gave him the appellation of Damned Barebone."

EDUCATION AMONG THE INDIANS.—The documents accompanying the Message of the President of the United States to Congress, shows that several Indian tribes have appropriated large sums for the establishment and support of institutions of learning. The Cherokees have appropriated \$35,000 for two seminaries, one for males, and one for females, at Tahlequa. The erection of the necessary buildings has been commenced. Besides neighborhood schools, the Choctaws have three academies for boys, and five female seminaries, which cost them \$30,000 a year. The Chickasaws have appropriated \$5,000 for buildings, and \$6,000 annually, for the support of a manual labor school, to be conducted by Methodist missionaries. The Creeks have appropriated \$12,000 for buildings and improvements, and \$8,000 annually, for the support of two schools, one Methodist, and the other Presbyterian. The U. S. Government will make efforts to induce other tribes having large annuities, to make similar appropriations.

TEMPERANCE AND INTELLIGENCE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A Sandwich Island paper of Dec. 25, 1847, says that a public celebration and Temperance Feast was held by the pupils of the Native Schools at Honolulu on the 12th of November, in the vicinity of the town, in which the King and Chiefs participated. About 800 scholars, nearly 500 parents, and a large number of spectators were present. Upward of 500 tables were arranged for the feast, at which some 153 pigs, 469 fowls, 215 geese, together with ducks, turkeys, fish, vegetables, fruit, &c. &c., in like quantities were demolished. These celebrations are held under the auspices of the missionaries, and are becoming deservedly popular.

The same paper says that a large invoice of standard books from the establishment of the Harpers in New York, was received at Honolulu, Oct. 20, and in less than six weeks about \$1,000 worth had been retailed among the town-people and foreign residents. The foreign residents of East Maui, had ordered an entire set of Harper's Family Library, consisting of 172 volumes.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.—It is stated that in 1836 there were but 50 evangelical ministers, and less than 40 colporteurs, employed in France. There are now employed over 300 ministers, near 80 evangelists, and between 200 and 300 colporteurs. Rev. Dr. Cheever of New York, in a discourse delivered April 30, said: "It is a remarkable providence, that so many are ready to enter the field for diffusing religious knowledge, if they could only be sustained. Some that had been banished are returning with increased knowledge and zeal. The Seminary at Paris had numbers already prepared to preach the pure gospel; the Waldenses also, had their mission institution for pouring light upon Italy; and it was a most interesting fact, that the reformed college at Malta, composed in part of such as had been classically educated at Rome, had now about fifty in training for the sacred ministry."

THE LUTHERANS.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce, of May 19, says that the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States, has been holding its triennial meeting for the last five days in this city. Many facts of interest have been elicited, serving to show the rapid growth of the denomination among us. The clergy, now numbering about 650, stand high in the scale of respectability and intelligence. They have under their charge 1,650 congregations, to which are attached 200,000 members. Their yearly increase by immigration is about 20,000, and by membership 8,000. They also possess three incorporated colleges and five theological seminaries, in which about 150 young men are in course of preparation for the ministry.

The Home and Foreign Missions of the Lutherans are yet in their incipency, but are on a firm basis. The former has supported 17 missions, in whole or in part, during the last three years, has built 12 houses of worship, and organized 30 congregations. The latter mission consists of two laborers, who are located in Guntoor, India. A speedy enlargement is contemplated. There is at present a considerable surplus of funds in their treasuries;—the only difficulty is in procuring suitable men.

AID TO IRELAND.—The Irish Relief Committee of this City have published a full report of the important transactions with which they were entrusted. It appears that the total cash donations for Ireland amounted to \$171,374 24, and the donations in breadstuffs, provision, and clothing, to \$70,650 45;—total, \$242,024 99. The largest single gift was that of Messrs. Corcoran & Riggs, the Washington bankers—\$5,000; a lady also gave \$1,000 by the hands of Wm. Wood, Esq.; James L. Wadsworth, Esq., of Genesee, \$1,000. On the 2d of February last there was a balance of \$600 in the hands of the Treasurer. The following is a list of the various articles sent out:—

4,570 lbs. wheat flour, 33,075 bbls. Indian corn meal, 234 half bbls. do, 2,520 bbls. Indian corn, 7,293 bags do, 191 bbls. rye flour, 57 bbls. rye, 29 bags do, 78 bbls. buckwheat, 283 bbls. peas and beans, 13 bbls. oat meal, 135 bbls. barley, 6 bbls. barley meal, 69 bbls. beef and pork, 184 packages clothing, 2 boxes arrow root, 2 bales hops, 2 bbls fish, 4 bbls. potatoes, 2 bbls. oats, 2 packages cheese, 3 packages bacon, 1 ham, 1 roll leather, 1 bbl. vinegar.
By a statement annexed to the report, it appears that the amount of freights paid by the British Government on articles sent from this country for the relief of Ireland and Scotland, was \$42,673 17s. or upward of \$210,000.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.—This Society held its 24th Anniversary in Philadelphia on the 15th inst. From the reports presented, it appears that the receipts of the Society during the past year have been \$137,468, of which 41,092 was from donations and legacies, \$103,010 from sales, and \$2,366 loans and balances for last year. The total expenditures have been \$137,296. The Society is now indebted for paper, binding, &c., \$14,198 25, which with the overdraft of the donation account (\$8,017 99), makes a present debt of \$22,216 24, which added to the amount of loans bearing interest \$44,960 29, exhibits an indebtedness of \$67,176 53. Forty-three Sunday School Missionary Colporteurs have been employed for various periods of time in 17 different States and Territories. These colporteurs have established 770 new schools, or 251 more than were established by the same means last year; and have visited and revived over 1000 other schools, embracing 11,004 teachers and 81,808 scholars. They have distributed by sale and donation near \$15,000 worth of religious books for children and youth. Their salaries and expenses were \$11,894 04. Eighty-three new publications have been issued during the last year, amounting to a fraction short of 10,000 pages, 18mo. new reading matter. Of the whole number of publications the past year 53 were written for the Society. Not more than one in ten of the works offered for publication during the year, have been approved for the Society's purposes. The circulation of the Sunday School Journal and Youth's Penny Gazette has increased; of the latter over 150,000 numbers have been published per month, or more than 2,000,000 numbers in the year. This is not attended with profit to the Society, the price merely covering the outlay for paper and printing. The total value of publications distributed during the year is \$125,873 33; a larger amount than has ever been circulated by the Society in any one year since its organization.

STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH CHINA.—This subject is now eliciting considerable attention at Washington. Hon. T. Butler King, of the Committee on Naval Affairs, has presented an able report upon the plan. It proposes a monthly line of steamers from Monterey or San Francisco to Shanghai and Canton, by way of the Aleutian or Fox Islands, together with a branch line from one of the former ports to the Sandwich Islands. By communicating with the line of steamships which will soon commence running from New York to Panama and Oregon, a monthly mail will be thus established between the United States and China, through which intelligence can be transmitted in the short space of thirty days. Should a railroad to the Pacific be hereafter constructed, the time will be shortened to twenty days, rendering this route by far the most direct communication between England and China. The following is the statement of the distance, given in the report, which is about half that of the present sailing routes by the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn.

Table with 2 columns: Route and Miles. From New York to Chagres (2,500 miles), From thence to Panama (50), From Panama to Monterey or San Francisco (3,000), From Francisco to Shanghai (5,400). Total distance from New York to Shanghai (10,950).

RUSSIAN VERSION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—When the news of the French Revolution first reached St. Petersburg, the Emperor Nicholas gave proof of his fears that a knowledge of the glorious fact might excite rebellion among his own subjects, by suppressing for a time the publication of the only daily journal in the city. We have yet another evidence of these fears in the following article, which was published under the sanction of the Russian censorship of the press at Warsaw:—

"At Paris, there was a riot, which was promptly put down. His Majesty, Louis Philippe, is seriously indisposed, and by the advice of his physicians, he has resolved to abstain for some time from the affairs of Government, and go to take the sea baths at Brighton. On the King's departure there was a slight commotion, which was repressed, and which resulted in the retreat of M. Guizot. During his absence, the King has confided the direction of affairs to Count Mole."

METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced its session at Pittsburgh, on the 1st inst. We understand that strong resolutions against slavery were adopted, and a strong feeling manifested for the heathen in this Christian land. A correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser says:—

"The present Conference may be styled an anti-slavery body. Every Northern man who voted with the South four years ago, has been left at home; many who could not then be elected, on account of their abolitionism, are now here; and many who removed from the South, refusing to join in the secession, have been rewarded for so doing by a seat in this body. It would seem, therefore, that there is little reason to hope that any considerable concessions will be made to the South by this General Conference."

PLAIN TALK.—In a sermon preached by the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers, there occurs the following pointed paragraph, which we recommend to the attention of those people who dare not dissent from the doctrines of their minister, lest he should find them out and lecture them for their confidence in their own opinions:—

"Do you ever dare to bring your favorite minister to the tribunal of the world, or would you tremble at the presumption of such an attempt?—Now this want of daring, this trembling at the idea of a dissent from your minister, and this indolent acquiescence in his doctrine, is just 'calling' another man 'master'; it is putting the authority of man over the authority of God; it is throwing yourself into a prostrate attitude at the footstool of infallibility; it is, without the name of Popery, infecting your soul with its substantial poison, and weighing down your conscience by the shackles of Popery."

CORRECTION.—Some weeks ago we published a letter written by Hon. John I. Slingerland to the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, giving an account of the departure from Washington, by railroad, of about fifty of the colored people who failed in their attempt to escape from slavery in the schooner Pearl. In that letter it was stated that Hope H. Slatter, the notorious slave-trader, who had just bought these men and women, was a member of the Methodist Church. It is now said, that Slatter is not a member of the Methodist Church, and that the Methodist Church does not countenance the slave-trade in the hands of its members. The error probably arose from the fact that several members of Mr. Slatter's family belong to the Methodist Church, in which he is a pew-holder.

NEWSPAPERS AMONG MAHOMEDANS.—Rev. Mr. Calhoun, of the Syrian Mission, says that the first news paper in all the Turkish dominions, was started by an American Missionary some seventeen years since, and printed in the English language, for foreign residents, who explained it to others, and thus afforded a sample to the government and nation. The only newspaper now printed in the Turkish language was originated and conducted chiefly by an Englishman.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS.—The New York City Temperance Society, and the American Temperance Union, have issued a circular, recommending that temperance meetings should be held simultaneously in every city and town in the Union, on the Fourth of July next, as a peculiarly appropriate mode of celebrating that day.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.—The editor of the Missionary Chronicle has received a letter from the Committee of the Evangelical Missionary Society of France, dated Paris, March 17, in which it is stated that the work of evangelization was never in a more prosperous state. The letter says:—

"There is entire liberty of conscience, complete equality of churches, the liberty of holding meetings. We have no more fetters to fear in the prosecution of our evangelizing labors, no more suits at law for holding religious meetings; our efforts now will meet with no obstacles, except the limited amount of our pecuniary means. Our work has but commenced; an immense field is now open before us; it is completely free, and we have sufficient resources, we may send our evangelists, teachers, and colporteurs everywhere."

THOUGHTS FOR EMIGRATING CHRISTIANS.

A correspondent of the New York Baptist Register, writing from Wisconsin, makes the following appropriate suggestion on exhortation to Christians at the East who contemplate a removal to the far West:—

"In the first place, seriously inquire if your religion will bear transportation. You may think it a difficult problem to solve till the trial is made. If I mistake not, your past experience furnishes elements for a correct conclusion in the case. Have you, since entering the church, depended upon the deacons and influential brethren to feel all the interest in the cause and perform all the labor? Your seat in the sanctuary may have been filled on pleasant days, and your name may have counted one on the church records. But how has it been with the Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting; have you never had time or strength to perform the labor they require? In your pilgrimage have you been borne forward by the good brethren that love Zion? This being your character, should you be taken away from the precious privileges and influences enjoyed by the mass of Christians in the Empire State, and be placed in the wilds of Wisconsin, among strangers of every grade of sentiment and character, twenty miles from a place of worship, with no kind pastor to take you by the hand and lead you on to heaven, what would you do then? Give your heart to the world, of course, and neglect the duties of religion, as facts prove with a painful certainty. Though we greatly need the assistance of faithful Christians in this new country, we do not wish for such till converted. With emotions that only a Western man can fully understand, I am compelled to say, that we are sorely afflicted with such Christians already. Land owners may rejoice in your coming, but be assured the steadfast friends of Jesus will not."

SOCIAL HABITS OF THE CHINESE.

A missionary in China writes:—"The social character of the people invites the labors of oral instructors. In no heathen country do we find such attention paid to friendly intercourse. The people of all classes love to talk, and hours may be spent in social visits and pleasant converse. The scholar will often leave his books, the farmer his plough, the workman his tools, and the merchant his trade, to sit down and have a friendly interchange of thoughts and opinions, to learn the news of the day, or to discuss matters of dress, of custom, of foreign manners, and of idle gossip. Formal visits are received and returned with the utmost politeness and ceremony, and opportunities for seeing and talking with men, women, and children, are to be met with at all hours of the day. It need not be feared that the complaisance which Chinese show towards each other, will not be manifested towards foreigners. On the contrary the people love to be noticed and spoken to by us. A kind and gentle mien, a pleasant word, a friendly salutation, will ever meet with a corresponding return from the most menial Chinaman. In this respect, missionaries to China have a peculiar advantage over those who, in countries less civilized or wholly barbarous, are looked upon as beings of another order, or coming from some unknown corner of creation. Here our lives and property are not only secure, but we can form part of the social circle, and talk to the people of peace and pardon through the blood of the Lamb. Common politeness will lead our hearers to listen. What an opening this for those who are gifted with conversational powers, and grace to employ them in God's service!"

