

The Sabbath Recorder.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

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

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WHOLE NO. 1935.

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It is desired to make this as complete a directory as possible, so that it may become a DENOMINATIONAL DIRECTORY. Price of Cards (3 lines), per annum, \$3.

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The Sabbath Recorder.

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A PRAYER FOR PATIENCE.

ADRIAN T. GORHAM.

Thou that hast heard my spirit's plaint in darksome days of gloom,
And wrapped about Woe's rayless night the smiling robes of dawn,
Again I come with yearning heart and meekly-bent knee,
Before thy awful throne to plead, Eternal King, with thee.

Thou knowest, Father, of the past—its weight of unshed tears;
Thou knowest of the soul's unrest that shadowed youthful years—
The bitter, bitter cup I quaffed, the cruel cross I bore,
And maddening thoughts, whose fiery flames burned to my being's core!

None else might know, but thou, my God, hast fully understood
The spirit's poise that swayed between the evil and the good;
And oft perchance, with pitying eye, from stary courts above,
Hast looked down on thy struggling child with more than earthly love.

I mind me of the weary time when hope had bid adieu,
And pelting storm and thunder-blast o'erswept my sky of blue;
When in the darksome pit I sank where hissing serpents twined,
And demons stalked with clanking chains my hapless soul to bind.

Amid the sunless depths I cried, my Father-God, to thee,
"Light—light and hope! O, give me light!" and joy 'twas granted me.
A form like to the Son of man upbore me to the day—
Brake all the clinging gyves of sin, and washed the filth away.

All glory to thy holy name for wealth of mercies past—
All glory, though my pilgrim path with clouds be overcast!
Thy chastening rod falls swift and sure—it falleth even now—
O, teach me to endure its weight, and 'neath it meekly bow.

Take thou this wayward, stubborn heart, and mould it to thy will,
Purge out the dross, tho' cruel stripes should be my portion still;
O, grant me patience to endure, and faith in thee to bide,
Till sighs are lost in songs of joy beyond the rolling tide.

—Domestic Journal.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Be careful not to over-estimate your own abilities. It is very natural to feel quite convinced of your personal skill, and to be aggrieved that your efforts are not more speedily recognized by employers; but rest assured that in the end employers will recognize any capability you may possess at its proper value, and are at all times eager to avail themselves of any elements you may possess that are advantageous to the pursuit of their business. If, on the other hand, your ability is recognized,

bear in mind that you are fairly established upon the right path, and be careful not to succumb to the inducements offered elsewhere by a slight advance of remuneration. This is indeed the rock upon which the hopes of thousands of young men have foundered.

TRUMAN WILCOX SAUNDERS.

Truman Wilcox Saunders died Sabbath morning, Feb. 18th, at 2:45. He had been sleeping alone in his house for some time, and taking his meals at a restaurant, his wife being away from home. Tuesday night, Feb. 14th, he left his office about 10 o'clock for his home, apparently in the best of health and spirits. Not returning to his office for a couple of days, search was made for him on Friday, and he was found in his bed, unconscious. He had vomited severely, drawn the bed-clothes up around his neck, and, apparently, become immediately unconscious, either from the rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain, caused by violent retching, or from apoplexy. His family were immediately summoned, his father and mother from Milton, and his wife from Berlin, N. Y., but none of them reached him before his death.

The funeral was held at the house, 487 Jefferson Street, and the services were conducted by President John Bascom of the State University, formerly one of his teachers at Williams College, and Rev. Henry T. Rose of the Plymouth (Congregational) Church. Truman was born in Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., Jan. 22, 1847. When eight years old, his family moved to West Hallock, Peoria Co., Ill.; for three years, from 1854 to 1857, he was a student in Milton College; for two years, from 1857 to 1859, he was a student and assistant teacher in Alfred University; he was a student in Williams College for four years, from 1859 to 1863; he was Professor of Greek and German in Milton College from 1873 to 1876; July 6, 1876, he was married to Lucy Carpenter Titworth, of Plainfield, N. J.; in the Fall of that year he became a Professor in Markham Academy, Milwaukee, remaining there one year. He then studied law, and three years ago was admitted to the Milwaukee bar, and opened an office in Milwaukee.

As a student and teacher, he was eminently successful, and in his chosen profession he was steadily pushing his way. The character of Mr. Saunders was one of unusual dignity, sweetness and force. He made friends wherever he went. He held the highest positions in the gift of his societies at Milton, Alfred, and Williams, and one of the highest honors in the gift of his class was bestowed upon him, that of Class President on Class Day, the students' red-letter day. The testimonies to his integrity and manliness by his acquaintances in Milwaukee were many and decided. They may be summed up in the statement of the *Evening Wisconsin*—
"One of the purest and most honorable and faithful members of the Milwaukee bar." President Whitford, who had known him from his early youth, said of him, "He was the manliest man that I ever knew." Said another of him: "He made friends slowly, but he never lost an inch in the favor and esteem of those who came to know him." His classmates in college testify that they never knew of an unkind, unmanly or coarse act or word in all his college life. Thus, untimely, has fallen a pure and noble spirit, who had declared that he should accept of no success in life that was not coupled with clean hands and a pure heart.

The change in his religious views was a source of much grief to many of his friends, but an intimate acquaintance with him and with the progress of his views has convinced me that he followed his honest convictions after careful study, and the right of private judgment can be denied by Seventh-day Baptists least of all people.

The following preamble and resolutions have been adopted by the Milwaukee League upon the death of Truman W. Saunders. The deceased gentleman was ready and forcible in debate, as well as genial in his social relations:

W. F. PLACE.
WHEREAS, the heretofore unbroken circle of our league has been invaded by death and our lives tinged with the shades of a deep and lasting sorrow over the untimely removal of our esteemed and gifted brother Truman W. Saunders; and
WHEREAS, we have always recognized in him an integrity and manliness not surpassed by the world's best prototypes, in whatsoever age existing; and
WHEREAS, we, the members of "The Milwaukee League," have in an especial manner seen and ad-

mired the intrinsic merits of mind and heart so strikingly exhibited in the life and intercourse of our departed Brother Saunders;

Resolved, That we the officers and members of the Milwaukee League, take this occasion of expressing our great remorse on account of his death, and our heartfelt sympathy for his afflicted family; and

Resolved, That, in the demise of Truman W. Saunders, this league has lost one of its most cultured and valued members; the legal profession one of its most studious and conscientious representatives, and society an honorable, courteous and useful citizen; and
Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased member, and furnished the city press.

CHARLES M. BICE, } Com.
H. J. DESMOND, }

FAMILY AND CHURCH VISITS.

In perusing the RECORDER of Feb. 23d, I find an article entitled "Family and Church Visits," which I beg leave to heartily indorse. If there is anything calculated to keep up the warm loving feeling which exists in a well regulated family circle, as they begin to leave the old home, it is to gather there often, and as nearly as possible, in an unbroken circle, and review the associations of youth, the pleasures and joys of childhood, talk over the plans of the future, and cheer up the aged parents whose toils and prayers have long been given for them. "If there are," says the article referred to, "such benefits connected with the social gatherings of kindred Christian families, is it not even more beneficial when Churches of kindred faith, by such invitations, visit each other, and unite in soul-union around the table of our Lord?" It has been my privilege to attend and participate in a few such gatherings, and never have I been more elevated, interested, and deeply impressed for good, I believe, than on those occasions. As we gather around that sacramental feast, and thus remember our Lord and Savior with the privilege of speaking of our conflicts, joys, and victories, and partake together of the commemorative elements, what an opportunity for us to *unitedly remember Him* who has opened unto us the way of salvation, to renew our pledges, and cheer each other in our Christian pathway. Would that such gatherings were more frequent, and more heartily entered into. To be social, religiously, is a help. To speak of each other's varied experiences in our Christian walk, seems to build us up and strengthen us for the many duties which devolve upon us. As in the family circle these gatherings seem to cement the severed interests, so will such gatherings of the church, if properly managed, do the same. Small churches may thus be much encouraged, and the cause of Christ generally advanced. A. A. LANGWORTHY.

MEMOIR.

Prepared by Mrs. Martha A. Burdick, read before the "Women's Temperance Union of Allegany County" at Scio, Feb. 15, 1882, and requested for publication:

"With a tenderness which is akin to reverence, we breathe the name of our beloved sister, Mrs. Esther J. Brown, who passed from this life into the Silent Land beyond, November 26, 1881.

She was the youngest of the seven children of Jonah French, well-known in the early history of the town of Wirt, Allegany County, N. Y. Her school days were spent at Richburg, and Friendship, Academies, after which she devoted herself to the work of teaching. So successful were her labors in this capacity, that many who received the benefit of her instruction, do not hesitate to express the opinion that she ought never to have given up the profession. At twenty-two years of age she became the wife of Anson D. Brown, of Andover, and in that village the remainder of her life was passed.

A noble, Christian woman, a loving wife and mother, she trod bravely the path, which, toward the last, disease made so painful, and at the age of thirty-seven years, folded in resignation, the hands that had been so ready in tender, helpful ministrations, and was prepared to go. In her death the ranks of faithful laborers in the cause of godliness, temperance, virtue, and every form of high and holy endeavor which a woman in her sphere in life could forward, have lost an efficient standard bearer. Her life and death bear witness to the truth that it is not a vain thing to trust in God. She found comfort in the hour, when the shadows of the 'dark valley' were closing around her, in the words 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished the faith.'

The home, the church, the community, and all that came within her influence, share a common sorrow, and silently bear a grief which words can not hope to assuage; and yet it is only for our own loss and loneliness we weep, not for her who is safe in the sheltering arms of the All Father. We walk on yet a little farther, groping our way among

the shadows, but upon her hath fallen the sunshine of eternal day. Our own selfish longing finds expression in the oft repeated lament, 'we loved her and she is dead,' but at the coming of the Comforter into our stricken hearts, we close our lips and question not, for 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Further Cabinet changes expected—District Attorney Corkhill to be removed—Sergeant Mason's Trial—The fifth act in the Garfield tragedy.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, March 3, 1882.

The rumor of further changes in the Cabinet to occur in the near future, was confirmed by one of the President's most intimate friends. The Interior Department portfolio, he said, would lie between Postmaster General Howe and Frank Hatton, with the chances of the latter enhanced by the fact that he hails from the same State as Mr. Kirkwood. Mr. Howe, though, is most likely to be the coming man, as he has personally asked for the position, and his experience in the Senate adapting him for the office. Wm. E. Chandler for Secretary of the Navy, the President now has under consideration.

It is again rumored that Col. Geo. B. Corkhill, District Attorney, is shortly to be removed from office. Belief in this report has led to the filing of numerous applications for the position, mostly by members of the District bar. Inquiry at the Department of Justice elicits the fact that some fifteen or sixteen applicants are in the field. Most of these have pushed for the place since the Guiteau trial.

The trial of Sergeant Mason for shooting at Guiteau while guarding the jail in which he was confined, was concluded at the arsenal yesterday, and although the findings of the court-martial have not been made public, it is understood that he has been convicted, and that he will probably be imprisoned at Fort Leavenworth. The findings must be approved by Gen. Hancock before they can be carried into execution.

The fifth act of the Garfield tragedy was enacted at the Capitol on Monday before a large and distinguished audience. The first was the shooting, the second the death, the third the burial, the fourth the trial and conviction of Guiteau. There is but one more act to come, and then the drama closes, and that is the execution of the murderer. The scene at the Capitol was a very impressive one, and will linger long in the memory of those who witnessed it. The bright morning sunshine brought forth thousands, who flocked Capitolward long before the hour announced for the opening of the doors. There were a number of Congressmen early on the ground, actively engaged in placing their ladies and other friends. At half-past 10 the galleries were literally packed, and those who came afterwards had to be content with occasional unsatisfactory glimpses through the open doors. It appeared that the seating capacity had been greatly over-estimated. Notwithstanding the reiterated announcement of the press, that none without tickets would be admitted to the Capitol buildings, there were hundreds there merely to be turned away. AUGUST.

PULPIT TALKS ON TOPICS OF THE TIME,

by Rev. J. H. Rylance, D. D., Rector of St. Mark's Church, New York, embraces the following subjects:
Religion and Science; or, Evolution and Theology.
Religion and Social Organizations, with a notice of "Nihilism."
Religion and Popular Literature.
Religion and Popular Amusements.

In an introductory note, the author says: "The following Lectures are printed as they were preached, the freshness and freedom of pulpit address being preserved. No claim can be preferred for originality, or for any singular merit of any sort, in their behalf. They are popular addresses simply, on topics which people are talking about. Some of the positions assumed are very 'unorthodox'; but even these are profoundly Christian, I believe."

The character of the lectures, so far as we have had time to examine, indicates careful thought, and considerate regard for the views of others. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 10 & 12 Dey St., New York. Price 25 cents.

PROGRESS is the title of a new publication to be issued quarterly by the Massachusetts State S. S. Executive Committee, at twenty-five cents a year, under the personal care of Eben. Shute, Secretary, Tremont Temple, Boston, to whom all communications should be addressed.

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.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From North Loup, Neb.

Bro. Geo. J. Crandall has arranged to preach at Calamus, a point twenty-five miles up the valley, on the third Sabbath of each month. At North Loup, that day, there will be a prayer and conference meeting led by some one appointed by the pastor the Sabbath before. "I presented an outline of church work for the year," writes Bro. Crandall, "at a special church meeting held here, and it was adopted by the church; and I have not seen such enthusiasm manifested in any meeting since I have been here. I expect the people at Calamus will organize a Sabbath-school soon. . . . I know you will rejoice with me in the increasing interest on this field. Bro. G. and wife united with us last Sabbath."

"I go to Davis Creek regularly every Sunday evening, except the one I am gone to Calamus. Congregations average about thirty. I have preached here every Friday evening since you were here, having several engage in prayer before the sermon, and having conference after the sermon. These meetings have steadily grown in interest. I think there were sixty or more present last Friday night. We are having neighborhood prayer-meetings also, one each week, I think these will result in good. I am very busy now."

"We have changed the time of holding our Sabbath-school with an increased attendance. We have begun to move also toward building a church, so I think we are going ahead."

Scandinavian Missions.

We are grateful that Eld. Sindall has been up here to Nicollet county to preach the gospel to us. This is a hard place for Seventh-day Baptist ministers to make a beginning, for we Scandinavians are of slow growth. We are like trees and other vegetables growing in a northern climate: it takes a long time to come to maturity. But, let the glory be to God; he has already broken the wall in the Methodist ranks. One of their best church members kept the Sabbath for the first time last Sabbath, the 4th of February, and the next day she received baptism. And here I must say I have seldom seen the Spirit of the Lord more visible. When she was ready to go into the water, she made some remarks, warning her neighbors of false doctrines, and exhorting them to search the Scriptures and see whether they were in possession of everlasting life or not. Some others are dumbfounded, and don't know what to say. How it will come out in the future remains to be seen. Yesterday, the Elder and myself went to St. Peter, to see if there was any opportunity for preaching there, but it did not seem favorable. He is now preaching in two school-houses in our neighborhood. We hope and pray for more conversions. Pray for us.

Yours truly, ANDREW NORTH, SR.
ST. PETER, MINN., Feb. 9, 1882.

FROM REV. G. VELTHUYSEN.

I printed a new tract about the Sabbath, and posted a thousand copies of it through the whole country, to such persons as I judged by means of the religious papers, etc., to be interested in matters of religion. The tract is of four pages, and entitled, "From heaven, or of men?" It is somewhat an imitation of the little tract, "Do the Scriptures teach it?" I received some time ago from America. I have put in some declarations concerning the Sunday feast, of the most esteemed theologians in Holland; then my paper *de Booschapper* is republished now as a monthly. I printed 1,200 copies of it and sent a very great share of them to theologians and other people, and in each copy a billet for subscription, but have not received more than fourteen subscribers. I preach twice every Sabbath in our chapel, and have also every Sabbath afternoon the Bible-class. On First-day we have our common meeting with young folks, that I gather by means of giving them the pleasure of pictures by a sciopticon; two of the members of the church are my helpers. The pictures are of several kinds, and I try to join the useful with the agreeable; above all I seek to sow among all that I show and tell them the seed of truth, although it is not all Biblical that they see or hear. We have some difficulty from the circumstance that my pictures have been for three years the same. I bought, when I began, about three hundred; a great num-

ber, but at last they all have been used more than once. From the German tracts I had the pleasure to receive from the Tract Society, I posted some to a Baptist in Alsace, whose name I found in a German paper. I wrote to him a letter asking him, whether he received these tracts. If so, I prayed him to read them and compare them with the Bible. And I received from him the following letter in the German language:

"The tracts you sent me I studied with zeal. I conversed with many brethren and sisters about the doctrine of the tracts. I could not but defend very much, nay almost all. So they called me a Sabbatarian; but I was not disturbed by it. Can you send me still some historical facts, touching this subject? You know, dear brother, when one has said something of this kind, he is attacked strongly on all sides, and then must be able to defend himself. Thus, time permitting you, please fulfill my desire. When I can find time for it I should like to tell you word for word our discussions here."

Three times in January I was at Amsterdam, where some persons are clearly convinced of the truth but not converted to it. But, God permitting me, I hope to continue to go now and then to them. Perhaps truth will become the mightiest to them.

I don't know, dear brother, that I have to mention anything more. I hope and pray that I may be a faithful servant of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and that his grace may preserve me from being wholly unworthy of the love and help of so many brethren and sisters who sustain me in my labor for this cause, by means of your Society and other efforts. The Lord bless all who love him and work for him.

HAARLEM, Holland, Feb. 6, 1882.

FROM D. H. DAVIS.

Your letter of Nov. 9th ult., came on the evening after the Sabbath, Dec. 24th. I take the earliest opportunity to reply. I truly hope that we may soon welcome others to aid in the great work that is before us. More depends on a complete consecration and love for the work, than upon splendid ability. Ability, without earnest application, will not accomplish much in China, or anywhere else. Should some one be sent, it would give me an opportunity of being away at other points, while he was learning the language. I think we might manage to do a great deal without any great expense, at least for one year and a half after the arrival of a new missionary. I feel confident that a new point would be to the advancement of our work. But a medical missionary might do much good without a dispensary. When the Chinese once find that they can get the services of a medical missionary, they will seek them at their homes, and anywhere. We might begin on a small scale, but work and pray for greater things. This would hold true, whether the work was done at Shanghai or at a new station. In starting a new station, I expect we would not be able to complete it within two or three years. First, I presume we would be obliged to rent a Chinese house, and live among the people awhile, to show them we wanted to do them good; then probably we could buy land for building. Most all missionaries have found it very difficult to settle or establish a mission at any new station. We would likely find it the same. I hope that some one may be sent, that the work here may be extended.

At a meeting held one week ago last First-day, the brethren present decided that hereafter they would make weekly contributions for the support of the church, and solicit all members to lay by each week as the Lord has prospered them. I do not expect the contributions will be very large, but it is a beginning in the right direction. Respecting the wages of native assistants, I have come to the conclusion, that to preserve the spirituality of the church, it is quite necessary that the wages paid to native assistants should be determined entirely from a Chinese standpoint. To put a premium on preaching the gospel in China is to bring into the Church those who are greedy of gain. We should not pay a preacher more than a native church of one hundred members could support. I feel that we should labor toward self-supporting churches. I have been studying this question almost ever since my arrival. I find that other missions are paying, in this province, from \$4 to \$8 per month; I shall therefore reduce the wages of Erlow to \$8. If the church think he should have more, then they must make up the deficiency. Ching Sah will receive the present year \$6 per month.

I am not able to get the property in the city insured. I took out a policy in the name of the Society, on dwelling, of 1500 taels, and on the adjoining Chinese house, of 200 taels at half per cent premium, equal to 8.50 taels, or \$11.40. When I wrote, I supposed

it would be one per cent, but insurance since then has been reduced.

I wish you and the Board a happy New Year, and pray that the year may bring to us all much joy in the work of the Lord.

SHANGHAI, China, Dec. 28, 1881.

SONG OF THE SOLDIER-SAINTS.

Thou bravest of the brave,
Great source of victory,
Inspire Thy soldier-saints with strength,
And make us bold for Thee.

Plan out the great campaign
With Thine Almighty skill,
And in the bloodless war for truth
Teach us to wound and kill.

Give keenness to each eye,
And brace each arm with might,
That we may prove in each assault
Thy helpers in the fight.

When all Thy foes are slain,
And the long war is o'er,
With trophies may we home return,
Each soul a conqueror.

Then, near Thy shining throne,
Let us arise and sing
A ringing triumph-song of love
To our great Captain-King.

—Walter J. Mathams, in the Freeman.

FROM MISS A. E. NELSON.

Many thanks for your promptness in advancing the next six months salary; it will enable me to make more satisfactory arrangements than I otherwise could. At the close of the Chinese year, I hope to make some changes in one of my schools; the others are doing well, even far better than I ever expected day schools could do. I am just now making preparations for the children in all the schools to meet here on Christmas, when I hope to have a sort of review or examination of their studies, hear them recite some verses of Scripture and hymns. I have invited Erlow, Tsung San, Ching Sah, and their families to be present, and have asked Mr. Davis to talk a little while to them.

I am quite surprised that our salaries have been raised; mine will now be sufficient to live very comfortably in every way.

I inclose a little sketch for the RECORDER if you think best to publish it. When Mr. Davis had fever a few weeks since, the Doctor advised us all to go in the Settlement a while, so while Mr. and Mrs. Davis were at another place, Susie and I remained at Dr. Allen's, where I saw what I have so poorly described in my letter.

A Chinese Custom.

Not long since I was at Rev. Dr. Allen's, and witnessed such a strange ceremony, that I write out a description of it, so as to give the readers of the RECORDER something of an idea of the heathenism with which we must daily contend in our work among the Chinese.

It was just at night-fall when a comfortably dressed and respectable looking man and woman came up to the front door, and asked to see Dr. Allen; and as soon as he came forward, they made known the important errand for which they had come. They wished to enter the house, go into the dining-room, and recover the spirit of their friend, who had been employed a few days before, to put a new carpet in that room. Since the evening he returned to his home, they said, he had not ceased to talk of the carpet and the work he did there, and seemed not to know anything else.

After a few moments' conversation, Dr. Allen gave them permission to come in, and with the family, I watched the proceedings of these two benighted ones. They first lighted some "joss sticks" and entered the house, the man carrying them through the hall and into the dining room, the woman following as far as the door, but remaining in the hall; he also took into the room with him a short old broom, a lighted Chinese lantern, and a Chinese tunic, or outer garment. These things he kept in his hands and walked all about the room, calling out in a loud voice, "Yang-ba-que," "Yang-ba-que," which was probably the afflicted man's name. Each time he called, the woman who stood without, near the door, responded, "Lao-tseh, lae-tseh," which means, "Coming, coming." After continuing this for several minutes, they passed out on the verandah still continuing the calling and answering as at first. Here they carefully wrapped the garment around the lantern and broom, and started off, he spreading a large umbrella, and carrying it over the broom, lantern, and garment which she carried all the while, bending over so as to drag the broom on the ground.

Mrs. Allen and I followed them for some distance and observed, that no obstacle, however great, which they might meet on the crowded street, hindered him from continually calling out; "Yang-ba-que, come home," "Yang-ba-que, come home," and her from answering, "Coming, coming."

The next day I asked my teacher to explain to me the meaning of such strange proceedings, and I will give you the substance of his answers. He said: "The man when in the dining-room was calling the spirit and she answering in its stead, and that they continued this until both were satisfied that it heard and knew them, when they left the room. The garment was the sick man's, and was brought so the spirit could more easily recognize who it was who wished it to come. The lighted 'joss sticks'

and lantern, were that it might see where to come, and as they supposed it came to the light, they wrapped the garment around these things, and shielded them by the umbrella, that it might not see any other light and be drawn away. The dragging of the broom was that the spirit would be more apt to continue to follow them if the road was swept." I asked my teacher if he thought such doings would in any way affect the sick man, and he, though an intelligent Christian preacher, said he thought it possible that they might. He said those people would go home and tell the man they had found his own lost spirit, and the man might believe it and so come back into his right mind and get well. He also said, "You foreigners do the same way: sometimes people think they are ill, and must have a doctor called and medicine given them, but the doctor knows they only need a change of habit or climate, but gives them some simple medicine merely to pacify them, and they think it is what they need, and so get well." He continued: "A missionary lady once told me that some foreign physicians gave bread pills to their patients, and they were benefited on the same principle that the poor man in the present instance would be."

I have quoted his words as nearly as I could translate them, and I leave you to judge if what he said about foreigners has not more truth in it, than many of us realize. It is no uncommon thing to hear people calling out after the spirit to heal them, or come to them, but never before have I been at the headquarters from which they started.

A. E. NELSON.

MY JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER.

1st and 2d. Read, and attended prayer-meeting at Stone Fort. Commenced making out reports.

3d. Sabbath. Went to my appointment at Park's school-house. Subject, at 11 o'clock, "Paying earnest heed to the things we hear," &c. Heb. 2: 1. Preached in the evening from Acts 24: 16. Full house.

4th. Preached at 11 o'clock. "Christ's mission into the world," 1 Tim. 1: 15, and at 4 o'clock, preached at Tanner school-house. Withheld further appointments there for the winter.

5th. Finished reports, quarterly and monthly. For the quarter, I report 49 sermons, 6 prayer-meetings, 66 visits to families, 4,000 pages of tracts distributed, and 3 added to churches by baptism.

7th and 8th. Started for Kentucky, in company with Bro. Wm. Threlkeld, to meet Eld. Todd, for the purpose of organizing a church there. Went as far as Bro. Bracewell's the first day.

9th. Started very early, "at the rising of the sun." Called on many families on the way, calling their attention to one of the great questions of the day, the sanctity of God's holy Sabbath, and distributing tracts. After traveling over many hills, arrived at Golconda, on the Ohio River, about 12 o'clock. Called on an old friend and fellow-soldier in the last war, by the name of Compton. The first place I ever put foot on Illinois soil was at this place, twenty-seven years ago. Crossed the river at 2 o'clock, and, after traveling over some rough country, arrived at Eld. Threlkeld's at the "setting of the sun," finding all well. Eld. Todd was on hand; and hardly having time to warm, started to attend Eld. Todd's appointment to preach, some two miles away, at a private house. Text, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Acts 26: 28. The writer and Eld. Threlkeld followed. The people attending seemed to be much interested, and as the Sabbath question was introduced in the discourses, many stayed after the meeting was dismissed, to learn more about "this way."

11th. Eld. Todd preached at the Cave Spring school-house to a very large congregation, from this text, "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church," &c. An arm of the Stone Fort Church was constituted here, of seven members, four by baptism, one from the General Baptists, Sister Todd, and Eld. Threlkeld and wife. Saw Eld. Todd off for home. Stayed all night at another old friend's by the name of Compton.

12th. Started home. Crossed the river at 2 o'clock P. M., and arrived at Bro. Bracewell's at 8 o'clock at night. Called on a sister by the name of Elans, who has lately embraced the Sabbath. The circumstances as she related them to me are these: "Some time last Fall she became very much interested in her soul's welfare, and went one Sabbath to a monthly meeting of the First-day Baptist Church, near by. When the preaching was over, and the Church was about to go into business, she arose and requested them to pray for her, and, in a short time, found peace in believing. While telling the good news, she said, 'I am a Baptist.' The idea immediately came into her mind, 'What kind of a Baptist?' And she spoke right out, 'A Seventh-day Baptist.' She noticed the old members shaking

their heads when she said this. A revival broke out from this circumstance, and when they opened the door for the reception of members, she told them if they would baptize her as a Seventh-day Baptist, she would join the Church, and try them for one year. After taking the matter into consideration, they finally concluded to baptize her, and did. She was very glad to see me, and receive tracts, as, she said, they were attacking her on all sides, and the tracts would assist her in informing herself on the subject.

13th. Arrived home, and was thankful to find all well. Visited and distributed tracts on this tour to about twenty-five families.

14th and 16th. Attended prayer-meetings at New and Old Stone Fort.

17th. Sabbath-school and preaching, by Eld. Lewis and myself. Evening after the Sabbath, preached from this subject: "The bread of life," Eld. Lewis following.

18th. Preached in the evening, in connection with Eld. Lewis, at Stone Fort Church.

19th. Visited Rily Youngblood's school, 20th and 21st. Rained both days.

22d. Joined in marriage Mr. James A. Griffith and Miss Mary Ann Isaacs, all of Pope county. Visited Eld. Robert Lewis's school, and gave them a short lecture on education, character, &c. He has a very interesting school, and is a successful teacher.

23d. Reading and prayer-meeting.

24th. Sabbath. Went to my appointment at Enon. In the evening, went to hear a Baptist preach in a school-house near Eld. Vancleve's, the writer following. This preacher's name is Hancock, and he appeared very courteous.

25th. Eleven o'clock, preached in connection with Eld. Vancleve at Enon, to a very large and attentive congregation. Subject: "The two covenants." Ate dinner with the Sisters Donnell. Their parents having died, they are living on the farm alone, and are strong Sabbath-keepers. It being Christmas time, did not do much but visit, read, &c. Visited the school at Old Town, kept by Mrs. Blackman, and was agreeably surprised at the perfect order and progress of the school.

31st. Sabbath. Went to my appointment at the Park's school-house.

Respectfully submitted,

F. F. JOHNSON.

STONE FORT, IN.

MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

It sometimes happens that missionary work in heathen lands looks very different to one at home from what it does when on the field. Mission work in China is a work that requires great faith in the commission of Christ and in the power of the gospel to save. The people are very low in the scale of humanity, and in many respects are repulsive. They can become lovable only by the grace and power of the gospel. A missionary who comes to China should have faith enough to labor hard and long, if need be, without great results. He should not forget that it is his to sow, and that it is the Lord that giveth the increase. Without such faith and effort, and earnest desire to see the work of the Lord prosper, his missionary work will be of no great value in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

DAVID H. DAVIS.

In many churches, in which a great majority of the members may be poor, there are a few men of means who stand by the ship, and who, after the rentals and contributions of the people have been properly husbanded, put their hands into their pockets and supply the needful balance. Thus many a struggling church lives on from year to year, and a noble work is done. It is blessed to be able thus to strengthen the things that remain. Why may not this same help be given to a Board of Missions? Why should there be a different set of principles applied to the work of foreign evangelization? How assuring it would be if a dozen or score of the wealthy men and women of the Church should say to the Board each year, "Raise what you can; stimulate the gifts even of the poor, for their own sake as well as that of the work; strive as far as possible to secure collections from every church and every Sabbath-school, and then let us know what more is wanting for the prosecution of the work."—Foreign Missionary.

In the discussion of the subject recently in a Mission, in China, the result arrived at was, that woman's work was more important there than man's. But one out of the whole number dissented, and he a young man, who might, after more experience, change his mind. In support of this view, one line of argument contains the powerful expression: "Christianize the women and idolatry must cease, as surely as fire will go out when fuel is withheld."

DR. DORCHESTER estimates professing Christians of all names and churches at 440,000,000. This leaves 1,015,923,500 still unevangelized—not even nominal Christians.

Education

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

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

AT REST.

It is the evening hour,
And thankfully,
Father, Thy weary child
Has come to Thee.

I lean my aching head
Upon Thy breast,
And there, and only there,
I am at rest.

Thou knowest all my
Each petty pain;
Nothing is hid from Thee
Without, within.

All that I have or am
Is wholly Thine,
So is my soul at peace,
For Thou art mine.

To-morrow's dawn may
Me here or there—
It matters little, since
Is everywhere.

ELECTIVE STUDIES IN AMERICA.

BY PRESIDENT ELLIOT, HARVARD.

The adoption of what is or optional system of study in American colleges and universities of a fixed and uniform curriculum epoch in the history of education. The public has an opinion what the improvement reasonably be expected to bring young men who have about nineteen years, and training in the subjects secondary schools, to select studies, with such help in as their teachers and parents give them.

The first improvement the individual student; but to the individual is multiplication by the whole number university students, who experience it, the total gain beyond statement or exact student is enabled by to avoid studies for which capacity, and to devote which he can pursue with ease. Using wisely this freedom will work better, learn more power than he would have been kept upon distasteful proposition is just as true the duller and lazier student more intelligent, industrious and though it may be stated contains the essence of this in university education.

The second improvement class or section, consider every subject taught in any class in any subject, but ant, indifferent or inapt class is at once lifted to instruction; it works with and pleasure, and makes good share of these advantages system procures for every object.

The third great improvement upon and through the elective system the instruction stimulated in their work which their classes exhibit attract good students to subjects, and by the demand upon them for instruction advanced and better as and desires of their most.

Finally, the elective brings with it gradually of the old-fashioned collators who are found of their own studies naturally trusted in other respects, good intentions and up-lations between officers, based upon mutual respect, on mutual distrust. Responsibility, with the ternal restraints come reliance.

The elective system with some approach to five to fifteen years in Western colleges and the University of Virginia in that the student study, though different respects, has been in its date of the University the system have thereby by actual trial; some already been arrived. It has shown that the student their studies in the instances with a good and discretion on ground or of adaptation to individual trivial reasons or avoiding labor. The make an excellent selection student arranges his work in which there is for a willing and profitable student, with the help friends, makes for studies, which is more college faculty could knowledge as they are tastes, capacities and character selection more curriculum would be

Education Department.

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

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ELECTIVE STUDIES IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

BY PRESIDENT ELIOT, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

The adoption of what is called the elective or optional system of studies in the leading American colleges and universities, instead of a fixed and uniform curriculum, makes an epoch in the history of the superior education. The public has an interest in knowing what the improvements are which may reasonably be expected to result from allowing young men who have reached the age of about nineteen years, and have had a fair training in the subjects usually taught in secondary schools, to select their subsequent studies, with such help in making the choice as their teachers and natural advisers can give them.

The first improvement is experienced by the individual student; but when the gain to the individual is multiplied in the imagination by the whole number of college and university students, who year after year experience it, the total gain is seen to be quite beyond statement or exact conception. Each student is enabled by judicious choice to avoid studies for which he has no taste or capacity, and to devote himself to those which he can pursue with pleasure and success. Using wisely this freedom each student will work better, learn more, and gain more power than he would have done if he had been kept upon distasteful subjects. This proposition is just as true proportionally of the duller and lazier students as it is of the more intelligent, industrious and ambitious, and though it may be stated in few words it contains the essence of the only true policy in university education.

The second improvement is felt by each class or section, considered as a whole, in every subject taught in the university. Let any class in any subject be rid of its reluctant, indifferent or inapt members, and the class is at once lifted to a higher plane of instruction; it works with far greater zeal and pleasure, and makes more progress. A good share of these advantages the elective system procures for every class in every subject.

The third great improvement is wrought upon and through the teachers. Under an elective system the instructors are strongly stimulated in their work by the interest which their classes exhibit, by the desire to attract good students to their respective subjects, and by the demand constantly made upon them for instruction ever ampler, more advanced and better adapted to the needs and desires of their most ardent pupils.

Finally, the elective system of studies brings with it gradually many ameliorations of the old-fashioned college discipline. Students who are found capable of selecting their own studies naturally come to be trusted in other respects. Greater confidence will be manifested in their discretion, good intentions and uprightness, and the relations between officers and students get to be based upon mutual regard instead of upon mutual distrust. With freedom comes responsibility; with the relaxation of external restraints come self-control and self-reliance.

The elective system has been in operation with some approach to completeness from five to fifteen years in several Northern and Western colleges and universities, and at the University of Virginia a system similar, in that the student chooses his subjects of study, though different in other important respects, has been in use ever since the foundation of the University. Some effects of the system have therefore been demonstrated by actual trial; some interesting results have already been arrived at. Thus experience has shown that the students make choice of their studies in a good degree of forethought and discretion on grounds of intrinsic worth or of adaptation to individual needs, and not for trivial reasons or with the purpose of avoiding labor. The good student is sure to make an excellent selection; the dull or lazy student arranges his work in those directions in which there is for him the best chance of willing and profitable study, and the average student, with the help of his instructors and friends, makes for himself a selection of studies which is more judicious than the college faculty could make for him with such knowledge as they are likely to have of his tastes, capacities and purposes—a much better selection moreover than any prescribed curriculum would be. Again, experience has

proved that the working of the elective system exhibits no tendency to the extinction of the traditional college studies. The natural result of throwing open to choice many new studies is that the older studies are not pursued by so large a proportion of the students as formerly, but then they are pursued with far greater vigor and better results. The enlarged resort to classes in German, French, political economy, history and natural history, inevitably causes a diminished resort to the classes in Latin, Greek and mathematics; but these venerable subjects are nevertheless better taught, and are pursued with more energy and profit and to greater lengths than ever before. It clearly appears on the other hand that the great majority of students, exercising a free and wide choice of studies, will prefer the languages, metaphysics, history and political science to any of the branches ordinarily called scientific. The scientific turn of mind seems to be comparatively rare among young men, at least in the present condition of the primary and secondary education. At Harvard University it is the subjects of mathematics and physics which show the most serious decline, notwithstanding the great facilities offered in those departments. Lastly, it is plain that by the steady expansion and improvement of the elective system the American college is to be gradually converted into a university of a new kind; not an English university, because it will not subordinate teaching to examining, or enforce any regulations by means of bars, gates and fines; and not a German university, because the elective system does not mean liberty to do nothing, and no American university has absolved itself, as the German university has done, from all responsibility for the moral training and conduct of its students, but a university of native growth, which will secure to its teachers an inspiring liberty and an unlimited scope in teaching, offer its students free choice among studies of the utmost variety, maintain a discipline adequate to the support of good manners and good morals, but determined by the quality of the best students rather than of the worst, admit to its instruction all persons competent to receive it, while jealously guarding its degrees, and promote among all its members a productive activity in literature and in scientific research.—Our Continent.

YALE COLLEGE FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

We had come down, some three or four of us, on the Hartford "stage" (no railroads hereabout in that time), lumbering slowly over the hills, through Durham perhaps, through Hamden I know, from whose heights came to us the first sight of the plane out of which the spires rose, flanked either way by those "Delectable mountains" of East and West Rock.

I think it was somewhere upon those near heights that we passed a district school where pupils had just been dismissed for the day; with what a superior meditative air we looked down upon this small fry of boys! Youngsters! youngsters!

Then came the whirl in the growing dusk over the Whitneyville bridge, straight on down the avenue, or into the embowered streets, where were then only sparse white houses and lamps that could be counted.

We had dusted ourselves as best we could, and adjusted our shirt-collars far up the road; so that now, when we came to clamber down from the coach, though with some little perturbation of mind, we had a supporting belief that we might pass in the throng for our seniors and betters.

There were some six of us that went in a little squad together, rallying our spirits by such bantering talk as we could muster, across the Green upon that memorable October morning. The same walks sliced the Green in the same matter-of-fact way they do now. I think the same grasses grew there then and with the same decency and moderation. The really fine proportions of the old State House, then in a cloak of comparatively fresh cement, impressed us greatly, and I think a pleasant altercation arose among us as to what Greek temple it was modeled after, whether of Theseus or Diana or the Parthenon; and I remember that the boy who flourished us all by his erudition outside was the one who was worst conditioned of us all when we came to the agony in the chapel.

The seats assigned us were along the front range of benches in the gallery, we being penned there in little squads until the perambulating examiners, mostly elderly tutors or youngish professors I should say, came with their books and papers, and plumped out their pencil-cases with about the same sort of music which a dentist makes in fumbling over his drills and his plungers, and put us to the test.

Early prayers were appointed in that day at six in the morning, the college bell ringing, beginning the tintinnabulation at that hour, and rounding it off with the tolling and the monitory final jerk of sound at a quarter past. It was no joke to wend one's way from a point in College street, half way between Crown and George, where two of us bunked, long before light of a December morning, up the street and into the chapel whose frosted atmosphere showed a steady stream of vapor rising up from the good old president's lips as he uttered prayer. And when a lively and pelting of sleet slanted from the north and the crusted snow was knee-deep under foot, the conditions provoked a good deal of that nerve and athleticism which college men of our day are apt to think has only come in with boating and foot-ball.

After the morning service, no matter how

sodden the feet, or how agueish the limbs, we marched in a loose, tangled procession to the recitation rooms. These were beasty places in those times, foul with whale-oil smoke, and heated with Professor Olmsted's patent two-cylindered stoves, far up into the tune of the eighties of Fahrenheit. I have an uneasy sensation of nausea even now as I recall the simmer of the iron pot upon the stove, the steam of wet garments, the ancient fish-oil smell, the rustling of the papers, as the tutor smoothes out his check list and probes with thumb and forefinger into his box of names.

Afterward there were lectures on law, on Paley's natural theology, on rhetoric and forensic exercises (I think they called them), which brought us together in the old "Rhetorical Chamber" for the most part. I wonder if the magnificent arched ceiling of that august "Chamber" is still intact? What bursts of senior and junior eloquence it has echoed in its time!

Few things in our disputations life are finer, I think, than the fresh aroma of unshackled, adventurous, exuberant, lusty college oratory.

Still distinctly I have in mind, the lithe old gentleman, with the springy step and the eager, eagle-like look (which his great Roman nose made vivid) who talked to us of Kent, his commentaries and of the wide realms of law.

He was fast verging on eighty in those days, yet erect and agile and his voice sonorous. He was bravely outspoken too, and his political affiliations (for he brought senatorial dignities with him) shone out in little swift gleams of satire. That garnished his law talk.

He had been judge, senator and chief justice, and we stood in great awe of him. "Young gentlemen," (I think I hear him say—he was always courteous,) "Young gentlemen, for more than fifty years I have been engaged in courts and offices of law, and in all that long period I have met with many and many an instance where parents have deplored themselves for the benefit of their children, but scarce one child, scarce one (a little louder) who has despoiled himself for the benefit of his parents."

No figure of the old college days is more present to me than that of this active, brisk, erect old gentleman, in small clothes and in top boots, he being the last I think to carry these august paraphernalia of the past along New Haven streets. He picked his way mincingly over the uneven pavements, tapping here and there with his cane, rather to give point to his reflections I think than from any infirmness, bowing pleasantly here and there with an old-school lift of the hat, full of courtesies, full of dignity too, and a perfect master of deportment.—Our Continent.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY WILLIAM HYDE.

The only College buildings were the West College and the East College, since burned, and a small wooden building used by Prof. Dewey for chemistry. We met in the Freshman recitation room, bare of furniture except a wooden bench with no back. Another bench was necessary and was ordered from Deacon Taft by the class, and our first financial exploit was to assess and collect a tax of six cents and a quarter to pay his bill of \$150. Blackboards were not known in my College course. We drew our diagrams on paper and used slates in algebra; while Prof. Dewey drew his illustrations and worked his problems with chalk on the floor of the recitation room, when lecturing on Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. There was not a carpet on any floor in College, except in the room of the excellent Prof. Kellogg, in the West College. He had an open Franklin stove, and close box stoves were in the recitation rooms, in all other rooms open fireplaces. The chapel, then in the West College, had one stove, but no fire in it when we went to prayers at 6 o'clock in cold winter mornings. The Scriptures were read by the light of tallow candles and the prayers were none too short. The students were generally, many like myself, the sons of ministers with scanty salaries and large families. Economy was necessary and easily practiced. We bought wood at \$2 per cord, cut it ourselves and carried it to our rooms. Prof. Kellogg did the same. This was exercise and amusement. We had no base ball or boating clubs, but kicked foot ball. I washing cost 12½ to 17 cents per week. I paid usually \$17 per week for board, one Summer but \$1. The last term of Senior year a few of us felt big and boarded with John R. Buckley, with the tutors, paying a dollar and a half for aristocratic fare. Livery bills were small, and cigars seldom seen. Pipes and tobacco were common. I gave them up in the revival of my Senior year, and have not resumed their use. A few students tried to board themselves in their rooms, but with sad success to their health. My father furnished me with less than \$400 for my education. It was enough for the times. The tendency now is too much the other way. Expenses are too large. Do you make better men than when it cost self-denial to work through college?

The college funds were then about \$20,000. The buildings and grounds with no adornments or attractions. The material for an education, meagre. The President's salary \$1,200. There were two Professors, Dewey and Kellogg, with salaries of \$800. Tutors were employed for a year or two at \$400; such men as Emerson Davis, Erastus C. Benedict, Joseph Hyde and Albert Hopkins. The instruction given was about like the pay. In these days it would be called superficial. It certainly was far below the present

standard. I could hardly enter College now with the attainments of my College course. Marking was not then known, except for absences from prayers and recitations. We worshipped with the town in the church. Dr. Griffin supplied every third Sabbath, when Dr. Gridley preached at South Williamstown, and frequently at other times. He was called the "Prince of Preachers." There were two or three seasons of special religious interest in my time in College.—The Williams Athenaeum.

ELECTRICAL INSECTS.—It is not generally known that there are insects which possess the peculiar electrical properties of the raia torpedo and *gymnotus electricus*. Kirby and Spence, in their Entomology, describe the *reduvius serratus*, commonly known in the West Indies by the name of the wheelbug, as an insect which can communicate an electric shock to the person whose flesh it touches. The late Major-General Davis, of the Royal Artillery, well known as a most accurate observer of nature, and an indefatigable collector of her treasures, as well as a most admirable painter of them, once informed me that, when abroad, having taken up this animal and placed it upon his hand, it gave him a considerable shock, as if from an electric jar, with its legs, which he felt as high as his shoulder; and dropping the creature, he observed six marks upon his hand where the six feet had stood. Two similar instances of effects upon the human system resembling electric shocks, produced by insects, have been communicated to the Entomological Society by Mr. Yarrell; one mentioned in a letter from Lady de Grey, of Groby, in which the shock was caused by a beetle, one of the common *elateridae*, and extended from the hand to the elbow on suddenly touching the insect; the other, caused by a large hairy lepidopterous caterpillar, picked up in South America by Captain Blakeney, R. N., who felt on touching it a sensation extending up his arm similar to an electric shock of such force that he lost the use of his arm for a time, and his life was even considered in danger by his medical attendant.

A UNIVERSITY is a place where persons come to learn everything; that is, where those who wish to be able to think, come to learn to think: not to think of mathematics only, or of morals, nor of surgery, nor of chemistry, but of everything rightly. The object of university teaching is to form your conceptions; not to acquaint you with arts, nor sciences. It is to give a notion of what is meant by smith's work, for instance—but not to make you blacksmiths. The proper academy for blacksmiths is a blacksmith's forge; the proper academy for physicians is a hospital. Here you have to be taken away from the forge, out of the hospital, out of all special and limited labor and thought, into the "universities" of all labor and thought, that you may in peace, in leisure, in calm of disinterested contemplation, be enabled to conceive rightly the law of nature, and the destinies of man.—Ruskin.

GOOD ADVICE.—If misfortune have befallen you by your own misconduct, live and be wiser for the future. If your character be unjustly attacked, live; time will remove the aspersion. If you have kind and faithful friends, live, to bless and protect them. If you have hope for immortality, live, and prepare to enjoy it.

REAL CHARACTER.—It is not always in the most distinguished achievement that men's virtues may be best discerned; but very often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sayings or the most important battles.—Plutarch.

CLIPPINGS.

Sir Edward Coke, when Attorney General, married the Lady Hatton, according to the Book of Common Prayer, but without banns or license, and in a private house. Several great men were there present, as Lord Burleigh, Lord Chancellor Egerton, and Lord. They all, by their proctor, submitted to the censure of the archbishop, who granted them an absolution from the excommunication which they had incurred. The act of absolution set forth that it was granted by reason of penitence, and the act seeming to have been done through ignorance of the law.

When Napoleon Bonaparte came, after a series of victories, to visit annexed Belgium, he found, on entering Ghent, a triumphal arch erected by the guild of butchers, inscribed: "The little butchers of Ghent to Napoleon the great" (butcher). The deacon of the guild had asked a clever nobleman (who loathed Napoleon) to write the inscription, the sarcasm in which the worthy deacon did not detect.

By the will of Mr. Isaac Rich, the founder of Boston University, his immense estate, amounting to nearly \$2,000,000, was bequeathed to the University; but it was to be withheld until ten years after his death. This month marked the termination of the period, and in recognition of the event, there was an informal jubilation in the chapel of the institution.

Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale, author of "Language and the Study of Language," has received the position in the Order of Merit, made vacant by the death of Carlyle.

Mr. Justice Emery, speaking of the common law of husband and wife, says, "The whole theory of the common law is a slavish one, compared even with the civil law. The merging of her name in that of her husband is emblematic of the fate of all her legal rights. The torch of Hymen serves but to light the pile on which those rights are offered up."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., will, it is understood, accept a newly endowed professorship in the Harvard Law School. Mr. Holmes is one of the cleverest of the younger Massachusetts lawyers. He is the "captain" of whom his father went in search after a battle in Virginia. The search is described in one of the doctor's most charming papers.

"When Plunket was driven to resign the Irish Chancellorship, he was succeeded by Lord Campbell. The day of the latter's arrival was very stormy, and a friend remarked to Plunket how sick of his promotion the passage must have made the new-comer. 'Yes,' he replied ruefully; 'but it won't make him throw up the seals.'"

Mr. Phillip Bartlett, the son of the American secretary of the Chinese legation, has been elected to the Douglas scholarship at Yale College, which will entitle him to a yearly sum of \$600 for three years. Mr. Bartlett graduated from Yale last June, with high honors.

If a person of fair complexion is exposed to the electric light, the hands and cheeks will show all the symptoms of "sunburn," even in midwinter; and he will develop freckles on his face as quickly as when he goes about unprotected by a sun-umbrella in midsummer.

The nightingale is the most human bird in existence. He leaves off singing and goes to croaking as soon as he has a family, but if he loses his mate he will go singing cheerfully till he finds another mate.

The "White House," at Washington, was so named after it was burned by the British in 1815, when the smoke so blackened the freestone walls that it was painted white.

If a man determines to do the best he can, whether he drives a cart, conducts a business of a million dollars, or preaches the gospel, his life can not be a failure.

Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of.

President Chamberlain, of Bowdoin, is expected to accept an offer from divers Florida capitalists to take charge of their property in that State.

The existing cedars of Lebanon are only 900 years old. The cypress trees at Montezuma, Mexico, according to a French botanist, are 6,000 years old.

The students of the University of Toronto will emulate the example set by Harvard last year, and produce Sophocles's play of "Antigone" in Greek.

Get on the right side of people if you can. It pays. But never crowd upon your conscience in order to do it.

MAN.

The average weight of an adult man is 140 pounds 6 ounces.

Number of bones, 240.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man.

The average weight of the brain of a man is 3½ pounds; of a woman, 2 pounds 11 ounces.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches; of a Frenchman, 5 feet 4 inches; and of a Belgian, 5 feet 6½ inches.

The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds; and of a Belgian, 140 pounds.

The average number of teeth is 32.

A man breathes about 20 times in a minute, or 1,200 times in an hour.

A man breathes about 18 pints of air in a minute, or upwards of 7 hogsheads in a day.

A man gives off 4.08 per cent. carbolic gas of the air he respire; respire 10,666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in twenty-four hours; consumes 10,667 cubic feet of oxygen in twenty-four hours equal to 125 cubic inches of common air.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60.

The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

The weight of the circulating blood is about 28 pounds.

The heart beats 75 times a minute; sends nearly 10 pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat; makes 4 beats while we breathe once.

540 pounds or 1 hogshead 1½ pints of blood pass through the heart in 1 hour.

12,000 pounds or 24 hogsheads 4 gallons, or 10,782½ pints pass through the heart in 24 hours.

IN DANGER.—It is true you may not become profane by associating with those who take the name of God in vain, but you familiarize yourself with the evil, and it seems less hideous; you lower the standard of your own character, and do yourself a lasting injury. No person can frequent the company of the low and debased, the intemperate and dishonest, without being thus in danger, without losing a taste for the things that belong to a better life.

her heads when she said this. A revival broke out from this circumstance, and when they opened the door for the reception of members, she told them if they would baptize her as a Seventh-day Baptist, she would join the Church, and try them for one year. After taking the matter into consideration, they finally concluded to baptize her, and she was very glad to see me, and receive tracts, as, she said, they were attacking her on all sides, and the tracts would assist her in informing herself on the subject.

13th. Arrived home, and was thankful to all well. Visited and distributed tracts on this tour to about twenty-five families.

14th and 16th. Attended prayer-meetings at New and Old Stone Fort.

17th. Sabbath-school and preaching, by Eld. Lewis and myself. Evening after the Sabbath, preached from this subject: "The read of life," Eld. Lewis following.

18th. Preached in the evening, in connection with Eld. Lewis, at Stone Fort Church.

19th. Visited Rily Youngblood's school.

20th and 21st. Rained both days.

22d. Joined in marriage Mr. James A. Griffith and Miss Mary Ann Isaacs, all of Pope county. Visited Eld. Robert Lewis's school, and gave them a short lecture on education, character, &c. He has a very interesting school, and is a successful teacher.

23d. Reading and prayer-meeting.

24th. Sabbath. Went to my appointment at Enon. In the evening, went to hear a Baptist preach in a school-house near Eld. Vanclave's, the writer following. This preacher's name is Hancock, and he appeared very courteous.

25th. Eleven o'clock, preached in connection with Eld. Vanclave at Enon, to a very large and attentive congregation. Subject: "The two covenants." Ate dinner with the sisters Donnell. Their parents having died, they are living on the farm alone, and are strong Sabbath-keepers. It being Christmas time, did not do much but visit, read, &c.

26th. Sabbath. Went to my appointment at the Park's school-house.

Respectfully submitted,
F. F. JOHNSON.

STONE FORT, III.

MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

It sometimes happens that missionary work in heathen lands looks very different to one at home from what it does when on the field. Mission work in China is a work that requires great faith in the commission of Christ and in the power of the gospel to save. The people are very low in the scale of humanity, and in many respects are repulsive. They can become lovable only by the grace and power of the gospel. A missionary who comes to China should have faith enough to labor hard and long, if need be, without great results. He should not forget that it is his to sow, and that it is the Lord that giveth the increase. Without such faith and effort, and earnest desire to see the work of the Lord prosper, his missionary work will be of no great value in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

DAVID H. DAVIS.

In many churches, in which a great majority of the members may be poor, there are a few men of means who stand by the ship, and who, after the rentals and contributions of the people have been properly husbanded, put their hands into their pockets and supply the needful balance. Thus many a struggling church lives on from year to year, and a noble work is done. It is blessed to be able thus to strengthen the things that remain. Why may not this same help be given to a Board of Missions? Why should there be a different set of principles applied to the work of foreign evangelization? How assured it would be if a dozen or score of the wealthy men and women of the Church should say to the Board each year, "Raise what you can; stimulate the gifts even of the poor, for their own sake as well as that of the work; strive as far as possible to secure collections from every church and every Sabbath-school, and then let us know what more is wanting for the prosecution of the work."—Foreign Missionary.

In the discussion of the subject recently in Mission, in China, the result arrived at was, that woman's work was more important here than man's. But one out of the whole number dissented, and he a young man, who might, after more experience, change his mind. In support of this view, one line of argument contains the powerful expression: "Christianize the women and idolatry must cease, as surely as fire will go out when fuel is withheld."

Dr. DOBCHER estimates professing Christians of all names and churches at 440,000,000. This leaves 1,015,923,500 still unevangelized—not even nominal Christians.

Principal, Miss Ivaloo Hunting... Intermediate Department, Miss Hattie... Primary Department.

solemn covenant to greater faithfulness under a rebaptism of the Holy Spirit. Thus, I trust, we shall be prepared to welcome the anticipated meeting of the Association, when we hope to receive another refreshing from the Divine presence.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD.—The damage by the flood is almost beyond estimate, and the deprivation and suffering are extreme. Many persons have been drowned, and thousands have lost their homes and all means of support.

The House Committee on Education has decided to report adversely for applying the unclaimed bounty money due colored soldiers to the support of certain colored institutions at the South.

had been in poor health for six years. During all her sickness she was cared for by loving children, of whom six are living. The children, at the death of their father, some six years since, decided that the home of their parents, which was a good one, should remain undisturbed as long as their mother should live.

Mrs. J. A. R. Greenman, East Hebron, Pa. 2 00 38 52 Mrs. M. F. Wilkinson, Oswayo, 1 00 38 37 Mrs. N. Lanphere, Myrtle, 2 00 39 8

Condensed News.

DON'T WANT JOHN.—On the afternoon of March 4th, there was an enthusiastic anti-Chinese demonstration at San Francisco.

MARRIED. In DeRuyter, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1882, by Eld. Thomas Fisher, Mr. EDWARD SANDERS and Mrs. SUSAN COON, all of Lincklaen.

RECEIPTS. All payments for the SABBATH RECORDER are acknowledged from week to week in the paper.

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KNABE PIANOFORTES. UNEQUALLED IN Tone, Touch, Workmanship, and Durability.

Selected Miscellany.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A THAT.

[A new song to an old tune.]

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns, "For a that, and a' that," But though the song be clear and strong, It lacks a note for a' that.

If all who "dine on homely fare" Were true and brave and a' that, And none whose garb is "hadden grey" Was fool or knave and a' that.

But 'tis not so: yon brawny fool, Who swaggers, swears, and a' that, And thinks because his strong right arm Might fell an ox and a' that.

A man may own a large estate, Have palace, park, and a' that, And not for birth, but honest worth, Be thrice a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns, The truth is old and a' that, "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gold for a' that."

For a' that and a' that, "This soul and heart and a' that That makes the gentleman, And not his crown and a' that."

IN HIS OWN WAY.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

There was a hushed chamber in Mr. Clouston's house. Such a chamber as most of us have entered at some time in our lives. A room in which the husband and wife can hardly look each other in the face; where the footsteps fall lightly, and the few words spoken are whispered ones.

It seemed enough of sorrow that the little darling of the household, four-year-old Willie, should lie there before the eyes of the parents so cold and still. Yet that was not the only trouble oppressing them, although at present it far outweighed all others.

Mr. Clouston's affairs had been steadily growing worse and worse for many months, until he found it impossible to pay any longer the bills of interest arising from the mortgage on his pleasant homestead, which had been his father's before him, and was "bound by a thousand ties to his heart."

The evening before the funeral, as Mr. Clouston and his wife were sadly recounting the recent events, Mrs. Clouston remarked in a broken voice:

"Hard, isn't it Robert, that so soon upon becoming childless we must also become homeless? A note came from Mr. Liscomb yesterday, saying the mortgage had been foreclosed, and a sale would take place early next week."

The husband's reply came readily enough: "Never mind; I've done my very best, Jennie, and—"

"It may not be my way; It may not be thy way; And yet in his own way, The Lord will provide."

I must leave all in his hands." Oh, blessed trust of the children of God! Aye, and he will provide.

Later in the evening Mr. Clouston took his hat, then paused before his wife, as if what he would say was of so painful a nature as to be hard of utterance; at length he said in a tremulous tone:

"It is getting late, Jennie, and I'm going around to Darkling's. I told him I would do what I could to make expenses light as possible. You know it is one of our painful necessities, Jennie, wife!"

And she knew he was going himself, poor man, alas, and alas! for a little casket.

Lawyer Liscomb was on the high road to great prosperity. His wife was a devoted Christian, and Mr. Liscomb was a professor of religion, but the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches had, indeed, choked the Word, until his life had become unfruitful, and even barren of anything like godliness. His loving little wife had remonstrated on more than one occasion at what seemed to her unwarrantable measures on his part, where a question of worldly greed and a kindly showing of humanity were concerned, but although a kind husband and doting father there was at such times a certain firmness that he, was, perhaps, the best judge of how business matters should be conducted, which had finally silenced good little Mrs. Liscomb effectually; that is, had silenced her in the presence of her husband, but she only went the oftener to her closet,

and begged the Father in heaven to show him the errors which were fast mastering him, overcoming his better nature, and crushing the piety out of his life. And this afternoon, happening into her husband's office for a moment, she had seen a written advertisement lying on the table ready to be sent to the daily paper; stating that early the next week the fine estate of Robert Clouston would be sold at auction.

"Oh, how can he?" she said to herself, "and his only little son lying dead, to be buried to-morrow?"

What could she do? Jennie Clouston and she had been schoolmates. Mr. Liscomb was not at the office, so she walked home alone, wishing she could say something to induce him to reconsider the matter, but that evening the lawyer was particularly silent and hurried; sat writing until rather late in the evening, then said he must go out awhile, he had an errand to attend to.

Soon as he had gone, his wife went upstairs, and with a troubled heart besought God in his own way to provide for her dear husband a way of escape from his own increasing selfishness and utter want of feeling for others. What had seemed her way of trying; to open his eyes had only resulted in disappointment and failure.

It was a dark, damp night, and a heavy fog made objects at but a short distance from the street lamps hardly discernible. Lawyer Liscomb was passing rapidly through a by-street on his way home from the office of the daily paper, when suddenly on turning a corner he collided violently with another man, a man who with bent head and downward gaze was carrying a something dark and long. It would be impossible to tell how it happened; no one ever can tell how such things happen, but in the eager effort which the other made to save himself from dropping his burden, and the effort which the other man made to save himself from falling on the slippery pavement, the object which the former was carrying suddenly became transferred to the outstretched arms of Lawyer Liscomb, and looking down he saw at once by the light of the lamp on the corner that he was holding—a casket—and he noticed, too, on the instant, that it was one just about large enough for his Willie!

A cold, weird feeling of superstition, almost of horror, ran over him, as he said sharply:

"Here man, take back this uncanny thing, and be more careful another time." The next instant he added in another tone:

"Ah, Clouston, is it you? Sorry for you, poor fellow; upon my word I am! There, don't say a word; it was all my fault. I beg your pardon."

As soon as Lawyer Liscomb re-entered his library that night his wife wondered what had come over him, and at bed-time she wondered still more, for he hung about Willie's little crib, kissing the child again and again, until the little fellow, as if instinctively, kissed him back; then he broke out in an impulsive tone, startling his wife with its fierce accent:

"Lord, what should I do if that little boy couldn't kiss me back!" Well into the night Mrs. Liscomb knew her husband was not sleeping, but she wisely refrained from asking any questions. After awhile he said softly:

"Yes; what is it?" "I shan't foreclose on Clouston at present; he's in trouble, you know."

"Oh, I'm so thankful!" was the response. And an hour later:

"Yes." "I'm going to help Clouston up hill again, if I can; He's a royal good fellow; got a good wife, too."

"Yes, and members of the same church we are," was the significant reply. And still a little later:

"I'm going to be a church member in earnest, wife, God helping me." Early next morning, before breakfast, Lawyer Liscomb slipped out on an errand to the office of the daily paper, and that night after the funeral a note was handed to Robert Clouston, informing him that the foreclosure on the property was indefinitely postponed.

No one else knew how it was that Lawyer Liscomb all at once resumed his old place at church, and in the prayer-meeting; nor why it was he showed at the same time such a friendly interest in the affairs of Robert Clouston, who was soon really well on his way up hill again. His happy little wife only knew that somehow in his own way the Lord had touched her husband; but he knew well what a searching, wholesome lesson had been borne in upon his innermost soul by being obliged voluntarily to hold for a moment in his father arms that little casket.

And so with his limitless range of resource, the good Father, who makes his sun to shine alike on the just and the unjust, had by one master stroke of divine power spoken in his own way to both his children, blessing and confirming the faith of the one, and calling back to allegiance the wandering feet of the other.—Golden Rule.

TEMPERANCE IN POLITICS.—There is nothing which so disturbs the nerves of the average legislator as the introduction of temperance in politics. He will legislate on the potato bug and domestic relations, pass resolutions on the Irish tenantry or the Panama canal; introduce bills to protect sheep and tax dogs; but he abhors the pestilent subject—temperance. He is in favor of regulating the practice of dentistry, of medicine, of caring for all forms of suffering humanity, the feeble minded and the idiots; but he begs you, in the name of your party, never

to introduce temperance into politics. Nothing is clearer than that the temperance people have settled down into a clam, cool determination, founded on long experience and settled conviction; that they will push on their work to a successful consummation, if it takes to the crack of doom. Excitement has given place to earnestness. The temperance movement has crystallized into hard solid fact. It is no longer fitful showers and sudden floods, but it moves as the glaciers move—right on, and almost imperceptibly, but over all before it.—Ind. Journal.

THE FOLLY OF FRETTING.

Yesterday morning cousin Sibyl's little Will came running over with the message, "Mamma says, please come over and stay with her all day." Wasn't I glad though, for I always feel lonely when Charlie is away, and I always like to go to Sibyl's!

When I got there, I found Sibyl in her pleasant sitting room; a white apron on, her hair smooth and shining, and her morning's work all done. (I'll own to you, you dear old journal, that I felt conscience-smitten as I thought of the way I thrust my unwashed sauce-pan in the closet and went off to dress for my visit.) Well, when I go to Sibyl's I always have such a good time; everything is so cosy and home-like there, though her furniture is not as nice as ours is, but there is such an air of perfect order there, never anything out of place. Her kitchen—oh, how nice it is—neater than somebody's sitting room that I wot of; no unwashed dishes to furnish the flies with a meal, no greasy tables or unswept corners. But the great charm of that house is Sibyl herself. I can never understand her, she is always so calm and self-possessed—such a perfect lady in her everyday life, if she does do all her own work. She never gets flurried or vexed, as I do if things go wrong—just takes it all easy, and some way they seem to straighten themselves out. Yesterday after dinner I got my crocheting, and she her sewing, we had seated ourselves for a nice talk, and I just made up my mind to ask her all about it, so said, "Sibyl, how is it that you never worry about anything?"

She looked up a little surprised, and said, "How do you know I never worry?" "Well," said I, "you never appear to. Everything goes on so smoothly with you. Now about your dinner to-day; warm as it was in that kitchen, you came in to dinner, after doing all the cooking yourself, looking as fresh and neat and cool as if you had just come out of the parlor. Now I am sure if it had been me, I should have been all flurried, and heated, and tired, and—cross, perhaps, I often am, I am sorry to say. I can not understand it, Sibyl."

"Well cousin," said she, slowly, "perhaps after you have kept house for eight years you will get over that, and yet there are some things which even experience will never teach us. Now perhaps you think the wheels of our domestic life run very smoothly; so they do, but they have not always. When I think of our first two years of housekeeping, I tremble to think how near I came to losing Harry's love by my fretfulness and complaining about little things which I should have kept to myself; for, my dear, it is one thing to win a man's love, and another to keep it. And the danger lay in placing my work first, and Harry's comfort second."

"Oh, Sibyl," I said, "you don't know how my conscience has troubled me all day. Now I'll just tell you. You met Harry at the door at dinner time, and you looked and acted for all the world as if you had nothing to do but attend to him. You did not fly around, hurry things on the table, or push Will out of the way, or scold Harry for coming before dinner was ready. Now this morning Charlie was anxious to go away early, and so I hurried to get his breakfast ready, and it seemed as though everything was in the way, and I could find nothing I wanted, and—"

"Did you plan your breakfast over night?" "Why, no," I said. "I never do that. Perhaps if I had, I should not have become so nervous and worried for fear I should be late. Well, by the time the meal was ready, I was as cross as a bear, I know, and poor Charlie seemed to feel the effects of my ill-temper, for he scarcely ate a mouthful. After he was gone, and I had leisure to think it over, I felt sorry enough."

"Now, dear," said Sibyl in her soft, gentle way, "you will surely ruin your own and Charlie's happiness if this is to continue. Now I will give you a bit of my experience. When we first set up housekeeping, I gradually formed the habit of fretting over the many little vexations that fall to the lot of housekeepers, and also of carrying these little grievances to poor Harry when he came home. Want of system in my work caused me to have so many things to do at once, and that once usually happened to be just at dinner time. Harry would come home to find me with uncombed hair, a pair of old slippers on my feet, and a very red face, flying in and out from kitchen to dining room, back and forth, entirely too busy to meet him with a kiss of welcome. Then when we sat down at the table, instead of pleasant, cheery talk, I was too jaded and worried to eat, or to join in conversation, except to fret about my tired feelings, and how very much work there was for only two people. And very soon I began to see the gloomy shade on his face as he came in the door, and my common sense taught me that I was the cause. Why, I do believe if I had pursued that course much longer I should have lost the respect and love of one of the best and noblest husbands this world contains."

"Well, Sibyl, do tell me how you remedied it." "In the first place," said she, "I did

some planning beforehand. Each afternoon, when I had leisure for thought, I decided what should be the next day's breakfast, dinner and tea; then if we had not necessary articles, there was time enough to purchase them. Then I determined to avoid the habit which most women have, of crowding three day's work into one, in order to have 'a day to myself.' I divided it up as evenly as I could, and by this means I seldom become so overburdened and tired as to lose command of myself. System, cousin, system is everything in housework. Then, too, there is a great deal in trying to 'keep sweet,' no matter what happens. You smile, as much as to say, 'It's very easy to say that, when we are sitting here so tranquilly, but when the milk boils over on your clean stove, or the marketing fails to come home, or some other vexatious thing happens, it's much easier to preach than to practice; but I tell you, dear, it won't hurt you to try it; try persistently; if you fail once or twice, resolve the more firmly to keep sweet next time; and you will find that fretting never remedied these little trials, but only tired you, body and mind; and you will find in time that it has become a habit with you to be pleasant and cheerful, and a good habit it is, too. To be sure, I am not always unruffled—sometimes my vexations get the victory, and the hasty, impatient word comes; but I know where to look for help—God's grace and our own earnest endeavors can do marvelous things for us."—Domestic Journal.

GENEROUS FELLOWS.

If there is anything a liquor-drinker or seller prides himself upon, it is that he is a "generous fellow." A sprightly fellow jingles his few silver dollars in his pocket, walks up to the bar, turns around, addresses the loafers usually congregated in a saloon: "Step up, boys, what'll you have?"

All drink, and he slaps down his change with the utmost freedom and nonchalance. He takes his change and walks out, very likely with a ten cent cigar between his teeth. The barkeeper or one of the loafers speaks, "He's a generous fellow," and the rest chime in, "You bet he is; there's nothing small about him." That is the usual verdict. But that is only one side of the question. In nine cases out of ten, if you follow that fellow to his home, you will find that his wife and children are denied many comforts that could be purchased with the money so foolishly spent, and which has won him the name of "generous fellow." We know from actual observation that the wife is frequently and cruelly denied money to purchase those things much needed, or if her request is granted, it is done grudgingly.

This "generous fellow" when at home doesn't sing out to his wife and children, "Step up and have something." Oh, no, not he. He swallows his supper and walks down town to have a game of billiards, and returns to his home after all the family have retired, generously full of drinks, and more than likely alarms the whole family in his efforts to get in the door or take off his boots. Oh, he's undoubtedly a "generous fellow." We know quite a number of such. After a few years his money is spent; he is down, and when he walks up to the bar for a drink, the saloon-keeper waltzes him out of the door. His money is gone.—Missouri Temperance Advocate.

It would be most lamentable if the good things of this world were rendered either more valuable or more lasting; for, despicable as they already are, too many are found eager to purchase them, even at the price of their souls.—Colton.

EXTRAORDINARY afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces.—Matthew Henry.

True glory takes root and even spreads; all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.—Cicero.

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THE CHINESE N. Denny, United Shanghai, has sent bution throughout seeds of the "tallo will flourish there, esting description fruit is prepared in clusters, and When ripe, the cap usually about three pure, hard, white tallow, the ripe n cylinder with a per ten or fifteen min becomes so soft, it from the albumen them with mallet seed is obtained from tallow, besides the from the albumen a variety of purposes particularly for burned in Buddha

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XII.—POWER OVER DISEASE AND DEATH.

BY REV. G. J. CRANDALL.

For Sabbath-day, March 18.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.—MARK 5: 21-43. (New Version.)

21. And when Jesus was passed over again by ship unto the other side, much people gathered unto him: and he was nigh unto the sea. 22. And behold, there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and when he saw him, he fell at his feet, 23. And he besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, that thou come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live. 24. And Jesus went with him; and much people followed him, and thronged him. 25. And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years, 26. And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. 27. When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment. 28. For she said, If I may touch his clothes, I shall be whole. 29. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague. 30. And Jesus, immediately knowing himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes? 31. And his disciples said unto him, Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me? 32. And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing. 33. But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and told him before him, and said, My daughter is dead, and I touched thee, and I am whole. 34. And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague. 35. While he yet spake, there came from the ruler of the synagogue a man, and said unto him, Thy daughter is dead; why troublest thou the Master any further? But Jesus, as soon as he heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe. 37. And he suffered no man to follow him, save Peter, and James, and John the brother of James. 38. And he cometh to the house of the ruler of the synagogue, and seeth the tumult, and them that wept and wailed greatly. 39. And when he was come in, he saith unto them, Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth. 40. And they laughed him to scorn. But when he had put them all out, he catcheth the father and the mother of the damsel, and them that were with him, and entereth in where the damsel was lying. 41. And he took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha cumi, which is, being interpreted, Damsel, arise. 42. And straightway the damsel arose, and walked; for she was of the age of twelve years. And they were astonished with a great astonishment. 43. And he charged them straitly that no man should know it: and commanded that something should be given her to eat.

COMMENTS.

Jesus left the country of the Galænes where he had healed the demoniac, and crossing the sea of Galilee, came to the other side, where a great multitude awaited him. Soon after, Matthew invites him to dine with him, and while there, the "ruler of the synagogue" comes beseeching him to come and heal his daughter who is about to die. This ruler shows his humility as well as his faith in coming to the house of the publican, and beseeching, on his knees, the Saviour, who is associating with publicans and sinners, to come to his house and heal his child. If we read his address to Christ, leaving out the words printed in italics (which are not in the original), and pay strict attention to the pauses, we can almost hear the broken sobs of the afflicted father as he presents his petition to the blessed Master. The multitude become greatly interested, and press closely upon Jesus, as he starts out with the ruler to go to his home. A poor woman is among the people, one who for many years has been seeking a cure for a very distressing disease. She has applied to one after another of the physicians of her time, but has been continually growing worse. She has heard of the great cures Jesus has done, and hope has been strengthened. But how shall she speak to him? Her disease renders her ceremonially unclean; and will this man despise her? She believes if she may only touch the fringe of his garment, she shall be healed. She is resolved to try, and, pressing forward in the crowd, she makes her way behind him, until she is within reach, and puts forth her hand, and touches the border of his flowing robe. Lo! what a change. The weakening, sickening influence of the disease has departed, and she feels full of health and vigor again. But now she is tried. She must acknowledge the blessing she has received, and, when she has done this, her happiness is complete, her cure certain. Sometimes those who have received spiritual cleansing refuse to honor the Healer, and the disease returns with ever-increasing power. But what of the poor afflicted father all this time? He, a ruler of the synagogue, must stand aside for this woman, and his child dying. How eagerly the father must have watched every movement of the Master, and perhaps, at times, wondering why he appears to have so little interest in his dying child. And just here, as if to take away all his hope, the news comes that the child is dead. See how quick Jesus comes to the support of the father. His faith, though severely tried, is not destroyed. Taking with him his three disciples, he goes with the ruler to his now desolate home. The hired mourners, following an idolatrous custom, are making great confusion. He rebukes this practice, and says, "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth," teaching them, as it seems to me, that they were not to look upon death with that feeling of despair which the heathen practice suggested, but as a sleep from which the loved one would awake. The scolding and doubting must go forth when Jesus puts forth his power. Could we all realize this, and cling to Jesus' "fear not," how much stronger and more efficient we should be. No wonder the people were amazed; yet when we stand in the presence of him "who spake and it was done, commanded and it stood fast," we need not wonder. Let us all remember that this record of the doings of Jesus is given that we may all come to him and receive spiritual life, and not remain "dead in trespasses and in sins."

FOR THE BLACKBOARD.

JESUS HEALS.

BE NOT AFRAID, ONLY BELIEVE.

THE attendance at the Alfred Centre Sabbath-school, last Sabbath, was one hundred and ninety-five.

TWENTY-THREE members of the Adams Centre (N. Y.) Sabbath-school were baptized Sabbath-day, Feb. 18th.

SUPERINTENDENTS, pastors, and others using our Lesson Leaves, will confer a favor by informing us whether they regard the printing of the lesson text from the Revised Version, with approval or not.

WE are much pleased with the appearance of the first and second numbers of our Sabbath Visitor, the new illustrated weekly Sabbath school paper, edited by Bro. Geo. H. Babcock, and published by the American Sabbath Tract Society. We hope every boy and girl in the denomination may be cheered and instructed by its weekly visits.

Published by request of the Band.

REMARKS

For the Excel Band of Ashaway; R. I., Feb. 11.

BY WM. L. CLARKE.

The object of our Excel Band is to guard ourselves against evil, and temptations thereto, that we may become Christ-like men and women, whose lives shall be a constant testimony that we have clean hands, truthful lips, and pure hearts. Christ, our Great Teacher, said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He also taught his disciples that, to the poor in spirit and to those who have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, belongs the kingdom of heaven; that they who mourn shall be comforted; that the meek shall inherit the earth; that they who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled; that the merciful shall obtain mercy, and the peacemakers shall be

called the children of God. All these are precious promises, abounding in comfort for each of us. Think of the many thousands who have been cruelly beaten, imprisoned, and put to death, for the sake of righteousness and truth. They have endured persecutions without a murmur, while many like Paul have rejoiced in their tribulations, knowing that, if they continued faithful to the end, the untold riches and glories of the kingdom of heaven were assuredly theirs. And thus does each of these promises console the faithful follower of Christ; but more exalted than any other is the promise to the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Our God is absolute Purity, and can not look upon sin in any form with allowance, so that naught save purity can stand unabashed in his presence.

Let us briefly consider our Pledge, and study its designs, that we may rightly determine whether it will be helpful or hurtful to us in our strivings after a noble and pure life. "We pledge ourselves to be, so far as we are able, truthful, unselfish, cheerful, hopeful and helpful; to use our influence always for the right, and never to fear to show our colors." We promise to be truthful. Even as good food is better than noxious poisons, so is truth better than falsehood. We confide in the words of a truthful man, but reject the testimony of a known liar, even though he chance to speak truly.

There is an old story of a shepherd who kept his flocks in a desolate country abounding in wild beasts, who in sport alarmed his friends by raising the false cry, "the wolf, the wolf," and then rudely mocked them as they hurriedly came to assist him. At length the wolves in overpowering numbers came, and he cried aloud for help, but his friends, oft deceived, heeded not his call, and both he and his sheep were destroyed. Equally disastrous to the good influence one may have, will prove the habit of lying.

We promise to be unselfish. We love the generous soul, who wisely bestows benefits upon the needy ones of earth, and is always, as he is able, going about doing good. But how do we feel towards the selfish man, who cares more for himself than for all the world besides? This so injures his manhood, that when we speak of his good qualities we can not help thinking how much more of good he might have done, if selfishness with its stingy practices had been uprooted from his character. The words, "Let every man give accordingly as he purposeth in his heart, not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver," teach us to be both unselfish and cheerful.

We were told, a few Sabbaths since, there were two ways of doing a thing: the one was to do it because we must, but so grudgingly as to make ourselves miserable, and those about us equally so; the other was to do it with right hearty good cheer, ever bearing the burdens of life pleasantly, thus keeping ourselves happy, and casting beams of joy on all about us. How often does a weary mother take many steps that her children would save her if they were cheerful and kind, simply because it is pleasanter for her to take the steps herself, than to encounter their unkind expressions when asked to take them for her!

Again, we mistake often, by holding in doleful or angry remembrance any mishap or affliction that shall chance to befall us. It is better to do as did the philosopher of whom I recently read. They called him Mr. Ragbag. Our cities have paved streets and sidewalks, and beneath these are rooms in which to store coal and other articles. Holes are made in the pavements, so that articles may be readily transferred from the streets to these rooms. The covers for these holes are made of iron, or of glass, or of both, and it sometimes happens that these are left off, or are improperly placed, and that people fall into the coal-holes, and are severely injured. Now, Mr. Ragbag did just that thing, and scrambled out badly scratched and bruised, but with a pleasant, smiling countenance. A by-stander observing this said, Why, Mr. Ragbag, you don't seem to mind your tumble much." He replied, "I do not particularly admire it, but have to get over being mad about it some-time, and might as well begin now as to-morrow."

Are we hopeful? When we look out upon the pitchy blackness of a stormy night, which is wiser and better, to fearfully think that the sun and moon are dead, and that God has forgotten the world; or to trustingly hope that the darkness will soon give place to the light and glory of a beautiful day? Hope is ever better than fear; it inspires to earnest action, calling forth every power we possess, while fear paralyzes and destroys us. If we desire that friends shall stand firmly by us in hours of distress and grief, then must we lend a helping hand to the needy

wherever found, and it shall prove that when times of anguish come to us, no one will be so cruel as to scoff at our calamities.

Unquestionably, our influence should always be used for the right, but alas, we often falter, and exert an evil influence, because we are afraid to stand by the truth and show our colors. Who can estimate the misery that has been endured in our world, because on the great battle-field of life, men, women and children have been afraid to enlist and do faithful service on the side of truth, righteousness, purity and holiness? The great standard-bearer of humanity is He who said "Blessed are the pure in heart;" and the work of each of us is, to stand unflinchingly by His colors, and be found ever at the post of duty. If we are thus true we shall not only attain the rich graces of which we have been speaking, and thereby become valiant soldiers marching onward with ever increasing strength and courage, but shall also be cleansing our hearts from impurities, thereby the better fitting us to keep inviolate the remainder of our pledge, which says, "We also pledge ourselves to use our voices and our influence against intemperance, the use of vulgar or profane language, the use of tobacco, disrespect to the old, ill treatment to the young or unfortunate, cruelty to animals; and we will aid and support each other in carrying out this pledge, and the spirit of our motto."

Do we find most of good influences and happiness in those homes whose inmates are drunkards, swearers, and persons whose words reveal the corruption of their depraved hearts? Is the moral atmosphere of such homes productive of pure and holy aspirations that shall surcharge the young souls reared therein with an ardor that shall enable them early to plant themselves fairly, squarely and wholly upon the side of truth and righteousness? Even a child knows how to answer such questions, knows that the influence of such homes tends to crush every holy sentiment, and to fill the heart with vice and ugliness.

But let us advance, and ask whether being unkind and mean toward those who are weaker than ourselves, disrespectful to old people and cruel to animals, will help us to become good and useful men and women, to become ladies and gentlemen? Oh no, not a bit of it; but on the other hand, such acts will hinder us, and leave dark stains on the page of life after we have written it through, stains that forever shall mar its beauty, bringing us nothing of joy, but much of sorrow.

But something is said in our pledge about the use of tobacco. Do we need it to keep us sweet and healthy? Shall we chew it for the sake of having a clean mouth, pearly teeth and a deliciously perfumed breath? Shall we snuff it to improve our complexion, or smoke it to delight our friends, whose sense of smell shall oft detect our coming while we are many rods away? We know that its use makes us nervous, creates an unpleasant craving for its taste and effects, and is productive of brain diseases, often resulting in fits, idiocy or insanity. I had a school-mate once who was a bright cherry lad, and we all liked him. When first I met him he was about fourteen years of age, and subject to epileptic fits. What first occasioned them I do not know, but he used tobacco freely, and at length it was ascertained that if this was kept from him, he could go for months without having a fit, but would be in convulsions in a few hours after having obtained it. Strenuous efforts were made to keep him from it, but his diseased appetite and mind combined to thwart such efforts, and a few years since the exhausted body found rest in the grave. Who of us is willing to take the risk of being injured by the use of tobacco, while there is so little to recommend it, save perchance the beauty of the old quids as they grace every spare inch of the chewer's home; and the charm for the cultured eye, as its glances tenderly fall upon magnificent pools of saliva, made fragrant by the delicious aroma of "nigger-head" tobacco, as we often find them in our public halls, railroad stations, saloons, post-offices, stores, and sometimes in churches and the cooking rooms of certain homes? Tobacco is a filthy weed, and no one can freely use it, and easily keep his person so cleansed as not to be a stench in the nostrils of those unaccustomed to its odors. Touch not, taste not the unclean thing. Our battle against dirt is a life-long one, but the dirt of the field is sweet and desirable when compared with tobacco-filth in any form.

We have thus briefly considered the several items of our Pledge, and desire that the influences of the Excel Band may be helpful to each of us, as we strive to become pure in heart. Let us not deceive ourselves by supposing that the heart can be clean while the lips give expression to vulgar or profane lan-

guage, "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Neither let us deceive ourselves by supposing that secret sins shall bring us no harm. We have seen those who once filled positions of honor and usefulness brought to disgrace and shame, by making this mistake. Neglecting to keep the heart pure, they strove to show a fair exterior, and succeeded for awhile in quieting all suspicions of their evil ways; but this success emboldened them until they sinned so openly that the world could not help detecting their wickedness, and tearing from them their sheep's clothing, thereby revealing the wolf and his atrocious deeds. Thus in this life as a rule will all secret sins bring us to grief; but exposure and shame are but trifles when compared with the direful results of sin upon ourselves.

Our Father and our God; He who created us, and in whose hands is all existence; He who takes no delight in the death of the wicked, but wishes all to turn from sin and live; He who meets with outstretched arms the returning prodigal, and has opened wide the door of heaven saying, "Whoever will, may come;" He who shall judge us by the deeds of our earth-life; is the Great I Am, whom it is vain for man, the creature of His hand, to attempt to deceive. We may at times hide our sins from our fellows, but the inmost recesses of our hearts are open and known unto Him. The solitudes of the desert, and the thorough-fares of thronged cities; the deeds of darkness and of the mid-day hour are alike known unto Him. There is neither place where, nor time when we may sin without his knowledge, but His wrath shall fall upon sin wherever found, so that woes shall visit us if sin abideth in our hearts; but if, repenting of sin and turning therefrom, we shall become pure in heart, then during the ages of eternity may we enjoy the blessings in store for those who shall see God.

OUR SABBATH VISITOR.

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Brethren, be just to Bro. Bliss, and at the same time secure rich blessings to yourselves and your children. D. R. S.

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