

The Sabbath Recorder.

J.P.Dye

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

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

TERMS—\$3 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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The Sabbath Recorder,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY,
—AT—
ALFRED CENTRE, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y.

As the Denominational Paper of the Seventh-day Baptists, it is devoted to the exposition and vindication of the views of that people. It will advocate all reformatory measures which shall seem likely to improve the moral, social, or physical condition of humanity. In its Literary and Intelligence Departments, the interests and tastes of all classes of readers will be consulted.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
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"FALLEN ASLEEP."

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

All the strife is over,
All the pain endured,
All the trouble borne for aye,
All the sickness cured,
Gently to the weary eyes
Comes the last long sleep;
Oh the peace is wonderful!
Who shall dare to weep?

Feet have walked the hurting miles,
Hands have wrought their part;
Lead is no more weary,
Rest has touched the heart;
And the face retains the smile,
Beautiful and bright,
Left when friends invisible
Kissed the last good night.

Glad must be the awakening
After such a sleep;
Loving welcomes fill the air,
And the joy grows deep;
The bright white, looking back,
Sees the victory won
And the gracious Master
Says to him, Well done.

Happy is the morning,
Fair the working day,
There is joy in labor
To the strong and gay;
But the sweet, calm eventide
Seems to me the best,
When the soul is hushed in peace,
And the tired may rest.

REFORM.

An essay read before the Iowa Yearly Meeting, held with the Carlton Church, Sept. 2 and 3, 1881, and requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

BY J. BRINKERHOPF.

In looking about for a subject for an essay on this occasion, that of Reform seems the most appropriate, and comes the most forcibly to my mind. More especially so, as our faith and practice of observing the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath of our Lord, brings us before the world as Sabbath Reformers. In fact, the whole Christian life is a work of reformation, for we seek to graft the work of grace upon the natures we have, to reform our lives by the Word of God from every error, to truth, from all evil habits, to perfect men and women in Christ Jesus. We should, therefore, continually seek to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth.

In considering the subject of Reform, we see that reformation is needed in the world, in the church, and in individual members of the church; in political matters, in religious society, and in the literary world. In politics, or in the governmental affairs of our country, there is often more of strife between the different political parties to gain and keep the ascendancy, than effort to make and execute laws of justice and righteousness. There is too much selfishness—a desire for self-aggrandisement, though it be at the expense of the public, or a sacrifice of the public good.

The professed Church of God needs a

deeper work of reform, for she is yet possessed of many errors, and the true theory of Protestantism has not gone far enough. She has been walking hand in hand with the world for so long a time that she can not easily divorce herself; in fact, lacks sufficient inclination; for, had she not the influence of the world, and that, too, an influence strictly worldly, she would lack much of her power of display of fine churches, with spires high pointing heavenward, her operative music, dramatic festivals under the name of innocent amusements, and the rich of the world to attend her service, and also much of her boasted pulpit eloquence. Though the efforts of the Christian world have been measurably successful in carrying the gospel of Christ to every nation in the world, as a witness to all people of the name of Jesus of Nazareth, her alliance with the world and its riches have tended to defeat her honest endeavors. For instance, a nation professedly Christian sends missionaries to a foreign land, and, at the same time, allows the groveling money-lover to carry a cargo of opium to stupefy the intelligence of the people, and run to incite them to deeds of inhumanity, thereby greatly retarding, if not entirely defeating, the work of religion. In like manner, many of the aboriginal natives of America have despised the name of Christ because, with it, people have brought to them the "fire-water," to steal away their senses and their self-control. The Church should have but one object in view in every undertaking, and that should be, God and his truth—love to God and man.

The true work of the church has ever been that of reform, for when Jesus, the Head of the Church, came into the world, he preached, saying, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." To repent is to reform, and the word is so rendered by some translators of the Scriptures. The message was to the church, for the Jewish nation at that time constituted the church—a national one—and none needed to heed the warning more than the heads and rulers of the nation, who were boasting their self-righteousness. Repent, and conform yourselves to the principles of the gospel and to godliness. When Jesus arose from the dead, and ascended to the Father, he commissioned his apostles to go forth in his name to evangelize the world; and they preached, Repent, or reform, believe, and be baptized. A reformation was needed from sin and self-righteousness, that the people might accept faith in Christ and believe in his name. The pure gospel went forth with power; but soon worldly wisdom and philosophy desired also to partake of its faith; and not being willing to forsake its own principles, aimed to blend the two; and the standard of truth and righteousness was lowered, amalgamating theology and mythology, vain philosophy and true science, the forms and ceremonies of idolatry with those of the Christian system, and a corrupted worship of God followed. The faith and doctrine of Christ had wrought a place among idolaters, teaching the people to "turn to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven." At that time, the worship of the sun was the principal custom of the people among whom Christianity was making its onward progress; and, as the heathen philosophers accepted the gospel, or professed to, they turned the day of the sun to the worship of Christ, the day of the sun's worship thus coming gradually to supplant the true Sabbath, which should be kept holy and dedicated to the service of God. This practice of sabbatizing on the sun's day was contrary to the complimentary Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians, that they had turned from idols to serve the living and true God; and, instead of the other clause of Paul's commendation, of waiting for the Son of God from heaven, they taught the doctrine of immediate reward.

Out of this corrupted Christianity proceeded the supremacy of the Roman Bishop, and the ages of moral darkness followed. Superstition, bigotry, the worship of images—which was but another form of idolatry, as was also the worship of saints—penance as an atonement for sin, and to secure the favor of God; purgatory, transubstantiation, and the withdrawal of the Scriptures from the common people. Whosoever dared to raise his voice against the power of the Papacy was in danger of persecution, and fifty millions of the disciples of Christ were mar-

tyred at the hand of Rome. But these souls who were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held, cried from under the altar, "How long, O Lord, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" Occasionally a light from heaven flitted across this moral and intellectual darkness, causing the cry to be made, "Babylon is fallen; come out of her my people," and also protesting against the assumptions of this self-exalted head of the church. Then another angel followed with a loud voice, betokening the dawn of the German Reformation of the sixteenth century, which cried mightily for reform, and to forsake the false teaching and practices of the Church of Rome. Martin Luther and his associate reformers cried out Reform, and the doctrine of justification by faith in Christ took the place of penance for sin and of salvation by one's own works. Ulrich Zwingli, at the same time, raised the cry of Reform in his native Switzerland, restored the Bible to the people, and taught the emblematic representation of the body and blood of Christ by the bread and wine of the sacrament. The names of Melancthon, Knox, and Calvin are prominent among the Reformers, and John Wesley, also, with the doctrine of free grace. The Reformation having opened up the way, and the power of the Papacy being somewhat curtailed, the Waldenses and the Piedmontese, from the mountain valleys of the wilderness, whither the church had fled from the face of the destroyer, came forth with the true doctrine and form of baptism, some of them also having retained the true Sabbath. On all these points of faith, the loud cry of Reform was raised, and many honest souls flocked to the standards.

The work of reformation has gone forward to the present time, and the gospel message is still doing its work, taking out of the world a people for the name of the Lord, and to uphold the banner of truth. And as long as this earth is tainted with sin, so long will the gospel and the truth find opposition; but the Christian's duty is to cry aloud and spare not, shout for Reform, and, if possible, snatch the brands from the burning.

As individual members of Christ, we are called upon to reform, and the work of conversion should go on as long as there is about us the least thing that is contrary to the spirit of true godliness. We are called out of the world to be the followers of Christ; and being justified from our sins by faith in him, and by his blood having the remission of our sins, we are to go on from grace to grace, arising from the emblematic watery grave of baptism to walk in newness of life or a renewed life. Has the gospel found us with worldly-mindedness, worldly fame, desires for the riches of the world? The gospel calls in a different direction, to humility, and to seek the riches of the kingdom of heaven. Has the gospel found us full of passion, with dissolute habits, selfish and ill-tempered disposition? Let the Spirit of Christ take their place, and manifest its fruit in love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Our very dispositions should be reformed and transformed to the perfect will of God. The gospel of Christ should have a refining effect upon our whole lives and deportment, sanctifying us in the language we use in our daily conversation and address, and raise us above the foolish talking and jesting of the world around us, with its low by-words and slang phrases. It should make us ladies and gentlemen in the highest sense; not in mere style and worldly vanity, but in true moral greatness and Christian bearing.

As to the temperance reformation of the present time, the very name of Christian is itself an enlistment in the cause, and a pledge against the use of intoxicating or alcoholic drinks, and we bid the cause God-speed. It is a worthy endeavor to try to stop the course of sin, and to reform sinners as far as we may be able. It is well to be zealously affected in a good cause.

Has the gospel call found you addicted to the habit of using tobacco? Then reform at once from a habit so hurtful to yourself, so useless and expensive, and so offensive to your neighbor. The spirit of the gospel is love, to your fellow-man as well as toward God. Are you showing its proper spirit when you impregnate the air he must breathe with the foul odor of tobacco smoke, or spew under their feet the saliva too offensive

for you to swallow? Defile not the temple of God; and the means thus saved will aid in carrying the gospel to those who have not heard or felt its power. You may be a Christian and use tobacco, but you can be a better one in a state of abstinence from its use. Our whole beings, by the use of every faculty, should be consecrated to Christ.

In looking all around us, we see the need of reform from error to truth, and from wrong to right. But where is the standard whereby we may detect wrong and know what is right? For every act of man there is found a perfect rule of righteousness in the commandments of God, ten precepts of duty and prohibition of wrong. With the Sabbath Reform, one of the precepts of this perfect moral law, we stand connected, and on it have taken our stand before the world and high heaven. Let us be firm, unwavering, for nothing is plainer in the sacred writings than our duty to observe God's memorial of creation. "If we know these things, happy are we if we do them." Let the work of Reform go on until the greatest of all Reformers shall come, whose right it is to reign as King of kings and Lord of lords, who is now sitting at the Father's right hand, gone to prepare mansions in the Father's house for us, from whence he will come to receive his people and to restore all things which the prophets have spoken; when the wilderness shall blossom as the rose, and all shall rejoice in the reign of the kingdom of heaven.

For the Sabbath Recorder.

"DISMISSION VS. DISCIPLINE."

An article appeared in the SABBATH RECORDER of Aug. 18th, over the signature of "J. R. I." upon the above subject, as a criticism of the action of the North-Western Association at its last session. Since I presented the resolution in question, it is in part a criticism of myself. But I delayed making any answer with the hopes that some one else more posted and positive on this question, and better able to analyze and answer, would take it up. But since it was partially directed to the framer of the resolution, I found that others would feel debarred from writing until I had said something about it. I regard this as a very important question. The problem of the management of churches is second to scarcely any other in importance, and perhaps also in difficulty, which relates to the welfare of our beloved Zion. It is one upon which I would be glad to read the ripest thoughts of most careful and competent men among us. I think we will have to meet this question in an organized capacity as a denomination. The object I had in presenting the resolution was to ascertain the opinion of the Association.

There are some points in the article which I wish to notice. The writer appears to be seeking information, and, therefore, asks three questions. 1st. "Does the author of that resolution start with the idea that the member is in some way to be dropped from our list?" If the thought is generic, that is, if it means whether any member should be dropped, I answer yes. But if it is specific, that is, if it refers to the members desiring to be dropped, I should say that circumstances might indicate either course. I am not sure that I understand the intent of the question. Does the brother believe that no member should be released from membership? Does he think that those who die should be held as members of his church? and those who join another church? When they become drunkards, or in any other way disgrace the church, should they then be retained as members? The brother says: "Statements of the real life and standing are due to any member, when he chooses to change his church relation." After he has changed his church relations, does he hold him as a member? If this is so, there would seem to be no way of getting out of his church. He would be a great deal closer than the North-Western Association in his demands upon his members. I do not believe that he is so unreasonable as this question would seem to indicate. It must be designed as merely an introduction of the other two, in order not to come too abruptly to the main question.

2d. "What is the regular process of discipline?" It is true we have no printed discipline as some denominations do, to govern our action in all cases, but I supposed that

the most of us accepted the Biblical statement found in Matt. 18:15-17, as the only method laid down by our Lord, for the management of all cases of unpleasantness, though some make it include only personal difficulties, and thus leave the others unprovided for by the Bible. The proper use of that rule, I call a "regular process of discipline." If it is not, I know of no such thing, nor of any divine sanction to preserve order in the church. The brother says: "Saving men to Christ, and binding them to the fellowship of Christian love should be the one aim of church relation." I understand that to be the very object of a "regular process of discipline." Would any one suppose that the Savior would give a rule, the legitimate result of which would be "to become rid of a member in such a shape as to bar all probability of a return," and "leave behind in the church, a chilling, alienating influence on other precious souls," and have "the effect on outsiders to dissuade them any thought of ever becoming members?" Had I gained such an impression of this subject, my confidence in the religion of Jesus Christ would be very much weakened. If the rule is not properly applied in some circumstances, or even generally, and therefore a bad result follows, it is not the fault of the rule nor an indication that it is inappropriate for these times. The rule prescribes three steps designed to reclaim the offender, all of which are to be exercised according to the "law of love." But provided all these fail, what then? The member has resisted the love and entreaty of a brother, it may be repeatedly, who has done what he could alone to reclaim him; he has also resisted the same expression of love by two or more brethren, and also the whole church in its organized capacity. Will the church allow him to remain in good standing after all this, having resisted the love, and defied the authority of the church? No organization could do that. The only other alternative is to let him entirely alone from the beginning, be as independent as though there were no organization. The Savior's rule says: "Let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." What else could you do consistently?

It seems to me that all love and no justice works disorganization; and all justice and no love works destruction. In the Bible we find both expressions: "God is love," and "Our God is a consuming fire." So it seems to me that a healthy church must have both elements in it. They should not be two functions, but one, and that should be a loving justice. So we find it is with God's dealings with men, and why is it not so with his church? He has love for his children, but justice for those who refuse to obey him, and yet the love and justice are so mingled and commingled in this world that they seem like one element. I understand that the very same plan is illustrated and continued by this rule of Christ. The brother seems to be thinking of a very different class from the one in my mind: those who have made some change in their doctrinal opinions, which may or may not involve a change in practice, and wish to change their church relations. The illustration used by the brother does not imply even a change of doctrine, but merely a change of circumstances, a question of convenience. The illustration was so briefly stated that I can not tell how well it illustrates the point. Such cases as the above are very rare, for the most of them lose their religion, and the majority of the rest do not wish to join any church. Hence a letter of recommendation would be useless; but one of dismission, including the cause of action, might serve as both.

3d. "Cui bono. To what gracious result would a regular course of discipline tend?" What has been said will answer this in part. I may answer it more fully in another article. "The resolution quotes no authority from the Book, and for the good reason that there is nothing of the kind there." As I understand it, I have given such authority. If these lines should do no more than elicit serious and sober thoughts through this paper or otherwise, I shall be glad. Not having had a long experience, I am yet a learner.

AN old lady from New Bedford visited Boston recently for the first time, and while viewing the attractions of the public garden, was pointed out the bronze statue of Charles Sumner. "Well I declare," the old lady remarked, "I never knew Sumner was a colored man before."

WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1881.
Receipts for the week were 23,296 pack exports, 6,108 packages. The market is Last week's creamery makes are quickly on arrival—special makes selling at 85c. for cream top. Finest fresh private dairy, good to compete with creameries, sell at 80 @ 81c. cream creameries are dull, in fact the slowest list. We note sale of few fresh make lots at 7 @ 23c., and well-kept early makes offered @ 20c., without finding buyers. There are of early make sour cream creameries in firkins @ 28c., and early dairy make at 24 @ 26c. In fact there is good demand for all kinds of fresh and prices are firm. We quote:
Very fancy, fresh make.....33 @ 35
Fair to choice.....30 @ 32
Cream creameries, fresh make.....27 @ 28
Early make.....25 @ 26
Butter, finely made, fresh flavor.....30 @ 32
Good to choice.....24 @ 26
Faulty.....20 @ 22
Creamery, fine fresh flavor.....28 @ 30
Earlier lots.....20 @ 22
In factory, fine June stock.....18 @ 20
Hot weather make.....15 @ 17
Poor to common.....10 @ 12

Receipts for the week were 85,423 exports, 51,327 boxes. There was only moderate inquiry, and a large proportion of the cargo unsold. We quote:
Full cream, fine.....12 @ 12 1/2
Fair to good.....10 1/2 @ 12
Poor to fair.....8 @ 10
Partly skimmed.....8 @ 10
Fully.....8 @ 4

Receipts for the week, 5,695 barrels, and boxes. There is more life to the market at present, and all near-by marks fresh eggs find ready on arrival. We quote:
Fresh eggs, near-by marks.....21 1/2 @ 22 1/2
In and Canada.....20 @ 20 1/2
S.W. dull at 23c. for Southern and Western.

Old stock is about out of market. New arriving sparingly and are quick taken at outside prices. We quote:
W.S. per bush., 62 lbs.....\$3 90 @ \$3 00
.....2 80 @ 2 90

Receipts of apples and peaches the South are increased, and prices hardly so last week. Old fruits little doing, but hold firm. We quote:
Sorted apples, ring cut, choice.....12 @ 12 1/2
Fair to good.....10 @ 11 1/2
Western, quarter apples.....6 @ 7
North Carolina, sliced.....6 @ 9
Peaches, evaporated.....33 @ 35
Peaches, sun dried.....18 @ 25
Dried peaches, halves and quarters.....7 1/2 @ 8
Berries, dried.....28 @ 30
.....18 @ 14

POULTRY.—We quote:
W.S. mixed, per lb.....18 @ 14
.....12 @ 13
Per pair.....45 @ 65
.....12 @ 14

BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, BEANS, ETC.
Advances will be made on receipt of property needed, and account of sales and remittances same sent promptly as soon as goods are sold. Agents, make no purchases whatever for account, and solicit consignments of prime property.

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AWARDING OF JURORS.
MONT, NEW YORK,
LEWIS COUNTY,
COURT OFFICE.
It is hereby given that on Wednesday, Sept. 22, 1881, at 10 o'clock A. M., a panel of Grand Jurors will be drawn at this office, to sit at the Circuit Court and Court of Oyer and Terminer, in and for the County of Albany, at Belmont, in and for the County of Albany, on Monday, October 17, 1881.
GEO. H. BLACKMAN, Clerk.

Missionary Department

Conducted by the Corresponding Secretary for the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society.

Rev. A. E. MAIN, Corresponding Secretary, Ashaway, R. I. Rev. Geo. B. UTTER, Treasurer, Westerly, R. I.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to address the Corresponding Secretary as usual at Ashaway, R. I.

LETTERS—Nathan Wardner, H. F. Clarke, O. U. Whitford, Sarah O. Cook Buell, Mary E. Rich, J. C. Rogers, Chas. A. Burdick, Samuel D. Davis, Julius M. Todd.

A LETTER bringing five dollars from the little Church at Norwich, N. Y., for missions, says: "May the blessing of God go with this little offering, as do our prayers, for the conversion of those that have not the gospel."

ELD. SAMUEL D. DAVIS reports twenty-seven persons who have embraced the Sabbath in connection with his labors in West Virginia during the past year. Only seven, however, have joined the churches. Has all been done that can be to bring these into the way of the Lord more perfectly? Let them be taught the New Testament order: first, conversion; second, baptism; third, the privileges and duties of church membership.

NEWS FROM THE HOME FIELD.

Greenbrier and Ritchie, W. Va.

When I consider the condition of the churches of which I am pastor, I am glad to report that the outlook is promising. True, both the Ritchie and Greenbrier churches had, just before my entering upon my labors as missionary, enjoyed precious revival seasons, which in their influence was telling well for good. Yet, in one church especially, there were deep rooted troubles. I have spent a great deal of time during this season in trying to make peace and reconciliation, and am now rejoicing in the belief that these troubles are at an end, and reconciliation is gained. I think the future, judging from the present, will be prosperous. One of the cheering evidences of Christian life at Ritchie, is the fact that the church is taking active measures to complete its house of worship, which, for a number of years has been in an unfinished condition, but when finished, as now proposed, will be a very neat, comfortable house. At Greenbrier the attendance on preaching service and Sabbath evening prayer-meetings is quite regular and full. While there are many imperfections, there is much encouragement, and while we see much need of continued Christian labor, the field appears to us prosperous.

L. F. RANDOLPH.

NEW SALEM, W. Va., Aug. 26, 1881.

Otselic, N. Y.

Early in April, the Otselic Church requested me to preach for them occasionally, if practicable, stating that they had been a long time without preaching, and sometimes without any meetings. Of course I responded favorably, and commenced to supply them once in two weeks, the 23d of April. I have been to this field ten times, preaching five sermons each trip; in all, fifty sermons. These services commenced Sabbath at 2.15 P. M., and close First-day evening. I have visited in all thirteen different families. In one of these I have made four visits upon the sick. In three other families I have made my home, as they are near the church. My time on the field, you will see, is so occupied in the pulpit, that I have no time for visiting except over night and before morning services, at 10.30. I have baptized five young persons, the youngest being fifteen years of age. Two of these, a young man of twenty, and a young lady of twenty-two, united with the church. The meetings and interest are increasing.

J. CLARKE.

DERUYTER, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1881.

Honeoye, Pa.

This Church consists, as you will see by its letter to Conference, of about twenty members, representing eight or nine families. Among them are persons well established in the Christian faith, glad believers both in "the law and the testimony," who love the Sabbath none the less because others neglect or despise it, and who will work, as they have ability, to maintain the principles they profess.

Situated on the border between the oil fields of Pennsylvania and New York, and probably on a rich but as yet undeveloped belt, the surroundings are not encouraging to religious growth and culture, and they find rival interests to contend against. Foreseeing, as all must, the future importance of

the locality in the growing interests of society and religion, there is the desire, on the one side, to hold the ground and get more, and on the other side, to defeat that object. During the past two years, those more deeply interested in holding the ground against us, have increased their efforts and tried to strengthen their operations. While our people have preaching only once in two weeks, and when the Quarterly Meetings in either of two districts occur at the time of the appointments, none at all, the others have a well-sustained, settled pastor, and regular meetings. This gives them, especially among people who like certainty and regularity, an immense advantage, both in feeling and in fact.

During the year, I have failed to be at my appointments four times. The first time I missed one Sabbath, kept at home by a severe cold; but it made an interval of a month. The next time, three Sabbaths were in succession—in June and July—and it was occasioned by the Association and two Quarterly Meetings, at intervals of two weeks each, thus keeping me away from May 27th to July 16th, a period of seven weeks. Since that time, I have tried to make my visits weekly, "redeeming the time," so that my full number of appointments for the year will be filled. Sometimes, when I see the effect of such intervals to depress and chill, I am led to question the wisdom of the Quarterly Meetings, which have been such a source of awakening and blessing among us.

During the year, the Church has lost by death two of its strong and reliable members, who, when the Church was first constituted, opened the doors of their hospitable home, giving hearty welcome to all. Though these doors have never been closed, they that come and they that go will not forget the oft-spoken and cheery words of Bro. Almon Burdick and his wife, Celinda Obit Burdick; both of whom, side by side, as they had lived, were laid to rest on the fourth day of March last.

The Church think they need more, not less labor. They now are so arranging their homes that they hope to be able to live near each other and their place of meeting. They also ask their missionary pastor to so arrange his appointments and work as to meet them at 3 P. M., thus enabling some to attend who otherwise can not. These meetings are asked for weekly. If the present missionary is sent to them again, he hopes to be able to comply with that request.

In conclusion, I will say, this field is still an open one. Many who work there on the Sabbath are well convinced that they are wrong, and are only waiting for a deeper and more continuous work to bring them to a decision. Open hostility and opposition have faded out, and our meetings are as well sustained as others of like character, while the M. E. pastor is himself a frequent and friendly attendant.

Our Quarterly Meeting in April last was well attended, and God blessed us with much of his Holy Spirit. Elds. Jared Kenyon, C. A. Burdick, M. S. Wardner, and G. P. Kenyon were with us, and greatly comforted the hearts of the Church by their preaching. At this meeting, Bro. B. O. Burdick was set apart to the office of deacon. In July, Bro. J. L. Huffman preached two Sabbaths, a visit timely and highly appreciated.

JAMES SUMMERBELL.

RICHBURG, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1881.

Hornellsville, N. Y.

Ever since my first visit to this field, I have felt encouraged, and consider it a promising one to work in. Most of the members are earnest workers, and though they possess but little worldly wealth, are ever ready to labor and sacrifice that the cause may prosper, and are determined to "hold the fort," under God, let what will come. Prayer-meetings are never neglected, and the little they feel able to pay is cheerfully and promptly given. Many have received a knowledge of the Sabbath truth through these efforts, and the labors of Brethren Rogers and Clarke; and some are seriously considering the question. Two converts have been added to our number, and we expect that more will unite soon.

B. E. FISK.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1881.

Republican Valley, Neb.

I intended to have got in about two weeks more of missionary labor, but have been delayed until the present. Although I have filled out the time allotted me by the Board, still the circumstances seemed to demand a little more work just now. There have been indications of a growing Sabbath sentiment on Walnut Creek, and word came to me a short time ago, since my last visit in June, that some fifteen or eighteen were about ready to be organized into a Seventh-day Baptist Church. I do not know as I shall

think it advisable to organize just yet; I have been urged to do so by prominent First-day people, and I think the time will soon come, if it is not already here, to make a move in that direction. There is a prospect of some changes in the society there that will take some hindrances out of the way. I do not think it at all advisable to organize a society into a church when there are elements of discord of which one can get no control. It is better not to build than to build with the certainty of a pulling down.

In looking over the past, although the returns may not seem all that could have been desirable, and all has not been accomplished that might at times have seemed possible, yet what has been accomplished is great cause of encouragement for continued effort. That we could hold up at all under the adverse influences of the seasons, should encourage us for this season, notwithstanding the abundant promise of the earlier months, has here, as in a large portion of the country, been a disastrous one. The signs of promise, then are the bringing in of three to the Orleans Church, who, one year ago, seemed almost unapproachable and especially one who seldom attended religious services; the increased tenderness of some toward religious interests; the more favorable regard of some to the truth as we see it, and the continued call for labor, together with the more ready welcome of your missionary in many places. Viewed by itself, this field, as it seems to me, calls for at least six months of general missionary work, besides the immediate work here at Orleans, which to all intents and purposes is missionary ground, as the church is doing next to nothing for the support of preaching. What I have received here, all told, would not amount to five dollars, and none of that in money. It is always my purpose in my communications to the Board, to give a dispassionate view of the field, without giving it the coloring of my own feelings and desires. Perhaps I fail to present it as its merits demand. I have encouragement that part of my expenses over the field will be met here. With heart and strength enlisted in the work, I remain,

Yours truly, H. E. BABCOCK. ORLEANS, Aug. 30, 1881.

North Loup.

In my review I see but little, apparently, accomplished; indeed, if you compare my reports with those generally received from here, it must appear to you that the movement of the Lord's cause has been backward instead of forward. There were quite a large number baptized who united with this church previous to my coming here, who now have no idea of trying to conform their lives to the requirements of the Bible; and as the Missionary Society, as well as the denomination at large, judge of the condition of a field by the number baptized, it will seem to you, perhaps, that you are spending money here in vain. The report from the church to the General Conference will show a decrease of membership, and yet, I think, the church is stronger than before these dead branches were cut off, and if more were excluded it would be far better for the church. I saw that these results must come when I became pastor of the church, but I knew we must pass through this experience, or die. So we are struggling with disease, but hope to recover. For the future, I think nothing would be better than for you to visit us and see the field for yourself and for the Board, and help us what you can. I do not write these things to find fault, but you know my way is to state the facts.

Yours in love of the work, G. J. CRANDALL.

Florence, Marion Co., Kansas.

I am here trying to do something to advance the cause of Christ. The field appears to me somewhat promising. I can do little more this time than become acquainted with the people, and learn how to work at some time in the near future, as I trust. The drouth has so matured the prairie grass and corn, that the farm work is very pressing just now. Have preached twice, am to preach again to-night, and shall have a few other opportunities before leaving. The work is great and large. The Lord bless you in your position to stimulate the people to missionary work. Hope to be present at the General Conference. May the Lord direct us all.

SAMUEL R. WHEELER.

SEPT. 1, 1881.

Southern Illinois.

In contemplating the past and the present, I think we have much to hope for in the future. We are very thankful to our great Creator for sending us a fine rain yesterday, which revived our drooping spirits very much.

F. F. JOHNSON.

STONE FORT, Sept. 1, 1881.

MY JOURNAL FOR AUGUST.

1. Elder Kelly preached at the house of Bro. Mounce, in the afternoon, on the occasion of his mother's eightieth birthday, from Psalms 71: 9; and in the evening he preached at the Enon church, where there were several mourners.

2. Visited five families. Eld. Calwell preached at 3 o'clock; and I preached at night from Psa. 34: 8. There are people in this country who are convinced that we are right about the Sabbath; may the Lord help them to come out boldly on his side.

3. Eld. Kelly and myself had an interesting interview with a family in which the mother alone was a Christian. Three of the children were mourners, one of whom has since professed a hope. Eld. K. preached at night from Psa. 50: 14, 15. Eight mourners came forward for prayers, and several in the congregation were deeply interested.

4. Went home and arranged with Eld. Robert Lewis to attend my appointment at Park's school-house. Eld. Kelly preached again at Enon, from Isa. 55: 7. My voice has become so hoarse I can not now preach.

5. Sermon at night by Eld. K., from 2 Peter 2: 9. There were several mourners, and one profession of faith.

6. Sabbath-day. There was a good rain in the Enon neighborhood. Preached at night from Acts 8: 35, followed by Eld. Vanclove, from Mark 7: 7.

7. Sermon at night by Eld. Vanclove, from John 3: 3. A great many came forward for prayers, and one young lady offered herself for baptism and church membership, and was received. On account of sickness in the neighborhood the meetings closed.

8. Preaching in the evening at New Stone Fort, by Eld. Kelly.

10. Accompanied Eld. K. part way home. We both preached at night in the neighborhood of Bro. Ensminger. Visited seven families.

12. Attended prayer-meeting at Old Stone Fort.

13. Sabbath-day. Preached at night in a Methodist meeting-house, six miles south of Stone Fort.

14. Met Eld. Vanclove at the Simpson Mineral Springs, four miles from the Methodist church, where people resort for pleasure and health. After several good pieces were sung by the young people, Eld. V. preached and I followed, speaking upon the contrast between the religion of Christ and the religions of the world. There must have been five hundred people present. Preached at night with Eld. Lewis at Old Stone Fort.

15. Went to Harrisburg on business, and distributed Sabbath tracts going and coming, creating a sensation on the subject, as is generally the case where I go. My object is to sow the seed; my prayer is that the Lord will bless it.

18, 19. Preached in the evenings of these days, in the church at Old Stone Fort.

20. Sabbath-day. Preaching at the same place, morning and evening, by Eld. Lewis and myself.

21. Went to the Olive General Baptist church some five miles south, to hear Bro. Bracewell talk to the people on the Sabbath doctrine. He was a member of this church before he embraced the Sabbath, and there was a good congregation to hear him. After his address, the writer made a few remarks, which were followed by a conference on the subject of the Sabbath. A preacher there said he would not deny that we were right, but claimed that Paul taught that all days were alike unto the Lord. The people eagerly came forward for Sabbath tracts, and at their earnest solicitation I left an appointment to preach there.

22-25. Improved the time reading and visiting.

26. Preached at Enon in the evening.

27. Sabbath-day. Meetings at Enon, morning and evening.

28. Preached on the subject of baptism, speaking of the rite as a memorial of our Savior's death and resurrection, and of the Sunday as being, in one respect, a rival. Eld. Vanclove followed the discourse with very appropriate remarks. After the meeting, a large concourse of people repaired to a place where "there was much water," and I baptized the young lady previously mentioned.

This was our silver wedding day, but we did not have the privilege of celebrating it. Will the Lord permit us to celebrate our golden wedding day here, or shall we be in the golden city, up yonder?

29. Eld. Charles M. Lewis has visited us from Farina, preaching several times, in our church and at the New Town. We were strengthened by his soul-cheering sermons, and wished he could have stayed longer. Several persons rose for prayers the last night he preached. To our preaching brethren let me say, visit us all you can; it is very strengthening to our cause.

We are thankful to God that he has sent glorious rain on our parched earth.

F. F. JOHNSON.

STONE FORT, Ill.

LETTERS TO THE TREASURER.—Prof. A. R. Crandall, Lexington, Ky.; C. V. Hib-

bard, Brookfield, N. Y.; Eld. S. R. Wheeler, Pardee, Kan.; Ira J. Ordway, Chicago, Ill.; Bertha Babcock, Welton, Iowa; "A Friend," postmarked Westerly, R. I.; Eld. Herbert E. Babcock, Orleans, Neb.; Maxson J. Green, Alfred Centre, N. Y.; Dr. Henry W. Stillman, Edgerton, Wis.; Geo. J. Crandall, North Loup, Neb.; Samuel D. Davis, Jane Lew, W. Va.

—Letters needing attention before the Anniversary of the Society should be sent to Farina, Fayette Co., Ill.

OUR MISSIONS.

Ever since the introduction of the gospel, the church has been engaged in mission work; and through that instrumentality we have been favored with the divine message. When we cease to impart it to others, the blessings will be withheld from us. The command is as binding upon us as it was upon the disciples to whom it was directly given, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The progress thus far has been slow; but no well meant effort has been put forth in vain. The promise yet stands, "Lo, I am with you." We have both a foreign and home mission; and although as a people we are few and feeble, yet we wish to bear a part in the great harvest of souls.

Where we are engaged in two enterprises of equal interest, one of them is likely to be neglected to the injury of both; and I have been fearful that we may be in danger of doing this. Our foreign mission must be sustained, but it can not be, unless our home mission work is prosecuted. Dry up the fountain, and the stream fails. Stop the home mission and there will be no increase of churches, from which we are to look for the means to sustain the foreign work. While our foreign mission must be sustained, I think we ought to reinforce our home work.

Many of our young men who are thinking of the ministry, talk as though they expected a position in one of the large, old churches, or to be sent to some foreign shore. With whom are we leaving the few sheep in the wilderness? Some of the wandering ones are there. My brother, leave the ninety and nine, and seek the one that is lost. If a large, strong church is desired, go, and with help divine, build one on the foundation you may lay, and not another. All of them have been built by human instrumentalities, and others may be. I believe there is more sacrifice to be made in engaging in home than in foreign work. When a missionary is sent to a foreign land he is furnished with a comfortable outfit, with an assurance of a remunerative salary, and generally located in a comfortable home where they can live with their families, who may be their principal associates. Their names, with an account of their experiences and circumstances are published in many of the periodicals of the day.

The home missionary, almost unknown, goes to the Far West with his family on his own charges, placing his family in a shanty or a dugout. Through the influence of some friends he may get a small remuneration from some missionary society, with an understanding that the remainder will be obtained upon field, as it ought to be; but it comes in slowly. If he goes to tilling the land, he is violating his engagement as a missionary; and so he toils on, taking long journeys away from his home, with none to care for the wife and little ones during his absence, all having enough to do to care for their own. But they are not laboring in vain. His appointments are out, and, in rain or shine, in cold or heat, he must go, and face the storm, range the valleys, climb the hills, to preach Christ to the scattered sheep. I know what I am stating to be no exaggeration, but true. The people are slow to do what they ought in order that the cause may be sustained. There are too many who complain that they are not supplied with missionary preaching, when they are better able to help themselves than many of the churches that help sustain the mission. Our people have not been educated to work in the cause of benevolence as they ought to have been.

In my early days I was called a missionary. I went to a settlement sixty miles from my home once in two months, and stayed two weeks, for five years, and my salary did not amount to more than fifty dollars a year all told, and I generally put up at a hotel one night going and one coming, and paid my own bills. I have carried a peck of beans in one end of my saddle-bags, and a piece of pork in the other for miles, and was glad to get them. My horseback was my study, and often the house of the stranger my home. But enough of this; those days are passed away.

There is a very large opening for home missionary work, and who will go? My day is passed; and have we not some who will say, "Here am I, send me?" Florida is evidently a promising field now open, and the cry comes from Arkansas, Texas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Tennessee, Kentucky, and the wide, wide world. Brethren, at the coming Anniversaries, do not forget the home mission; and before we reinforce the foreign mission, let us multiply the workers at home, and "sow beside all waters." W. B. G.

Education

Conducted by Rev. J. Atley, half of the Seventh-day Baptist Society.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

READ BEFORE THE STUDENT AL REUNION, JUNE 1881.

Historic Sketch—Alleg

BY E. A. WIT

The Didaskalian Association proved unsuccessful as a September, 1851, adopted with a view of securing for this respect. It also chose Alleghanian—head of the The name was proposed, seconded by A. R. Conway in a speech by T. R. Williams of adopting this name. C. Kenyon was a member, ergies and life to the building, and to-day our with admiration at the many manly and heroic sacrifices for the good of others among the members of the of Darius R. Ford, Da Weston Flint, Simeon M. other such names, all of men of worth, earnest, the world's great work—no doubt, by the transfer members of this Lyceum.

On the Anniversary of nearly years appeared such Stillman, now a successful York City; Weston Flint the Patent Office, Washington many others of note. A exercises for 1856, the I an honorary member of the lecture. In 1857, the the Ladies' Literary anniversary session. Weston poem, Miss E. Elvira, a dent of the Female Co J., delivered the Latin Thorp, killed in the C Lawrence, Kan., during livered the Greek oration.

Among those who in their country may be n pard, the only student y Kansas in her struggle from slavery, who also the late war, as did also C. G. Blackman, Danie ers, chaplain, O. M. B. ciously aided in the upb um, for the past fifteen few of the many from o not hesitate to face the try called.

The following are a questions that have cla the Society:

Resolved, That the should share equally in ating the slaves.

Resolved, That the unconstitutional.

Resolved, That the should have a promine course of study.

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In the Winters of this Lyceum, in conn Lyceums, presented a cinity courses of le Holland, Bayard Tay erson, Horace Greele Horace Mann, Sum Saxe, and others.

During a portion o ried its proceedings b philians in forming a training in parliam same was again ar These departures fr have proved benefi

Education Department.

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

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES—ALFRED UNIVERSITY

READ BEFORE THE STUDENTS' QUINQUENNIAL REUNION, JUNE 27, 1881.

Historic Sketch—Alleghanian Lyceum.

BY E. A. WITTER.

The Didaskalian Association, having proved unsuccessful as a literary society, in September, 1851, adopted a new constitution with a view of securing greater efficiency, in this respect. It also changed its name to Alleghanian—head of the mighty—Lyceum. The name was proposed by J. Allen, and seconded by A. R. Cornwall, and supported in a speech by T. R. Williams. At the time of adopting this name and constitution, W. C. Kenyon was a member, who gave his energies and life to the building up of this Institution, and to-day our hearts are warmed with admiration at the remembrance of his many manly and heroic qualities and his sacrifices for the good of others. We also find among the members of that time the names of Darius R. Ford, Darwin E. Maxson, Weston Flint, Simeon M. Thorp, and many other such names, all of whom have proved men of worth, earnest, faithful workers in the world's great work—made more efficient, no doubt, by the training received while members of this Lyceum.

On the Anniversary programmes of those early years appeared such names as T. Edgar Stillman, now a successful lawyer in New York City; Weston Flint, now Librarian of the Patent Office, Washington, D. C., and many others of note. At the Anniversary exercises for 1856, the Hon. Gerrit Smith—an honorary member of the Society—gave the lecture. In 1857, the Alleghanian and the Ladies' Literary united in their Anniversary session. Weston Flint presented the poem, Miss E. Elvira Kenyon, now President of the Female College, Plainfield, N. J., delivered the Latin oration, Simeon M. Thorp, killed in the Quantrell raid upon Lawrence, Kan., during the Rebellion, delivered the Greek oration.

Among those who have deserved well of their country may be mentioned Mark Shepard, the only student who left Alfred to aid Kansas in her struggle to secure freedom from slavery, who also served his country in the late war, as did also Frank Bell, captain, C. G. Blackman, Daniel Lewis, L. C. Rogers, chaplain, O. M. Rogers, who has so efficiently aided in the upbuilding of this Lyceum, for the past fifteen years—these are a few of the many from our number who did not hesitate to face the foe when our country called.

The following are among the numerous questions that have claimed the attention of the Society:

Resolved, That the North and the South should share equally in the expenses of liberating the slaves.

Resolved, That the Fugitive Slave Law is unconstitutional.

Resolved, That the study of the fine arts should have a prominent place in a thorough course of study.

Resolved, That the Catholic religion is incompatible with free institutions.

Resolved, That the condition of any people depends more upon their religion than upon their laws.

The discussion of such questions as these go to show that the members of the Society were keeping track of the questions of the day; that they were posting themselves, not only upon questions of immediate importance, but also upon those great questions that must occupy the mind of the world at large, thereby showing that in this work they were preparing to take up the active duties of life, not as a new apprentice would begin work upon a complicated machine, but as a master mechanic who has become familiar with the laws that govern the action of the machine. How thorough has been that preparation, is shown in the success with which they have met.

In the Winters of 1858, 1859, and 1860, this Lyceum, in connection with the other Lyceums, presented to the people of this vicinity courses of lectures, given by J. G. Holland, Bayard Taylor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley, Thomas K. Beecher, Horace Mann, Sumner, Hosmer, Fowler, Saxe, and others.

During a portion of 1860, this Society varied its proceedings by uniting with the Orophilians in forming a miniature Congress for training in parliamentary practice. The same was again attempted last Winter. These departures from the ordinary routine have proved beneficial, in enabling the mem-

bers to become more conversant with the workings of Congress; and as these have been studied, it has served to create an interest in governmental affairs.

As the Lyceum room is the drill-ground on which the members are to receive discipline for the sterner conflicts of life, it is necessary that they should have some close skirmishing here, that they may acquire themselves like men when they go out into the world. It is not surprising, therefore, that its walls often echo and re-echo with fiery eloquence as its members meet in debate on some important question.

It is said that one of the marks of growth and power of a Lyceum is the size and quality of its library. In 1857, the whole number of books in its possession was 65; in 1866, this number had increased to 300. It has continued to grow, till now, as shown by its catalogue, it contains in all 1,144 volumes. In it are found some of the best historical works extant. It also contains biographies of not a few of the most eminent men, as well as books of travel, and a very fine selection of poetry, fiction, and miscellaneous writings—the best published. The Lyceum seems to have adopted the motto that the book that is worth reading is worth owning; and with this motto in mind, it has culled from the vast field of literature only those productions that are of value to the owner, therefore to the reader. We thank those who, in the past, have so carefully selected for us, of the present.

The total number of members enrolled from the time of re-organization, in 1851 to 1866, was 1,600. The greatest number enrolled in any one term was 75, in the Fall of 1858; and the least number, 10. Since 1866, there has been so much of the roll-book lost that we can make no correct estimate of the number since that period, but should judge there were about 1,000, making a total of 2,600. These have come to us from the North, the South, the East, the West, nearly every State of the Union being represented, as well as some of the isles of the sea.

Nearly every nationality and sect found in our land have been brought together, and united by the bonds of brotherly love. And as these members of our Society have gone forth to the active duties of life, they have gone as participants in nearly every known industry and profession. Some of them have filled and are still filling the best places in the gift of the people to bestow.

From the fact that, at some times in the history of the Society, there were so many members of a theological turn of mind, the Society was called the Society of Theologians; but I believe none of the brotherhood feel to regret having been thus associated with these theologians, when we recall the long list of those who are performing faithfully and well the functions of the sacred office—messengers of peace and good-will to men.

The law that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is just as applicable in the preparation we make for our Lyceum work, as it is anywhere in life. If we sow the seed of earnest, untiring effort, we shall reap no mean harvest. The harvest will be in proportion to effort. As the most brilliant diamond is often found within the roughest and most uncomely mass, and reveals its brilliancy only in response to tedious polishing, so it has often appeared in the history of this Society, that the clearest and most to be admired intellects have been revealed in those who, with most unpromising beginnings, have been polished by hard, persevering effort. And what Lyceum work has done for these, it will do for others who work with the same determination to succeed. In the motto of this Society, *Perseverantia omnia vincet*, we find a sentiment which, if we as Alleghanians are true to, we shall be able to surmount, step by step, all the obstacles of life.

TIDE OF TIME.

BY LUCIUS C. WEST.

Read at the Anniversary Session of the Orophilian Lyceum, of Alfred University, June 28, 1881.

Hail, old scenes of long gone childhood! Though time-changed, ye still are here. By thy wood-crowned hills, we know thee, And thy streamlets flowing clear. As flow streams of memory, surging Through affections, gilded fair, Of a heart that's newly quickened, Till its secrets are laid bare.

By thy verdant meads, we know thee, Vailed by woe of sun and shade— Like the foreground of a picture, Which some master hand hath made— Where a mighty truth is taught us, That success is not a gift. In the recompense for labor, Full returned for honest thrift.

And thy high'er arching welkin, Dyed with heaven's eternal blue, Resting on these pillared hillsides, Still remains to mem'ry true; From which Hope—bright airy maiden— Comrade of the sun and stars—

Earthward showered her golden omens, When ascending through its bars.

By thy college, we do know thee, Where is served the hungry mind, Cause on creeds, with science sauces, With analogies defined, In the hush between the clanging Of its bellfired iron tongue— Come, come, come—just that way calling, In a weird voice to the young,

And thy Pine Hill! Hail old hill! With thy statues scaling far, Mystic realms of the superlative; Where the emigration called, Of young plans and aspirations, Had its depot in the air— Gold faced rails descending from it, To earth scenes of toil and care.

Would that we were like thy statues, Strong and great—unmoved by all Storms and forces, which cause manhood From wise purposes to fall; Dumb to pain when friends we've trusted, Acting, Brutus like, a part, Fiercely strike their falling axes Deep into the sinking heart.

Thou couldst tell majestic Titans, Sighing, swaying gracefully, That life's problems solved by many Were in secret breathed to thee, Proving sight of reckless childhood Sees the road the man shall tread— That the mind dwells 'mid its castles, Though feet wayward roam the sod.

Let us gaze, old scenes, upon thee, Let our feet again stray o'er, O'er thy meadows, o'er thy highlands, Like a mariner ashore, Reeling from the sea's commotion, And the turmoil of a mind, Drunken with those heart emotions, No tongue human hath defined.

Stranger friends would kindly pardon These apparent trifles brought— Trifles borrowed by the memory From its garlands time hath wrought— Could they see these scenes through our eyes; And those who form their youth had led, Here as now we see them—yet who Sleep with silent city's dead.

We will draw but one pen portrait, From its life 'twill be defined, In its garb of manly labor Of the body and the mind. There he stands—right there before you, Tall and slim, straight as a reed, One of those pale nervous beings With whom action is their creed.

I, a student, see bright lightning On his gold bowed glasses shine— 'Tis the solvent of some problem— Now I have it—it is mine. Faithful cooks with mocking candor In the barren larder delve— Nerve and force surprise their frowning— Savory dinner served at twelve.

Just this force laid low the forest, Where this allowed building stands; Found here your school of learning, Bore it in parental hands, As a mother yields her children, Heart's best love, and tender care, William Kenyon good seeds planted, Which to-day still bloom and bear.

VALEDICTORY.

Soon brothers, some of you depart from these Foot traversed paths and shady carriage roads Of pleasant culture, where hath been acquired The A B-Abs of life's long journey, 'mid Bright scenes of air built hopes and tender ties, For passage on a treacherous sea of chance. The crystal streams down which your bark hath sped,

Sighting the green lined shores have all been made. Aboard life's iron craft man stands or falls, Swayed by disaster's angry floods or rocked In peace upon the tide of grand success, By what there is of his intrinsic self. No bolstering up of ill acquired tasks, Can then be wrought by pecking in the book. His good intents can not propitiate Grave errors, which may cause the vessels sails To sweep the deck of treasure. Acts must vouch For what he is, if they the truth belie.

Instead of outstretched hands to aid him to His staggering feet again, some craven foot Upon his neck, where low he fell, he'll find Earth's paradise can not be gained by faith, And hope, as Heaven's not of mercenary saints. The man with keenest understanding, see Nothing's obtained without the cash to pay. They must do well those things they best can do, No matter what, if honest work it be, For men are men for all their craft or trade, And if not slaves within the hold they'd be They must be masters merciful on deck— Must brave and princely leaders be of men, Or be as cringing dogs coaxed on or forced, Must mark their course, win for themselves the goal, Though storm cloud's fiery darts make blind their eyes.

Or vessel rits in trough of dying sea. The wise man seeks no skillful hand to run The engine of his vessel, says his own, But grasps the throttle firm, asks no advice, And thunders on, laughing to see the speed At which its flying wheels go round, to hear The music of their splashing through the sea— Of his own destiny a mighty king. Thus birds, and poets, sing their sweetest songs For no one but themselves, not caring who'll Be listening, what ear will tickled be, Or who will disapprove and criticize; Yet he who marks his course with just regard For right of less brave voyagers perchance He'll overtake, whom sea's tempestuous rage Hath made so weary of their load, danger they can not see, he will be best indeed.

Aboard life's bark—oh! whither are we bound? Some seaward say, some Heavenward pray, some say We know not where. Old mariners with keen Experienced eye, scaling the deep beyond, Bow their gray heads and deign us no reply. Oh! whither are we bound? The voice rebounds From the elastic air like muffled drum sticks From a drum. Boundless murmurs the sea, We look before her bow, behind her wake Where seething waters roll and swell, and see Grim silny sextons gasketing in their boats— Life boats to them, caskets of death to man. We hopeful scan the far horizon which As flow descends, then skyward turn our gaze, Where traverses the mortal mind beyond Those limits which the eye can scale. We cry Aloud. No voice replies from regions far, While ceaselessly before our visions rolls, The checkered panorama of the world. To-day, a radiant bride in robes of light, Amid a shower of sun-kissed petals from The flowering trees of love and joy, glides by In sweet confusion, bright as they. Alas! To-morrow's sun as brightly shines upon Her wifely form, and face expressionless As chisled stone, save for the molten tears Which fall upon the great king of all her little world, Of the great king of all her little world, Gay birds, in wood's inviting nooks, piping To-day their maddest lays, to-morrow will Be croaking dirges, sadder than the heart

Hath known, or hanging, singed beneath the boughs Seared by the breath of forest's flaming air. All passengers on life's tide borne must taste The fruits of views and thoughts not all their own. Ah! well then for us if our minds are broad And clear, hearts true as steel, tender as tears, If noble manhood's honesty to man Be ours, with love stronger than hate or fear And charity than faith in things unknown, And yet life's crew grow wiser day by day. O! flowing tide of time, bear on the day We see afloat far on thy rolling wave When all mankind shall dwell in fellowship, And freedom still enjoy of thought and speech.

ENCOURAGE YOUR PASTOR.

We need encouragement, except the intolerably conceited ones; and let us hope such are never found among the clergy. Thankless, unrecognized service wears out the life, weighs down the spirit, and breaks the heart at last. The more of love there is in it, the more need there is of kindly recognition in return. A man who works by the day for the wages that stand at the end of it takes no interest in his work, has no thought for his employers, and does not greatly depend upon moral forces for his strength. Yet, even in such a case, a wonderful stimulus may be imparted by well-timed praise and other expressions of appreciation. It is a very dull and degraded spirit that will not quicken into greater activity and warm into something of enthusiasm, in the genial sunshine of an approving smile.

It is a mistake that employers make too often, and a very sad mistake, to receive service and to pay its wages, without a look or word or sign of interest in those that serve them. In this way they make service mechanical and menial; they check the healthy ambition of the laborer, stamp out all personal interest and sympathy in the few faithful souls that they might link to themselves and to their work with bonds of steel, and degrade loyal duty to the level of merchandise. The fact is, faithful service can never be bought, wages do not compensate it, money does not pay for it; nothing but love can be its recompense. A man who is too selfish or small-minded to recognize such service and recompense it in that way, is unfit to command men and to be intrusted with any great stewardship.

The rule works both ways. The obligation to charity is not all on one side. The hardest and most exacting service, the highest sacrifice, the greatest self-surrender, are possible only to those who lead. The duty of loving recognition and grateful acknowledgment is universal. Those who are served from above are bound by it, as well as those who are served from below.

There are mistakes and shortcomings here as well as there. Men are accustomed to receive, as a matter of course, as of right, the thoughtful provision and loving care of those who are over them. They often concern themselves more in criticism and complaint than in loyal co-operation. Nothing is too good for them; no amount of attention and favor is enough. They find fault with what is done, and for what they can not possibly make return.

We have seen the illustration of this, in every department of life—in the family, in society, in politics, in business, in all the professions. There are thankless multitudes in each. There are children, and men, and women, who constantly receive and never give; who complain and criticize, and are never satisfied, no matter what is done for them.

It should not be supposed that they who are appointed to minister need any less to be encouraged than they who labor in a lower sphere. Especially is this true of those who minister in holy things. They need to be strengthened by human sympathies as well as by divine grace. They give up all that they may serve the Lord and his people. They live in the world, and work for the world, while they have no hope of worldly wages or of earthly reward. They have to bear all the hardships of life with these to whom they minister, and to struggle against the same infirmities. What wonder if their heart and strength fail, when they receive no recognition or response! Shall we grudge or hold back the expression of our gratitude, that would nerve them to greater endurance and larger sacrifice? They do not live by bread only. They may starve, even when the salary is well paid. How is it, when the salary is kept back, when the congregation is cold and careless, when the parish seems utterly indifferent and heartless?

Encourage your pastor! Don't hesitate to let him know that you appreciate him and his work. He will do it better in knowing that you recognize and value it. Your praise is better than pen rent; your love than lucre. There is no end to what he will cheerfully do and suffer, if he knows that he has the love of his people. He is wearing out, not with work, for work is his calling, but with neglect. He thinks you do not care for it at all, that you are insensible to all the influences that he toils and prays for; his heart is withering for want of sympathy, his heartstone is cold for want of responsive love. Light it up again, O brother, beloved in the Lord! and help him to go on his way, making melody in his heart. This you can do by expression of personal regard and interest, such as you yourself crave in the work you are trying to do. In this, it is better to give than to receive. Encourage your pastor, and it shall return four-fold into your own bosom.—*From the Living Church.*

Do NOT make the Sabbath a day of terror to the children, by undue strictness and long-faced observances. The service of the Lord is one of love, and it should be always made bright and cheerful for the little ones, that they may not learn to regard it as a galling yoke.

A FATAL DISEASE.

Touchiness about our reputation is a disease most fatal to the spiritual life, and yet one to which most spiritual men are subject to a strange and unexpected degree. It is a perfect cankerworm to an interior spirit, and one of the most prolific causes of lukewarmness. Earth may be an unhappy place, but it is not the pressure of God's providences which cause most of the unhappiness, nor the roarings of the devil going about seeking whom he may devour. It is the human spirit operating in coldness, rivalry, jealousies, misunderstandings and exaggerated idea of little sights and wrongs. Now, the suffering of all these things—and it is very acute—comes from fretfulness about our reputation. The excessive care of our reputation is naturally a besetting sin oftentimes whose spirit of publicity does really make a Christian duty of the preservation of our good name. But let us consider what this fretfulness brings in its train. It is obviously quite inconsistent with interior peace, which is the soul of the spiritual life. For how can we be at peace if we make ourselves responsible for what is not in our power, but escapes from us on all sides? It breeds an exaggerated idea of our own importance, and so destroys humility. It causes suspiciousness and so kills simplicity. It is a daily source of irritability, and so ruins charity. It is the crowned king of distraction, and so draws off our attention from God and eternal things. Yet see what folly it is! For if we get what we wish, what does it amount to in nine cases out of ten but being better thought of than we deserve, looking differently to man's eye and to God's eye? And surely in reality we are what we are in the judgment of God, and we are nothing more. Thus, of all unreal satisfactions, the preservation for the moment of our reputation is the most unfruitful, the most anxious and the most precarious. The only decent pretense for such a jealousy is that we may not lose the means of serving God; and to act with a single eye to his good pleasure would be a safer and more successful rule of conduct than to put our reputation out to nurse with the thousand tongues of men. Hence it was that saints, who were silent under all other calumnies, would not for the most part rest quiet under the imputation of heresy.

Everything that is corrective of the human spirit in general is a remedy for this touchiness about our reputation. But the principal remedy of all is to keep our eye steadily fixed on the beautiful and potent example of our blessed Lord in this respect. As to his reputation as a teacher of doctrines, he was called a fool, and the question of Caiphas expresses the public opinion about him. As to his morals, he was called seditious, drunkard, and glutton. As to his truth, he was esteemed a heretic and a Samaritan, and was openly accused of witchcraft; and when condemned to death he made no defense. The lives of the saints hardly seem wonderful when we have studied the excessive humiliation of Jesus with regard to his reputation. Even to those who are far from saints it may be given by God to know the sweetness of calmness when we feel ourselves sinking out of man's sight into the divine deep of our Savior's dear and awful passion.—*Growth in Holiness.*

LOVE OF TRUTH.

The love of truth is very clearly brought out in the way we deal with ourselves. Often our convictions, reached by many a painful step of thought, are opposed by our feelings, and we yield to the latter by the sacrifice of the former. On the other hand, our impulses and sentiments are frequently crossed by our opinions, or by what we call our opinions. The impulses and sentiments, which are the very core of our being, are resisted, and violence is done our nature in one of its most sensitive parts.

Again, we make promises to ourselves. We enter into a covenant with our own hearts. In this and in that, we pledge our will and affections to conscience. Now, such obligations ought to be very sacred. There is no better test of a man's truthfulness than the way he regards promises made to himself. Selfishness will never compel him to fulfill his covenant with himself. Only that which is older than self, higher than self, grander than self, can accomplish it.

And this supreme force of fidelity, this truth in the inward parts, can proceed from nothing except the Holy Spirit dwelling in the soul as the source of light and life. Light and life must go together. In all the promises made to ourselves, we must be thoughtful, since thoughtfulness is the very foundation of wisdom. This wisdom will preserve us from supposing that a wish is a will, or a desire is a purpose. Rash promises are the worst of falsehoods. To mask our nature under this glittering unreality is one of Satan's "devices;" and we should not be "ignorant of his devices."—*Methodist Protestant.*

HUMBLENESS is peculiar to Christianity. Goodness is admired and taught in all religions. But to be good and feel that your good is nothing; to advance and become more conscious of pollution; to ripen all excellence, and like corn to bend the head when full of ripe and bursting grain—that is Christianity.

ALL God's providences are but his touches of the great instrument of the world.—*Char-nock.*

NEVER enter a room noisily; never fail to close the door after you, and never slam it.

The Sabbath Recorder.

Alfred Centre, N. Y., Fifth-day, September 22, 1881.

REV. STEPHEN BURDICK, - - EDITOR.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to "THE SABBATH RECORDER, Alfred Centre, Allegany Co., N. Y."

Our position as observers and advocates of the Lord's Sabbath is significant and important, not because we possess any superior wisdom or excellence to distinguish us above others, but because in the providence of God we are called out and separated to the maintenance of an important principle of Bible truth, namely, the integrity and authority of God's revealed Word as affording the only sufficient rule of faith and practice.

Nothing can be more explicit than the command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Nothing can be more definite as describing the time covered by this precept than the statement, "The seventh day [literally, the day, the seventh] is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

A precept so plain ought to end all controversy, and command the fullest acceptance. When this precept is dishonored, every other precept of God's law is dishonored with it.

We observe God's holy day of rest because God's Word and law makes it our duty, in common with others, to do so; and in doing this, we stand before the world to-day contending for no human theory, no mere choice between days as such, but rather for the very life and existence of God's law and Word as the basis of all moral character, all godly living in Christ Jesus.

"GOD BLESS THE LITTLE WOMAN" is the title of a new song, for a copy of which we are under obligations to the publisher. It refers to the noble wife of President Garfield, who has stood by her husband during the terrible struggle for life in which he has been engaged since July 3d, cheering him, encouraging him, urging him to keep steady, persevere, and he would yet conquer.

In a recent communication from the tent labors at Elmira, Bro. Rogers reports an increase of interest in the work there. Some had come to the light of God's saving grace. Nine had taken their stand for the Lord's Sabbath, and commenced keeping it.

The present condition of the President is the occasion of much anxiety. Through the changes of the week, favorable and unfavorable, apparently more has been lost than gained; and while there may still be hope of his ultimate recovery, it seems evident that his case is, to say the least, a very critical one.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October is a remarkable number, both for the beauty of its illustrations and the interest and importance of its varied contents.

row in our views, Judaizers, and legalists. We shall be accused of making the question of a man's salvation turn upon his observance of the Sabbath. We shall be spoken of as a people behind the times, living for the dead things of the past; and yet the truth must remain, that we are not living or contending for any mere sectarian creed or doctrine; are not holding up before men any mere abstraction in the way of Bible interpretation, but are calling the attention of men to the fact that God's revealed Word is the only sufficient rule of Christian morality and godly living.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW for October opens with a very able article upon "The Treasury and the Banks," by Mr. H. W. Richardson, editor of the Portland Advertiser. Mr. Wm. Myall contributes a critical and biographical essay upon "John Wesley."

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This song is arranged so that all players on the piano or organ, can master it with ease. Price, 35 cents per copy; or four copies for \$1. F. W. Helmick, publisher, 180 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

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will the whole number suffer by comparison with any other magazine.

"GERALDINE: A SOUVENIR OF THE ST. LAWRENCE," is the title of an elaborate poetical romance, just issued, by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass., which is highly commended and promises to become very popular. It was written by an American poet, who withholds his name.

ALFRED, in common with many other portions of the country, is suffering for rain. A recent shower has helped somewhat, but much more is needed in order to fill the streams and wells, revive decaying vegetation, and furnish food for flocks and herds.

We have received a copy of a song, entitled "Write to the sad old folks at home." The Song Friend says: "It is a good, plain, wholesome song, good words and expressive melody."

Communications.

REV. N. WARDNER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

HAARLEM, Aug. 2, 1881.

Dear Brother, - Friday last we had the pleasure to welcome here Bro. Rolf from Eidsvold, Norway. He arrived here from London and had stayed with us till yesterday. We all thank God that this brother has been here to me home.

Then I have to tell you that we had not only the privilege of Bro. Rolf's presence, but the Lord in his great goodness did enjoy us also that of the two brethren Potter and their three daughters. These gentlemen and ladies have spent with us the Sabbath last week. So we had indeed a feast day. Six brothers and sisters from foreign countries! The Lord is good and his goodness endureth forever.

As for my labor, since the so-called Ascension day, I did not go from hence; I could not. Tokens, that my labor has not been wholly in vain, I receive from time to time by people who does us know, that they have received much light in the scriptural doctrines of Sabbath and baptism, but positive conversions I can't made mention of.

On Monday morning, at 6.50, I left Haarlem for Hamburg, where I arrived at 9.15 evening, August 1st, at the house of my sister where I am at present. A severe cold has been much troubling me since I left London, but is becoming better.

While I have been here, I have distributed Sabbath Memorial and Sabbath tracts to only a few people. Some do not care for them, but Jews have accepted them, also a missionary for the Jews, who, two years ago

Since years he went to and fro through our kingdom to visit the different churches and Christian meetings, having no business. He wished to come and live in Haarlem to join us, but he feared the hatred of his family. So you see, light has come, but where is the power? Our prayers are for them, who dare not forsake father, mother, etc., for Jesus' sake.

Thursday, this week, Bro. Jones, of London, and family, will come here, D. V., to spend here three weeks. So we have another good expectation. May the Lord bless all these meetings!

Last night I could not finish this letter; now I will do so. Our dear sister Ca de Boer came to tell us her great joy that her father, who lives at Beverwyk, six miles from hence, had embraced the Sabbath; at least that he would keep Sabbath this week for the first time. That man has been convinced since more than two years, but because circumstances in his house, till now dared not to follow the light.

My dear wife wishes much to write Mrs. Wardner, and hopes to do so this week. She has much to do. The Lord gives her strength, but she is very busy from the early morning till night.

Dear Brother, - Sometime ago I wrote you from London. Trusting that you have received that letter, I would further add that I stayed until the 28th ult., when I left London for Haarlem; but from my last letter to date, when I left, distributed Sabbath Memorial and tracts chiefly to them that confessed that they were Christians, - as well English as Norwegian tracts.

I learned to know the brethren Potter, with daughters from America. They left London for Haarlem the same evening, so we were together on board the same vessel; and when day was fully come, I offered English Sabbath tracts to both Jews and Christians, and they were gladly received by both; and after a few hours we arrived at Rotterdam. From there, after I had breakfast with the brethren, we left for Haarlem, where I arrived some hours earlier, and was heartily received by Bro. Velthuysen, at the station, and then welcomed home to his family.

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received the tracts who shortly afterwards met me in the street, and said that my Sabbath idea was a sick notion: I quite unexpectedly met him again this time; he was very friendly and told me he had received the tracts, and invited me to his house. I have seen him and left some of the Memorials with Table of Days, over which he seemed very much pleased, and I had a very interesting conversation. He asked me to come again before I leave Hamburg. Further I came together with the Scandinavian seamen in the "Strangers' Rest" in this place, and have preached to them several evenings during the week, and the blessing of the Lord has been with us, and I have frequently been asked to come again, which I have done. I shall distribute the Sabbath literature. The tracts, Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 are ready from the press, and I expect to receive some in a few days; shall then send you some of them. I also have received a bill of \$50 through John Sisco & Co., New York, which I suppose is from the Tract Society, for the cause of the Lord for Norway; you will please give them my grateful thanks, and pray for me and mine, and the cause of Jesus. I have been trying for work, but have not succeeded yet.

Receive my grateful regards for yourself, Mrs. Wardner, and the church of God. I am your brother in Christ, H. C. ROLF.

REV. N. V. HULL.

"Requiescat in Pace."

BY YDA FAIRFIELD.

A man of God, Whose counsels and whose prayers have won Through faith in the Redeeming Son, Pardon and peace for many an one.

The strong and true, Though full of honors and of years, A leader bold among his peers, Has fallen, and while fall our tears, As falls the dew

The fiery soul whose burning zeal For God, and truth, and others' weal, No change or loss, from age could feel, Has found release;

The heart so tender, warm and kind, Which good in all things sought to find, Hath been in highest good enshrined.

The influence sown mid hopes and fears, Swept onward by the tide of years, Grand in eternity appears.

NATURE AND UTILITY OF PRAYER.

Prayer may be defined a condition of being on the part of man towards his Maker, that insures the enjoyment of favors, that would not come to him without such conformity. As an obligation, it is founded in man's relation to God as a dependent creature on an independent Creator. In the nature of prayer, God is presented to us, not only as creator and preserver, but the author of blessings, both spiritual and temporal, which are never fully enjoyed until sanctified by the Word of God and prayer.

The utility of prayer might be illustrated in this way: when it rains, water falls on all alike, but none catch and retain it except those who arrange their vessels right side up; and should it continue to rain, those vessels would fill and run over. So when man comes in a proper condition, in humble prayer to God, the divine favor will flow into his soul; and if he continues to importune before the mercy seat, he will ere long break out in the language of the Psalmist, "My cup runneth over."

Again, its utility is seen in bringing man to realize his dependence on God for every blessing, and in the ratio that he returns thanks and gratitude to God in humble prayer for these blessings, he has an enjoyment in them that the prayerless soul will ever be a stranger to. Hence it is that the pious per-

son becomes liberal in god God bestows the merc God accepts such sacrifici sight, and experience true that "it is more bl receive." How differ those who teach that it God, to do charitable d worship God by prayer if you take away from God you dry up the true lence. It is this want that makes many profess of losing some earthly revealed will of God. their plans of living to s wants, and make their those plans. In this are more than the Ove worship God and mamor

THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY ANN

In memory of NATHAN LARSEN, Seventh-day Baptist Church

He walked among us like a King Whose loving, tender heart And at the last, with muffled Sailed from our shores to meet

Whose only harbor is the port Whose only anchorage the Lo, he is safely moored where For heaven, I know, was met

Like ripened grain for heaven He waited for the angel re A glad disciple sitting at the Of Him who drank the wine And yet not idly waiting, for Bore gifts of blessing, and Brought comfort, and were o To those whose quivering lip

If, sometime, you and I shall Toward which, with longing Among the ransomed, we shall And learn that it was not in "Father, forgive us of our ex And may we of that happy Who, at the last, shall all be And in thy peaceful kingd

Thus ran the old man's simple Each day repeated, morning Yet ever new, for each day's Brought clouds and dark light And light there came, and peace

Shone in the face of him who And when his fettered spirit Their radiance still lay on

His life was like sweet incense Like healing oil on troubled Like Summer sunshine, or the His very presence blessed on And all who knew him loved When health, and happiness And all were saddened when h And faint would share his gr few

He lived a long and useful, ha He died a Christian's holy, an And rests at last, beyond earth In that best land of which It is a goodly heritage on high His is the rest to weary pilgr His is the dreamless sleep that And knows no waking or th

The Summer's sunshine, and t Fall on the Deacon's grave y And all the varied seasons com Unheeded by the brave heart But in the better country, you If, by and-by we tread its go Somewhere in that glad coun Our friend, the Deacon, we

LETTER FROM BRO. J.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder At the close of my labors wife and two little ones proceeded to make a few and Allegany counties. home, however, we found spend part of a day at the vent Camp Meeting, held in two and a half miles from train runs up and back for cents being the fare for a

The first person we re Welcome Stillman, of Rom schoolmate in DeRuyter, and his wife kindly captiv our stay most pleasant by his Advent brethren, and us marked favor. The tab in their nice tent would hotel. At the entrance to the where the baggage of visit for, free of charge, a sign placed in front. We count all occupied by families in of them well carpeted and ated, also warmed with cool evenings. Occupying on the grounds was the and tracts, Bibles and B from their own publishi were sold at reasonably

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ul thanks, and pray for me and mine,
he cause of Jesus. I have been trying
rk, but have not succeeded yet.
ive my grateful regards for yourself,
Wardner, and the church of God.
I am your brother in Christ,
H. C. ROLF.

gon becomes liberal in good deeds to others as
God bestows the means and opportunity.
God accepts such sacrifices as pleasing in his
sight, and experience proves the promise
true that "it is more blessed to give than to
receive." How different this view from
those who teach that it is more acceptable to
God, to do charitable deeds to men, than to
worship God by prayer and praise, whereas
if you take away from men their devotion to
God you dry up the true fountain of benevo-
lence. It is this want of devotion to God
that makes many professors of religion afraid
of losing some earthly good in obeying the
revealed will of God. Such persons adapt
their plans of living to secure their temporal
wants, and make their religion conform to
those plans. In this they worship the creat-
ure more than the Creator. "Ye can not
worship God and mammon." H. C.

THE DEACON.

BY MARTHA A. BURDICK.
In memory of NATHAN LANPHEAR, Deacon of the
Seventh-day Baptist Church of Andover, N. Y.

He walked among us like a patriarch
Whose loving, tender heart was pure and sweet,
And at the last, with muted oars, his bark
Sailed from our shores to join the white-winged
fleet
Whose only harbor is the port of peace,
Whose only anchorage the crystal sea;
Lo, he is safely moored where earth-cares cease,
For heaven, I know, was meant for such as he.

Like ripened grain for heaven's garner meet,
He waited for the angel reaper's call—
A glad disciple sitting at the feet
Of Him who drank the wormwood and the gall.
And yet not idly waiting, for his hands
Bore gifts of blessing, and the words he said
Brought comfort, and were countless as the sands,
To those whose quivering lips say "he is dead."

It, sometime, you and I shall reach that place
Toward which, with longing eyes, we look to-day,
Among the ransomed, we shall see his face,
And learn that it was not in vain to pray,
"Father, forgive us of our every sin,
And may we of that happy number be
Who, at the last, shall all be gathered in,
And in thy peaceful kingdom rest with thee."

Thus ran the old man's simple, earnest prayer,
Each day repeated, morning, noon, and night,
Yet ever now, for each day's toil and care
Brought clouds and darkness that had need of
light,
And light there came; and love, and trust, and
peace
Shone in the face of him who walked with God;
And when his fattered spirit found release,
Their radiance still lay on the paths he trod.

His life was like sweet incense, and his words
Like healing oil on troubled waters cast;
Like summer sunshine, or the songs of birds,
His very presence blessed one as he passed.
And all who knew him loved him, and were glad
When health, and happiness, and joy he knew,
And all were saddened when his heart was sad,
And faint would share his griefs, though they were
few.

He lived a long and useful, happy life,
He died a Christian's holy, peaceful death,
And rests at last, beyond earth's din and strife,
In that blest land of which the Good Book saith,
It is a goodly heritage on high.
His is the rest to weary pilgrims given,
His is the dreamless sleep that seals the eye,
And knows no waking on this side of heaven.

The Summer's sunshine, and the Winter's snow
Fall on the Deacon's grave year after year,
And all the varied seasons come and go
Unheeded by the brave heart resting there.
But in the better country, you and I,
If, by and-by we tread its golden street,
Somewhere in that glad company on high,
Our friend, the Deacon, we shall surely meet.

LETTER FROM BRO. H. D. CLARKE.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:
At the close of my labors in Elmira, my
wife and two little ones joined me, and we
proceeded to make a few visits in Steuben
and Allegany counties. Before returning
home, however, we found it convenient to
spend part of a day at the Seventh-day Ad-
vent Camp Meeting, held in Belknap's Grove,
two and a half miles from Hornellsville. A
train runs up and back for every service, ten
cents being the fare for a "round trip."
The first person we recognized was Bro.
Welcome Stillman, of Rome, N. Y., a former
schoolmate in DeRuyter Institute. Bro. S.
and his wife kindly captured us, and made
our stay most pleasant by introducing us to
his Advent brethren, and otherwise showing
us marked favor. The table they set for us
in their nice tent would do honor to any
hotel.

At the entrance to the grove was a tent
where the baggage of visitors was well cared
for, free of charge, a sign to that effect being
placed in front. We counted fifty-five tents,
all occupied by families in attendance, many
of them well carpeted and tastefully deco-
rated, also warmed with stoves during the
cool evenings. Occupying a prominent place
on the grounds was the tent where books
and tracts, Bibles and Bible helps (not all
from their own publishing houses either)
were sold at reasonably low prices. A tent

was also arranged for the sole use of commit-
tees. The large tent for preaching services
was about one hundred feet long and fifty
wide. Over the platform, in large ornamental
letters, was a motto: "Blessed are they
that do his commandments," under which
sentence was placed, "Can ye not discern
the signs of the times?"

As we entered the tent, Eld. D. M. Can-
right commenced his sermon from Matt. 26:
51, 52. We have no room or time for com-
ments, but will say that it was a most ear-
nest and excellent appeal in behalf of the
love of Christ; and as we sat enjoying the
feast, we felt ourselves drawing nearer to the
Savior, and making a resolution to be more
faithful in the Master's service, and to love
the souls of dying men. Surely the gospel
of Christ was faithfully preached there, not-
withstanding the adverse opinions of some of
my Seventh-day Baptist brethren. I do ear-
nestly hope, and almost believe, the time
will soon come when most fraternal relations
will exist between us as truth loving people,
and that all of error in both will be plainly
seen and removed, while the precious truth
will form a standard around which we can
all rally. God speed the day. The tent
and grounds were well lighted, and good or-
der was maintained. The audiences led by
Mrs. D. M. Canright, organist, furnished
good music.

AMONG THE LEADING ONES AT THIS MEETING I
NOTICED R. F. COTTRELL, JOEL SAUNDERS, D. F.
FERO, M. C. WILCOX, AND OTHERS WHOSE NAMES
ARE FAMILIAR TO SOME OF YOUR READERS.

We regretted very much our having to
leave without hearing other speakers and
getting a better understanding of the doc-
trines of our Advent brethren. We have no
desire to put our fingers into our ears and
run from them, for we believe they love the
truth, and with us are willing to search for
it, no matter where it is found. I have no
sympathy with the effort to keep us from
having a better understanding with each
other, and do hope the custom of sending
delegates, when convenient, will be revived.
All this is said without the fear of being led
into errors, or of being called by that awful
and most dreaded name, "Advent!"

I found many who felt a deep interest in
our tent work, and many were the "God
speeds" for Bro. Rogers and myself in that
most interesting and profitable labor.

I am glad we are all getting down to solid
work, and the belief that it is our duty to
spread the knowledge of this much-neglected
truth, whether the people heed and obey or
not. As Prof. Allen said in his sermon at
the funeral of our beloved and lamented fa-
ther in Israel, N. V. Hull, "The soldier
has no business with results; . . . accept a
thus saith the Lord, as a marching order to
be unhesitatingly obeyed, uncarrying results."
Let us look to our "marching orders,"
found in Isaiah 58: 1; 1 Tim. 6: 12; 2 Tim.
4: 1, 2.

In the RECORDER of the 8th inst., Bro.
Main said: "When the importance of any
truth or duty seems to be disregarded, it is
necessary to make it particularly prominent
in order that the attention of the people may
be directed to it." As no truth is of more
importance than that respecting the law of
God, and as no truth and duty is so neglect-
ed and despised as Sabbath truth and the
duty of observing it, it becomes necessary to
make it very prominent, and call the atten-
tion of the people to it. H. D. CLARKE.
LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1881.

VISIT TO NEWPORT.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:
Reading the letter of Senator Jones in
the RECORDER of Sept. 1st, brought so viv-
idly to mind a recent visit to that "beau-
tiful Isle of the Sea," that I have concluded
to tell you a little about it. A part of the
following is from my note-book, dated June
13, 1881:

Went to Newport Beach, Fort Adams, and
Spouting Rock. There we had a grand view
of the ocean, but it was very placid. Words
would fail to express my feelings as I sat on
those towering rocks, and gazed upon the
vast expanse of waters. It is grandly sub-
lime to me, and if in no other place, I think
that God is to be recognized there. "The
fool hath said in his heart there is no God,"
but where is his almighty power more mani-
fest? Who, save he alone can say to those
wild billows, "Peace, be still?" "Hither
to shalt thou come, but no further."

We next went to the old church. Mr.
Congdon, who has the key, politely gave us
an entrance; and as we passed through up
in the pulpit, we saw an open Bible, much worn,
but not the original one, as that has been re-
moved and is in safe keeping. Went up in
the gallery, found there a window-stool lying
on the floor, from which I broke a piece and
put in my pocket with two leaves of a shat-

tered Testament lying on the floor below,
both of which I shall prize as mementos. A
feeling of sadness came over me as I stood
within, and saw the old clock so still, the
Bible left alone on the desk, and I could but
think, "surely your house is left unto you
desolate." The ten commandments, in gilt
letters on a black ground, were looking nice-
ly. We were told that they were the means
of saving the house during the Revolutionary
War. The British troops, on seeing them,
dare not destroy the words of God. The
question came to me, Where are all the fa-
thers and mothers in Israel whose voices
were once heard within its sacred walls?
Over a century has passed, and none are
left to tell us the joys and sorrows experi-
enced there. Desolation and decay express
its present condition. The Historical Soci-
ety of Newport is negotiating for it, but it is
yet undecided. ANNA J. M. BURCH.
LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1881.

THE READERS OF THE RECORDER MAY BE INTERESTED
IN THE FOLLOWING:

A FRIENDLY LETTER.—To the Pastors of
the Churches of Elmira: Dear Brethren,—
You are hereby cordially invited to speak on
the claims of the Bible Sabbath, at the Gos-
pel Tent, Madison avenue, foot of Carroll
street, at your earliest convenience. The
people are desirous to hear you, especially on
the claims of the first day of the week, com-
monly called Sunday, to be the divinely ap-
pointed weekly Sabbath.
Fraternally yours, L. C. ROGERS.

The following editorial from the *Sunday
Telegram*, evidently inspired by "the clergy-
men," and designed to pacify them, is the
only "manuscript," save notices, sent by
us to the city papers, on the Sabbath ques-
tion. The "friendly letter" must therefore
be the red rag that has so fearfully excited
the animal.

"The crazy religious cranks who imagine
that the *Telegram* is a hopper into which they
can dump their chaff and grind it out to or-
der, will please impress this thing thorough-
ly on their minds—while we conscientiously
believe in free speech, and practice as well as
preach it, we want it distinctly understood
that no crazy heretic can slash away at the
churches, the Bible, and the clergymen,
without some slight foundation for their ar-
ticle and some argument to base it upon.
Free speech is one thing, free slush is another.
Authors of the latter will please send
their manuscripts direct to the rag man, and
thus save us the trouble and expense of finally
carting them."

HOME NEWS.

A Day in New Milton.
Sabbath-day, Sept. 3, 1881, was Quarterly
Meeting in New Milton, W. Va., and the
ordained members of the Sister Churches
nearest by had been invited to attend, and
assist in ordaining one or more men to the
deaconship of the Church. It had also been
announced that on this day the funeral of
Sister Sarah Davis, daughter of Bro. Samuel
Polan, and wife of Bro. E. Davis, would
be preached. Before 7 o'clock in the morn-
ing, the people began to enter the village on
the way to the sanctuary, which is at the
lower end of the town.

The Bible service at 10, under the super-
intendency of Bro. Willis, was quite a suc-
cess.
At 11, the house was full of anxious ones,
who listened to the funeral sermon, which
was preached by the writer, from the text,
"Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming
in the which all that are in their graves shall
hear his voice, and come forth; they that
have done good to the resurrection of life,
and they that have done evil to the resurrec-
tion of damnation," with interest and emo-
tion.

At 3 P. M., a singing service was held,
conducted by Prof. P. B. Davis, who handled
the organ and audience in his usually ener-
getic way.
At 4 P. M., the ordaining service took
place as follows: Eld. James B. Davis (pas-
tor) presiding; reading Scripture lesson,
Jacob Davis; opening prayer, S. D. Davis;
ordination sermon from the text, "Greater
love hath no man than this, that a man lay
down his life for his friends," L. F. Ran-
dolph. After the sermon, C. L. Polan came
forward, and was solemnly set apart to the
deaconship of the Church, by the laying on
of hands and prayer, after which Eld. Jacob
Davis gave the charge, and Deacons John-
son, Lowther, Lloyd Randolph, Asa Ran-
dolph, and Judson Randolph gave the hand
of welcome. Then came the communion
service, administered by S. D. Davis and
Jacob Davis. The opportunity these meet-
ings gave for the reunion and concert of ac-
tion of so many of the ministers and deacons
of West Virginia rendered the occasion
doubly interesting. S. D. D.
CLARKSBURG, W. Va., Sept. 12, 1881.

Condensed News.

GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE died at Bristol,
R. I., at 11 o'clock on the morning of Sept.
13th. He had been slightly unwell a few
days. The immediate cause of his death
was spasms of the heart. He was taken ill
Tuesday, Sept. 6th, but neglected to call
a physician until the 10th. Monday morning
he was much improved, and, contrary to the
advice of his physician, he went to Provi-
dence. On his return he complained of
severe pains in the region of his heart.
When the doctor entered the room, Burn-
side remarked that something must be done
at once. These were the only audible words
he uttered, but he was conscious until a few
moments before he expired, which was very
soon. Only the doctor and servants were
present.

The Rebellion found Ambrose E. Burn-
side a young man, thirty-seven years of age,
holding a responsible business relation in
New York city. Fourteen years before he
had graduated at West Point, and had gained
some distinction in the Indian wars; but,
after an unsuccessful venture in the manu-
facture of a breech-loading rifle of his own
invention, he drifted into railroading, and,
in 1861, was the Treasurer of the Illinois
Central Company, with his office in New
York city. In four days after the President's
first call for troops, he was on his way to
the defense of Washington, with a full regi-
ment of Rhode Island volunteers. At the
first battle of Bull Run he commanded a
brigade, and his gallantry and ability were
especially commended by the Commanding
General. He was made a Brigadier General,
and gave valuable assistance to Gen. Mc-
Clellan in the reorganization and discipline
of the Army of the Potomac. One year
later he took charge of a military expedition
to North Carolina, and conducted the en-
terprise to a glorious and substantial victory.
The State of Rhode Island presented him a
sword, and he was promoted to a Major Gen-
eralship. In 1866, he was elected Governor
of Rhode Island, and served three terms,
after which he was elected to the United
States Senate. His funeral was held at
Providence, Sept. 16th.

STATE FAIR BUILDINGS BURNED.—A
Kansas City (Mo.) dispatch of Sept. 14th,
says: "A fire broke out in the west end of
the main hall at the fair grounds this after-
noon. The hall was densely crowded and a
panic ensued. All efforts to quiet the excited
and terror-stricken people were of no avail,
and in their confusion they rushed hither
and thither trampling each other down,
while their shrieks, groans, and cries filled
the air. A strong wind was blowing,
and the fire spread with wonderful rapid-
ity, quickly communicating to the sur-
rounding buildings. In an incredibly short
space of time the main building, with all
its contents, was a mass of ruins. The
flames leaped across the avenue to the news-
paper row, quickly swallowing up the build-
ings of the *Times*, *Journal*, and *Mail*, the
Secretary's office, and a number of refresh-
ment stands. They next attacked the grand
stand, on which not less than twelve thou-
sand people were seated watching the races.
The people fled in terror before the advanc-
ing fire. Many were trampled upon, and a
large number maimed and mutilated. The
confusion was indescribable. It is believed
there was no loss of life, and no one is re-
ported missing up to the present. The loss
was \$50,000.

THE President's condition promises any-
thing but encouragement. One of the most
discouraging features of the case is, that
whenever the patient has had a relapse, it
leaves him more exhausted than before. Dr.
Bliss said last evening (Sunday) that "the
President had not repaired any during the
past twenty-four hours, but has merely held
his own." He had a chill Sunday night,
which lasted about ten minutes. MacVeagh
telegraphed to Lowell as follows: "The
President passed a comparatively quiet and
comfortable day, but this evening he had an-
other chill of less duration than that of yes-
terday, but sufficient to increase the very
great anxiety already existing. He has also
been growing weaker, and his present condi-
tion excites the gravest apprehension."

LATER.—Just as we are going to press, a
telegram came, stating that the President
died last (Monday) night at 10.55.

CAUTION.—If that young man who habitually
calls at this office, and distributes
choice apples and pears among the employ-
ees, does not desist from such a course of
conduct, we shall feel called upon to find
some *Place* in the paper to publish his name.
We have submitted to such treatment for a
long time without making public complaint,
as we did not wish to bring discredit upon
our most noted Cavalry General, whose name
he bears; but there is a limit beyond which
forbearance ceases to be a virtue. A word to
the wise is sufficient.

THE MICHIGAN SUFFERERS.—Latest ac-
counts confirm the previous reports of suffer-
ing in consequence of the recent fires. Whole
families in the burnt district have been
left entirely naked. People on the
road from Port Austin to Cass City have
been digging potatoes and picking corn roast-
ed by the fires, it being all they had. With-
in thirty miles of Cass City one hundred and
twenty-five families were sleeping in the
fields, with no covering whatever, some so
stripped that they were ashamed to show
themselves, and sent persons to obtain sup-
plies.

Three miles from Corfu, N. Y., forest
fires are doing great damage to valuable tim-
bered lots. Hundreds of cords of fire wood,
rails and fences are destroyed. In some in-
stances the flames have spread to clearings,
obliging families to move out of their houses
for safety. Some stock is dying from the
effects of inhaling fire and smoke. Stacks
of hay and grain had to be removed from
the fields to places of safety. The smoke at
times filled every house in the village. Un-
til there is rain there is no hope of stopping
the fire.

Fredrick Douglass says that during the
two years he spent abroad, though he was
much in society, and sometimes in the com-
pany of lords and ladies, he does not remem-
ber one word, look, or gesture that indicated
the slightest aversion to him on account of his
color.

A dispatch from Little Rock, Ark., of
Sept. 12th, says that during a norther at
Fort Supply, I. T., much stock was frozen
to death. Out of a herd of six hundred, the
loss was one-half. The norther struck that
place Saturday night.

Captain W. McMickan, of the steamer
Bothnia, has made three hundred voyages
across the Atlantic, and yet never lost a man.
He has attended altogether over sixty thou-
sand passengers.

The Star Organ Company's and Beatty's
Organ factories at Washington, N. J., were
burned Sunday, Sept. 18th. Loss \$200,000.
Four hundred men are out of employment.

A contract has been made with China for
one thousand coolies to work on railroads in
Texas and New Mexico. They are on their
way here, and will be paid \$1 25 a day.

A dispatch to San Francisco from Hong
Kong, says typhoons have occurred in the
China Sea, and many ships suffered grievous
damage and loss of life.

Congressman J. Hyatt Smith has with-
drawn from his congregation for the reason
that he can not perform the duties of a Con-
gressman and pastor.

Orders have been received at Sandy Hook
not to discharge heavy guns while the Pres-
ident is at Elberon, as the concussion is felt
fifteen miles.

The inauguration of Rev. Henry Darling,
D. D., as the eighth President of Hamilton
College, took place Sept. 15th, at Clinton,
N. Y.

A falling tree on the Glencoe and Pincon-
ning Railway, Sept. 11th, tore the roof off
the caboose of a freight train and killed four
men.

A heavy snow-storm occurred in Iowa and
Minnesota, Friday, Sept. 16th.
Seven hundred Mormon converts arrived
in New York Sept. 13th.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist
Churches of Southern Illinois, at its last session,
adjourned to meet with the Church at Pleasant Hill,
on the Sixth-day preceding the second Sabbath in
October. T. P. ANDREWS, Clerk.

THE Fifteenth Session of the South-Western
Yearly Meeting will be held with the Church at
Long Branch, Nebraska, on Sixth-day before the
second Sabbath of October, 1881, (Oct. 7th.) Intro-
ductory discourse by Eld. Geo. J. Crandall; Eld. H.
E. Babcock, alternate. J. T. BABCOCK, Sec.

WANTED.—Sewing Machine operators on Over-
alls and Blouses; in shop, or at home.
W. D. WELLS & Co.,
Brick Store, Alfred Centre, N. Y.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING of the Minnesota
Seventh-day Baptist Churches will be held with the
Church at Trenton, Freeborn county, commencing
on Sixth-day before the first Sabbath in October,
(Sept. 30th.) at 2 o'clock P. M. Eld. J. E. N. Back-
us was appointed to preach the Introductory sermon;
Eld. G. M. Cottrell alternate. A full attendance is
desired. GEO. W. HILLS, Sec.

BABY SAVED.—We are so thankful to say that our
baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and pro-
tracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop
Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored
her to perfect health and strength.—The parents,
Rochester, N. Y. See another column.—*Buffalo Ex-
press.*

LETTERS.
L. H. Kenyon, Darwin Lippincott, L. E. Liver-
more, S. Burdick, J. M. Todd, Mrs. M. T. Rushton,
Mrs. G. S. Clark, L. Kenyon, T. P. Andrews, Mrs.
S. H. Crandall, W. F. Place, E. T. Tomlinson, Mrs.
V. A. Willard, E. M. Bennett, J. Greene, Paul M.
Green, Eda L. Crandall, T. M. Davis, A. C. Burdick,
L. A. Uley, Mrs. Vira Rogers.

RECEIPTS.
All payments for the SABBATH RECORDER are ac-
knowledged from week to week in the paper. Per-
sons sending money, the receipt of which is not du-
bly acknowledged, should give us early notice of the
omission.

	Paid to Vol. No.
E. T. Tomlinson, Auburn,	\$2 00 38 86
Mrs. F. H. Crandall, Eldred, Pa.,	2 00 38 84
Darwin Lippincott, Bloom Centre, O.,	2 00 38 86
W. C. Whitford, Milton, Wis.,	2 00 37 82
J. T. Davis,	2 30 37 82

FOR LESSON LEAVES.
Eda L. Crandall, Milton, Wis., 24 50
L. H. Kenyon, Utopia, 18 50

Selected Miscellany.

A HOME PICTURE.

I'd have thee paint me a picture, John, A scene of real life, A faithful portrait of my home, My children and my wife. Don't change the week-day clothing, John, Best stiffness should prevail; Paint Freddie with his apron on, And wife without her veil. For, though she's gray and wrinkled, John, She's handsome still, you know, And looks about as well to me As twenty years ago. Commence it after supper, John, The children all at home, And each one busy at some task Exclusively his own. I want the picture truthful, John— The hole in Freddie's coat; The tear in Lucy's overskirt; The scar on Bennie's throat. Please make it very homelike, John, The family all; Close up the doors and bolt them fast, And let no stranger come. But you may give to Bridget, John, A faithful servant's place; And should you paint the cat and dog, I'll think it no disgrace. Then, there's our little grandchild, John, Who thinks so much of me; You'd better set him in the group, Or paint him on my knee. The picture would be faulty, John, To leave that baby out; His mother, too, might umbrage take, His grandam would, no doubt. Let wife stand in the center, John, And group the children near; The smallest in the foreground set, The largest in the rear. Then seat me in the foreground, John, To coax the children's mirth; And you may stand aside and view The brightest scene of earth! For I'll provoke the laughter, John, And you shall swell the tide; And soon you'll comprehend the term Of "parents in their pride." Now, wait a little longer, John, While I shall eat the boy; And you will get a faint idea Of true domestic joy.

AT THE LAST.

BY REV. E. J. FOOTE.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The end of drinking could not be better expressed than in these words. Like a serpent—that type of Satan—it biteth at last, and at the last it stingeth like a scorpion, whose sting is death. Who has not seen, and felt, too, the sad proof of this in a friend, in a husband, father, son, or brother, who were bitten to death by this venomous reptile, drink? They went down to the drunkard's cheerless grave, dragging many innocent ones with them. Alas! that there should be so many in our land who die the miserable death from this poisonous sting! At the first it is not so. The first effects of wine-drinking are pleasing; the sensations are delightful. The drinker is rich and happy. Pleasant images pass before his mind; the future is bright and joyous. But this delusion soon passes away, darkness and despair follow. At the last cometh pain and shame, the head and the heart-ache; the whole man is degraded. This is the scorpion sting that cometh at the last. There is no delusion about this experience. The beginning of drink does not seem to be dangerous, and herein lies the danger. A lad of twelve years was given wine to drink by a clerk in a store where liquors were kept, and made dead drunk. His companions seemed to regard it as a good joke. But that young man soon came to love drink; he squandered his inheritance, dragged his wife and children down to a wretched life, and himself died a drunkard before he was forty years of age. At first it was but a joke; at the last, it was the drunkard's misery and hopeless night. This is but one of tens of thousands of similar cases. The young man who drinks beer, and occasionally something stronger, to show his independence, does not feel the bite of the serpent. The adder's tooth is so smooth that it gives no pain at the first. But follow on a few years; that young man has become a bloated wreck of humanity. He staggers into the lowest drink-hole, and begs for a dram to quench the fires of hell that are burning within him. Poor, wretched victim of a fatal delusion! He feels the awful sting now when it is too late; the viper's fangs have pierced to his very soul. That rum-maniac in yonder cell, tortured with horrid visions of demons dancing around his bed, encircled by flames of the burning pit, cursing his Maker and calling for more drink; that is the young man who only took a glass now and then to be social with his companions, and who thought there was no harm in drinking beer. But oh, how the serpent's bite came at the last! How the scorpion's venom raged, like the fires of hell, through body and soul, in the end! At the last it is sure to come, the bite of the serpent, the sting of the adder. If young men would consider this, what a fearful thing an appetite for drink is, how stealthily it grows, and with what a death-grip it holds on, and how irresistible are its calls, they would fear to touch the first glass. But they think to be moderate and self-controlled; every poor drunkard in the land thought the same once. It is the moderate use that keeps the whole accursed business

going. If there was no drinking at the first, there would be no biting of the scorpion at the last. But the poison and death of drink does not stop with the drinker; the sting is felt in others beyond him. What desolation it brings to families, such as followed the Death-Angel through Egypt! More than one is dead, by this destroyer, in every house. There is sorrow for the first-born, in all the land. Much of the best talent and the brightest hopes in our country lie buried in the drunkard's grave, and tens of thousands of our generation are hastening to the same dark doom. Into what circle has not this serpent crept, and what household is wholly free from the bite? And the innocent are the greatest sufferers—women and children. Oh, the thought of the misery, the suffering and sorrow, the tears, blasted hopes, and broken hearts of the innocent sufferers by this awful curse of drink, makes the heart sick! Then add to this the wasted life, the bitter remorse, and the hopeless death that follow in the wake of this tide of woe, and does it not present the blackest picture that darkens this world? If only the drinker were stung with the scorpion bite of death, it would still be awful in the aggregate, for more than 50,000 in our land sink into the drunkard's grave every year. But these are only a part, perhaps the smaller part, of the vast number who suffer unto death from this evil. Think of the wives and mothers who go down to the grave broken-hearted, hopes and homes blasted, sorrowing for husbands and sons that drink has destroyed! And think of that much greater number of children, drunkard's children, robbed of their chance in life, sent out into the world with the brand of disgrace upon their forehead! The heaviest woe of this awful curse falls upon childhood. We could hate it forever, for the wrong it inflicts upon children. Here, its last sting is worse than death. And how easily might all this be prevented! If the first glass had not been touched! If the parents would not permit intoxicating liquors in any form to come into their homes, not for medical use except by advice of conscientious and wise physicians; if fathers, and all men to whom the young look for example, would keep aloof from all drinking-places, would not only shun them but would scorn them; if mothers and wives and young women would set themselves against social drinking, and against all use of intoxicating drinks; if they would raise a social barrier so high and strong that no young man, or man of any age or standing, who sided with the evil could pass it; if physicians in their practice would try to reduce the use of spirituous liquors to the lowest possible point, if these things were done all along the line of life, preventing and defending at the first, then the unmeasured depths of woe that come at the last might be prevented. At the last, this bite of the drink-serpent is death; at the last, its sting is the poison and pain of millions of scorpions. We can not cure it at the last, can do but little to mitigate its awful effects. When the fire rages at the last, the whole city is consumed. A single hand might have quenched the flame at the beginning, might have prevented it altogether; but no power could stay it at last. We should put out these fires of drink at the beginning, or, better, prevent them altogether. We must kill this serpent; grind it to powder, before it bites at all. And this can be done if all who love their fellow-men, and love the things that are pure, will help on the good work.—National Baptist.

SUGGESTIONS IN TIME.

What a Woman of Prominence in the Medical World has to say about Her Sex.

SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE DELIVERED BY MRS. DOCTOR KENTON, BEFORE THE WOMAN'S SOCIETY OF NEW ENGLAND.

(Home Journal, New York.)

In all ages of the world, poets, scientists, and men of prominence have looked with enthusiasm often akin to reverence upon woman; but it is only within the last few years that she has begun to assume her right place, not only in society, but with the world in general. Why so desirable an end should have been so long delayed it is difficult to understand; but that it has at last come is certainly cause for gratitude. In her social sphere, in her mental development and especially in her physical improvement, woman has shown wonderful advancement and such as astonishes the world. The health women are much more able to endure pain than are the women of civilization; but civilized women would resent the charge that they are weaker because they are civilized. A distinguished writer says: "If the women of civilization are less able to endure the taxation of their physical resources than are heathen women, it is a mere accidental circumstance, and one within their control." Let us consider for a moment the possibilities which present themselves to every woman. When the body is healthy, beauty is certain to appear, even in features and forms once plain; indeed it is the only known way to become beautiful, and all other preparations, powders, stays and laces are contemptible delusions. With health and beauty in all their attractiveness a new life dawns, and all the luxurious attendants of a healthy body come forth. The maiden feels the glorious possibilities of life; the mother becomes conscious of the grandeur of maternity and the joys of a family. All this is not only woman's privilege—it is her duty, and it embodies the highest definition of "woman's rights." After enumerating many of the blessings that follow perfect health, the speaker continued: All these desirable things can be accomplished, but in one way only. The Creator has given both woman and man perfect physical forms, and each is constitutionally equal to all natural demands. It is a mistaken and pernicious notion that one is strong and the other weak. No curse was pronounced upon woman which did not apply with equal penalty against man. If women believe the fatalism that disease is a necessary condition of their existence, it is

chiefly because the disciples of the schools of medical practice have been utterly incapable of competing with the multitude of ills, which, by personal carelessness or professional incompetency, they have permitted to fester upon woman. A few weeks ago, I received a call from a charming lady, whose earnest face clearly showed that she desired advice and assistance. Upon questioning her, she stated that she believed she was suffering from a paralyzed liver, and wished to know if I could in any way aid her recovery. Now, imperfect as her statement was in regard to the disease which troubled her, there is no doubt that THOUSANDS OF WOMEN are suffering to-day, from similar troubles, who do not recognize their cause so clearly as this lady did. Paralysis means death of the member paralyzed, and torpidity of the liver is the first stage of its dissolution. This is one of the most serious questions that can arise in the experience of any woman; for a torpid and diseased liver can not be cured at once, and it carries with it the elements of disease to all other parts of the system. With an imperfect liver, biliousness, languor, a sense of bearing down, constipation, displacements, uterine troubles and the thousand ills which are coupled in their train, come thick and fast. Then follow impure blood and all the evils which an imperfect circulation causes. A derangement of the kidneys or liver causes disease in the organs which adjoin; them just as certainly as a bad peach injures the other peaches in the basket. Not only this, but when these organs are in a healthy state, they restore and keep in order any irregularity which may occur in the lower portion of the body. No woman was ever seriously sick for any length of time when such was the case. No serious inflammation can occur when the blood is pure, and no blood can be impure when the liver or kidneys are in perfect order. I have seen very much of the troubles and ills to which women have been subjected, and I have learned to sympathize while I have sought to relieve. In endeavoring to carry relief I have tried to be free from prejudice and have in view but one end, namely—to help those who are suffering; and I feel it is my privilege to-day to state that I believe there is a means whereby these women who are suffering can obtain complete relief, and those who are in health be continued in its enjoyment. A few years ago a prominent and wealthy gentleman residing in Rochester, N. Y., was given up to die of Bright's disease of the kidneys. By means of a simple and purely vegetable remedy he was restored to perfect health, and has since been the means of saving the lives of many others. So efficient did HIS DISCOVERY prove in the case of many well-known men, that it began also to be used by ladies, and to-day, thousands of women, in all parts of the land, owe their restored health and continued happiness to the wonderful power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Mr. Warner has written testimony of hundreds of the best ladies in the land, enthusiastically praising the remedy, and thankfully expressing their gratitude for health. These letters are sacred, and can not be given to the public, but they overwhelmingly verify all the facts above stated. Nature has given woman a delicate, watchful, alert instinct, and she has found this remedy to be what her sex for years has needed, to restore and maintain perfection of nature. She resents the imputation that she is bound to suffer all the ills that attack her. She recognizes that suffering is but an incident of her existence, and that this incident is wholly within her control, if she can find the necessary helps which nature provides. The changeable character of our climate, the oftentimes exacting and enervating customs of society, of fashion, and of necessity, all conspire to impair the vitality of women. If we add to these the exhausting duties of motherhood, and the mental anxiety for the success of her husband in all his laudable ambitions, which play upon her nerves, it is surprising that, thus burdened, she should break down under the physical strain; by no means—on the contrary, the wonder is that she has maintained her physical strength as she has. I have not the time to elaborate this point. You yourselves very well know what the circumstances are which have rendered her life a burden. You also know that the PRIMARY CAUSE of physical degeneration is impure blood. The performance of the natural functions of womanhood and motherhood is not a disease, nor should it be so treated. Disease is the result of the transgression of physical laws by our ancestors—or by ourselves, and the natural coursings of the blood should not be considered. If, however, the blood be impure, it is certain to produce its poisonous effects in the parts with which it comes in contact, and thus cause inflammation and the innumerable ills that make the physical life of woman so hard to endure. An enumeration of the troubles to which woman is subjected, and the adaptability of the remedy above named for their cure was then made by the speaker, who continued: I am aware a prejudice exists against proprietary medicines, and that such prejudice is too often well founded, but we should discriminate in our judgments and not condemn all because some are inefficient. The merits of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure have been proven beyond a doubt, because they deal directly with the causes of all female troubles; they affect and control the body of the tree rather than its branches. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has indeed been a blessing for the rich; a boon to the poor. It has lifted men from a bed of death and restored them to vigor and health. But greater and better than all this, it has come to woman, has raised her, restored her, and kept her in concience, hopefulness and health. It has kept back disease by fitting the system to resist its attacks; it has regulated the life, purified the sources of life, and brought innumerable blessings out of numberless woes. The women of America, both young and old, have greater opportunities to-day than those of any land in any age. Their rights are more fully recognized, their privileges greater and their possibilities unlimited. They are permitted to enjoy life to its fullest extent, and to do this their bodies must be unimpaired. I congratulate the women of this free land that the keenness of their perceptions has led them to discover their necessities and what will satisfy them. I congratulate them that they who have reaped the greatest benefits from the scientific researches of independent investigation, are to-day the most enthusiastic proclaimers of the merits of this great remedy of which I have spoken. The spirit of intolerance, I may say in conclusion, so rampant in this age of free investigation, when all things are judged by what they are and not by what they seem, must eventually give way to the better, wiser, nobler liberality in which alone can be found true security, true peace, true health, and true happiness.

HARMONIC TELEGRAPHS.—The names of Reis, Varley, La Cour, and Grey are associated with a system of telegraphy that must be regarded as the most curious and interesting ever devised. All the systems of these inventors have been tried on a commercial scale, and they may be included under the general name of harmonic telegraphs. If a tuning-fork is by any means set in vibration, and is so connected with a line wire that each swing of its prongs makes and breaks the circuit, the energy of the battery will be manifested at the far end of the line in an electromagnet as a series of vibrations of the armature exactly corresponding to the vibrations of the tuning-fork. If a second tuning-fork

of precisely the same pitch or rate of vibration be placed in connection with the electromagnet, it may be made to vibrate and give its note so long as the first fork is kept in motion. Moreover, there may be several pairs of forks arranged in this manner at opposite ends of a single wire. Let any one of these pairs be sounded at the transmitting end, and at once the fork of the same pitch will respond to it. It seems as if each knew its mate and sang with it whenever moved by the electric sympathy between them. Out of this exceedingly interesting fact in science come the harmonic telegraphs. In practice a Morse key controls each fork at the sending end, and the receiving operator listens to the note of the fork that sings with it, and the notes appear as the letters of the Morse alphabet. No less than four messages have thus been sent over one wire at the same time, and as each fork replies only to its unison mate, the messages in no wise interfere with each other.—Charles Barnard, in Harper's Magazine for October.

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In the issue of the Philadelphia Record of the 27th of July was published an article relating to the case of Capt. William Palmer, now Quartermaster Second Brigade New Jersey State National Guard, who was wounded at the battle of Mossy Creek, East Tennessee, in Winter of 1863. In that article the striking resemblance of the case to that of President Garfield, in many particulars, was pointed out, the authority for the statement being the brave captain himself. A still better authority is Dr. David Kennedy, then surgeon U. S. General Hospital, West Philadelphia, who had charge of the case, and performed the operation of removing the detached bone, and finally extracted the bullet. The entire treatment being perfectly successful—Capt. Palmer living this day in the bloom of health. Dr. Kennedy does not hesitate to say that many of his patients both in military and civil practice owe their lives to the wonderful healing and strengthening powers of his medicine called "Favorite Remedy." The Doctor is in possession of an autograph letter from Capt. Palmer, attesting his indebtedness for his present good health to this medicine—"Favorite Remedy" which he says has doubled the obligation which he felt to the Doctor for the treatment of the Captain's terrible wound. While Dr. Kennedy is engaged in the introduction of "Favorite Remedy," he still continues the practice of his profession at Roundout, N. Y., performs all the minor as well as capital operations of surgery. Address as above.

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CHASED BY. Once there was a m cold north country, w or nine months winter drawn by reindeer or d their New Year's day a of July—with frework bell-ringing and bonfir a time generally. Th Erick, and he lived on a from a village, through forest. One day, just before to town to buy some f to celebrate with, and eat, and a big fat goose so many stories to hear that it was dark before for home. But his re and he put his sky rock dles, and fire-crackers, a seat of his sleigh, along the goodies; chuckling it, and saying: "Don't you sky-scrapers, and b bers, or you'll cook ma is ready for it—besides she has a chance!" An put on his big bear skin wolf-robos over him. I started toward home. After he'd got a mile and was thinking what have with his boys the a sound behind him. kept coming nearer. I tween a bark, and a ro he hearkened he knew it pack of them, chasing or four miles from home. He whipped up his rein to do this, for the deer ing, and was as much and he ran as fast as a r But the wolves kept saw that they would cat get near home. He k hungry, and there we that they were bold, a right out of the sleigh a What to do he didn't k to think of his firework he lifted the cover of out the bundle. The close that he could see close behind, and hear as they ran. He tore open a bunch lighted all the stems at his pipe, threw them ba They fell right in the and went off—bang-ban ten, twenty at a time, frightened, howl and popping stopped, they This time Erick he lighted, and he shot th them. One red ball v leader's mouth, and it v ful he ever had—so hot and doubled up, and ho But the rest had got so of the man and the de Erick let fly another bu and then sent off two o—the sort that run w around, nobody knew w shot right against the wof, and set the hair o to chase his blazing tail in a circle, howling as fore. When the other were worse scared than and turned and legged f faster than they had co And when Erick got saw how white and se asked him what in the doing. "Oh," he said, "I New Year's with a p warmed the stomach of another so they won't ing, I reckon!" And he told them wh had made; and they w they didn't think of wouldn't have the next faced little boy, who th his dinner, finally said "An' did oo save e g "Yes," said the fat little chub and kissing another." WHAT IS THE BIBLE large, beautiful tree, w for those that are hun and shade for pilgrims Kingdom of heaven. It is like a cabinet of stones, which are not of and admired, but used. It is like a telescope, objects and far-off thin neat, so that we can see beauty and importance. It is like a treasure-h for all sorts of valuable and which are to be had without price. It is like a deep, broa er, the banks of which where the birds sing, dear little children are A FRENCH officer, in er, reproached a Swis quarrelling, with his c fighting on either side we Frenchmen," said the "Sir," replied the Swi we fight for what we NEVER exhibit anger

