





of hearing missionary intelligence drew Christians together—for in those...

In the Andover Theological Seminary, a season of earnest prayer, I have seen...

Another interesting feature in a meeting is the study of mission fields. One or more...

Another characteristic of a successful mission meeting is promptness. The exercises...

I commend to the thoughtful consideration of our readers the following extract...

There is a cant of skepticism which is as persistent as any which has ever defiled...

The strongest argument, the most powerful weapon which the temperance men had at hand...

The first to begin the temperance movement was a woman. Mrs. Esther Stillman, wife of Maxson...

In 1828, the Rev. Eli S. Bailey, M. D., gave the first temperance lecture ever given in the town or county...

people think the Secretaries of the temperance societies have an easy time; but actually which the executive committees...

Education Department.

Conducted by REV. J. ALLEN, D. D., Ph. D., in behalf of the Seventh-day Baptist Education Society.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

Historic Sketch—First Decade, 1836-1846.

PREPARED FOR THE STUDENTS' QUINQUENNIAL REUNION, JUNE 29, 1881.

Nearly synchronous with the origin of the school were the beginnings of the various modern reforms: dietary, temperance, anti-slavery.

Sidney Smith, in describing his first parish, said that its state of civilization was such that it was twelve miles to a lemon.

Who can measure influence? A seed, however small, dropped into the ground, may germinate and bring forth a crop of weeds...

The first settlers in this town were not what would be called drinking men; but immigration soon brought those that were.

The victory was apparently complete; but one more skirmish followed. A man who had been a successful liquor seller at the East, bought the hotel in this place, boasting that he would show the people that liquor could be sold at Alfred Centre.

In 1828, the Rev. Eli S. Bailey, M. D., gave the first temperance lecture ever given in the town or county, and perhaps the most effectual.

The good results of this lecture began to be seen at once. It was the foundation of a reformation which has blessed the church and humanity in this vicinity.

The Church in Alfred came to realize, as it never before had, that, in whisky, it had a mortal enemy.

From 1830 to 1836, temperance societies sprang up and had a vigorous growth, and did most efficient work.

At first, there were three forts of the enemy, saying nothing about the small arms, two of them garrisoned by officers of the church.

Such leaders in the church and school, as we have named, under God, awakened a general interest. Every trustee, every professor and teacher, and hundreds of citizens and students confiding in their leaders, joined in the refrain:

The first to begin the temperance movement was a woman. Mrs. Esther Stillman, wife of Maxson Stillman, Sen., proposed to her husband that their house, erected in 1825, and among the first of the frame houses in the town, should be raised without whisky...

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1. We find many happy homes here to-day, which, but for these untiring efforts, would be writhing with heartache, crushed with want and poverty, and wetting their hearthstones with their tears.

2. It has and will require a standing army to keep the drink fiend out of Alfred.

3. Know what nourishments are, and live upon them.

4. Know what narcotics are, and live without them.

5. We have passed the points of ridicule and contempt, reached the plane of research and earnest study.

6. Know that science counts man a very small fraction of life.

7. Science finds in the healthy body no alcohol, no structure made of alcohol!

8. It is dangerous for any man to undertake to stand where one hundred thousand annually fall.

9. God having created us in his own image, the greatest sin that we can commit against ourselves and our God is to eat, drink, chew, smoke, or do anything that will shorten life, render it less useful, or injure or destroy the noblest workmanship of God.

AS THE YEARS GO ON.

BELLE W. HEINEMANN.

[Athenaeum Lyceum, June 28, 1881.]

Ho, watchmen, on your towering height! You who are watching the world's struggling through. Who note the battle 'twixt Right and Wrong; What of the day and what of the night?

With voices, ringing strong and clear, Can you each answer to each, "All is well?" Or doth the ringing chamber to a knell...

And do you mind how fast they fall, The greatest, dearest, and best, one by one, The world's grand leaders, whose work is done?

Shall I be they who loitering stay? Spend all life's precious days, its fleeting hours, In gath'ring naught but leaves and flowers?

Or shall it be they, who with pain, Are longing, seeking for strength and for light, To walk in pathways of duty and right?

Shall human need and human cause Be ruled by laws fraught with true righteousness? Shall there be hands to save, true hands to bless?

Ho, watchmen, from the height of self! Ever taking note of the stroke of the hour, What of its weakness and what of its power?

With stronger hope and truer aim, Are we striving to scale the upland's lofty height, For broader view and a clearer light?

Does life as grand and noble seem, As when seen in the glow of the earlier time? Our work as great, and our deeds as sublime?

Where are the blossoms of bright buds, And where are all our numerous blossoms' fruit? How do our plan and purpose suit?

Oh, Alma Mater, tried and true! Beloved Mother, what of you, That standest so firm no wind can shake,

What of them that sit in your halls, That feel the warm shelter of your walls, That go in and out with busy feet,

What of them, beyond your loved walls, That on their lessons out of your halls? That are fledged and flown to chillier clime,

Do they learn their lessons, out of school, To plan and work by higher rule? Learn to toil and toiling, learn to wait,

Do their tasks seem long and so hard, Through mist of tears there's no reward, That they sit and pine till day is done,

Do they learn their lessons, out of school, To plan and work by higher rule? Learn to toil and toiling, learn to wait,

Do they learn their lessons, out of school, To plan and work by higher rule? Learn to toil and toiling, learn to wait,

Oh, have they, in life's stern school,

Learned highest grade gives strictest rule? And, by light of faith, can, hoping, see That hardest tasks bring richest foe;

Oh, may each and every one Deserve the treasures words, "Well done," And, whatever the lot and crosses they bear,

May true hearts, filled with gratitude, Ever give thanks for granted good, May no cherished form or well loved face Ever bring a sorrow or disgrace

Beloved Mother, tried and true, May God in heaven keep you, bless you, Bless each loved stone, and step and wall,

For the Sabbath Recorder. BEACH LIFE. BY EDWIN H. LEWIS.

BEACH LIFE.

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Twenty-five years ago, the whole population of the Atlantic coast, from Staten Island to Cape May, was confined to a few scattered fishing hamlets, and seaport towns.

Oh, I'm awful sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

As we stepped from the train into the long shady pavilions, we hear, besides the usual cab driver's cry, voices advertising passage to the shore by boat.

As the seaside colonies grow, the inevitable vendors and show-men, as well as the cheap restaurant keepers, pour in with wonderful persistency.

Close by this is a sea-side lottery, having no particular name, consisting of a target, in the shape of a gaudily painted, bulging-eyed, grinning-mouthed wooden image, over which is a card announcing that "Every time you put a ball through the eye, you get \$1."

Leaving this fraud, we come upon the camera obscura, heretofore almost exclusively used in scientific experiments; in the form here used, it is a small building, elevated ten or twelve feet above the ground.

Do they learn their lessons, out of school, To plan and work by higher rule? Learn to toil and toiling, learn to wait, Till dark is light and crooked straight,

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Or, have they, in life's stern school,

draws a cup of the lacteal fluid for a customer. This "Milk on draught" stand is a great curiosity, a much greater one than the "Wonderful American Show" close at hand, and is liberally patronized.

The general impression of these resorts seems to be that everything is here saturated with liquor. In too many places, this is the fact. Coney Island and Rockaway, with dozens of others, are doing a far greater business in intoxicating liquors than in staple refreshments.

A CHILD'S HEART.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curbstone up Woodward Avenue, to rest.

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

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