

# The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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## The Sabbath Recorder.

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For the Sabbath Recorder.

LIFE.

BY E. P. SAUNDERS.

The life we live is but a day,  
A narrow span 'twixt birth and death;  
Its morning scarcely passed away,  
We feel its chilly evening breath.

O! morn of life, sweet days of youth,  
How soft thy breath! how calm thy sky!  
Thou tellest not the sad, sad truth,  
That ere the noontide hour thy joys will fly.

With promise of a day serene,  
That all thy pleasant scenes shall last,  
We little dream that clouds unseen  
Shall soon thy clear, blue sky o'ercast.

But, blinded quite by present joys,  
Knowing not the weight of manhood's care,  
We tire of childish sports and toys,  
And long our part in life to share.

Ah! far too soon the days will come,  
When brain will ache and heart will burn,  
When 'mid the world's wild, busy hum,  
We'll cry, "Oh youth return, return!"

Intense, but brief, is the hour of noon;  
Severe the toil that must be done;  
We bravely strive, but wither soon,  
As grass beneath the midday sun.

The morning o'er, the zenith past,  
Fast sinks the setting orb of day;  
And evening shadows, lengthening fast,  
Remind that night will not delay.

The night comes on; the day is o'er;  
We close our eyes and calmly rest;  
We drift away to 't' other shore,  
And wake in regions of the blest.

AN ESSAY.

The Divine Attributes, in their Relation to the Origin of Christianity and the Development of Christian Character.

An Essay read before the Central Association, at its late session in Adams, and requested for publication by the Association.

BY REV. JOSHUA CLARKE.

The existence of God is so clearly revealed in both the books of nature and the Bible, and his attributes also, that the mission of this paper is not their discussion and settlement; but taking for granted their establishment as acknowledged truths, show the relation between the origin of Christianity and the development of Christian character, and these divine attributes. The attributes of God are the essential principles, qualities, and functions, of the divine being, as power, wisdom, and love, which necessarily characterize all his doings; hence, the relation of our divine Christianity, whether considered as a system of religious doctrines as taught in the Bible, or as embodied and exemplified by Christ, may be illustrated by the connection between a finished literary production, and the masterly mind that produced it. So the character and completeness of our Christianity compliment its divine Author; or as the architectural beauty and strength of the edifice, eulogize the architect. So the structure of our divine Christian system, in its infinite perfectness and stability, honor its divine Architect. As best specimens of art in sculpture and painting praise the artistic genius that produced them, so Christianity, whether studied comparatively with all other systems of religion, or in its own essential and absolute perfectness, will forever extol the infinite genius of its author, and magnify the excellencies of his holy nature. So, also, as in nature, the character of the stream will be the same as the fountain whence it issues; so our divine Christianity must be, in the nature of the case, the same in the character of its doctrines and spirit as the fountain whence it is an emanation. Does it not follow, therefore, that Christianity, as revealed in the Bible, or by Christ, who was its embodiment and exemplification, is the express image or likeness of God! Christianity is not only the glorious portrait of its infinite Author, painted by himself, in which are brought out, and forcibly expressed, all the perfections and attributes of the godhead, but is the divinely grand focal center, where gather (for practical purposes in the salvation of a lost world) all the essential elements of his nature.

The Apostle Paul, comprehending this relation between the divine attributes and Christianity, and its consequent power as an agency in the evangelization of the world, said, "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to

glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." What relation has this doctrine to the formation of Christian character? In the philosophy of the formation of Christian character, we are presented with a pattern to work from. Jesus Christ, the model character, possessed all the attributes of God, and was therefore his express image or likeness, and equal. As our copy bore the likeness of the Father, so Christian character or godlikeness must be a true copy, Lord, of thine. As all mankind by sin have lost God's moral likeness, and by nature have become the children of wrath; and as none, in the nature of the case, with this alienation from, and enmity toward God, can enjoy him, or have his approval in any world, hence, the infinite importance of this question of Christian character, godlikeness, which involves harmony with, and enjoyment of God. The foundation of the structure of true moral character is laid in spiritual regeneration. By the new birth, the enmity of the heart against God and moral virtue is slain, and the whole spiritual nature so radically changed, that, whereas the inclination and proclivities of our being were drifting toward sin and hell, there is a right-about face, so that our loves, aims, inclinations, and works, tend toward moral virtue and heaven. This change is wrought by the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Godhead. As in the creation of the natural world, the creative power was characterized by the attributes of the Creator; also, in the creation of man, the divine attributes were so displayed, as to leave him impressed with the moral image of his Maker, so, also, in the divine endeavor, to restore to man the lost image, the same power, characterized by all the divine perfections, is engaged. Now, our system of Christianity, the outgrowth from the divine nature as we have seen, with all its doctrines, principles, and truths, as rays of light, are all gathered at one focal center in the Bible camera, and are brought to bear upon human hearts, when conditions are equal, under the supervision of the Holy Spirit, leaving photographed upon the human spirit the moral likeness of Christ; now, as the sturdy oak, elementally, is contained in the acorn, and unfolded in growth, so Christian character, in its essential principles, is embraced in the new birth, and is developed in spiritual growth, the great husbandman superintending growth in both departments, giving to each seed his own body.

Then the mission of Christian character is not only to affirm our faith in the existence of a God, but to reveal the perfections and attributes of the divine being. "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth praises (marginal, virtues) (new translation, excellencies), of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." "Let this same mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus;" not only have the same family mark in general appearance, but possessing the same tender spirit and characteristics—to pity the poor and alleviate the wants of suffering humanity, love our enemies, bless them that curse us, do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that despitefully use and persecute us. We thus manifest both the attributes and spirit of Christ, and that we are the children of God who sends his rain and sunshine both upon the just and unjust. Hence, it is apparent that our divine Christianity and Christian character are both alike, the outgrowth of the divine nature, which they both reveal and praise.

From the foregoing, we deduce the following proposition. That the acknowledged nature and attributes of the God believed in by any persons or nations, will give shape to their character. Instance, the followers of Bacchus. Do they not take on the character of their god? How rapidly they progress in the exemplification of the attributes of their deity? Note the motley crowd of worshippers, demoralized, ragged, physically, financially, and morally ruined, that throng his altars; bleary-eyed, bloated-faced, staggering, profane, obscene, yet worshipful host of Bacchus. Listen to its thick-tongued melodies and bacchanalian glees. Behold the countless company of women and children, who stand behind them; broken-hearted, half-clad, hungry, with wretched, despairing look, whose husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons, are among the worshippers. Behold the scarcely less than one quarter of a million of victims sacrificed annually, to this infernal

Juggernaut in the United States and Great Britain; also the large company of young men, who come to take their place, who are under drill in the temples of Bacchus, the saloons and bar-rooms, and you have a striking illustration of our proposition. The devotees of mammon furnish another example of this doctrine. These are found everywhere, alike in Christian as anti-Christian communities. It is not the God we theoretically confess, but the God we practically recognize, whose nature and attributes give shape to our character. The following are some of the characteristics by which mammon worshippers may be known. Such worldly-mindedness as will compass sea and land to gain wealth. Violate the principles of honesty in business, to gain more than justice would award to him. Deliberately compromise the fourth commandment or any other requirement of God to gratify avaricious desire of gain. The sordid, selfish spirit that seeks to get all it can, and keep all it gets. That never has anything to give in the interest of the Sabbath-school, nor for the poor, or repairs on the church, and but five dollars a year, reluctantly, for the pulpit, but can repair and furnish his own house in modern style, add another hundred acres to his real estate, invest in stocks, when opportunity to increase his wealth offers. No matter what are his relations, whether in church or out of it, he is a devotee of mammon, whose likeness he is fast taking on. When we study the relation between the character of the devotees of Baal and Astarte, and the attributes of these deities, and between the character of the Turks, Vandals, Northmen, Aborigines of America, or any other people, and the attributes of their gods, as you may, in the light of history, we find, without exception, illustration of the truth of our proposition. It must follow, therefore, 1st. That moral character not only represents, but reveals our God and the quality of his attributes. 2d. That this character will grade up or down in the scale of completeness, according to the moral status of the deity it represents. Your work may be a complete representation of an imperfect model, yet in essential qualities so deficient that it is worthless. So moral character, shaped after an imperfect pattern, is necessarily incomplete, failing in grandeur of design and possibilities. Hence, 3d. Complete Christian character must be the likeness of a perfect model; and as Christ Jesus is the embodiment of all excellence and infinite perfection, he is absolutely a complete pattern of the true life and moral character. Is not the world, then, a great workhouse, with divers models of character, having gods many? And are not all intelligences workmen, carving out for themselves a moral character, as diverse of course as the patterns from which they work? And does not experience, observation, the world's history, and the Bible, award the meed of honor, perfection, and divinity, alone to Christianity and its work? Then how vast the responsibility of the Christian workmen, since the mission of moral character is to reveal Christianity and its divine author? Men will interpret Christianity and the nature of Christ by your character. The time when the knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters do the great deep, will be postponed, or hastened, as the work of true character-building shall be complete or incomplete. And we shall hear the Master say, in the day of final account, when our work in character is compared with Christ, the true model, "well done," or "depart," as it represents or repudiates the pattern. True Christian character, the likeness of Christ, shall be our passport through the gates of pearl, to the city of gold.

"Be thou my pattern; make me bear More of Thy gracious image here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamb."

GET THE MEANING!—The Bible is, indeed, a deep book when depth is required—that is to say, for deep people. But it is not intended particularly for profound persons; on the contrary, much more for shallow and simple persons. And, therefore, the first and generally the main and leading idea of the Bible is, on its surface, written in plainest possible Greek, Hebrew or English, needing no penetration or amplification, needing nothing but what we might give attention.

But this, which is in every one's power, and is the only thing that God wants, is just the last thing that any one will give him. We are delighted to ramble away into day

dreams, to repeat pet verses from other places, suggested by chance words; to snap at an expression which suits our particular views, or to dig up a meaning from under a verse which should be amiably grieved to think any human being had been so happy as to find before. But a plain, intended, immediate, fruitful meaning, which every one ought to find always, and especially that which depends on our seeing the relation of the verse to those near it, and getting the force of the whole passage in due relation—this sort of significance we do not look for, it being truly not to be discovered, unless we really attend to what is said, instead of to your own feelings.—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

A scene in the House—Robeson and Whitthorne exchange invectives.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 24, 1882.

Yesterday was what is termed a field day in Congress. Messrs. Robeson, of New Jersey, and Whitthorne, of Tennessee, gave expression to long pent feeling on the Naval question and personalities were hurled with a violence that reminded one of the days before the war.

On the question of reconstructing the Navy, Mr. Robeson held that it was far more necessary to maintain a complete Navy, than to contribute so liberally to an extraordinary growth of the army. The appropriations that were now being made for the support of the Navy, he claimed, were simply for the comfort and convenience of the officers and others who composed the personnel of that branch of the service. He then proceeded to reply to the newspaper attacks made upon him while he was Secretary of the Navy. He said that such attacks were malicious and libelous. He had been charged with an extravagant expenditure of the appropriations. This he denied most emphatically. Mr. Robeson was very earnest in his delivery, and was listened to with close attention, and more than once expressions were heard on various sides to the effect, "Thank Heaven! the old man has a chance at last."

While Mr. Robeson was closing the debate on the bill, at 12:30 o'clock, he took occasion to make some scathing remarks in referring to his administration of the Navy Department, and the reflections which have been cast upon it. He referred, in the most scorching language to the action of the Forty-fourth Congress, which, under the Sage of Gramercy Park, came into power with the cry of reform, which sounded much like the rebel yell! and, without mentioning any name, referred to Mr. Whitthorne, of Tennessee, in the bitterest terms. Referring to the investigations undertaken by that Congress, and the men qualified to carry them on in the manner they were, he said: "If there was a man who was charged, whether true or false, with purloining the funds of his State—"

At this juncture Mr. Whitthorne stepped directly in front of Mr. Robeson and excitedly exclaimed: "That's a lie, and whoever repeats it is a liar!" This created a roaring sensation, and every member sprang to his feet and rushed forward anticipating a personal setto. Mr. Peelle, of Indiana, asked that the language be taken down. Mr. Robeson waving a dissent with both hands, protested by saying, "Oh, never mind it. I have applied my language to no one. If any man feels it true let him step forward and acknowledge it." An exciting scene was that on the floor at this time, the confusion from which attracted the Sergeant-at-Arms to the floor, and his presence and the rattle of the Speaker's gavel soon quieted matters.

After the Naval bill had passed, Mr. Whitthorne arose and said that he made a personal application of Mr. Robeson's remarks, because the latter, true to his instincts, as when Secretary of the Navy, had been looking up the school fund matter of Tennessee. He said that he had never had any connection with the school fund. He said that he had been followed day and night by detectives from the Navy Department, who had made inquiries into his moral defects. These men claimed that they had a case, but it was an infamous lie. He had proposed to do his duty without fear or favor, and he was followed because he had done his duty as a member of the House. This explosion has been long expected from the unpleasantness that has existed, since the days of

Grant's last term, between the ex-Secretary of the Navy and the ex-Chairman of the Democratic naval committee. C. A. S.

### QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

The Seventh-day Baptists have a very serious question to meet and very soon, and some paractical way must be devised to meet it. It is this: What can be done to supply with preachers the pulpits already vacant, and those which must be made vacant if other places are filled? It will do no good to shrug our shoulders when our pastors are called away from their pastorates by our denominational Boards, and our schools; nor will it do any good to feel tremendously the dearth of preachers. Something must be done and immediately, and if it is not the thing that we would like to have done, some other thing that can be done must be, and I believe that the way in which we take hold of this question will show our right of absence of right to an existence as a people. Our paper and our schools must have the best men, even if they take them out of pastorates. The state of affairs among us, which I need not mention, demands this.

I venture to suggest an answer to this pressing question, with a plan which I do not advocate as a permanent thing, but as an expedient. Wherever it is possible to put two churches under the care of one minister, to do so. This plan is already successfully used by the Missionary Board, which sometimes unites more than two churches in this way. Where the churches are large, not more than two should be in charge of one man. If it were necessary, two men might be spared from Rhode Island, one from New Jersey, one from Alfred, one from Milton, etc. How? Let us use the Alfred churches as an example. One of these churches might have its worship in the forenoon, and its Bible-school in the afternoon, and the other have its Bible-school in the forenoon and its worship in the afternoon, so that one minister might supply the two places with preaching. There are many such possible circuits where one man might preach to two congregations in one day for a while, till some of the young men who are about to enter a theological class can be thoroughly prepared for the work of preaching. This will of course make necessary.

1. Harder work for the preacher.
2. That the people shall demand less of the preachers, and give them more time for preaching the Word and preparation for preaching such as can only come from study.
3. That the people shall take better hold of the work in the churches, and be more earnest and active, and feel a greater responsibility for the success of the prayer-meetings and Bible-schools.

4. A willingness on the part of all the people to give up their own ways for the general good, so that if they can not do just as they would like, they will do and do heartily the very next best thing.

Can this be done? Not unless there is denominational loyalty and Christian sacrifice enough among us as a people to make it possible. It will not harm some of our larger churches to reverse the order of holding worship and Bible-school for a while. One of the largest country Baptist churches in Rhode Island holds its Bible-school in the morning and its worship in the afternoon. Are the Seventh-day Baptists equal to some such great sacrifice for the work of the Lord?

WARDNER C. TITSWORTH.

GIVE YOURSELF.—Said a mother to me one day, "When my children were young, I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to teach them, to read to them, to pray with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house many times. I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel, my grown-up daughter a lovely Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to rest, plenty of time to keep my house in perfect order, plenty of time to indulge myself in many ways, besides going about my Master's business whenever he has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the best I could, myself."

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## Missions.

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

Dr. H. P. BURDICK, by request, has furnished us an outline of his sermon preached at the South-Eastern Association, and Bro. D. H. Davis has kindly sent a copy of an interesting article relating to medical missions in China, both of which are given to our readers this week.

### MEDICAL MISSIONS IN CHINA.

BY REV. JOHN W. DAVIS.

I recently attended a conference held in Shanghai by the missionaries in that city. The subject proposed for discussion was, Medical Missions in China. After the company of thirty or forty had enjoyed the supper spread by our kind host, Rev. D. H. Davis, a Seventh-day Baptist missionary, we repaired to the parlor, and the conference began. It lasted about two hours. The preliminary exercises conducted by our host, who was chairman of the meeting, consisted of prayer, praise, and the reading of passages from the New Testament, which showed that our blessed Savior himself has set the example of healing the body as well as saving the soul. After a few well chosen remarks, in which the subject was introduced and discussed in outline, the chairman called on those present to give their views on the subject of the conference. In the addresses which were made, abundant evidence was given to show the

WIDE-SPREAD INFLUENCE of medical missionary work in China. In Canton, Swatow, Foo-chow, Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, and Peking, there are hospitals connected with various missions, in which 125 (and in some cases 175) patients are treated daily. The record shows that as many as fifty thousand have received medical aid in one hospital in one year. The wide-spread influence of this branch of work is also proved by the fact that by means of medical missions, all classes of the Chinese are brought, to some extent, under the influence of Christian truth. Disease is no respecter of persons. Among the patients relieved by medical missionaries, there are many of the wealthy and learned. There is a chapel connected with each-missionary hospital, and the patients sit down in the chapel and listen to the preaching of the gospel while waiting to go into the hospital proper, to receive medical aid. And the medical missionary has opportunities for making known Christian truth, to some who do not come to the hospital. Mr. Tong, a Chinaman who is one of eight students under the care of Dr. McKenzie in Tientsin, preparing for medical service under the Chinese Government, told how Mandarins of high rank would come in full dress and pay their respects to Dr. McKenzie, doing their utmost to show their gratitude for medical aid received from him. He also spoke of the way in which lady Li, wife of the great Mandarin Li-Hung-Chang, honored Miss Howard, an American who took the degree of M. D., and came to China as a medical missionary. He mentioned Miss Howard's activity in relieving the poor, going at midnight to the humble huts of the lowest classes of the Chinese, in order to minister to their wants. Mr. Judd mentioned his having once heard a group of Chinamen say as they pointed to Dr. McKenzie of Tientsin, "There goes a good man." Mr. Gordon gave an instance of the way in which medical aid given to Chinese by foreigners makes upon the natives a deep and favorable impression. He was once traveling in the interior of China and stopped at a place on the side of Yangtse river and began to sell Christian books. The people were rude and insulting, and his position became unpleasant and dangerous; suddenly a man knelt before him and begged him to go and save a person who had attempted suicide. He went, saved the poor wretch, and was taken to his boat in a chair, borne by four men. Thus he was highly honored, for the usual number of bearers is only two, and the honor was paid him in the very place where an hour before he was grossly insulted. Again, the influence of medical missions is wide-spread as regards territory. There are hospitals in Canton, Swatow, Foochow, Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, and Peking, and more or less medical work is done by clerical missionaries at all the mission stations. In the case of the hospitals, the influences for good extend to a distance of not less than a hundred miles from the places where they are established. Dr. Ker has been heard to say of the indoor patients treated in his hospital at Canton, that more came from the distant parts of

the province than from the city itself. Mr. Muirhead stated that in the course of journeys made in many directions in Kiang-Su province, he found men almost everywhere who spoke kindly of the London Mission hospital in Shanghai.

As to the CONVERSION OF SOULS, evidence was given to show that this work had been the means of gaining true and valuable converts to Christianity. Mr. Muirhead stated that he had received into his church in Shanghai last year several persons whose interest in Christianity had first been awakened in the London mission hospital in Shanghai. Mr. Judd mentioned a case that occurred in Hankow. Dr. Bunn, of the American Episcopal Mission, had been successful in restoring the sight of a man who heard the gospel at the hospital, and was impressed by the fact that Dr. Bunn was in the habit of praying to God before performing surgical operations. The Chinaman was led to become a man of prayer too. Mr. Judd spoke of another case. A young man afflicted with elephantiasis, had suffered many things of the Chinese physicians. In course of time he was brought under Mr. Judd's care, and by treatment far less severe than that of the native doctors, he was greatly benefited. He was very grateful, gave a candid consideration to the arguments in favor of Christianity, and is now a happy convert. Miss Fielde, a lady who has long labored in Swatow, mentioned the case of a woman whose son had been a patient in the Swatow hospital. She and her daughter lived a long way from Swatow but they had put away idols and worshiped the true God of whom they had heard at the hospital. (After the conference the writer heard of a similar case from Mr. Walker, Methodist missionary stationed in Tientsin. A few years ago he met a young man about a hundred miles from Peking; who had been cured in Dr. Dudgeons' hospital in that great city. This young man and his mother's family had put away idols and daily prayed to the true God. They had no books except a catechism which they frequently read. The missionaries to the Chinese on the island of Formosa have had great success, owing partly to the favorable impression made by the medical labors of Dr. Maxwell. Among the various important points urged by various speakers, none deserve greater consideration than the one insisted upon by the venerable Mr. Muirhead who has labored in China for thirty-five years. He urged very strongly the importance of the physician in charge of a hospital, showing a great concern for the souls of his patients; he should not be merely a healer of the body. Dr. Stubbert, a medical missionary under the Northern Presbyterian Board, stated that the point made by Mr. Muirhead was well illustrated by the labors of Dr. Ker in Canton. He is a devoted and zealous missionary as well as a good physician, and has been the means of leading many souls to Christ. Another good point was made by Mr. Tong, a Chinese medical student, already mentioned, viz., medical missionaries ought to train natives and fit them for usefulness among the Chinese. Dr. Stubbert supported this opinion. He laid stress upon the importance of training young Chinamen for this work, and training them well. A little learning is a dangerous thing when a man has to deal with serious diseases and accidents. A half-trained Chinaman will, in trying to do medical work, do more harm than good. Dr. Stubbert was in favor of the medical students learning English, and taking a course of instruction lasting from three to five years.

In conclusion, I would remind the readers of the missionary that the committee of foreign missions have just sent a medical missionary, Dr. R. B. Fishburn, to Hangchow. This is a great city, has fully half a million inhabitants. It is certainly a fine field for medical missionary work. Support the committee that they may prosecute this work with vigor.

Soo-Chow, May, 12, 1882.

### NORTH LOUP, NEB.

The quarter has passed away without any marked results, yet I think there has been some advancement. Our average attendance at the Sabbath-school has risen from 39 in January to 82½ in May. Many people are coming in here and settling, mostly unchristian men. They come for the purpose of engaging in business in our growing village. There are many temptations to draw the minds of the people away from the truth. My own health has been so poor some of the time this Spring that I have been scarcely able to do what was absolutely necessary to keep the mission moving. I need your forbearance and sympathy, and especially your

prayers, that I may be wise. Not raising much last year and having every thing to buy, and debts to pay this Spring with the money I received for last quarter, it has been almost impossible for us to get the comforts of life; and when we think that we must wait till about the 1st of August before we shall get what is now due, it seems a good while to wait. I do not wish to complain, and under ordinary circumstances this waiting would not discommode us so much. This is a time in the year when the people here have very little money, so I can not get much here. I spent one Sabbath at Harvard during the quarter. The brethren are doing well there, I think; but they are very anxious for some one to come and preach to them. I hope my health will be such the present quarter that I shall be able to do more.

The ladies have organized a Missionary Society here with 28 members. Meet once in two weeks. G. J. CRANDALL, JUNE, 1882.

### SYNOPSIS

Of a Sermon preached at the South-Eastern Association.

BY DR. H. P. BURDICK.

Text: "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest." See John 4: 35, Luke 10: 2, and Matt 9: 38-39.

The conversation with the Samaritan woman was ended; she had left to spread the news, sow the seed. The disciples came from the city with bread. The Savior, with his all-seeing eye, beheld not only the saved but the unsaved souls, like Autumn leaves falling. Perhaps in the very moments used in uttering the words of the text, he saw two unsaved fall in Samaria, three in Jerusalem, one in Hebron, four in Egypt, thirteen in China. Whatever the number in the whole world, in that or any other space of time, he could see and count all. His disciples could not see lost souls as he saw them. What language or figure will the great Teacher use to enable his disciples now, and his finite followers in all coming time, to approach in sight and understanding, as near as possible, to what the infinite saw? The great Teacher, by object lessons, now presents a lasting panoramic view of a large field of grain *very ripe*. Even the most gentle breeze causes the grain to fall from the heads, and every dew breaks many of the stalks, and the heads fall and are lost. Away yonder in one side of the field is a lone reaper. He has one small shock, three bundles, two gavels, and a handful. In another part of the field is a man who makes many motions, but saves nothing; there is nothing gathered in his sickle. The figure is before them. Now for the explanation and application: Usually, when you sow your seed you say, "In four months will be the harvest." "The spiritual harvest is otherwise." "The seed sown in the Samaritan woman's heart, in your absence, hath made the Samaritans already ripe for the harvest." We are not in Samaria, but in West Virginia. The figure in all its force is before us. The harvest is not gathered in. The wasting goes on. Souls are being lost. Since I commenced talking, three hundred souls have crossed the line of worlds, if as is supposed, 60 persons die in a minute. This gives us 3,600 an hour, 31,136,000 a year; few saved, many lost. How can we save this field of souls?

1. Satisfy ourselves and every other person to the utmost of our ability, that our religion is the best thing in the world. If we must stop and look at the faults of others, give them as little time and attention as the nature of the case will allow. Wherever we go, whatsoever we do, keep the golden rule with us, and apply it. I have a bushel of seed-wheat to sell. There are a few grains of mustard-seed in it. How shall I apply the golden rule as I deal with my customer? Do by him as I would have him do by me; tell him all I know about the fowl seed. I am trading horses. How apply the golden rule? If my horse is afraid of an umbrella, tell my customer all about it. I am now going to talk about my neighbor. How apply the golden rule? Say about him what I would have him say about me, under like circumstances. A rule that will work well in common traffic, in a horse trade, and when we are talking about our neighbors, need not be feared; it can be relied upon anywhere. When I was a boy, Dea. Charles Langworthy, of blessed memory, paid eleven dollars for a heifer that was offered to him for six. Uncle Ezra Potter paid eighty dollars for a yoke of cattle that was offered him and turned into his pasture for seventy. These men both sleep in Alfred Rural Cemetery, and "their works follow them." Since Adam breathed his first breath, no one man could take advantage of, or wrong another with impunity.

2. Who is to gather in this harvest?

Largely, our ministers, Sabbath-school superintendents, teachers, students, and the church.

3. How go about this work? Unitedly praying "the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest," and each one esteeming his partnership with God for saving souls, the greatest privilege of mortals. The necessity of union can not be overestimated. Upon these waters of the Monongahela are mills built of very heavy timbers. I saw one this morning. Gossip, tattle, and jealousy never raised one. It took united efforts. This united prayer, these united efforts will, under God, give success to our missionary work. Bro. N. Wardner and I, with Bro. W. C. Kenyon for leader, offered this prayer. Bro. W. had the best sickle, and soon left me. I kept on praying, but heard a rustling in the grain, and looked over my left shoulder (they all point in when reaping), and there were Brethren Williams, Lewis, Whitford, Livermore, and Huffman. Their sickles (opportunities) were better than mine, and they went by. I set in behind them, lone and lonesome, but kept up this prayer; and Bro. L. R. Swinney came. I had the fairest chance in the world to hit him right in his eye, blind him, and I keep ahead. Some of his grain (members) was to my extreme right, and some of mine to his extreme left. If both worked, we must work together, lay our handfuls in the same gavels, bind them in the same bundles. The longer we worked together the better we liked it. But his was the best sickle, and I was left behind. Then came Brethren Main, Platts, Gardiner, and I will not try to tell all, and finally the brothers Ira Lee and G. M. Cottrell, and they passed me. I sent out after all an earnest "God bless you." Never was I so earnestly offering the prayer for laborers as to-day. Never in such a hurry to see them come. Never so anxious that their sickles should be better than mine. I dare not insult God by offering this prayer, and then using my elbows when they come. What part of our beloved Zion has not suffered from this chilling, withering, blighting influence? . . . Any one of us would be proud and glad to be a partner with God, in carrying on the wonders of Niagara, Yosemite, or Mount Vesuvius. He has never asked our help in these places. But there is a soul he asks us to help him save, that shall live on and on when the mountains and valleys shall be as though they had not been. What if the exterior be rough, save it if possible; it may be the only star of the first magnitude in the crown of your rejoicing.

4. The object of our work. Our object will not have been consummated until all the nations of the earth, in the spirit of the gospel, have redressed their wrongs, and every person, family, and church, been made happier than the happiest we have known.

### RELIGIOUS CONSECRATION.

In order to be successful in any enterprise, it is important that we be consecrated to the work. We have examples before us, and they are worthy of our imitation. We find the names of many in the pages of inspiration; and Protestant Christianity gives us the names of others who have made their mark, and they are not to be forgotten. Zwingle, Wickliffe, Luther, Melancthon, and Huss, were men of whom the world was not worthy; and in the history of missionary founders, we find the names of men who traveled, labored, pleaded, and wept, over a sinful and ruined world. In the days of darkness, there came forth an Elliott, a Brainard. These men penetrated the wilderness, lived with the wandering savages, and taught them the truths of God's holy book. The Moravians of the eighteenth century faced the northern blasts of Greenland's cold Winters, and the Labrador shores, that they might lead the rude inhabitants to a knowledge of Jesus, the sinner's friend. But time would not permit us to tell of many others. Since the days of modern missions we hear of a Morrison, a Cary, a Marshman, a Judson, a Kincaid, a Boardman, and a Carpenter, who have willingly become martyrs to the cause in which they had enlisted.

Is it not as needful that we in this age should be wholly consecrated to the cause that we profess to love? Are there not those among us who are often impressed with its importance? Cherish those impressions and pray God that they may become fruit bearing. It is a work that must be done by the church, and every individual is responsible for that part of the work that belongs to him or her to do. They are not all of them to become public ministers of the Word; all are not to be noted in the world for their unbounded benevolence, but all have a place to fill, and it is well for us, if in early life we

learn to say, "the will of the Lord be done" in all things. The mothers of these holy martyrs little knew the missionary work they were doing when they fondled in their laps those little ones who afterward lived, labored, and died in foreign lands, and whose names are recorded on the page of history. That boy who felt the Word of God as fire shut up in his bones, while following the plow, or driving the cows, and with toil, time, and much labor, finally found himself in the gospel field, traveling over mountains, contending with poverty and want, but comforting the afflicted, and leading many souls to receive Christ. Little thought he in those boyish days what his future history would be. But of many of them it is written, "They have done what they could;" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." The mother, the father, the man of business, the servant, the teacher, the professional man, and man of labor and toil, must be fully consecrated to the work, that to them is a life business, and success is certain. They will not live in vain. Let a church be fully consecrated to the work for which they have been constituted, and I am of the opinion that they would often hear the cry, "Here am I, send me." Some years since, I wrote to a brother minister that I knew was not engaged in his calling, inquiring of him why it was so. He replied to me as follows: "Because no man hath hired me." Is this excuse a sufficient apology for one who has been called of God to this work? When I began many years ago, in the midst of poverty and want, ignorance and sin, I thought my Lord said to me, "Go, work in my vineyard, and what is right I will pay thee." I believed his word, I found him true to his promise. "Bread has been given me, and water has been sure." We can't expect to reap until we have sown the seed; then, my dear young friends, who feel it duty, go forth, scatter the seed broadcast, "Sow in the morning, and at evening hold not your hand," and when old age overtakes you, and you are compelled, through infirmities, to lay your armor down, it will be to you a comfort that through infirmities of the flesh and many earthly discouragements, yet you ceased not "to show to the people their transgressions, and the house of Israel their sins." O, be faithful, not only when the people pay you, but unto death, and you shall receive a crown of life. It is needful that all of us should be fully consecrated to our calling. When that day shall come, Zion will arise, and the glory of the Lord shall fill the world; yes, my dear friends, permit me to say to you that in that profession you have made, you pledged yourself to be a missionary for God, and there is no discharge; it is a life-work; and, as you are able, you will not bear the cross in vain; what you do, do it for the glory of God, and you will not lose your reward.

W. B. GILLETTE.

### ORLEANS, NEB.

I have followed pretty much the usual routine of service, supplying the Orleans and Walnut Creek Churches, generally preaching at those two places on alternate Sabbaths. Have opened an appointment at Bro. Beeman's, which, as you may remember, is about seven miles from Orleans and nearly five miles from my place, preaching, when circumstances will allow, on each alternate Sixth-day evening. I have also visited Bro. Hull's neighborhood twice during the quarter, but the inclemency of the weather has greatly interfered with the holding of public services on both occasions. I have also kept up my regular appointments at the Stone School-house, near the mouth of Walnut Creek, once in four weeks. Hearing of Sabbath-keepers at Smith Centre, Smith Co., Kansas, I visited that place. I found one woman brought up to observe the Sabbath in Brookfield, where she was baptized, but did not formally unite with the Church. Her name was Sisson; present name, Rider. The work of the enemy has developed in the Walnut Creek society, and has been successful in turning many from the serious consideration of the Sabbath and of union with us, working untold harm in many ways. What the outcome will be we can not imagine. I think, with vigilance and care, the loss may be partially remedied. The Congregationalists have organized what they call a Union Church, but it is a union of discordant elements, and the prospect is not very promising, nor so much so to our Church as it was. We may not see how it is to be done, but we know that order shall be brought out of confusion, and it is a sweet thought that we shall be found in line when order eventually triumphs. Our confidence is not in ourselves, but in Him whose right it is to rule, and to whom be honor and dominion and glory, world without end.

Yours in the blessed cause of truth and right, now and ever. H. E. BABCOCK, JUNE, 1882.

## Education

Conducted by Rev. J. A. ... half of the Seventh-day ...

"Last ..."

THE SUPRA

Last discourse to students ...

BY REV. D. E. ...

Isa. 30: 1. "Out of the de ... O Lord."

Man's want of God and hence man's reliance on the all-pervading fact, est into the human branches most pervasive through all its parts. of the soul voices itself piercing wail of want of praise and ecstasy, of satisfaction. The soul dwelling and fellow Spirit, and it was the clock of time ever struck man took in another and it did not take the God long to find out the sustained, the vast depth gone down, and not there before it began again; and all down the another, has that great been voicing itself up to form of religion, from to the most gorgeous but a form of the soul God out of the deepness without him. In the merciful Father sent carnation as the perfect self, and thus voiced his want-wail of his children ineffable tenderness, "that labor and are he give you rest," and back soul answers, "I shall awake in thy likeness, answer to my deepest need wrestles with the stiffness in him all along. I know this divine satisfaction of the reality of the religion very depths of the unconscious from the soul to be higher than itself. If thing in the economy of deep soul yearnings of itself, some rock higher be the awfulest mismanagement. Superficial things answer the ear, oxygen to the its purple impurities, deeper depths of nature the soul is, its religion the soul can answer the All the deeper surges thought or of feeling shores of eternity, and from the infinite. A felt till it comes of real infinite, the bosom of

With the surface thinker, it is enough formula, that every adequate cause, and the second causes, there First Cause; and hence possible. For the of for the formality of religion as we see all around evidences of design, fore there must be a but when the human grappling iron down of the universe, and the diness and wondrous marvelous lens-power links all these wondrous family, and the think inevitable conclusion in him, which is the subduing these words is itself greater than thought in him only binds the whole to that fling the whole finite depths—that such thoughts, will the heart, the life, the who embogoms all being, and it will not finite God, till that recognition and love

Nothing can be curious and fearful the mind, peering out science into the vast seeing the sweep of their sins, and these

**Education Department.**

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

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

**THE SUPREME WANT.**

Last discourse to students of Alfred University for the year of 1882.

BY REV. D. E. MAXSON, D. D.

Isa. 30:1. "Out of the deep have I cried to thee, O Lord."

Man's want of God is his supreme want, and hence man's religion, of which God is the all-pervading fact, strikes its roots deepest into the human nature and thrusts its branches most pervasively and sustainingly through all its parts. The religious attitude of the soul voices itself to God, as a deep, piercing wail of want or as a jubilant song of praise and ecstasy, a thankful expression of satisfaction. The soul was made for the indwelling and fellowship of the Divine Spirit, and it was the dreadfulest hour the clock of time ever struck when the soul of man took in another and antagonistic spirit; and it did not take the soul thus alien from God long to find out the infinite loss it had sustained, the vast depths into which it had gone down, and not long did it wait down there before it began to cry out for God again; and all down the ages, in one form or another, has that great soul-want of man been voicing itself up to the heavens. Every form of religion, from the lowest fetishism, to the most gorgeous polytheism, has been but a form of the soul's cry for the living God out of the depths of conscious helplessness without him. In the fullness of time, the merciful Father sent his Son into the incarnation as the perfect expression of himself, and thus voiced back his answer to the want-wail of his children, saying in words of ineffable tenderness, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and back to God the uplifted soul answers, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness. O, thou divine answer to my deepest need." Every one that wrestles with the stiff oppositions to godliness in him all along life and does not yet know this divine satisfaction, is yet conscious of the reality of the religion of God, from the very depths of the unrest that continually cries from the soul to be set on a rock that is higher than itself. If there were not something in the economy of God to answer these deep soul yearnings for some good above itself, some rock higher than itself, it would be the awfullest mismatch in the universe. Superficial things answer to superficial wants; light answers to the eye, sound to the ear, oxygen to the blood, laboring with its purple impurities; but when the lower, deeper depths of nature are stirred, the cry of the soul is, its religious cry, and only God in the soul can answer that cry from its depths. All the deeper surges of the soul, whether of thought or of feeling, roll on towards the shores of eternity, and demand their answer from the infinite. And no satisfaction is felt till it comes of rest in the bosom of that infinite, the bosom of the All-Father.

With the surface thought of the ordinary thinker, it is enough to assent to the dry formula, that every event must have its adequate cause, and that back and above all second causes, there must be an infinite First Cause; and hence that, atheism is impossible. For the outside of thought and for the formality of reasoning, it is enough, as we see all around us the unmistakable evidences of design, to conclude that therefore there must be an intelligent designer; but when the human intellect once lays its grappling iron down into the deeper strata of the universe, and brings up its multitudinous and wondrous things, and with the marvelous lens-power of a cultivated logic, links all these wondrous things in one great family, and the thinker himself comes to the inevitable conclusion, that the very thought in him, which is thus grasping, analyzing, subduing these wonderful forms and forces, is itself greater than they all, and that thought in him only the upper link that binds the whole to the supreme thought that flung the whole out from its own infinite depths—that soul, in which throbs such thoughts, will throbb on till it finds the heart, the life, the personal substantive, who embosoms all this pomp of universal being, and it will not stop its cry for the infinite God, till that God makes some sign of recognition and love and kinship.

Nothing can be conceived more incongruous and fearful than the state of a great mind, peering out through astronomical science into the vast worlds and systems, and seeing the sweep of myriad planets around their suns, and these suns around other suns,

till the whole limitless universe is ablaze with circling worlds, and yet is moved to no higher, no deeper, soul-answer than the cold logical assurance that all this must have a cause. Such a mind is enslaved to the mere material side of the vast universe, and for all the majesty he sees and feels, and for all the strength of conviction with which he affirms the great, First Cause, he will go down into the deeper depths of godlessness, unless, from out these depths, he cries for the personal power, the saving help, the inter-dwelling presence of the great First Cause, to be his Redeemer, his Comforter, and his hope of glory. If we have never felt this cry of our minds for God as we have stood under the blazing glories of the midday sun, or the milder glories of the moon and the stars, it is because we have never had culture to look beyond and deeper than the outside of things, and have settled down content with superficialities. If we could, for but an hour, see through nature, to nature's God, and conceive "all this wondrous work we see," as only the out-thrown thoughts of the infinite mind of the infinite God, the eternal personality, the absolute "I am," and he our Father, caring for each one of us with an infinite solicitude, not an hour would we wait, before our psalm, too, would be, "Out of these vasty deeps we cry unto thee, O Lord, our Lord."

2d. But if a man can look out upon the outward world, the mere shell of being, up through its starry splendors, down into its depths of mystery, without feeling impelled by the necessity of his very laws of thought, to cry, out of these depths, for the living God, as the only soul-satisfying answer to all the fearful problems of nature, outside the soul, how can it be possible for him to take up and read the annals of the human race, of its burdens, and struggles, its needs and woes at this hour, without a hunger and thirst of soul, for a revelation of some plan for the government of the moral world, which the discords of the centuries shall not disturb, and under which they will be forced at length into harmony and stable progress up towards the infinite God, for a justice that works out from the center of the moral universe, for a pity whose benign eye is never withdrawn from this sea of bitter tears? Leave out, just now, our own private need of a life-giving, divine power in our individual souls, and yet, how is it possible for a human mind, in the vigor of its thinkings, not to cry out for a God of mercy and justice, when it looks out upon the cruel oppressions, the arrant wrongs, the proud and sullen selfishness, the hundred-headed iniquities that are seeking, and alas! too often finding, sanctuary under cover of legal immunity, ecclesiastical toleration, and social custom?

If any one of us, here in our beautiful sanctuary to-day, could but survey, for an hour, the real state of things on this earth, just as they exist at the core, could see the baffled plans of good men for uplifting fellow-men, could see the uncovered forms of vice and cruelty that heave their sinewy shoulders against the best interests of patriots and Christians; could have one illuminated picture of the disappointment, slow torture, and acute misery, that souls, intent on "good, are enduring through the taunting defiance of pampered and dominant evil, we should veil our faces, and with throes from the deepest wells of our souls, cry up to God for the down-sweep of a righteous retribution that would right the wrongs of suffering innocence, and lift up the head of baffled good, and there would be no cessation of our cry from these depths of human woes, till some vision of the infinite good should reveal to us, a law of divine procedure, that, in God's good time, will pierce the black center of all guilt, and uplift the down-trodden truth to infinite glory and the stricken truth-lover to an infinite joy. Only let the soul believe that the heavens are not passionless, but that they throbb with a divine thought, and a divine compassion; that they declare the glory of God, that "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge;" that the Planner and Controller of this grand panoramic sky-scene has a plan as well, and a plan as perfect, for the on-sweep of the stars and suns of his moral universe, and of which the few centuries of human existence are but the half chaotic heavings, and that out of every upheaval there come new elements and new combinations, looking on to the universal harmony in good to which all moral order is tending, and that soul can sit down in peace, and rise up and work on in peace, knowing that, under the steady guidance of the unseen hand, "all things are working together for good to them that love God;" and then, out of the depths of such soul rest in the living God, there will go up the cry of

praise, and of joy unspeakable. O the joy of knowing that there is an eye that sees deeper, broader than the wisest human eye has ever peered into the seeming chaos of unfinished things; that there is a heart, great, deep, boundless, that is filled with a love that will yet immerse all who come to it, through faith on the one, who so fully, so freely expressed the love-throbs of that great heart, for all its sin-suffering children. Let us take courage, and hide a sweet hope for man in our heart of trust in God, and that the feeble triumphs which right and goodness have thus far attained in the world struggle, are only a forecast of the glory yet to break over upon, and down into the world; and then may we lift up our voices out of these depths of human-woe, and feel the divine presence coming into us, giving us the manly, bounding joy of a faith, that evil is not the strongest force in the world, but that

"Truth, crushed to earth will rise again,  
For the eternal years of God are hers."

But I purpose to follow out my subject from a more personal standpoint, searching for a practical use of the theme, while I inquire about the cry from the depths of your soul and mine, as they stand related to the evil in us, and to the infinite good above us. The great central fact of the universe is the divine personality of God, not an abstraction, not an attribute of something else, but the real, substantial, absolute and infinite ego, the self-existent, "I am." We are only right in our thinkings, and can only be right in our feelings, about God, when we look upon this universe of beauty and harmony, as the objective ideal or outgush from the supreme intelligence of the supreme personality. We are only safe from skepticism and moral perplexity of the world when we regard it as under the guidance of a conscious, self-poised, divine personage. And the great call and ineffable privilege of every being created in the image of that divine being, is to be in harmony with his personality, as it comes to us, blazing through his thoughts, his feelings, and his willings. Who can fathom the depths of that perdition which consists in falling away from unity and harmony, from personal fellowship with the one divine person from whose conscious self-poise come the only balancing forces of the universe? To be out of poise with the center poise, is to be in the wild surge of all disordered debris of a shattered world; but the unrest, the conscious misery of a soul out of poise with God and good, may not be the saddest doom it brings. The pain and unrest of the body, preyed upon by disease, while they are hard to bear, are still lurking evidences of life at the center, for it takes life to cognize pain; all hope dies only when paralysis comes on, and begins to silence one and another sentinel, crying at the portals of the citadel; and that disease is the dreadfulest, which lays its icy fingers upon the nerves of sense, and bids them stop their cry of pain, and let the destroyer go on unchallenged. The ultimate dreadfulness of a sin-loving heart is contentment away from God. To sit at length, down in the seat of the scornful, and throw up contempt on the high privilege of companionship with the Holy One, and then to feel no pain of remorse, no tinge of shame at the downward lapse, no harrowing consciousness of the dreadful incongruity, this is the deepest deep out of which a soul ever cried up to the infinite helper. But what is it to set him crying, then? If by long abuse, conscience becomes "seared as with a hot iron," so that, like paralyzed nerves, it gives no sign of danger, no cry of pain, when the flames of hell are surging in the soul, how is that soul ever to get out of the flames? There can be no deeper depth down below the normal level of a soul made in the image of God, and constituted for coexistence and fellowship with him, as the infinite source of all his light and his joy, than satisfaction down, down in the darkness of the abyss, where no light from his face ever shines. The rupture of the ties that bind the soul of man to the soul of God, is the fearful condition of which the words "ruin" and "destruction" are but the feeblest expressions. Sin against God's law, as we call it in our superficial way, is sin against God himself, for his law is only the way through which he voices himself to us. Sin is casting javelins and arrows into the bosom of God himself, a finite person casting defiance and insult into the face of an infinite person. God's law has no blood, no life, no sensitive ness in it; but it stands to our consciousness, as the out-flaming expression of the will of the divine consciousness; and any contempt upon it is just so much contempt upon God, just so much wounding the heart of God; and oh, what finite man can conceive the infinite heart-hurt, the loving Father suffers at every thrust his children make at his law, and so at himself. If anything will awaken

a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and cause a cry up out of its depths to the All-Merciful One, it must be the disclosure to the sinner, that sinning is not an offense against some words written thousands of years ago upon Sinai, but a direct personal offense against the great, and long-suffering God, whose glory and awfulness were manifested on the top of the Mount in thunder and lightnings, when he wrote the law with his finger, and also against the same personal God when he manifested his infinite mercy on the top of the other Mount, when the veiled heavens and quaking earth put on funeral tokens at the awful vindication of law that was made in the blood of the only begotten of God, Who has not had moments when the sense of sin against such a God as is our God, would not start, as by some involuntary impulse, the cry to be delivered from its crushing power? Do not seasons visit us when, in spite of all the gilded circumstances that the best earthly conditions can throw around us, we feel that we are down in a spiritual abyss, from which only the God we are despising can lift us? And then comes the consciousness that if our hearts were in sympathy with him, if we would lift up our cry to him, he would lift us up to the serene sky and the pure air above us. And then "out of the depth we cry." And who has ever cried in vain out of such depths of conscious soul-poverty? Why, the burden of the evangel of God to men is not wrath, but mercy. To lift our feet out of "the horrible pit and miry clay," and to set them on a rock, was the mission of the Christ of God to men. It is not so much God's justice that stands in the way of his mercy to us as it is our contentment without it. It is not so much his vindictiveness that makes our hell, as it is our own carelessness and waywardness which gradually wear out our moral perceptions and spiritual yearnings till we are content to be without God, and it is on that platform the superstructure of our disordered being is being erected. It was the mission of Christ to tell us of the infinite desire of our Father, and his to lift us up, to tell us that when we feel the folds of sin around us, and the thunders of justice above us, we need not remain there, but that a cry from the depths will bring God down to us. Do we thus cry? That is the season of soul-crisis; when it feels its chains, will it cry for its Deliverer? Not all the praises of saved souls around the throne can keep that soul-cry out of the lowest depth from going to the ear of God, and then comes the soul-birth up to its true estate. Then mists roll away, then burdens drop off, then sunshine, then freedom.

Paul has put the whole case in these graphic words, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Again, and lastly. Let us look at the relation of the soul, bending under life-sorrows and burdened affections, to Him who numbers the hairs of our heads, and without whose notice not a sparrow falls. What soul ever went down into these depths, into these shadow-realms, that did not almost instinctively cry up out of them to God for comfort? Sorrow and God come together in every human heart, in answer to the highest want, in answer to the faintest cry. You never cry out of such depths for anything the world can give to lift you up. There is a loneliness of the grief-burdened heart, out of which it calls for something more tender, more comforting, than even the dearest earthly friend can afford it. Looking up from the bottom of a deep well, you can see the stars away up in the sky, which the sunlight hid from your eyes when you stood up in its bright glare upon the surface of the earth; so the loneliness of the spirit, down in the deep wells of grief, banishes the visions of earth, and brings it into mystic union with lights away up above the earth. When we stand by the bedside, and then by the grave, of a form woven in through every fiber of our affections, filling with light all the past and with hope all the future, and then turn from the little mound we have heaped over it, what is God doing for us but putting us in that solitude out of which we may cry for that superlative presence, which alone can fill the void heart with steady, never-fading joy? The power of religion is felt when from the bondage of sin the soul leaps to liberty; but the glory of religion is felt when the soul, from the loneliness of grief, leaps to sanctified satisfaction and holy joy in the Lord. Then it is the world above sheds its mystic beauty, and reflects its bows of promise upon the background of our sorrows from the very teardrops that tell of it. O, how much more glorious our lives would be if we would let sorrow fulfill its merciful mission to our hearts, and out of all the mists that blind, and the snares that entangle, and the deeps

that engulf us, we would put up that cry which for all the loss and cross would give us the compensating presence of the Infinite Comforter, and open to us a glimpse of the world above the world. We lose the best of our earth opportunity, the highest of our probationary culture, when we neglect the discipline of sorrow, and forget to cry for the living God out of its depths. We miss our loved ones. Oh, only the lone, stricken heart knows how we miss them, but we struggle with our griefs, we bound our thoughts by the grave where we have laid them, and, with our eyes upon the earth, our hearts wear out with their anguish. Oh, how far below the Christian's precious privilege is such a grief as that! It is given the Christian in such griefs to find a fellowship and a brotherhood in the One so full of sorrows, and so "well acquainted with grief," which will light up the darkest day, and lift up the sorest heart, and make the heavenly land nearer and dearer for all that has been transplanted from the frosty earth into its sunlit soil.

The noblest natures among men have been religious natures, natures that have unloosed themselves from slavery to material things. No soul but a religious one has ever lived in this world fully sensible of its grandeur, and of its ten thousand finger-boards, pointing on and up to the brighter world, of which it is but the vestibule. Only the cold, thin surface of the human nature can nourish an atheistic soul, or send such a man as Col. Robert Ingersoll out on his mission of shame. When the depths of that nature are plowed, when the subsoil plow is run down into its under strata, the latent God-likeness begins to be stirred, and the seeds of a faith in the Infinite are turned out to the sunshine and begin to shoot up toward the sky. Who then shall find fault with the hard experience, the sore affliction, which plows down into the subsoil of the soul, and stirs to the light its latent energies, its royal capacities? It is in mercy that the loving Father puts us under a providence that sinks us in those depths of discipline, and most anxiously does he hold down his ear to catch our faintest cry out from them; and how quickly the form of the fourth comes into the flames with us. How many of us are able to-day to say from out the depths of such life experience, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," for "Out of the depths have I cried, and have thence been led to the Rock that is higher than I?" It will not always be so. Up yonder there will be no more tears, no more deeps; but down here it is so, and will be so that

"The fountain of joy is fed by tears,  
And love is lit by the breath of sighs;  
The deepest griefs and wildest fears  
Have holiest ministries."

**Sabbath Reform.**

EDITED BY - - - REV. D. E. MAXSON, D. D.

**THE SABBATH UNIVERSAL.**

The institution of the Sabbath is by divine enactment, and dates from the very beginning of human-history. It was instituted not for any one people or age merely, but for all men in all ages. Its obligation is universal. Not only before Christ was it binding; it is binding now. The original law of the Sabbath, given at the creation, still remains in force.

We are taught that the validity and propriety of the old Jewish institutions have been done away in Christ, and this is true; but the essential Sabbath is not a Jewish institution. To be sure, one of the ten Jewish commandments enforces Sabbath observance. But another enforces abstinence from stealing. Is honesty, then, a peculiarly Jewish institution? The truth is that these ten commandments are the expression of principles and duties that are universal. The Decalogue, as a mere form, a specific piece of legislation, may be regarded as a Jewish affair, but the contents, or principles, of these commandments are universal.

We must remember that the Jews had two great departments of law—the one ceremonial, the other moral. It was the ceremonial law that was national, peculiar, and transitory. The moral law was not, as to its principles, national, but universal. It found expression in the ten commandments, one of which enforced the obligation of the Sabbath. These commandments are a summary of certain grand principles of religion and virtue which are always binding; they certainly were so before Moses received the tables of stone; they certainly are so to-day. Christ sets aside the essential meaning and obligation of no one of the commandments. Has he repeated the law against idolatry, and profanity, and filial obedience? Has he done away with the law against murder, and adultery, and robbery, and false witness, and covetousness? No: nor has he done away with the law, the duty, of Sabbath observance; for this law, standing side by side on the tables of stone with the other laws of religion, of virtue, of right conduct, expresser, as does each of the others, an obligation that is always and universally binding. The essential law of the Sabbath has no more been abrogated, than the essential law against murder, and stealing, and profanity.—*The Morning Star.*

True, Brother *Morning Star*, and if the "essential law of the Sabbath," which "has no more been abrogated than the essential law against murder and stealing and profanity," be not the law which commands the seventh day of the week to be kept holy, will you be so kind as to tell us what is the "essential law of the Sabbath?"

to say, "the will of the Lord be done" things. The mothers of these holy little knew the missionary work were doing when they fondled in their arms those little ones who afterward lived, and died in foreign lands, and whose names are recorded on the page of history. A boy who felt the Word of God as fire up in his bones, while following the plow or driving the cows, and with toil, and much labor, finally found himself in a gospel field, traveling over mountains, and with poverty and want, but coming to the afflicted, and leading many souls to Christ. Little thought he in his boyish days what his future history would be. But of many of them it is written, "They have done what they could," "much as ye have done it unto one of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me; enter thou into the joys of thy father." The mother, the father, the man of business, the servant, the teacher, the professional man, and man of labor and toil, who is fully consecrated to the work, that is a life business, and success is certain. They will not live in vain. Let a man be fully consecrated to the work for which they have been constituted, and I am opinion that they would often hear the voice of God, "Here am I, send me." Some years ago I wrote to a brother minister that I was not engaged in his calling, inquiring why it was so. He replied to me, "Because no man hath hired me." I excused a sufficient apology for one who is called of God to this work? When in many years ago, in the midst of poverty, want, ignorance and sin, I thought of the Lord said to me, "Go, work in my field, and what is right I will pay thee." I believed his word, I found him true to his promise. "Bread has been given me, and water has been sure." We expect to reap until we have sown the seed. My dear young friends, who feel that you go forth, scatter the seed broadcast, in the morning, and at evening hold it in your hand, and when old age overtakes you are compelled, through infirmities, to lay your armor down, it will be to your comfort that through infirmities of the body and many earthly discouragements, yet do not "to show to the people their transgressions, and the house of Israel their iniquities." O, be faithful, not only when the Lord pays you, but unto death, and you will receive a crown of life. It is needful that all of us should be fully consecrated to the work. When that day shall come, we will arise, and the glory of the Lord will fill the world; yes, my dear friends, I come to say to you that in that day you have made, you pledged yourselves to be a missionary for God, and there is no discharge; it is a life-work; and, as you live, you will not bear the cross in vain; you do, do it for the glory of God, and you will not lose your reward.

W. B. GILLETTE.

**ORLEANS, NEB.**

I have followed pretty much the usual routine service, supplying the Orleans and Creek Churches, generally preaching at two places on alternate Sabbaths. I opened an appointment at Bro. Beecher's, which, as you may remember, is about five miles from Orleans and nearly five from my place, preaching, when circumstances will allow, on each alternate day evening. I have also visited Bro. Beecher's neighborhood twice during the quarter, the inclemency of the weather has interfered with the holding of public meetings on both occasions. I have also kept regular appointments at the Stone house, near the mouth of Walnut creek, once in four weeks. Hearing of Sab-peppers at Smith Centre, Smith Co., I visited that place. I found one brought up to observe the Sabbath in the field, where she was baptized, but formally unite with the Church. Her name was Sisson; present name, Rider. The work of the enemy has developed in the Creek society, and has been successfully turning many from the serious consideration of the Sabbath and of union with us. I have untold harm in many ways. What some will be we can not imagine. I with vigilance and care, the loss may be remedied. The Congregation-ally organized what they call a Union but it is a union of discordant elements and the prospect is not very promising. I do not see how it is to be done, but we must order shall be brought out of confusion and it is a sweet thought that we found in line when order eventually comes. Our confidence is not in ourselves, but in whose right it is to rule, and to honor and dominion and glory, without end. In the blessed cause of truth and of ever. H. E. BABCOCK.

## The Sabbath Recorder.

Alfred Centre, N. Y., Fifth-day, July 13, 1882.

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

### A KIND WORD.

I was once preaching in the Second Alfred church, and trying to present, as best I could, the blessed gospel of the Son of God. But, for some reason, I could not portray as I wanted to, the grace of God in Jesus Christ, and when the benediction was pronounced I felt that I had so utterly failed in my sermon, that I was ashamed to go down out of my pulpit, for fear that some one would speak of my failure. Oh how I wished that meeting house had been built like the city churches, with a door just back of the pulpit, so I could slip out that way, and escape meeting with the people. If I could only get out of the house unnoticed, I could go over home and tell my wife all about it, and then kneel down and tell God all about it, and leave all my trouble with him. But there was no such door out of that pulpit, and so I waited till I thought they had gone out of the meeting house, and then I quickly came from the pulpit, and passed down the aisle to the vestibule. But just as I thought the way was clear, there I saw standing in the outside door a devoted sister waiting for me. She reached out her hand and said, as the tears filled her eyes, "How much good your sermon did me to-day. It was food for my soul." Oh what a thrill of joy went through my poor heart! I cried a little, and thanked God a good deal, and then hurried over home to tell my wife how glad I was to think my poor preaching had done one person good. Several years have passed, but when I am tired and way-worn, I can see that face at the door, waiting to speak a kind word, and when my poor sermons seem to fall unheeded, somehow I can hear the echo, "It was food to my soul."

L. R. S.

### SINCERITY versus TRUTH.

In Walker's popular treatise on the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," p. 150, occurs the following vigorous statement, of a truth not emphasized enough in our religious thinking. "Perhaps the most absurd and injurious adage that has ever gained currency among mankind is, that 'it makes no difference what a man believes, if he only be sincere.' Now the truth is, that the more sincerely a man believes a falsehood, the more destructive it is to all his interests for time and eternity." If this be true, not much is gained for any popular error by the claim that men are sincere in practicing it. In temporal things, the proposition in question is too obvious to need proof. The housewife sincerely believes that the white powder she puts into her breakfast cakes is soda, but none the less her family are poisoned; it was arsenic instead of soda she put in. The merchant sincerely believes the man he takes into business partnership to be an honest man, but he turns out to be a rogue, and a ruined fortune is the cost of the merchant's sincerity; he too sincerely believed a falsehood. The trusting girl sincerely believes the fine-looking, smooth-tongued, well-dressed, young man, who seeks her hand, to be a true and honorable man. Years of heart-ache is the penalty of her sincerity; she trusted a villain. In the battle which changed the history of England, and brought her under the Norman rule, William, perceiving that he could not break the solid columns of Harold, ordered one wing of his army to feign a disorderly flight. Harold, believing it to be a real flight, pursued in hot haste, and was cut off. He too sincerely believed the Norman army was broken, and lost his own. The English had the evidence of their senses, yet concluding too hastily, they believed a falsehood, and lost their national independence. The whole heathen world so sincerely believe their false religions, as to be shaped to dwarfage and moral deformity by their terribly earnest rites.

Up in the realm of man's spiritual nature, this rule holds good, and operates with sadly fatal effects. God has so related the nature of man to truth and falsehood, that while the one is always and everywhere wholesome and life-giving, the other is always and everywhere hurtful, and fatally destructive. It is a part of the constitutional law of the moral universe, and there is no power that can stay its effects, that evil, hurt, shall follow the belief of falsehood, and good, help, shall follow the belief of truth; and these results will have intensity proportionate to the sincerity of the beliefs out of which they have grown.

There is, I am afraid, too much complacency, too much restful security felt in our

consciousness of sincerity, as though that could be substituted for the solid verity of things, and we saved the hard necessity of digging for foundations down upon the rock of intelligent conviction of truth. It may not be ours to know how much allowance a pitying Father may make for his children's ignorance, in the final adjustments of their moral relations, but it is within easy comprehension that the more error and fiction and falsehood we allow place in our moral make up, the more unsound and flabby will be the accruing constitutions. Down on the solid rock of eternal truth, Christ laid the foundations of his religion, of our religious beliefs, and most emphatically enjoined us to build thereon, at whatever cost. D. E. M.

### THE GOSPEL FOR THE POOR.

One of the evidences of the Messiahship of Jesus upon which he laid great stress, was that under his ministry, the poor had the gospel preached to them. His mission related to no favored few. Those most needy drew most upon his sympathy. The scribes and Pharisees had taught that riches were an evidence of God's favor, and poverty of his frown. Accordingly, they held that as the poor were forsaken of God, they were entitled to little consideration from the favored ones of earth. But he who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister," carried the joyful message of salvation to the poor, so that "the common people heard him gladly." He went about doing good among the poor and the suffering, adapting himself to their condition, and sharing their fare. And he but bade his disciples follow his example when he said "Go." He did not commission them to form a close corporation in which they might enjoy exceptional privileges, but to "preach the gospel to every creature." They are to go out into the byways and the hedges, in the search after the lost, now as when the command first was given to go.

Theoretically, the church recognizes the common brotherhood of man to-day, but how often it actually nourishes false and hurtful distinctions, which repel the poor and keep them away from the sound of the gospel! Many in the humble walks of life, with keenly sensitive natures, interpret, no doubt wrongfully, the extravagance in dress and other things of the church-goer, as a notice to them that they are not welcome in the house of God. Placing too much stress, as they will, upon the distinctions which dress and fashionable style indicate, they are made to feel that they are regarded as belonging to an inferior class in society. They thus avoid the place of worship. Granting that there very often is no real ground for these feelings, that they are but the imaginings of sensitive natures, the fact remains, that multitudes stay away from the churches because of these feelings, and consequently the poor very largely have not the gospel preached to them. Surely, if the members of the Church of Christ have his Spirit, and feel the force of the great commission, they will find some way to reach all with the message of salvation, even if they have to discontinue the practice of making the public worship of God an occasion for dress parade. A. B. P.

### THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

The assassin of President Garfield has just paid the full penalty of his great crime. While the law could demand no more, and while the assassin could pay no more, who has not felt how utterly insignificant the penalty was as compared with the enormity of the crime? On the day before the execution, an editorial in one of the New York dailies pointed out in strong but just language the striking contrast between the life that was sacrificed by the crime of July 2, 1881, and the life that was taken in expiation of that crime on June 30, 1882. The one was a pure, noble, manly life; the other, a weak and craven life. James A. Garfield, by continued and valuable services in a great variety of positions, as an educator, as a soldier, and as a statesman, had won his way to the highest position to which a great and grateful people could elect him. In this place of supreme importance, as head of the nation, he had begun a work which not only promised well for the future of his administration, but which had already begun to bear golden fruit. Suddenly this career of usefulness was cut short, the nation was plunged into a long night of grief, while all civilized nations, in sympathy, felt the shock. Until after the fatal shot was fired, it is probable that not one person in a hundred thousand, in all the land, had ever heard of Charles J. Guiteau. Since that time he has been known chiefly as an unprincipled, blasphemous wretch. And yet this comparatively obscure and worthless life is the utmost that can be demanded, or given in expiation of the

great crime, by which a valued life was taken away and a nation shrouded in mourning. But, after all, is there anything strange or unusual in this? Is it not, rather, the natural order of things? Almost any malicious or even thoughtless person may do a world of mischief in a moment of time, which no future efforts can undo, and for which no sacrifices can make suitable expiation. This is only another way of stating the old Scripture proverb, "One sinner destroyeth much good." And if, in human relations, our best efforts at making restitution or expiation for wrongs committed are so pitifully inadequate and so utterly insufficient, how can one ever hope to make atonement for the sins which he has committed against the infinite holiness and love of God? From the dark despair toward which the question unmistakably points, we turn with joy unfeigned to hear the message of God, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." L. A. P.

### DECLINE OF POWER IN THE PULPIT.

NUMBER IV.

Negatively, I have stated, the blame does not lie entirely with our theological seminaries, though their course of instruction should be modified, so as to be more practical, training candidates for the ministry so as to preach with more simplicity and directness the doctrines of the gospel thoroughly wrought in their life and experience.

The substitution of written sermons for extemporaneous preaching diminishes, as I think, the power of the preacher; and the ministry are not altogether to blame for this. The laity have become so intelligent, fastidious in their tastes, impatient of long sermons, they require the preacher to condense, will not endure his repetitions; from thirty to thirty-five minutes is the limit they allow him to occupy, so that as a result, the preacher receives no encouragement to cultivate a habit of extemporaneous speaking, in which success can only be reached by practice, and some patient endurance and sympathy on the part of his hearers. What power would a lawyer have with a jury, who should sum up his case by reading from a carefully prepared manuscript? Our preaching should be more lawyer-like. We should have an object to gain every time. We are to convince the judgment and induce men to act accordingly. This is the way Dr. Finney preached. This is the way Mr. Moody preaches; he uses no manuscript. He rather sneers at the practice and raises a smile when he says "our learned essayists can not get enough of God's truth in their hearts to be able to carry it from their study to the pulpit without writing it."

Another cause of the decay of the power of the pulpit, is the lamentable fact, that the minds of men are not as easily moved by the truths of God now, as they were fifty or a hundred years ago. There are causes for this. One I have already named, the worldliness of the age. It is manifest prominently in the skepticism that prevails. I do not mean the open infidelity of Ingersoll, but a half-hearted belief in the doctrines of the Bible, a half-doubting, unsettled state of mind about religious truth. It is circulated in our literature, it is breathed in popular lectures, and even permeates the teachings of the pulpit. So prevalent and influential is it, that even the pulpit weakly acknowledges the necessity of conforming to it, by remodeling the statements of theology so as to harmonize with the latest dictums of science. There is a wide spread aversion to having the old doctrines of the gospel faithfully presented from the pulpit. It is doubtful whether that famous sermon of President Edwards on "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," which produced such a profound impression on his audience, that instinctively they seized hold of the benches to keep from sliding into hell, would produce anything like such an impression now, and many will thoughtlessly say, it ought not. Who believes that remarkable sermon of Richard Baxter on repentance preached in 1660 before the House of Commons, would have anything like the same power, if delivered at the present day before the House of Representatives? It was so long, it is doubtful whether a modern audience would tolerate it to the extent of giving it a respectful hearing. You say, "the times have changed." I say, "yes," and with that change has come, alas! a lamentable insensibility to the truths of God. In another article, we will sum up the remedies and bid this subject *adieu*. E. M. D.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL. Published by Jameson & Morse, Chicago, Ill. \$3 per year. Edited by Stephen D. Peet. Devoted to classical,

oriental, European and American archaeology. Illustrated. This magazine is very valuable to Bible students and classical scholars as well as to the antiquarian, and at the same time interesting to the general reader. It gives information concerning all recent discoveries and explorations in Bible lands, contains some valuable articles on the religions of the East, and in fact embraces in its field the antiquities of the whole world.

TEMPERANCE PUBLICATIONS.—The National Temperance Society has recently published "The Sunday School Concert," containing twenty-five concert exercises and dialogues; and "Readings and Recitations, No. 4," both designed for the use of temperance organizations in their public gatherings. Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Read St., New York, for further information.

In the notices of the anniversary exercises of Alfred University, in the last number of the SABBATH RECORDER, an error occurred in printing E. H. Barnett, for the name of the Rev. E. H. Barnett, of Abingdon, Va.; on whom the University conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

## Communications.

### TENT MEETINGS.

ITHACA, N. Y., June 30, 1882.

Our first twelve days of tent meetings here averaged well with tent meetings elsewhere; the attendance has been better than our average. A strong desire was expressed by the Christian workers that came in at once to work with us, and a revival spirit and interest have continued with us, and several persons have been greatly blessed, and several hopeful conversions. Interest in the Sabbath question now takes the lead. Attendance has dropped off a little of late, probably owing to the fact, in part, at least, that Sunday-school picnics in the day time, and church festivals in the evenings, are all the rage, and preparations for the glorious "Fourth." The pastor of the African Church is the only one of the clergy who has called on us. None of the clergy have attended our meetings. The ladies of the Temperance Union have accepted our offer of the tent for their meetings. Bro. Clarke addressed the meeting last First-day evening. I spoke on "Bible temperance" last Third-day evening. To-morrow evening will be devoted to temperance again. A three-hours meeting was held at the rooms of the Women's Christian Temperance Union while the election in Iowa was proceeding, on Third-day. By invitation, we attended with them. On First-day morning, the 18th inst., I spoke at Mrs. Beebe's Mission Rooms in this city, and twice since at the weekly meetings at the Home for Aged Women. I have held one meeting and one Bible reading at private houses. I have found an old college friend among the lawyers of this place, and also an old Baptist brother, who used to attend my meetings when I was pastor at Leonardsville, N. Y. He is also an acquaintance of Bro. Clarke. He takes quite a friendly interest in us and in our work. A near neighbor to our tent this morning, came in with an offer to do our washing gratis. Several have expressed a deep interest in the Bible Sabbath, and one promised to keep it. We shall probably remain another week here, and then go to Auburn, N. Y. God is blessing us in tent life as well as tent work. We room and remain in the tent, and eat here a portion of the time. The soil is damp, and water and climate here full of fever and ague, but God keeps us. Praise the Lord.

L. C. ROGERS.

### PARIS LETTER.

(Regular Correspondence.)

PARIS, France, June 27, 1882.

Another remarkable story has to be added to the long list of curious and exciting narratives connected with the Nihilist cause. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Voltaire*, guarantees the authenticity of the following facts, which are said to have materially increased the anxiety felt in the Russian capital for the Czar's safety. Shortly after the opening of the Moscow Exhibition, which was recently inaugurated by the Grand Duke Valdimir, a young man demanded an audience of the chief of the police at St. Petersburg. He refused to state his errand to any of the subordinate officials, so after being carefully searched, he was admitted to the presence of the General. Here he stated at once that he was sent by the Revolutionary Party and explained his mission in the following terms: "The Emperor is prevented from going to Moscow by his fears of our schemes. His dread will cease

to be justified, whenever he grants a Constitution. Then he need fear no conspiracy, and can go in safety wherever he pleases. It has fallen to my lot to inform you that if the Emperor persists in his reactionary policy nothing can save him. Neither my friends nor myself wish to murder him treacherously. Alexander III. is warned as was Alexander II. We do not assassinate, but we render justice." At this point of the interview, the police officer seemed anxious to call in assistance, but the young Nihilist stopped him, and added: "I do not wish to be subjected to the indignity of torture. In coming here I have sacrificed my life. I could have killed you, but we do not commit murders uselessly." With these words the youth stepped back a few paces, and knocked two large buttons, with which his cuffs were fastened, against his forehead. The buttons being full of explosive substance, burst, and inflicted such wounds on the young man, that he expired in a few moments, leaving no trace as to his identity. This sensational incident has reminded the public that the murder of Alexander II. was preceded by similar warnings. C. A. S.

## Home News.

New York.

ALFRED CENTRE—SURPRISE.

A pleasant incident occurred in the form of a surprise, at the home of Mrs. Abby K. Witter at Alfred Centre, on the evening of July 6, 1882, that being the fiftieth anniversary of her birth-day. The surprise was planned and executed by her children, three sons and one daughter; and passed off with great satisfaction both to the family and the guests, some thirty in number. The affair closed up by the presentation of nice presents, such as easy-rockers, chinaware, silverware, pictures, and etc., from the children of the honored mother, and from her relatives and friends, both present and absent. The closing scene for the evening was enlivened by music both vocal and instrumental, led by a son and daughter of Elder A. H. Lewis, of Plainfield, N. J., who were on a visit at Alfred Centre at the time.

ONE OF THE GUESTS.

JULY 7, 1882.

NILE.

A young lady of our village, Miss Addie Whitwood, sixteen years of age, has come to her death in a strange manner. Day before yesterday, about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, she was found in the kitchen, where she had been preparing supper, with her neck in the loop of a towel, which was hung on a roller against the wall, face downward, her feet extended backward on the floor, her hands hanging down, and life almost extinct. How she came to be in that situation is not certainly known, as no one else was in the room except a little girl, who seems unable to give an intelligent explanation of the matter. The mother who was in another room writing a letter, says that Addie had come to her and given her a message to write in the letter, and then returned to the kitchen in her usual lively manner. The mother had scarcely more than penned the message that had been given her when a little boy came and told her that Addie was hanging in the towel. At the same time another boy called the father who came in and released her from her situation. Neighbors immediately came in and by active efforts, breathing was restored. A physician was called, but all efforts failed to restore her to consciousness. Congestion of the brain and spinal cord set in and she died last evening, about twenty-four hours after the accident, having given no sign of returning consciousness. As to the cause and manner of the accident—for all regard it as an accident—it is supposed, partly from the little girl's story, and partly from conjecture, that the little girl was playing with the towel that hung near the pantry door, and that as Addie came out of the pantry in a hurried manner, the little girl playfully spread the towel before her and that she, slipping at the same time, fell with her neck in the opened loop of the towel. The floor was wet and there were marks where her feet had slipped. The physician says that falling with her throat across the towel must have paralyzed her immediately, so that she was helpless. The little girl says that she spoke and asked her to help. So, one who was day before yesterday, strong, healthy, and young, the only help of an invalid mother, now lies shrouded in death, and waiting her burial. Thus uncertain is life. C. A. B.

JULY 7, 1882.

Rhode Island.

ASHAWAY.

Prof. E. P. Saunders and sister, Miss Jennie Saunders, have resigned their places as teachers in the Bible-school. Rev. A. F.

Main and Miss H. W. elected to fill their place Bible-class, and nearly him at his post, with a the work before him, desiring to express their efforts, obtained a Concord and New Testaments, to him at the close of the 1st, by A. B. Burdick, class. Miss Saunders of girls and boys ranging years, with a constant lessons as would best full lives; and though shingathering, there will from such careful sowing.

Sabbath eve, July 7, monthly missionary work changed the order of exercises for the "Missionary Mrs. M. B. Clarke, public day Baptist Missionary singing was added to exercise, also a short Scriptures; the recitation Amy Babcock, Mabel Crandall, Sadie Burdick, Mary Rothwell. Mrs. selection showing the labor among the people by one long in the forei-

West Vir lost of brethren, we reached the river to Peoria, and press East and reached where I learned there incident on the narrow Creek, resulting in the very injury of a good safely and to our hea praise! And now meeriages, and long rides oing for me.

Oh JACKSON

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The new house of w Seventh-day Baptists o cated June 18th, J. L. chosen pastor, officiat that nearly one thousa ent. Three hundred t to pay indebtedness and In about twenty minut dred dollars were don people have done thema ored God in building ship, and that without for the society. The meeting-house, a comf a pastor located with t ordained two deacons, L. D. Seagar to preach ments of the Church at the last church meet adopt the system of w the cause of religion. that it will work well has been a member of its organization, stated Sabbath, that the pros the best he had ever se

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WISCONSIN SURPRISE AND EN

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ASHAWAY. E. P. Saunders and sister, Miss Jen- nders, have resigned their places as in the Bible-school. Rev. A. F.

Main and Miss H. W. Carpenter have been elected to fill their places. Mr. S. had the Bible-class, and nearly every Sabbath found him at his post, with a good preparation for the work before him. Many of his class desiring to express their appreciation of his efforts, obtained a Concordance of the Old and New Testaments, which was presented to him at the close of the class exercise, July 1st, by A. B. Burdick, 2d, in behalf of the class. Miss Saunders has taught her class of girls and boys ranging from eight to eleven years, with a constant desire to impart such lessons as would best prepare them for useful lives; and though she may not see the ingathering, there will surely be a harvest from such careful sowing.

Sabbath eve, July 7th, the time of the monthly missionary meeting, the pastor changed the order of exercises, and arranged for the "Missionary Concert exercise" by Mrs. M. B. Clarke, published by the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society. Some more singing was added to that in the printed exercise, also a short selection from the Scriptures; the recitations were rendered by Amy Babcock, Mabel Taylor, Hattie T. Crandall, Sadie Burdick, Jennie Taylor, and Mary Rothwell. Mrs. W. J. Moore read a selection showing the results of missionary labor among the people of Burmah as seen by one long in the foreign field. q.

West Virginia.

LOST CREEK.

By the kindness of the West Hallock brethren, we reached the boat and went down the river to Peoria, and took the night ex- press East and reached Clarksburg next day, where I learned there had been a fearful ac- cident on the narrow-gauge railroad to Lost Creek, resulting in the death of two and severe injury of a good many. Home again safely and to our heavenly Father be the praise! And now meetings, lectures, mar- riages, and long rides on horseback are wait- ing for me. L. R. S.

Ohio.

JACKSON CENTRE.

The harvesting is now fairly under way. The barley is all cut, and shocks of wheat are to be seen in many fields. The crop prospect is good. The fields look rich and the farmers' faces look bright.

The new house of worship erected by the Seventh-day Baptists of this place was dedicated June 18th, J. L. Huffman, their newly chosen pastor, officiating. It was estimated that nearly one thousand persons were present. Three hundred dollars were called for to pay indebtedness and to furnish the house. In about twenty minutes nearly four hundred dollars were donated. The Jackson people have done themselves credit, and honored God in building such a place of worship, and that without contracting any debt for the society. They have now a good meeting-house, a comfortable parsonage, and a pastor located with them. They have just ordained two deacons, and licensed Brother L. D. Seagar to preach. All the appointments of the Church are well attended. At the last Church meeting it was voted to adopt the system of weekly contributions for the cause of religion. The prospect now is that it will work well. One brother who has been a member of this Church ever since its organization, stated in the meeting last Sabbath, that the prospect for the cause was the best he had ever seen it.

Bro. Seagar left here this morning for Kansas to join Bro. Wheeler in tent work. He carries with him the kind regards and sympathy of all the people.

Last Sixth-day, about fifty of the neigh- bors and friends of Curtis Lippincott, under- took to surprise him by making him a birth- day visit. It was said to be a very pleasant occasion. \* \*

Wisconsin.

SURPRISE AND ENTERPRISE—MILTON.

A new Seventh-day Baptist church is about to be erected here, on the site of the old one. Last January, the pastor suggested to his people our need of some repairs on the old church, to wit, an enlargement of the pul- pit platform, new furniture for the pulpit, and graining the house inside. This was all he asked for. The society promptly took hold of the matter the very next day, and appointed a meeting to consider the propriety of repairing the old house or building a new one. The matter has been stewing ever since. Plans for a new church were presented. It could hardly be determined whether it was best to build this year.

Two weeks ago yesterday, we left to at- tend the Association at West Hallock, Ill., little dreaming we had preached our last sermon in the old Seventh-day Baptist meet- ing-house at Milton, a house precious for its

sacred memories to many, mingled with sad reminiscences to some. What was our sur- prise on our return ten days afterward, to find the old house partly torn down by dili- gent workmen, who are eager to replace it with a new one! Yet such was the case. It is no longer a question whether we shall have the old house repaired, or build this year or next. It is decided; it is a new house and is to be built this year. In the meanwhile our society have procured the College Chapel in which to hold our Sab- bath-day and evening services. Last Sab- bath it was filled by an appreciative audience, and we take this occasion to announce that one week from next Sabbath (July 15th,) Eld. V. Hull will preach in the chapel a sermon in reply to the objections of Robert Ingersoll against revealed religion. The new house of worship will be modern in its architecture, containing on the first floor an audience room for the regular church services, and a wing attached for the use of the Sab- bath-school and prayer-meetings, both rooms being so adjusted as to admit of being thrown into one when occasion demands. Surely this immediate demolition of the old house was a surprise, and does not the project de- note enterprise?

Another enterprising and commendable thing has been accomplished under the lead of Ezra Goodrich, Erastus P. Clarke, and others. The open park in front of the church lot has been skillfully graded and seeded, neatly fenced, and decorated with ever-greens, maples and elms. As the new house attains its completion and the park grows into beauty, and the College continues to prosper, shall we not all be happy and thankful? E. M. D.

WALWORTH.

On the afternoon of June 27th, we were visited by a terrific storm of wind and rain, which did much damage to property in a very short time. At about half past three o'clock, a very singular cloud was seen in the northwest, moving rapidly in a south-easterly direction. The wind and rain came with blinding force soon after the appear- ance of the cloud, and seemed to increase in fury as it moved to the south. Many build- ings were blown down or unroofed, and some entirely demolished; one school-house was taken from its foundation, turned around, and set down with no further damage. Many wind-mills were broken, trees and fences blown down. Our church building was badly racked and injured inside. Not much damage was done to crops, and no serious injury to persons. s.

Condensed News.

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

The steamer Sciota, with about 500 pas- sengers, collided with the tow-boat John Lomas, near Mingo Junction, O., on the night of July 4th, causing the loss of many lives—fifty deaths having been reported, and many others supposed to be remaining in the sunken vessel.

Charles Page, assistant engineer of the Sciota, makes the following statement:

"We started from East Liverpool at 6.30 o'clock yesterday morning with a large excursion party, off for a fourth of July frolic. We went as far down the river as Mounds- ville, arriving there at about 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon. After lying there two hours we started for home, stopping at Wheeling and Martina ferry. The people hailed us all along the river, but the captain said we had enough on board, and refused to take any more except at Steubenville, where he took on several. When we collided with the Lo- mas, as near as I can judge from what I heard people saying, we had on board 400 at least, probably 500. I was on the watch at the time of the accident, and when the boats whistled for passing I noticed there was something wrong, but thought nothing of it, and stepped out on deck for a second, when I saw the Lomas right on us. I rushed back to my engine, rang the bell to go back, which was immediately followed by a bell to stop, and then seeing the boat was fast sinking, the engineer and I threw a skiff into the river, and then I ran after my coat. When I got back the skiff was so full of poor stricken people, I knew it would sink. So I jumped into the river and struck out for the West Virginia shore. In looking around me as I swam I saw a sight that fairly took the life out of me. The water was black with strug- gling humanity and the expression on the faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying for help and some of the scenes so unwarmed that I could scarcely swim, but the current was so strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach the shore safely with a little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame." The latest

reports give reason to believe that the Scioto was overcrowded. On the down trip her rudder rope was broken, and in passing the Lomas the rudder swung her in front of the latter, and hence the collision.

RAILROAD BUILDING.—The Railway Age says of the railroad building of the first six months of this year: "The totals are aston- ishing. While only one-half the year is gone, and that including several Winter and Spring months, when the work of construc- tion, especially in the Northern States, was generally not even commenced, and while there has been a great cry about overdoing railway building and many predictions of impending financial disaster, we find the tracks have been laid on 179 lines in thirty- seven states and territories, and adding to the mileage of the main track aggregating 4,990 miles. These figures do not include sidings, second, third and fourth tracks, of which hundreds of miles have been laid. The aggregate report the same period last year was only a little over 2,000 miles, and during the same period of no previous year has it equaled even that. In all the western and southern states and territories, railway building has been actively pushed, and except in a few cases where parallel or compet- ing roads are being built, there is ample room and need for all these lines and many more even must be built before the necessi- ties of the country are supplied. With the present outlook, we see no danger of excess- ive railway building this year. The total railway mileage of the United States is now over 107,000 miles."

MORE STORMS AT THE WEST.—A Manitou

(Colo.) dispatch of July 3d says: Every house here was damaged by the water-spout Saturday. The water came from the mount- ains through canons, forming a wall eight feet high, and sweeping everything before it. During the day several parties of excursion- ists went up the canons. It is feared that several perished. An omnibus filled with passengers was swept from the street and dashed high up on the rocks. The occupants were but slightly injured. Four hotels were injured. Horses and cattle were swept away. Hail stones measuring thirteen inches fell, breaking windows and destroying shrubbery. The total loss will reach \$75,000.

At Kansas City, Mo., the Missouri river rose over twenty feet above low water mark.

At St. Louis the water was up to the warehouse doors. The levee above the bridge and a large portion of East St. Louis were inundated. Several valuable farms down the river were flooded and their crops de- stroyed. The water was thirty-two feet above low water.

EGYPT.—The latest reports from Egypt,

dated midnight, July 9th, indicated that a collision between the English fleet and Arabi Pasha would take place in a very short time, and the probability is that it has already oc- curred. All the members of the consulate had gone aboard of the vessels in the harbor, and the English consul had sent a notice to the other consuls, advising them to notify their countrymen to quit Alexandria within twenty-four hours.

A reconnaissance by naval officers on the afternoon of July 9th, showed the Egyptians mounting heavy guns on Maribout island, on the western side of the entrance to the har- bor. The British gunboat Condor had been stationed outside the harbor to guard the entrance. Seymour had gone aboard the In- vincible, which was to move into the outer harbor, alongside the Monarch. The Brit- ish ministry continued to declare their resolve to resist.

GUTEAU'S BRAIN.—The report of the

physicians conducting the autopsy on Gut- eau's remains confirms the unofficial reports of a week ago. There was to be an examina- tion under the microscope, the result of which we have not yet seen. The Medical News, commenting on the report, says: "Some deviations from a typically normal brain are referred to in the report, but they have absolutely no significance from that point of view, of mental derangement. The adhesions of the dura mater and the thick- ening of the membrane, without any evi- dence of co-existent inflammation, can not be said to have any pathological significance."

CROP PROSPECTS.—The wheat harvest is

well under way, and the reports from the crop are very satisfactory. The crop is bet- ter than for many years, and has, thus far, been secured in good condition. The pros- pect for oats is also unusually flattering. Corn will not probably be up to an average owing to an unusual amount of wet weather in the early part of the season, and in some sections the chintz bugs have made their appearance in force. The grass crop is good in all sections, and the show for a plentiful harvest is, on the whole, very favorable.

It is seriously complained in Troy that the graduating arrangements in the high schools are permitted to be so elaborate and expen- sive that many poor pupils leave school be- fore the time arrives, so as not to be humil- iated by the sight of extravagances which they can not afford.

One of the most thrilling balloon voyages on record, says the Elmira Advertiser, oc- curred at Oswego on the 4th. Despite the heavy rain, Madame Adelle did not hesitate to make the aerial journey. In the upper currents she struck a furious snow storm, and an adverse current of air which carried her out over Lake Ontario in imminent peril. Seeing the danger the life-saving crew pushed out to rescue her, but were powerless to keep up with the balloon. A tug, however, steamed out at full speed and at the end of a very exciting chase rescued the fair aero- naut after she had been dragged in the water more than an hour.

The national board of health has instruct- ed all their inspectors along the line of emi- grant travel, between the Atlantic seaboard and the west and northwest; also along the southern Atlantic and gulf coasts, and in the Mississippi valley, to be prepared to close the stations on the 15th instant. This is rendered necessary by the failure of a suffi- cient appropriation.

The striking freight handlers at Jersey City have received communications from the freight handlers of the Erie company at Buffalo, Elmira and Salamanca, asking for information concerning the strike, and ex- pressing a willingness to join issues with the Jersey City men.

Savaro, an Indian policeman, killed a western Indian recently at the Southern Ute agency. Ignacio, of the southern Utes, fears they will retaliate on the whites. The Indian agent has notified the commander at Fort Lewis to warn the settlers.

A liquor raid was made on five hotels and all the retail liquor stores of Greenfield, Mass., on the night of July 5th. A large quantity was seized, and there was much excitement. Hotels threaten to close if not al- lowed to sell.

At the inter-collegiate boat race on Lake George, July 4th, the University of Pennsylv- ania carried off the honors, winning the four-oared race by a severe struggle, and walking over the eight-oared course without competition.

Captain Payne proposed to start for Indian Territory, July 12th, with the largest band of colonists that has yet gone into that Ter- ritory. He did not think that Secretary Teller would interfere with the movement.

The English bark Edline, from New York to Norway, with a cargo of oil, struck an iceberg and sank. The crew took to their boats, and after four days were picked up and taken to Gloucester, Mass.

There was an unprecedented rain storm in the central portion of North Carolina on the morning of July 5th. Trains were swept from tracks, bridges torn away and many houses were blown down.

The Malley boys and Blanche Douglas have been acquitted of the murder of Jennie Cramer, there having been no evidence fix- ing the crime upon the parties. The verdict was not unexpected.

One hundred and ninety track-walkers and bosses, employed by the Erie railroad, between Jersey City and Port Jervis, have struck for an advance from \$1 10 to \$1 50 per day.

The body of Guiteau has been removed from the place of its interment in the jail yard, and probably graces the dissecting room or museum of some medical institu- tion.

At Astoria, Oregon, Cutting's cannery was burned, July 3d. Some of the occupants were obliged to jump from the windows into the river. Loss, \$45,000.

The trial of the Star route conspirators is again in progress, but with what prospect of success, remains as much a mystery as the finding of a trial jury.

The Boston Hoosac Tunnel and Western railroad has opened a branch to Saratoga, and run through trains between Saratoga and Boston.

The teachers of Colorado are endeavoring to secure a uniform course of study in that State leading from the primary school to the university.

Marcus Bibber has performed the feat of swimming the East River, between New York and Brooklyn, with his hands and feet tied.

The Old Colony railroad gave their freight handlers an advance of wages, rather than incur the evils of a threatened strike.

Official statistics show that there are 1,580 Americans or Irish Americans in Dublin without visible occupation.

The strike of the freight handlers contin- ues, causing serious delay in the forwarding business.

It is estimated that \$300,000 in wages have already been lost to the Cohoes strikers.

Fourth of July ardor was seriously damp- ened in this section of the Empire State.

It is said that a new well in the Warren oil field flows 3,000 barrels a day.

Walker Blaine, third assistant Secretary of State, has resigned.

\$1,500 per year can be easily made at home work- ing for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for their catalogue and full particulars.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

D. E. MAXSON has been appointed, by the Trustees of Alfred University, to the Chair of Pastoral Theology in the Theological Department of that Institution.

CHICAGO MISSION.—Mission Bible-school at the Pacific Garden Mission Rooms, corner of Van Buren St. and 4th Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Preaching at 3 o'clock. All Sabbath keepers in the city, over the Sabbath, are cordially invited to attend.

THE next meeting of the Connecticut and Rhode Island Quarterly Meeting will be held with the First Hopkinton Church, July 28-30. The pro- gramme is as follows:

Sabbath evening, preaching by U. M. Babcock. Sabbath morning, preaching by J. R. Irish. Evening after Sabbath, preaching by O. D. Sher- man. Sunday morning, doctrinal sermon, by Horace Stillman; subject, "God revealed." Discussion. Sunday afternoon, papers by laymen, with discus- sion. Pastors of Connecticut and Rhode Island churches will please give notice in their churches. W. C. TITSWORTH, Clerk.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society will be held at the usual place in Westery, R. I., on Wednesday, July 19th, beginning at 9.30 A. M. Reports and other communications designed for this meeting, should be sent to the Correspond- ing Secretary, Rev. A. M. Main, Ashaway, R. I., as early as July 5th. L. A. PLATTS, Rec. Sec.

MARRIED.

At Alfred Centre, N. Y., July 8, 1882, by Eld. C. M. Lewis, Mr. JAMES R. JEFFREY, of Elmidae, Chase Co., Kan., and Miss S. ALICE COMPTON, of Alfred Centre.

At the home of the bride, in Alfred, N. Y., in the evening after the Sabbath, July 8, 1882, by Eld. C. M. Lewis, Mr. WILLIAM H. ELLIS and Miss R. BELLE KENTON, all of Alfred.

On horseback, at Lost Creek, W. Va., July 4, 1882, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Dr. I. S. KENNEDY and Mrs. PRUDENCE DIX, both of Harrison county.

DIED.

In Alden, N. Y., June 29, 1882, of diphtheria, JENNIE, daughter of James and Carrie Babcock, aged 11 years. Jennie possessed a remarkably sweet and happy disposition, her gentle, winsome ways attract- ing the attention and winning the love of all. Thoughtful beyond her years, she had given her heart to Jesus. Just before her death she said, "Mamma, I am going." Her mamma asked, "Where are you going?" She replied, "I am going to die, don't cry." To the question, "Do you want to go and be with Jesus?" she at once replied, "Yes, mamma." Although the hearts of those who loved her were al- most broken at parting with Jennie, yet we feel that "it is well with the child." M. A. S.

Of lingering consumption, at Lima Centre, Wis., June 17, 1882, J. ALONZO TRUMAN, aged 55 years, 5 months, and 16 days. Bro. Truman was at the time of his decease a highly esteemed member of the Sev- enth-day Baptist Church at Milton, Wis. He was born in Scott, Cortland Co., N. Y. In his earlier life he made a profession of religion, and united with the Seventh day Baptist Church at Friendship, N. Y. When thirty-seven years of age, he moved from Allegany county, N. Y., to Lima, Wis., where he has resided for the past eighteen years. Two years ago last March, Brother and Sister Truman buried their daughter, their only child, and now the father has gone to be with Christ and the daughter who had gone before him. He was very much beloved and honored by all who knew him as a consistent Chris- tian and an intelligent and many man. None was more beloved and respected than he was. He had long been ready to go whenever it pleased the Lord to take him. He was remarkably patient and cheer- ful under long and painful illness. He leaves a wid- ow who will greatly feel her loss, for by years of patient care and watching she had become endeared to him as much pains-taking for the sick and suffer- ing can only endear one to the sufferer. The funeral exercises were held on First-day, at Lima Centre; a large concourse of neighbors and friends were pres- ent. The sermon was preached by the pastor of the Church of which he was a member, from the follow- ing text: "And Enoch walked with God, and he was not: for God took him." E. M. D.



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CALENDAR.

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Selected Miscellany.

IN HARBOR.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

I think it is over, over— I think it is over at last; Voices of foeman and lover, The sweet and the bitter, have passed: Life, like a tempest of ocean, Hath outblown its ultimate blast. There's but a faint sobbing seaward, While the calm of the tide deepens leeward, And behold! like the welcoming quiver Of heart-pulses throbbing through the river, Those lights in the Harbor at last— The heavenly Harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over— The winds and the waters surcease: How few were the days of the Rover That smiled in the beauty of peace! And distant and dim was the omen That hinted redress or release. From the ravage of life, and its riot, What marvel I yearn for the quiet, Which hides in this Harbor at last? For the lights, with their welcoming quiver, That throng through the sanctified river, Which girdles the Harbor at last— The heavenly Harbor at last!

I know it is over, over— I know it is over at last: Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncovered; For the stress of the voyage has passed: Life, like a tempest of ocean, Hath outblown its ultimate blast. There's but a faint sobbing seaward, While the calm of the tide deepens leeward, And behold! like the welcoming quiver Of heart-pulses throbbing through the river, Those lights in the Harbor at last— The heavenly Harbor at last!

—Harper's Magazine for July.

ESSIE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY WILLAMETTA A. PRESTON.

"Mamma, darling, did you know two weeks from to-morrow is my birthday?" asked Essie Rand, coming in from school one day, early in June.

"Yes, Essie, I have thought of it for several days; but, I suppose, your question means, have I planned any surprise for you?" looking lovingly into the dark blue eyes. "What would you like best of anything?"

"I don't know, mamma; only I wish we could have a picnic somewhere. The woods must be lovely now, and the city is so hot and dusty."

"I will see what can be done, before the eventful day comes," replied Mrs. Rand. "We will have a nice time somewhere."

"What, when and where?" asked a pleasant voice; and Essie, looking up in surprise, saw her father in the doorway. She was quickly at his side.

"Why, papa, I thought you wouldn't be home till night."

"My business did not take as long as I expected. What was the nice time you thought you could have somewhere?"

"Why, it was my birthday, papa; it comes two weeks from to-morrow; just think, I shall be ten years old then."

"Oh, that was it! Then, perhaps, I can help you with your plans. I had a letter from Medway to-day."

"From Grandpa Davis! What does he say?" asked Essie eagerly; while Mrs. Rand looked expectant.

"He wants Essie to bring a party of her young friends, about twenty in number, for a picnic in the grove," replied Mr. Rand. They can go out on the 7.30 train and back on the 6.15. He writes, 'We have not forgotten that the twentieth is our little Essie's birthday. I am sorry that you can not arrange to spend the Summer here, as we planned; but we must see you occasionally. Tell Essie to choose those of her young friends who would enjoy a taste of real country life.'"

"Oh, goody, goody!" exclaimed Essie, dancing up and down. "Just what I wanted. Now who shall I ask? There's Nellie and Bell, Minnie, Mamie, Floy, and—O dear! They would all enjoy it."

"It isn't necessary to decide to-night, pet," replied Mr. Rand. "But I think you better choose those who are going to be in the city for the Summer. Nellie and Bell are going to the seashore and Mamie to the mountains, you said yesterday."

"You are right, papa," Essie said thoughtfully. "Carrie and Lu Evans have never seen the real country. But I shouldn't have thought of them."

Essie built many bright plans for the picnic; yet she refrained from mentioning it to her little friends until the last day of school.

Mr. and Mrs. Rand, although not rich, were quite well off, and Essie, their only child; was much petted and indulged, yet by no means spoiled. Elville, where they lived, although called a city, would not be so considered by those living in our large cities. It was rather a large village; yet Medway and "Grandpa's farm" were the real country to Essie.

"Mamma, do you think Grandpa would care if I took one more than the twenty?" Essie asked anxiously the Sunday night before the picnic.

"I do not know, Essie," replied Mrs. Rand, doubtfully. "I thought you had given all your invitations, and were perfectly satisfied."

"I was, mamma, until to-day; but Katie Harlowe and I came home from Sunday-school together to-day—she hasn't been for several weeks before; you know she is lame, and can't get out much. I asked her what she was going to do this Summer. She said she should have to stay at home. You know she hasn't any own folks, but lives with her uncle and aunt, and they think her a burden. I thought she would enjoy it so much to go with us. She is real pretty and lady-like."

Do you think Grandpa would care, mamma?" and Essie stopped quite out of breath.

"I don't think one would make much difference, Essie," replied Mrs. Rand, who was trying to have her child grow up thoughtful and considerate for others. "You might be a little more crowded, riding up from the station."

"Oh, I don't care for that! then I really may?"

"Yes, Essie; but if you do, you must try to be thoughtful of her. Take her under your special care, and make sure that she has a pleasant time."

"Of course I would, mamma," Essie said emphatically.

She went around, early the next morning, to give the invitation, which was gladly accepted. Tuesday morning, Mr. Rand went with them to the depot, to see them safely started. It was a merry company; all were in the gayest spirits, anticipating a "splendid time." Mr. Rand gave his little flock into the conductor's care for the short journey. Their pleasure and merriment aroused the interest of the other passengers. The hour's ride was all too short, but they were quickly reconciled. At Essie's exclamation, "Oh, there's Grandpa Davis!" all looked eagerly out, then quickly left the car.

"Well, Essie, said Mr. Davis, "so you came up to spend your birthday with grandpa, and these are your little friends. Welcome all of you."

"Grandpa," said Essie, drawing him a little to one side, "do you care because I brought one more than the twenty? I never thought of Katie Harlowe, the lame girl, until after I had asked the others."

"Care; no, child," he replied; "I am glad you did." And, taking her in his arms, he put her in the easiest seat, and placed Katie by her side.

There was room for all without crowding. Mr. Davis had just begun haying, and had come for them in the hay-cart, drawn by two black horses, with the easiest hay-seats possible. Oh, the talk and laughter of that two miles' ride! Essie thought she had never enjoyed anything so. While to Katie it was something strangely wonderful. Then there was Grandma Davis, Aunt Bess, and cousin Louis at the gate to welcome them.

"Now you can come in and rest a little, or do anything you please for a while, and then we will go to the grove," said Grandma. "Katie ought to rest a while," Essie whispered to her aunt, "but I would like to show the others around a little if she wouldn't miss me."

"I will take care that she does not," replied her aunt.

Katie was soon resting quietly on the sofa, and Grandma Davis, as they all called her, tried to interest her to talk of herself, and soon knew the story of her short, sad life.

Meantime, Essie with her troop of friends explored the barns, gardens, and all other places within reach, except the grove, until they were called together by the sound of the dinner horn. The "grown-up folks" then led the way to the grove.

"How beautiful!"

"Splendid!" "I never saw anything so pretty." These and many other exclamations burst from all the children, at sight of the long table. It was a real picnic dinner; but the table was beautifully trimmed with flowers and ferns and long trailing vines. It was in a little opening by the side of the brook, yet the limbs were so closely interlaced as to form a slight protection from the hot sun.

The dinner was enjoyed by all, for their two hours' romp had given them a keen appetite. Then a large grape-vine swing and a croquet set claimed the attention of some, while others wandered off into the woods in search of vines and flowers. Essie kept with Katie, and by her loving attention, succeeded in making it a perfect rest and pleasure for her. The long afternoon was all too short for the many pleasures crowded into it. When at length the good-byes were said, and they were waiting for the wagon to take them to the depot, Katie came up to Essie and said:

"Your grandma says she is going to keep me here, until she hears from uncle at least. She wants me to stay until time for school to begin again. Oh, Essie, I do thank you so much for asking me to come with you! This has been the happiest day of my life." —Morning Star.

THE GEYSERS OF CALIFORNIA.

The Geysers of California are situated about seventy-five miles north of San Francisco, in the Mayacamas range of mountains, 1,700 feet above the level of the sea, and among scenery which no pen can describe.

Our party approached them by a stage ride of twenty-seven miles, from Calistoga, the terminus of the railroad. The road for the first few miles passes through a narrow valley, in which are vineyards and wheat fields. We now enter the mountains, and climb along a narrow road, now riding by the side of the river, and now far above it. Again, we descend to the level of the river, which we ford six times in the distance of half a mile. Leaving the river, we slowly ascend the mountains till we reach the summit, from which, on a clear day, a view of the grand Pacific Ocean, nearly thirty miles distant, can be had. After leaving the summit of the mountains, the descent for the last five or six miles is very rapid. The curves are very sharp, and with a fresh team of four horses, we whip around the curves with startling rapidity. The road is so narrow that in some places a misstep of one of the horses would send the stage with its load of passengers down a precipice one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet deep. But the skillful and careful driver, and the sure-foot-

ed mountain-horses have brought us to the end of our journey in safety.

Here is a hotel nestled among the mountains, and in full view of the column of steam which rests over the Geysers. It is too late to do anything in the way of sight-seeing, so after a good supper, we go to sleep with the roar of "Pluton River" in our ears. The next morning we were up bright and early, sniffing the fumes of sulphur which pervade the air. After breakfast, attended by the guide and provided with long, stout canes, we set out for the infernal region, where his Satanic Majesty is said to have formerly dwelt.

As we cross the Pluton River by a narrow foot-bridge, the guide points out a spot where you can stand and catch a trout, and, without moving from your place, throw the captive fish into a spring of boiling water, cook him and eat him off the hook. After leaving the river we pass on and soon find ourselves amid the glories of the "Devil's Canyon," a narrow gorge, a quarter of a mile long, with steep sloping sides.

We first come to the eye-water spring, the waters of which are luke-warm, and are said to be good for the eyes. Indeed, as the guide tells us, "When His Majesty left the Canyon, he bathed his eyes in this spring, and his sight being restored, he had no further use for his spectacles; so he left them for me," saying which, he points out two large holes in the wall of earth on our right, which very much resembles a pair of gigantic spectacles.

Close by the eye-water spring is the "Devil's Office," from which he used to issue all his orders. Here is his "office stool," a huge block of stone which looks as if it might have been used for a seat; his "desk," with scores of pigeon-holes above it; his "safe" (?) which is open at both ends, and his "arm-chair" where he used to spend his leisure moments, if he had any. Near by is also found a deposit of Epsom Salts. Further along is a cavity three or four feet in diameter, in which is constantly boiling up a liquid so black that it is called the "Devil's ink."

The "Witches' Caldron" is near at hand; a cavity about six feet by eight, and four feet deep. This is the largest of the Geysers, and here the water spouts up two or three feet in the center, and is boiling all around the sides, and yet very little water escapes. The temperature is about 210 degrees.

As we advanced up the canyon, we found steam issuing from hundreds of holes in the bottom and sloping sides of the canyon, and even in the path, were small springs of boiling water. In many cases the boiling water could be seen, and rumbling noises heard which sounded like the buzz of large quantities of machinery. At one place, called the "Steamboat," the steam escapes with a noise resembling the noise of a steamboat letting off steam.

We now pass by a steep ascent to the place where the steam is the thickest, and condenses on our hair and clothing. The ground is so hot that it burns our feet through our shoes. Many of the holes from which steam issues have been made by visitors; for the ground in some places is so soft that if a cane is thrust through the crust, it will sink to a depth of two or three feet, and when it is withdrawn, steam will issue. The steam from these holes can not be seen, but if the finger were held close to the opening, it would soon be scalded.

The fumes of this region are very disagreeable, to say the least; they are what chemists call sulphuretted hydrogen, commonly known as the gas set free from venerable eggs when suddenly ruptured.

The rocks and earth that wall the canyon are composed of cinnabar, iron, magnesia, alum, sulphur, and many other substances, and are of the most beautiful hues and mixtures of colors, caused by the chemical action going on. If taken by the traveler for specimens, they soon lose their beauty.

We hasten to emerge from the almost suffocating steam, and climb the "Devil's Pulpit," the last object of interest in this canyon. Here a fine view of the region through which we have passed, is obtained, and here, as the guide informs us, every Fourth of July the flag of his Satanic Majesty's domains is raised—a white flag, with a red devil on each side.

From this point we descend by a more quiet route to the "Lovers' Retreat," a beautiful shady nook, with a spring of clear, cold water, to quench our thirst and remove the disagreeable taste of the mineral waters we have "sampled" on our way hither.

But we have not yet seen all the wonders. We have still to visit the principal sulphur springs, where beautiful sparkling crystals are seen surrounding the springs. The ground here is yielding, and as the guide jumps up and down we feel the earth tremble, and a feeling of insecurity creeps over us. As we go forward, the guide stoops down and hands us a lump of earth, which is a natural putty.

The roar of steam is increasing, and we soon see the cause, as we near the "Devil's Teakettle," two holes four or five feet apart. In one of the holes, which is about two feet across, water is boiling furiously, while out of the other, an oval opening four or five inches long, steam is issuing with such force that stones as large as an egg brought near the opening, are thrown a distance of three or four feet. The roar of the escaping steam is so loud that the guide has to yell in order to make himself heard.

After leaving the Teakettle, the path lies on the side of the mountain, and we pick, as we descend, the "Geyser flower," a beautiful purple flower, said to be found only at the Geysers.

We have completed the usual tour, and after refreshing ourselves at "Angel's Rest,"

we recross the foaming Pluton River, and climb back to the hotel.

We must not leave this wonderful spot without saying a few words about the Hot Sulphur Baths, for which this region is famous. Here many invalids come to rid themselves of that enemy of mankind—rheumatism. The bath house is built over a hot sulphur spring which furnishes steam for the steam bath. Hot and cold water are brought to tanks on the roof, and furnish hot and cold shower-baths, while Pluton River is used for the cold plunge.

The next morning a stage ride of fifteen miles along the banks of the descending river brought us to Cloverdale, a beautiful village situated in the valley of the Russian River.—C. A. Kellogg, in Christian Secretary.

A SCHOOL COMMITTEE CONCERNED.

At an examination of a public school on Staten Island, the teacher, justly proud of his scholars, addressing the audience, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, to prove that the boys are not crammed for the occasion, I will direct one of them to open the arithmetic at random and read out the first problem. Then I shall invite a gentleman of the audience to work the sum on the board, and commit intentional errors, which you will observe, the boys will detect instantly. John Smith, open the book and read the first question!"

The scholar obeyed and read out: "Add fifteen-sixteenths and nine-elevenths."

The teacher turned to the audience and said: "Now, Supervisor, will you step to the blackboard and work it out?"

The supervisor hesitated, then said: "Certainly," and advanced a step, but paused and asked the teacher, "Is it fair to put the children to so difficult a problem?"

"Oh, never fear," replied the teacher, "they will be equal to it." "Very well," said the supervisor, "go on." The boy began the question: "Add fifteen-sixteenths—"

"No, no!" said the supervisor, "I will not be a party to overtax the children's brains. I have conscientious scruples against it. This forcing system is ruining the rising generation," and he gave the chalk back and left the room.

"Well, Judge Castleton, will you favor me?" asked the teacher, tenderly. "I would do so with pleasure," replied the judge, "but I have a case coming on in a minute or two," and left.

"Assessor Middleton, we will have to fall back on you," said the teacher, smiling. "Oh," said the assessor, "I pass—I mean I decline in favor of Collector X."

"Well, that will do," replied the teacher. "Mr. Collector, will you favor us?"

"I would certainly—that is—of course," replied the collector, "but—aham! I think it should be referred to a committee—Why, bless me, I'll never catch it. Good-bye! Some other time!" And he left.

"I know Justice Southfield will not refuse!" said the teacher, and the justice stepped promptly up to the blackboard amidst a round of applause from the audience. The scholar again began to read the sum. "Add fifteen-sixteenths—!"

A dozen hands went up as the judge made the first figures.

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher. "He's got the denominator on top of the line!" cried the boys in chorus.

"Very good, boys, very good; I see you are attentive," said the judge, as he rubbed out the figures, turned red, and began again, but was interrupted by the class.

"Now he's got the numerator and denominator under the line."

"Aha! you young rogues! You're sharp, I see," said the judge, jocosely, and again commenced.

"That ain't a fraction at all. It's one thousand five hundred and sixteen!" was the cry that hailed the judge's new combination of figures.

"Really, Mr. Teacher," ejaculated the judge, "I must compliment you on the proficiency of your scholars in Algebra! I won't tire their patience more."

"Oh, go on, go on," said the teacher, and again the judge wrote some figures in off-hand manner.

"That ain't a fraction! It's six thousand one hundred and fifty-one!" yelled the boys.

"Mr. Teacher," said the judge, "it would be ungenerous on my part, and simply an unworthy suspicion as to your efficiency, to put those extraordinary bright children to additional tests; I would not—I could not—Oh! excuse me! There's Brown! I have important business with him! Sheriff! I want to see you," and he left.

Some days afterwards a boy was brought before Justice Southfield for throwing stones in the street. "John," said the judge, sternly, "were you the boy that laughed in school on Monday, while I was working that problem?" "Yes, sir!" was the reply. John got thirty days.—Richmond Gazette.

HINTS FOR POOR SLEEPERS.—Poor sleepers will find it advantageous often to raise the head of the bed a foot higher than the foot, and then to sleep on a tolerably thick hair pillow, so as to bring the head a little higher than the shoulders. The object is to make the work of the heart in throwing the blood to the brain harder, so it will not throw so much. A level bed, with the head almost as low as the feet causes an easy flow of blood to the brain and prevents sleep. Persons who find themselves restless and unable to sleep at night would do well to place the head toward the north, as it is undoubtedly greatly conducive to health. A hot mustard foot bath, taken at bedtime, is beneficial in drawing the blood from the head,

and thus inducing sleep. Sponge the entire length of the spine with hot water for ten or fifteen minutes before retiring. This will often insure a good night's sleep. A hearty meal and a seat near a warm fire after a long walk in the cold wind will induce deep sleep in the majority of persons, no matter how lightly they ordinarily slumber. Active outdoor exercise and avoidance of excessive and long-continued mental exertion are necessary in all cases of sleeplessness. When these means fail, such remedies as are known to diminish the amount of blood in the head should be resorted to—of course under the direction of a competent physician. Opium, chloral, etc., increases the quantity of blood in the head, and are highly injurious. Their use should never be resorted to.—L. H. Washington, M. D.

HOW AN IOWA MAN KEEPS WARM.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune gives an account of an interview with a farmer near Fort Dodge, Iowa, named Ruggles, who has a 400 acre farm, and a splendid dairy, a coal mine under his farm, and a fine belt of hard timber within sight of his house.

"When I went into Mr. Ruggles's large sitting-room," says the Tribune's correspondent, "I noticed a very large stove. It was the shape of a parallelopipedon—about four feet long, three feet high, and the same broad. It heated the sitting-room and hall nicely."

"I see you burn wood, Mr. Ruggles," I remarked, as I held up my hands to warm them.

"No, sir, I can't afford to burn wood. It's too much work to cut it."

"Then coal, I suppose," I continued.

"No, sir; too much work to dig coal. I'm burning something that beats coal or wood—cheaper than either of them, though I have both coal and wood on the farm."

"Well, what can you burn cheaper than wood or coal?" I asked, desiring to solve the puzzle.

"Why, I burn corn stalks, sir. Corn stalks are the cheapest and best fuel on earth. It is ten times as easy to gather corn stalks and tie them into bundles as it is to cut down those trees. Why, I can go into the corn field with two men, and in a day bundle up corn stalks enough to warm my house all Winter."

"Let me see you put some corn stalks into the stove," I said.

"Mr. Ruggles stepped to the door and brought in a bundle of corn stalks about three feet through. They were bound tightly together. The bundle weighed about forty pounds. Then, lifting the top of the stove, he laid them in upon the embers, and closed up the front damper."

"How long do they burn?" I asked.

"Three hours. I don't let them burn with a flame. My stove closes air-tight. I let them burn slowly without a flame. I get all the heat there is in them. The stove is large, with an immense radiating surface. It doesn't have to be very hot. Now," said Mr. Ruggles, "five such bundles a day keep my sitting-room warm—or 600 bundles for the Winter. I can bind up 600 bundles of corn stalks in two days alone. I couldn't chop the wood to warm this room in a week. Then, in the Spring, I have a load of strong ashes for my wheat field, while my neighbors have to cut up the same corn stalks in the Spring to get them away from the harrow. It makes me smile when I hear about the idiots up in Minnesota, who have forty-acre corn fields, and still go cold or buy coal. Why, I'd rather burn corn stalks than cut maple wood within sight of the house."

"How would wheat straw do?" I asked.

"Just as well, only the stove would have to be twice as large. I'd have it made of sixteenth-of-an-inch boiler iron, four feet long and four feet high, with one little damper which could be closed air-tight."

"Really, Mr. Teacher," ejaculated the judge, "I must compliment you on the proficiency of your scholars in Algebra! I won't tire their patience more."

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Popular

To FREE bones and fatty matter, Herr Rich subjects them to vacuum benzine to saturate the pump again, and after air, so that the solvent vapors to the liquid dissolved. The fat solid at the bottom of the is again worked to vapor

MOLECULAR CHANGE published by the Royal Academy, an account is given of gots of tin containing impurity (iron and lead powder, during transport to Moscow. The author molecular modification cold and the vibration journey, and perhaps, from one of these causes

COST OF BRAIN-WORK more food than hand-work careful estimates and of hard study wear out the whole day of severe physical evidence of the cost of brain 1-40th the weight of the brain 1-5th of all the blood in the system. Brain-work a more liberal supply of food, than manual labor

DETECTION OF FIREMENT for the detection of has been submitted to the Academies, Paris, by M. V. T. of a bell, which is put in movement. The balance is restrained from movement soaked in salt-peter; this fastened in a wire cage, burning. The fire-damp along with the air, and as in a certain proportion, the fire, and igniting the str is released, and the bell r to the miners.

TREATMENT OF VICE abundant in some parts of dually in Vendee, Haute d'Or. In Haute-Marne destroyed in six years (a pre cents having been offered. A bitten man may recover from their bite, after con but the issue is often fatal fact, M. de Qatrefages, to the treatment with potash recently found in zilian, Dr. de Lacerda. salt is dissolved in a ounce solution injected immediately with a hypodermic syring

OCCURRENCE OF NATIVE SOIL OF PARIS.—During a public sewer in the Rue workmen came across wh ancient dust heap, extent 50 meters in length and It consisted of all sorts animal refuse, mixed with bones and plaster rubble which was embedded in a uniformly impregnated native sulphur, whilst t in their interior with gypsum. There can be this natural production from the action of the plaster, fore faintly resembles the formation of sulphur rocks.

EXAMINATION OF CHINA ROCKS USED FOR THE PORCELAIN.—W. Pabst his examination of the he says, "The material the manufacture of por from layers of phyllite, hellefinta-like deposits spartic constituent of v verted wholly or partia mica. The raw mate porcelain manufacture in from the neighborhood of Hezon, in Japan, and elastic acid capture containing a large propor probably due to the action In addition to the pot and breccia contain quastances, and fragments of andesites, trachytes, and

Popular Science.

To FREE bones and other substances of fatty matter, Herr Richter, of Breslau, first subjects them to vacuum, then admits a little benzine to saturate the bones, works the air-pump again, and after some time, admits air, so that the solvent returns from the vaporous to the liquid state, and the fat is dissolved. The fat solution having collected at the bottom of the vessel, the air-pump is again worked to vaporize the solvent.

MOLECULAR CHANGE IN TIN.—In a paper published by the Royal Academy at Amsterdam, an account is given of the change in ingots of tin containing only three per cent. of impurity (iron and lead), into a crystalline powder, during transportation by railroad to Moscow. The author concludes that the molecular modification was caused by intense cold and the vibration attending the long journey, and perhaps, though not probably, from one of these causes alone.

COST OF BRAIN-WORK.—Brain-work costs more food than hand-work. According to careful estimates and analyses, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact though the brain is only 1-40th the weight of the body, it receives about 1-5th of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers therefore require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual laborers.

DETECTION OF FIRE-DAMP.—An instrument for the detection of fire-damp in mines has been submitted to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. V. Turquin. It consists of a bell, which is put in motion by a clock movement. The balance wheel of the latter is restrained from movement by a thread soaked in saltpeter; this passes into or is fastened in a wire cage, in which a lamp is burning. The fire-damp enters the cage along with the air, and as soon as it is present in a certain proportion, the mixture catches fire, and, igniting the string, the movement is released, and the bell rings out its warning to the miners.

TREATMENT OF VIPER BITES.—Vipers abound in some parts of France, more especially in Vendee, Haute-Marne, and Cote d'Or. In Haute-Marne 57,045 were destroyed in six years (a premium of about four cents having been offered on each animal). A bitten man may recover spontaneously, from their bite, after considerable suffering, but the issue is often fatal. In view of this fact, M. de Qatrefages has called attention to the treatment with permanganate of potash recently found successful by the Brazilian, Dr. de Lacerda. 1 1/2 grains of the salt is dissolved in 1/2 ounces of water, and the solution injected immediately above the bite with a hypodermic syringe.

OCCURRENCE OF NATIVE SULPHUR IN THE SOIL OF PARIS.—During the construction of a public sewer in the Rue Meslay, Paris, the workmen came across what appeared to be an ancient dust heap, extending for more than 50 meters in length and 4.5 meters in depth. It consisted of all sorts of vegetable and animal refuse, mixed with vast quantities of bones and plaster rubbish. The plaster, which was embedded in a black matrix, was uniformly impregnated with crystallized native sulphur, whilst the bones were filled in their interior with crystalline acicular gypsum. There can be no doubt but that this natural production of sulphur results from the action of the organic matter on the substance of the plaster, and that it therefore faintly resembles the contemporaneous formation of sulphur in many stratified rocks.

EXAMINATION OF CHINESE AND JAPANESE ROCKS USED FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF PORCELAIN.—W. Pabst gives an account of his examination of these rocks, in which he says, "The material used in China for the manufacture of porcelain is obtained from layers of phyllite, and is derived from hellefinta-like deposits therein, the feldspar constituent of which has been converted wholly or partially into a potash-mica. The raw material used for the porcelain manufacture in Japan is obtained from the neighborhood of Arita, Province of Hezon, in Japan, and appears to consist of elastic acid eruptive masses of tertiary age, containing a large proportion of potash-mica, probably due to the action of later eruptions. In addition to the potash-mica, these tuffs and breccias contain quartz, amorphous substances, and fragments of liparites, obsidian, andesites, trachytes, and sandstones.

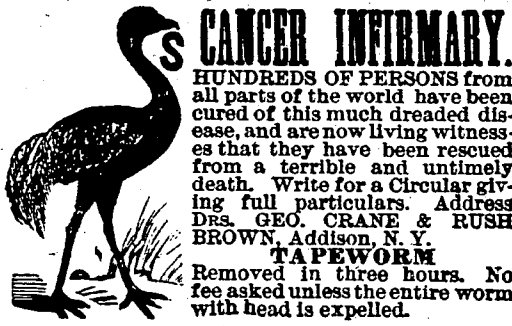
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CITATION.—The people of the State of New York, by the Grace of God, free and independent: To Aurelia F. Boss, widow and co-administrator, Mae E. Boss, and George R. Boss, all of Milton, Rock Co. Wis.; Susan M. Ingraham, of 16 Franklin Street, Providence, R. I.; Martin P. Boss, of 1,230 Union Street, Oakland, Cal., being all the heirs at law and next of kin of Joseph Boss, late of the town of Genesee, in Allegheny county, deceased, greeting: You, and each of you, are hereby cited and required personally to be and appear before our Surrogate of Allegheny county, at his office in Angelica, in said county, on the 24th day of July, 1882, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the accounts of Ezekiel R. Crandall, as Administrator of the goods, chattels and credits of the said deceased.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the Seal of Office of our said Surrogate to be hereunto affixed. Witness James S. Green, Surrogate [L. s.] of said county, at Angelica, the 29th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two. J. S. GREEN, Surrogate. JOHN S. ROCKWELL, Attorney for Petitioner. Little Genesee, N. Y.

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Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 8, No. 12, No. 4, No. 6. Rows include Dunkirk, Little Valley, Salamanca, Carrollton, Olean, Cuba, Wellsville, Andover, Alfred, Hornellsville, Elmira, Binghamton, Port Jervis, New York.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL TRAINS EASTWARD.

5.00 A. M., except Sundays, from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 5.23, Forestville 5.40, Smith's Mills 5.57, Perryburg 6.30, Dayton 6.55, Cattaraugus 7.53, Little Valley 8.43, Salamanca 9.25, Allegany 9.50, Carrollton 10.20, Vandalia, 10.46, Great Valley 11.20, Olean 11.55 A. M., Hinsdale 12.30, Cuba 1.25, Friendship 3.03, Belvidere 3.30, Belmont 3.52, Scio 4.17, Wellsville 5.55, Andover 6.52, Alfred 7.42, Almond 8.10, and arriving at Hornellsville at 8.35 P. M. 5.42 A. M., daily, from Friendship, stopping at Belvidere 6.00, Belmont 6.25, Scio 6.43, and arriving at Wellsville 7.10 A. M.

9.06 A. M., daily, from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 9.15, Forestville 9.22, Smith's Mills 9.31, Perryburg 9.46, Dayton 9.55, Cattaraugus 10.15, Little Valley 10.31, Salamanca 10.48, Great Valley 11.26, Carrollton 11.45 A. M., Vandalia 12.01, Allegany 12.20, Olean 12.40, Hinsdale 1.15, Cuba 1.42, Friendship 2.25, Belvidere 2.50, Belmont 3.05, Scio 3.21, Wellsville 3.39, Andover 4.14, Alfred 4.47, Almond 5.04, arriving at Hornellsville at 5.25 P. M.

5.45 P. M., daily, from Salamanca, stopping at all stations, arriving at Hornellsville at 12.10 A. M.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 3, No. 5, No. 29, No. 1. Rows include New York, Port Jervis, Hornellsville, Wellsville, Cuba, Olean, Carrollton, Great Valley, Salamanca.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL TRAINS WESTWARD. 12.25 P. M., daily, except Sunday, from Hornellsville, stopping at Almond 12.30, Alfred 12.46, Andover 1.05, Wellsville 1.24, Cuba 2.22, Olean 2.50, Carrollton 3.30, Great Valley 3.40, and all stations, arriving at Salamanca at 6 P. M.

4.15 A. M., except Sundays, from Hornellsville, stopping at Almond 4.40, Alfred 5.00, Andover 5.54, Wellsville 7.25, arriving at Dunkirk at 7.55 P. M. 4.00 P. M., daily, from Hornellsville, stops at all stations, arriving at Salamanca 10.50 P. M. Sunday, Train 1 will run between Salamanca and Dunkirk; Train 29 will make the stops of Train 9.

\* Daily. † Daily, except Monday.

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Table with columns: STATIONS, A. M., P. M., P. M., P. M., P. M., P. M. Rows include Carrollton, Bradford, Bradford, Custer City, Buttsville.

6.55 A. M., and 6.00 P. M., daily, except Sundays, from Bradford, stopping at all stations, and arriving at Buttsville 8.20 A. M., and 6.45 P. M. 11.04 A. M., daily, except Sundays, from Carrollton, stops at Limestone 11.20, Kendall 11.31, and arrives at Bradford 11.35 A. M.

Table with columns: STATIONS, 20. Rows include Buttsville, Custer City, Bradford, Bradford, Carrollton.

8.30 P. M., daily, except Sundays, from Bradford, stops at Kendall 8.34, Limestone 8.44, and arrives at Carrollton 4.01 P. M. 7.30 P. M., except Sundays, from Buttsville, stopping at all stations, arriving at Bradford 8.30 P. M. Trains 17, 18, 20 and 21 run daily. Passengers can leave Titusville at 8.00 A. M., and arrive at Bradford 11.35 A. M. Leave Bradford 8.30 P. M., and arrive at Titusville 7.30 P. M.

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thus inducing sleep. Sponge the entire of the spine with hot water for ten or fifteen minutes before retiring. This will insure a good night's sleep. A hearty and a seat near a warm fire after a long in the cold wind will induce deep sleep in the majority of persons, no matter how they ordinarily slumber. Active outdoor exercise and avoidance of excessive and continued mental exertion are necessary in all cases of sleeplessness. When these fail, such remedies as are known to finish the amount of blood in the head should be resorted to—of course under the direction of a competent physician. Opium, etc., increases the quantity of blood in the head, and are highly injurious. They should never be resorted to.—L. H. Hington, M. D.

HOW AN IOWA MAN KEEPS WARM.

correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has an account of an interview with a farmer, Fort Dodge, Iowa, named Ruggles, who has a 400 acre farm, and a splendid coal mine under his farm, and a fine of hard timber within sight of his house. When I went into Mr. Ruggles's large living-room," says the Tribune's correspondent, "I noticed a very large stove. It was of a parallelepiped—about four feet long, three feet high, and the same d. It heated the sitting-room and hall.

"I see you burn wood, Mr. Ruggles," I asked, as I held up my hands to warm them. "No, sir, I can't afford to burn wood. It costs too much wood to cut it." "Then coal, I suppose," I continued. "No, sir; too much work to dig coal, burning something that beats coal or is cheaper than either of them, though we both coal and wood on the farm."

"Well, what can you burn cheaper than coal?" I asked, desiring to solve the problem. "Why, I burn corn stalks, sir. Corn stalks are the cheapest and best fuel on earth. It is ten times as easy to gather corn stalks as it is to cut them into bundles as it is to cut in those trees. Why, I can go into the field with two men, and in a day bundle corn stalks enough to warm my house all winter."

"Let me see you put some corn stalks in the stove," I said. Mr. Ruggles stepped to the door and brought in a bundle of corn stalks about a foot thick. They were bound tightly together. The bundle weighed about forty pounds. Then, lifting the top of the stove, and then in upon the embers, and closed the front damper.

"How long do they burn?" I asked. "Three hours. I don't let them burn a flame. My stove closes air-tight. I burn slowly without a flame. I get the heat there is in them. The stove is not, with an immense radiating surface. It isn't have to be very hot. Now," said Mr. Ruggles, "five such bundles a day keep my living-room warm—or 600 bundles for the winter. I can bind up 600 bundles of corn stalks in two days alone. I couldn't get the wood to warm this room in a week. In the Spring, I have a load of strong for my wheat field, while my neighbors go to cut up the same corn stalks in the field to get them away from the harrow. It makes me smile when I hear about the corn stalks in Minnesota, who have forty-acre fields, and still go cold or buy coal. I'd rather burn corn stalks than cut wood within sight of the house."

"How would wheat straw do?" I asked. "Just as well, only the stove would have to be twice as large. I'd have it made of eighth-of-an-inch boiler iron, four feet and four inch high, with one little per which could be closed air-tight."

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Notice to Present Claims. SUITANT to an order of James S. Green, Surrogate of the County of Allegheny, made on the 29th day of May, 1882. Notice is hereby given to persons having claims against Amos Burdick, late of the town of Alfred, in said county, deceased, to present the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, at his office in the village of Alfred, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of December, 1882. W. C. BURDICK, Administrator.

S. S. Department.

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Contributions for this department are collected, and may be addressed to the President or Secretary.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1882.

THIRD QUARTER.

- July 1. A Lesson on Home. Mark 10: 1-16. July 8. The Rich Young Man. Mark 10: 17-31. July 15. Suffering and Service. Mark 10: 32-45. July 22. Blind Bartimeus. Mark 10: 46-52. July 29. The Triumphal Entry. Mark 11: 1-11. Aug. 5. The Fruitless Tree. Mark 11: 12-23. Aug. 12. Prayer and Forgiveness. Mark 11: 24-33. Aug. 19. The Wicked Husbandmen. Mark 12: 1-12. Aug. 26. Pharisees and Sadducees Silenced. Mark 12: 13-37. Sept. 2. Love to God and Men. Mark 12: 28-44. Sept. 9. Calamities Foretold. Mark 13: 1-20. Sept. 16. Watchfulness Enjoined. Mark 13: 21-37. Sept. 23. Review.

LESSON IV.—BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BY REV. E. M. DUNN.

For Sabbath-day, July 22.

SCRIPTURE LESSON—MARK 10: 46-52.

46. And they came to Jericho: and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus, the son of Timæus, sat by the highway side begging. 47. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me. 48. And many charged him, that he should hold his peace: but he cried the more a great deal, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me. 49. And Jesus stood still, and commanded him that he should call unto him. And he called unto him, saying unto him, Be of good cheer; rise; he calleth thee. 50. And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus. 51. And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. 52. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The efficacy of faith.

DAILY READINGS. 1. Mark 10: 46-52. 2. Matt. 20: 20-34. 3. Luke 18: 35-43. 4. Luke 19: 1-10. 5. John 9: 1-37. 6. Matt. 9: 27-33. 7. Rev. 3: 12-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The eyes of the blind shall be opened."—Isa. 35: 5.

PLACE.—Jericho. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 20: 29-34; Luke 18: 35-43.

QUESTIONS.

Where was Jericho? What can you tell about the city of Jericho in the days of Christ? What is its condition now? Was this the first time Jesus was in Jericho? Was it the last time? Where was he going? Is there a first time that Jesus appears to us? If we reject him, will there come a time when he will appear no more to us? Is blindness frequent in the East? Can you assign any cause for it? Is there a spiritual as well as a physical blindness? What is meant by spiritual blindness? Does Christ open the eyes of the spiritually blind? Some persons who are not totally blind can not see well, and their vision is imperfect: any analogy to this in human minds? Can this imperfect spiritual vision be made clear? How? Was it foretold of Jesus that he would open the eyes of the blind? Where? Why is Christ called "Jesus of Nazareth"? Why is he called "Son of David"? Did blind Bartimeus have faith in Christ? What is the leading thought of this lesson?

EXPOSITORY NOTES.

The discordance of the accounts of this miracle as given in the three Gospels is only apparent. Matthew says there were two blind men; Mark and Luke speak of but one. With reference to this disagreement, Archbishop Trench remarks, "The silence of one narrator is not to be assumed as the contradiction of the statement of another; thus Mark and Luke, making especial mention of one blind man, do not contradict Matthew, who mentions two." The interpretation that seems most reasonable, and is most generally accepted, is that there were two blind men; Mark making special mention of but one, because he was well known. There is also an apparent discordance in the locality. Matthew and Mark say that the miracle was performed on Christ's departure from Jericho; Luke, as he came hither. With reference to this, Bengel's explanation is, "that one cried to him as he drew near the city, but that he did not cure him then, but, on the morrow, at his going out of the city, cured him together with the other, to whom he had in the meanwhile joined himself." To Jericho. This was a city fifteen or twenty miles from Jerusalem to the northeast, and about five or seven miles from the Jordan, and next in importance to Jerusalem. The district was a blooming oasis in the midst of an extended sandy plain, watered and fruitful, rich in palms, roses and balsams; hence the name, "the fragrant city." Built by the Canaanites, and destroyed by Joshua, it was rebuilt and fortified at a later day, and became the seat of a school of the prophets. Herod the Great beautified it, and it was the most luxuriant spot in Palestine. In the twelfth century, scarcely a vestige of the place remained. There is now on the site a wretched village, with about 200 inhabitants. Sloping gently upwards from the level of the Dead Sea, 1,350 feet under the Mediterranean, it had the climate of Lower Egypt, and displayed the vegetation of the tropics. While snow is falling at Jerusalem, thin clothing is comfortable in Jericho.—Schaff. We learn from this narrative the important lesson that present opportunities should be improved. Mr. Barnes says, "This was the first time that Jesus had been in Jericho. It was the last time he would be there. He was passing through it on his way to Jerusalem. So he passes among us by his ordinances. So it may be

the last time that we shall have an opportunity to call upon him. While he is near we should seek him." Blind Bartimeus. The very fact that he so named him seems to indicate that he was a well-known person at the time. As his was the case of special interest, whose cure Mark wishes to narrate, so he omits to state that another man was healed at the same time. It was very possible that Mark was not informed of that fact. Inspiration does not imply omniscience. One inspired writer may be more fully informed than another. Both may be perfectly true so far as they go.—Whedon. Blindness is especially frequent in the East. While in Northern Europe there is only one blind in a thousand, in Egypt there is one in every hundred; indeed very few persons there have their eyes quite healthy. The great changes of temperature at different times of the day, especially between day and night, cause inflammation of the eyes, as well as of the other parts, both in Palestine and on the Lower Nile; while neglect and stupid prejudice, refusing or slighting remedies in the earlier stages, lead to blindness in many cases that otherwise might have been easily cured.—Gekkie. Sat by the highway-side begging. Both beggary and blindness are much more common in the East than with us—the former owing to unjust taxation, uneven distribution of wealth, and the total absence of public and systematized charities; the latter owing to lack of cleanliness, and to exposure to an almost tropical sun and to burning sands.—Abbott. The works of God seem to have been devised on the dual plan. Almost everything in the physical has its counterpart in the spiritual. There is physical blindness and there is also spiritual blindness. Both are the effects of sin; though the individual who is blind may not always be the one chiefly to blame. There is an inability of the soul to recognize its needs, and to discern the objects which are lovely without. The beauty of Christ, of a life of holiness, the mercy of God, the need of pardon, are all unseen by the spiritually blind. Christ alone can open the eyes of the spiritually blind. And there are many persons whose spiritual vision is very imperfect, there seems to be a film, a cataract, over the eyes of their heart—how like to physical blindness! So we might trace an analogy between things physical and spiritual, and because of this analogy it was so easy for Christ to teach by parables. This analogy is the basis of all illustration and metaphor in description. Thou Son of David. This appeal involves a recognition of Christ's Messianic character. The phrase, "Son of David," was a common Judaic appellation of the expected Messiah. Matt. 22: 42. It was a Jewish belief that one of the evidences of the Messiah would be his power to open the eyes of the blind; it was claimed, perhaps from such passages as Isa. 29: 18; 42: 7, and was certainly confirmed by the cures of the blind which Christ had already wrought, both in Galilee and in Judea. Matt. 9: 27-31; Mark 8: 22-26; John 9: 1-39.—L. Abbott. Many charged him. Because he presumed to intrude a private grief upon Christ, when, as they supposed, he was going in triumph to Jerusalem to assume his throne and deliver the nation. Casting away his garment. He cast off his garment, that is, his outer mantle or shawl, not stopping to wrap it about him, an indication of his eagerness and haste.—L. Abbott. What wilt thou that I should do? Jesus asks, not for information, but to draw from them an expression of their desire. The gift is of more value when given in answer to prayer.—Binney. Thy faith hath made thee whole. In the way in which faith always saves, by making him that exercises it a willing recipient from the Savior.—L. Abbott. This lesson gives us a beautiful instance of persistent, courageous faith, manifested, 1st. In the blind man's recognizing Christ as the Messiah, the Anointed, as is evinced by his addressing him, "Son of David," in contradistinction from "Jesus of Nazareth," the title being a title denoting contempt, equivalent to the "Nazarene." 2d. His strong faith was manifested in his crying still more, "Son of David," &c., when he had been ordered to hold his peace. 3d. In his casting away everything that might impede the most rapid access to the Savior. 4th. In firmly believing without any doubt that Jesus was able to perform this miracle. Besides he manifested his gratitude as well as faith in following Jesus. He needed no command to follow Christ; love compelled him. "Thousands have read this simple and touching story as a truthful history of their own spiritual blindness, and its removal through the abounding grace of Jesus Christ."

WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Review of the New York market for butter, cheese, etc., for the week ending July 8th, reported for the RECORDER, by David W. Lewis & Co., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 85 and 87 Broad Street, New York. Marking plates furnished when desired.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 28,928 packages; exports, 1,928 packages. The average exports for five years, ending December 31, 1881, have been a little over 500,000 sixty-weight packages of butter, reaching in one of these years 700,000 packages. This year exports are light. Butter has joined the speculative list with cotton, corn, and provisions, and is held above an export limit, and will quite likely be generally carried into Fall and Winter, and the market depend almost entirely upon domestic demand, with only a moderate outlet for foreign market. Quite a large proportion of the receipts now are going into the Ice Tombs, there to lose freshness and flavor, and to be exhausted later in the season to supply the then demand. The market this week was active for fine fresh last week's make, quite dull for sweet cream butter, which seems to have piled up unsold, and without change for all lower grades. We quote:

Table with columns: Fancy, FINE, Family. Creamery, sour cream, 26@26 1/2, 25@26, 24@25. Cream creamery, 25@26, 24@25, 23@24. Imitation, 18@18 1/2, 17@18, 16@17. Dairy make, 25@26, 24@25, 19@20. Grease, 9@10, 8@9, 7@8.

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 92,005 boxes; exports, 67,405 boxes. It is a cheese-making year in England, and there is a bountiful crop of grass both in that country and on the Continent. The cable is lower, and with the cancellation of some export orders, prices have dropped about 1 cent. The morale of the losses upon the storage of Summer cheese in ice houses last season hangs over the market; however, a moderate decline during the next three weeks may encourage domestic consumption and exports, and improve the situation. On 'change the Plymouth cheese were offered at 9 1/2 cents and 8 cents bid. We quote:

Table with columns: Fancy, FINE, Family. Creamery, sour cream, 26@26 1/2, 25@26, 24@25. Cream creamery, 25@26, 24@25, 23@24. Imitation, 18@18 1/2, 17@18, 16@17. Dairy make, 25@26, 24@25, 19@20. Grease, 9@10, 8@9, 7@8.

EGGS.—Receipts for the week were 5,489 bbls. and 4,451 boxes. With hot weather, receipts are lessened and prices firmer. We quote:

Table with columns: Fancy, FINE, Family. Near-by extras, 22@23. Western firsts, 20@21. Canadas, 20@21.

BEESWAX.—Supply light and demand good at 26 @ 28 cents. BEANS are firm. We quote: Marrows, per bushel, 62 lbs., \$3 75 @ \$4 00. Mediums, 3 25 @ 3 50. DRIED FRUITS.—All in good demand at quotations. We quote:

Table with columns: Fancy, FINE, Family. Evaporated apples, ring cut, choice, 13 @ 14. State and Western, quarter apples, 5 1/2 @ 6 1/4. Apples, North Carolina, sliced, 6 @ 8 1/2.

can tell whether you know the lesson that you desire them to understand. You may have a great rattle of words, but they can tell whether it is anything more than the rattle of empty bean-pods. Finding out the situation, a scholar will exact of himself no more than his teacher exacts of himself, and the teacher will not demand more of the scholar. We are quite likely to hold others to the same standard of attainments that we have reached. If students, we will require our class to be studious; if drones, there will be other idlers in the hive besides ourselves.—S. S. Journal.

LETTERS.

L. A. Platts, S. W. Brown, Wm. W. Clark, Nellie L. Green, J. E. Mosher, Freddie Smalley, Frank T. Gilmore, Geo. W. Hills, S. S. Griswold, 2, Benj. H. Stillman, Ed. D. Coon, Wm. R. Maxson, R. B. Ward, Geo. W. Growdon, Mary E. Soule, V. C. Bond, C. D. Potter, A. B. Prentice, Edward Sanford, Edgar Bennett, F. H. Hall, D. B. Snow, Wm. B. West, Fannie E. Stillman, H. C. Rolf, Thurston Green, Geo. W. Peacock, C. Davison, S. R. Potter, Mrs. M. L. Allen, S. Whitford, H. Stillman, H. W. Palmer, E. B. Saunders, J. W. Buell, J. H. Diggs, A. D. Steele, E. H. Caylor, Cornelius Callaghan, C. V. Hibbard, J. Greene, L. T. Rogers, W. F. Place, S. S. Gross, Wm. M. Alberti, C. A. Burdick, J. R. Davis, J. C. Thompson, Mrs. C. C. Ayars, S. R. Wheeler, J. C. Rogers, Mrs. Mariette Dunlap, G. W. Keller.

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The Sabbath

Entered as second-class office at Alfred Centre, N.

LEND

Life is made up of Lend a hand. Life is made of Lend a hand. If you would the Lend a hand. Lift some crushed Lend a hand.

Crowns are not Lend a hand. Diadems are bought Lend a hand. But the crowns that Lend a hand. Come from noble Lend a hand.

Many crowns that Lend a hand. Never in the sun Lend a hand. Diamonds never in Lend a hand. Yet they hold a Lend a hand.

Hold a light that Lend a hand. Beauty, art hath Lend a hand. For these crowns Lend a hand. Everlasting are, Lend a hand.

Would you own Lend a hand. When you see a Lend a hand. Lead him from the Lend a hand. Place him in the Lend a hand.

THE NORTH-WEST

The Seventh-day Association convened Session with the So at West Hallock, Ill., 1882, at 10 o'clock A.

The Introductory by S. H. Babcock, Theme, "Unity of p essary to successful Ch O. U. Whitford, session, called the Ass The Moderator app a Nominating Commi Hakes, W. H. H. O T. Saunders.

On motion, the re Committee was adopte

Fifth day, June 2 Introductory Sermon, in order for business. App Committee, etc.

Afternoon Devotional exercises. R mittee, and election of from churches, correspond annual reports. E subject, "The conduct of the greatest possible good Evening.

Praise service conducted mon by L. B. Swinney, Eastern Association.

Sixth day— Devotional exercises, standing and special, and with Sermon by E. M. present age demand of on

Afternoon Sabbath School Instit U