

# The Sabbath Recorder.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

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

TERMS—\$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. 43.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., FIFTH-DAY, OCTOBER 26, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 1968.

## The Sabbath Recorder.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the post office at Alfred Centre, N. Y.

### THE "RAMBLERS."

Hasty Glimpses at the Thousand Islands.

The "Cram Club's" first graphic account of departure and trans-Atlantic experience—of initiation to wonderful scenes and ludicrous mistakes—had scarce lost its fervid glow of bewitching novelty, when two pale and book-worn (?) students caught the spirit of adventure and recreation, and resolved to "travel." Not having purse or time to visit the meagre remnants of once famous European attractions which the "Cram Club" will obligingly leave for subsequent tourists, they gladly determined to see some of the grander, though less renowned sights of our own country.

It was the middle of July, when we shook the dust of Central New York from our feet, and started via Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad for Adams and Thousand Islands. After a brief and exceedingly pleasant visit among friends in the neat and prosperous village of Adams Centre, we resumed our journey, which for miles was through a rich farming region, dotted with substantial dwellings and checkerboarded with golden fields of waving grain and green patches of rustling corn.

At Watertown we changed cars for Cape Vincent, and after catching exciting glimpses of Lake Ontario at Chaumont and Three Mile Bay, were better prepared to behold the enrapturing spectacle that lay before us as we alighted from the train at our railroad destination.

### THE ST. LAWRENCE.

To the left, just around the projecting Cape, we could see the plumed "whitecaps" dancing on the liquid crests of Lake Ontario; to our front, lay Wolf's Island on both sides of which, flowed, grandly, and persistently, the majestic St. Lawrence. Five minutes, and we were happily seated on the airy and spacious deck of the Island Belle, plowing down through the blue waters of America's grandest river. The docks of the Cape receding behind us; the indistinct and distant insular forms of that vast archipelago rising in beauty before us; the hum of mingled voices and the heavy throbs of the steam arteries from the faithful engine, beating rhythmic time to the musical strains of laughter—all catered to the emotional sides of our nature and added new vivacity to body and mind. The present alone absorbed us. School and troubles, work and dull care, were all buried to us in the forgotten past. On our left we passed a military encampment, back of which was a crumbled heap of stone ruins. Upon inquiry we were informed that it was an old French fort instead of a "lime kiln." Soon we were in view of the warehouses and hotels of Clayton, a railroad terminus and popular resort, on the American side, where the steamer stopped for passengers. Two miles below we could see the lofty observatory and huge dimensions of the Round Island Hotel, which, towering above its sylvan environments, recalled the stones of the grand old castles of English chivalric days. Round Island, the next stopping place, the property of the Baptist denomination, contains about 80 acres, and is artistically laid out in a park and beautified by many elegant cottages bordering its shores. The watery avenues stretching in every direction among the scattered granite islands varying in size from a mere nude rocky head just peeping above the water; to large areas crowned with rich vegetation, and the hundreds of flags and streamers waving from the roofs of neat villas which crowned every island and lined every accessible shore seemed, indeed, like an entrance to fairy land. All was a scene of life and gaiety. Every rod in advance changed the relative position of islands, and revealed new and grander views in this great Kaleidoscope of nature.

But the long line of boat and bath houses which lay in our course especially drew our attention as we were told it was the landing at Thousand Island Park. Not till we had paid our ten cents admission fee and entered its long and umbrageous avenues, did we know the loveliness of this renowned resort. Thousand Island Park was purchased seven years ago for a camp-meeting ground by the

Methodist denomination, in whose interests it is now managed. It contains 950 acres, and is located on the west end of Wells, or "Wellesley" Island, and commands a fine view of the American channel of the river. It is laid out with avenues running at right angles to each other upon which nearly 300 dwellings have already been erected varying in size and design from the neat canvas tent to the unique and costly cottage of the millionaire. Besides private buildings there are a post office, book-store, art gallery, bazaar, boarding hall, and several dormitories. The foundations are laid for a mammoth hotel, designed to be the largest and most palatial on the river. In the center of the grounds is a large, canvas tabernacle, where the ablest speakers on religious and philanthropic subjects may be heard during the Summer season. In the evening the grounds are illuminated by gasoline lamps, whose flickering flames throw wierd waltzing shadows across the walks and spacious avenues. Then is the time for promenade and poetic romance. The devout few resort to the tabernacle where some divine reads his laborious homily, or delivers a scathing dissertation on the evils of the day, while the pleasure-seeking multitude repairs to docks where excitement "runs high." Hundreds crowd upon the flat roofs of the boat-houses which serve as a gallery from which to see the elegant yachts and row-boats, gliding upon the peaceful bosom of the river below. What a place for "swells," not river swells, but city "swells!" Nabobs appear in their rich evening attire to be seen, admired, yea worshiped, by the fawning sycophants that attend them. We could but criticise one haughty lady who entered the wharf with a long haired poodle in her arms, to take a boat-ride. The dog, however, becoming disgusted with the scene, attempted to drown himself in the river. Upon retiring to our dormitory, we were sure we had witnessed a sight more wonderful and enchanting than the storied scenes of the "Arabian Nights."

In the morning, we embarked on the "Island Wanderer" for a forty mile trip among the islands. For miles we plunged on at wrecking speed, now through river lake, now through narrow passages whose dangers are hidden in the granite rocks just beneath the surface. At times we seem headed directly to main-land, no outlet being visible, and then by a sudden turn and shift, we see a score of reticulated channels before us, no one of which seems to lead out. Thus we pass on, one exciting scene succeeding another, till we arrive at the beautiful Canadian village Gananoque, whose spires have been visible for some time. This town has a population of 3,000, with five churches of different denominations. From here we pass down and across the broad Canadian channel to a light-house known as "Jack Straw," which shows the point of egress from the labyrinths of the archipelago. Passing "Fiddler's Elbow," so called from the sudden and rapid turns in its navigation, we soon plunge through the dangerous inlet to the Lake of the Isles, in which the water rushes with a current strong enough to carry a mill. Here the steamer trembles and careens and then is lunged down, down through the perilous passage at railroad velocity. We are gliding with startling rapidity; rocks and trees are flitting by in rapid procession, when we behold a granite rock at the prow! Will the steamer's shattered wreck be scattered on these eddying waters? No. The boat still obedient to the guiding blade, turned by the skillful pilot at the wheel, darts like an arrow to the left—the danger is passed—we once more glide through a peaceful expanse in admiration of the multifarious objects that embellish the trip.

This passage commonly known as "Lost Channel" was first discovered by Captain Jasper Western in the days of the "Pathfinder" of the old French war, while on his way to relieve the log fort hidden among these islands. James Fennimore Cooper refers to this place in his romantic history of the life of "Leather Stocking." Satiated for the time with sights and excitement, and reminded of the meridian hour of the day by a voracious appetite, we were happy to disembark at the celebrated park and regale ourselves at the sumptuous tables of Westminster Hotel. Westminster Park, containing 500 acres, is located at the lower end of Wells Island, and was purchased by the Presbyterian organization in the Fall of 1877.

Nature has peculiarly fitted this place for a popular resort. From the landing to the right, the grounds gradually rise up a well shaded acclivity to Mt. Beulah, upon which is a commodious chapel from whose lofty tower we could view the panorama for miles around. Near this chapel, it is said Capt. Kidd buried his treasure, and so strongly was the tradition believed by the natives, that they persisted in digging until quite recently.

From the south side of the park, a picturesque peninsula extends nearly a mile towards the American shore. Following a path upon this, by costly cottages and rare river views, at times passing under thick foliaged trees whose inviting shades tempted us to rest, we at last arrived at the lofty verge of a rocky promontory forming an irresistible barrier to the blue water dashing against its base, and a sure protection to the harbor at the left. Within calling distance are several formless islands, every one of which is ornamented by a unique villa with its attractive lawns, fountains and boat houses; while to our left, across the inlet, is Hart's Island, reputed to be the spot where the Irish poet Moore wrote his celebrated "Canadian Boat Song." That great bard visited this poetic region and was inspired to utter the following apt lines:

"Through massy woods, 'mid islets flowering fair  
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair  
For consolation might have weeping trod  
When banish'd from the garden of their God.  
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man,  
Caged in the bound's of Europe's pigmy span,  
Can scarcely dream of—which his eye must see.  
To know how wonderful this world can be!"

Scores of row boats are darting about the shores, while beyond, the white-sailed yachts, like phantoms, are playing "hide and seek" among the rocky islets. In the main channel, the great palace boats may be seen plying between Ottawa, Kingston, and Montreal, while occasionally a vessel in full sail passes down "like a thing of life" destined for some foreign port.

There is a peculiar charm, pleasant to remember, of an evening passed on the wide verandas of Westminster Hotel. The many colored lanterns above us casting their tinted light across the grounds; the gentle zephyrs of evening bringing refreshing coolness, and pleasing aroma from forest flowers; the electric lights from Alexandria Bay throwing their bright reflections across the rippling waters, and streaking through the liquid channels like the first break of day, seemed, indeed, like an illumined page from some grand old story of Venice. In the early evening we went over to the Lake of the Isles, in a row boat. How we wished the "Cram Club" could leave the dust and common places of Europe, and enjoy a ride with us upon the glassed surface of this grand aquarium of nature! Down through eight, ten, twelve and fourteen feet of crystal water we could see the rocky beds of many peculiar plants, and from the crevices where sufficient sediment had settled, tall sub-aqueous weeds lifted their waving heads nearly to the surface. Indeed, it reminded us of the submarine gardens which Jules Verne visited from the "Nautilus."

From Westminster we embarked for Alexandria Bay, celebrated for its palatial hotels, the aristocratic resort of moneyed transients. A few rods down the river we could see "Bonny Castle," the Summer home of the late J. G. Holland, whose widow now resides there. From Alexandria we took the "Island Belle" for Cape Vincent, via American Channel. Passing Central Park on the left, we soon came in sight of Peel's Dock, so called because on the night of May 30, 1838, the British steamer, Sir Robert Peel, was plundered and burned here by a band led by the notorious "Bill Johnson." Thus I note the last point studied by the "Ramblers" among the Thousand Islands, which, according to official charts, number 1,692, counting everything above the surface. This region presents an interesting page of study for the geologist. These were among the first rocks that lifted their bare heads above the waters of the infant world, being the rugged outposts along the base of the Laurentian Hills. The formation is metamorphic, consisting of strata of sandstone, limestone, and red granite, occasionally jeweled with quartz crystals. The tumbled heaps of huge boulders, and the grotesque forms of the small islands tell unmistakably of mighty convulsions in the first days of the world's geologic history.

After such a prolix yet superficial sketch of this grand archipelago, I can not justly omit a brief tribute to this mighty river, the queen of waters, which flows as placid and pulseless as the Pacific, yet as swift as a mountain torrent, through all the scenes which we admire. St. Lawrence was named by Cartier upon arriving at the Gulf on the festival of St. Laurent, Aug. 10, 1535. Its length from Lake Ontario is 750 miles, and, regarding the great lakes as expansions, more than 2,000 miles. It drains a territory of over 400,000 square miles, and, according to Darby, before the discovery of the great African Lakes, contained more than half the fresh water on this planet. For hundreds of miles it flows between two of the greatest nations of earth. Every point along its shores is rich in history and tradition, having been the scene of the earliest struggles of brave and persistent pioneers against the red denizens of the forest. Along its historic shores the new life of a nobler and regenerated civilization first pulsated on this continent. Through dense and dangerous wilds, where now the rich farms extend their prolific acres, Hennepin and Marquette, Jesuit missionaries, in the prosecuting zeal of their religious faith, picked their long way through to the "Great Father of Waters." The St. Lawrence has become a great thoroughfare of commerce; 1,000,573 tons of shipping having been floated over it in 1874.

It was with the memory of all these facts and happy incidents, and with a broader, more comprehensive, yet inadequate conception of the magnitude and unrivaled beauty of this great river's attractions, that the "Ramblers" returned to Adams Centre, whence they started for Lowville, via Watertown, Carthage, and Black River Railroad.

### THE NORTH WOODS AND TRENTON FALLS.

Lowville is the emporium for guides and tourists into the North Woods, by the great "Beaver River" route. The North Woods, or "Brown's Tract" as it is frequently called, is a remnant of the primitive forests of the State, and covers a territory of 50 by 135 miles. It skirts the western shores of Lakes Champlain and George, and holds in its embrace the Adirondack mountains and the upper reservoirs of the Hudson. The only settlements are hunters' cabins and hotels along the lake resorts and the great routes. To step into those stilly recesses, live by camp fires, and listen to the echoing report of our gun, while bear, deer, and mosquito writhed at our feet in the agonies of death, had grown from boyhood dreams to a real, decisive movement, shall I say, reality? However, with such visions of health and hunting before us, we set out from Watson, where we were joined by a young man of clerical demeanor. The minister did not accompany us because we were becoming demoralized, nor yet because he courted our cosmopolitan society, but, entertaining a humane regard for our own welfare, to avert starvation, as he had a *knack* in fishing. "To the front! shoulder arms! march!" was the silent command, as each flung his little bundle over his shoulder and jaunted on. Blankets, toilet, fishing-tackle, gun, hatchet, bread, pork, frying-pan, and last and most essential, "tar-oil," were lugged on with herculean strides that would make the "Cram Club" wonder whether we were Cyclops or mules(?) To the latter of which our Irish guide would have assured them we belonged.

Crystal Lake, our first stopping place, has neither visible inlet or outlet, but has a name suggestive of the transparency of its water. Angling not being a success here we hurried on to Petrie's Pond where, pushing our boat through thousands of saw-logs, we caught fish enough to stay our hunger. After building a fire on the shore and roasting our fish on sharpened sticks, set in the ground and bent over the flame, we gathered spruce boughs for a bed, and reclined, to dream of fierce and successful struggles with the doomed(?) denizens of the forest. Before retiring we were obliged to wash our faces and hands in tar-oil, for mosquitoes, black flies, and "punkeys," saw in our pale faces three grand barbecues. Especially did the "theolog" fresh from his study, present a rare temptation. The next morning we pushed on to "No. 4," whence we tramped to Sunday Lake, where, worn and weary, we pitched our tent, or baggage I would say, for the night. A rude hut, hastily constructed of spruce boughs, with our baggage hung about the entrance, in front of which blazed a

crackling fire, soon began to assume the inviting pretensions of home to us. Along the shores of this lake are grassy plots where the deer come down in the twilight to browse. Our evening repast being over, we were too much fatigued to lay in ambush for "wild lamb," though a pair of antlers and strips of delicious venison might have decorated our hut as a reward.

Five miles beyond is Stillwater, or "Jimmy Kane's" camp, so named from an eccentric Irishman of that name having lived and died there years ago. Beyond, there is a succession of lakes for forty miles, and then wagon road and lake again, through to Lake Champlain. From Sunday we returned to Francis Lake, "the loveliest spot of all." This lake is about 1½ miles long, and is studded on oneside by numerous granite rocks and islands. As the soft, subduing shades of twilight mellowed all the air into a dreamy hue, and the ripples on the lake subsided to a glassy tranquillity, in which was mirrored every rock and tree and floating cloud, what raptures visited us! What admiration filled us! Surely, its beauty transcended all the works of art, and proclaimed the inimitable handiwork of the great Architect Divine. There, withdrawn from the bustle of the world's selfish crowds, away from care and strife, we could step forth "and list"

To nature's teachings, while, from all around,  
Comes a still voice."

The placid lake, girt about by those vast primeval solitudes, was the stereotyped form of nature's grandest harmony.

"Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines,  
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground  
Was never touched by spade, and flowers spring up  
Unsworn, and die ungathered. It is sweet  
To linger here, among the flitting birds  
And leaping squirrels.

In these peaceful shades—  
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—  
My thoughts go up the long, dim flight of years,  
Back to the earliest days of liberty."  
While turning from the scene, my thoughts instinctively turn within and ask my soul the inaudible question, "Wilt thou learn the lesson?" But we leave the scene to wrap ourselves in blanket and lie down to slumber, and to dream of exciting incidents for the morrow. In the morning we cooked our breakfast on a bare rock, at the outlet of the lake. And such a breakfast, no epicure ever criticised (the writer being cook and judge). How we wished the "Cram Club" could have left their five-cent coffee stalls in Scotland, and regaled themselves at our tempting board. But they miss so much. From here we went to Beaver Lake, located just beyond the Fenton House, at "No. 4." In the dim distance we could see Mt. Stillwater looming up from the Adirondacks.

It was told us that J. G. Holland's "Seven Oaks" were located near Lowville, and that this was the romantic route over which "Jim Fenton" transported so many persons, and finally Miss Butterworth, the mistress of "No. 9." It may be that his hotel was not far from this Fenton House, and that "No. 4" was the celebrated "No. 9" of "Seven Oaks." From this place we returned to our starting point, feeling much invigorated for our hasty incursion into the "Sportsman's Paradise."

With too much gratitude for expression for his sustaining company and timely succor, we bade our ministerial friend adieu, and boarded the express for

### TRENTON FALLS.

These falls are located on West Canada Creek, nineteen miles north of Utica. It does not consist of one thundering leap down a lofty precipice, but of a succession of dancing, tumbling cascades, wearing and fretting for a mile and a half through a deep, rocky chasm. Paying the gateage at the hotel park, we enter and descend 200 feet of stairs to the damp floor of the roaring chasm.

"Ah! where be they, who first with human eyes  
Beheld thy glory, thou triumphant flood;  
And through the forest heard with glad surprise  
Thy waters calling like the voice of God!"

All the way the water has worn sinuous channels and fantastic curves in its limestone bed. Here we ascend the natural steps by a roaring fall, whose waters plunge down and almost beneath the rocks below, while above, it expands into a wide and gentle flow upon an evenly polished floor. On either side the water-worn walls rise or project over to the height of 150 or 200 feet. At times, we have to stoop to pass under a projecting leaf, and then again we stand within the concave sides of the overhanging rock 200 feet above. Thus, one exciting point succeeds another until we arrive at the pinnacle, from which, after a brief rest, we retrace our steps with renewed interest. The limestone of this region belongs to the highly fossiliferous Trenton deposit, and the paleontologist will find pleasant and profitable diversion there with hammer and basket, besides seeing the picturesque design of this remarkable glen.

If this cursory and meager account of the "Ramblers'" impressions during a three weeks' tour through the northern part of the Empire State will merit perusal, and excite in any a stronger desire to see the wonders in our own country before going abroad, it will afford unbounded satisfaction to



accomplished is their own, and not theirs; that it belongs to the denomination and to no section thereof. And this board has sought to do.

he will be with us, our shield and our strength.

The world needs life and salvation; and the blessings of redemption are for every one. For the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him; for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

Raised to higher heights of vision than ordinary mortals are permitted to reach, the prophet Isaiah, seeing far into the future, exclaims, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!"

The work of spreading the gospel is beautiful and glorious, like proclaiming deliverance to prisoners, and freedom to slaves. How beautiful the approach of Jesus and his apostles to cities, villages, and homes, that received their messages of redeeming grace.

How glad and beautiful the coming of Christ's later servants, ministers, and missionaries, the publishers of salvation! The labor of preachers, pastors, missionaries, teachers, and all Christian workers, help to make up the glory of the latter day, foretold by prophets, who, though they searched diligently, received only a partial revelation of the glories that should follow the sufferings of Christ.

The race is a brotherhood; Christianity a universal religion; millions need its healing power; and one of the first duties of the churches to-day is to heed the divine inquiry, "How shall they hear without a preacher?"

Millions of our fellow-men have no knowledge of the Lord of life and glory; how shall they get it without a teacher? Christ had healing power, and manifested divine love in the sacrifice of himself; but how often do we read, too, about his preaching and teaching!

His apostles were clothed with power, their use of which was to make them more successful in leading men to him whom and whose doctrines they preached, for the healing of their souls. Medical missionary work has here its greatest value and use, in that it is a wonderful help to the manifestation of the word through preaching.

The divine plan is, by the "foolishness of preaching," to save them that believe. And how shall they preach except they be sent? Missionary preachers and teachers must be sent, as Barnabas and Saul were, first of all by the Lord through the Holy Spirit, and then by men who, in one capacity or another, represent the Church of the Lord.

Missionaries are "called" by the Holy Spirit, and "separated" unto their work by the Church, whose duty it is to faithfully follow them with prayers, sympathy and support. In the days of Isaiah, the Lord looked down upon the people and said, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

Then the prophet answered, "Here am I, send me. In mercy, not for judgment, the Lord looks down upon our feeble and struggling churches, our unsaved neighbors and fellow-citizens, the millions who are coming to our favored land from foreign shores, the opening fields for missionary work in our own country, and the millions on millions of heathen nations who know not the only true God and Jesus Christ his Son, and asks again, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?'"

Education.

"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding."

We are unable, for various reasons, to publish the Annual Report of the Executive Board of the Education Society this week. We hope to give the first installment of it in next week's issue.

We invite those engaged in the work of education among us, and others interested in the cause of education, to send, occasionally, short articles for publication in this department. These articles may be in the form of news concerning our own work, or more formal discussions of principles and methods of work, or thoughts on general educational topics.

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES.

Among the books which we have perused of late, the one which has gained our attention completely, is Hawthorne's *House of Seven Gables*, a story told in the author's quaint and mysterious manner.

In looking over some of the characters, as they appear before us, are the figures of Uncle Venner, a poor old man in a brimless hat and patched trousers, who gains a livelihood by doing, for a compensation, "chores."

He splits wood, digs potatoes, and collects refuse for the maintenance of his pigs, and looks forward with great calmness to the time when he shall end his life in the almshouse, his "farm" as he calls it.

There is the old spinster, Miss Pyncheon, simple, childish and penniless, but being the last of her family, strongly conscious of her pedigree; her brother, a kind bachelor with a weakened mind, who has been confined for some twenty years for a crime of which he was unjustly pronounced guilty;

A poor relation, from the country, of the two old people, with whose "moral mustiness her modern freshness and soundness are contrasted;" a young man, of modern style, who has sought his fortune, and though he has not found it, takes a genial view of the future.

These three or four make up the whole drama; of course there are the minor characters, Governor Pyncheon being the chief of these, and one who reads the chapter on the Governor can not help being highly fascinated with it.

Whipple, in his *Characters and Characteristic Men*, says of this work, "There is more humor than in any of Hawthorne's other works. It peeps out even in the most serious passages, in a kind of demure rebellion against the fanaticisms of his remorseless intelligence. In the description of the Pyncheon poultry, which we think unexcelled by anything in Dickens for quaintly fanciful humor, the author seems to indulge in a sort of parody of his own doctrine of the hereditary transmission of family qualities.

At any rate, that strutting chancier with his two meager wives and one weakened chicken, is a sly side fieri at the tragic aspect of the law of descent."

Let us examine some of the principal features of this art of pulpit oratory. Like all arts it has its foundation in science, and rises far above it in its fullest and richest expression. Its science consists of some definite knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the parts employed, their properties, functions and possibilities; a conscious control of such muscles as assist or retard the execution of their office; and the observance of certain laws of health.

What do we mean by pulpit oratory? Negatively, we do not mean anything bombastic, pompous, stilted or "stagey"; pedantic, stiff, formal or unnatural. Of course the first attempts of the student in any new direction, natural, though not habitual, will not be easy. If habitual precaution is had, the substitute of a good production will seem to him and his friends awkward.

What do we mean? In general terms, we mean, first, perfectly audible, distinct, pure and effective enunciation and pronunciation, given in words formed into sentences, which constitute extempore or written composition. This necessarily includes vocal quality and vowel quantity.

In addition to this purity of intonation, and clearness of articulation, also proper inflections and modulations; discrimination in regard to emphasis; proper introduction of the pause, often marking the emphatic word or clause with more distinctness than by any stroke of the voice.

These are indispensable requisites to the orator, in rendering his delivery most effective in its results, as regards the judgment, intellect and emotions of those whom he addresses.

This is not all. There are the ever-varying accompaniments of the human countenance and figure—the manifold play of feature, attitude, and gesture. Nature has a language, covered and chained by our conventionalities to a great extent, but when set at liberty speaks no unknown tongue.

The flash of indignation from the eye, the frown of anger on the brow, the lip smiling with pleasure or curled in scorn or contempt; nay, the simple raising of the hand in appeal or in deprecation, will often convey an emotion more eloquently than any words, however aptly chosen.

Such a delivery will express fully not only the grammatical or logical sense of all the words employed so as to be heard, understood, and felt by the hearer, but will at the same time give the whole sentence such an appropriate melody, power, beauty, and grace, as its form of construction is most capable. A knowledge of this art lends power and beauty to the framing of the sentence, and thus delivery aids composition.

This is the ideal. It is far above most of us. It is an art worthy of the profoundest study, and requires for all its pains. Above all will it repay the Christian minister, in leading his hearers into a spirit reverential and devotional. His success here will depend more upon his manner than his matter; for the matter is the conductor by which his own spirit creeps down along the waves of sound to the listener's soul.—Exchange.

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

Under the above heading a contemporary has gathered some interesting statistics from the Eleventh Annual Report of the United States Commissioner of Education, just published, from which we extract the following:

schools, every sixteenth section of public land in the States admitted prior to 1848 and every sixteenth and thirty-sixth section of such land in States and Territories since organized—estimated at 67,893,919 acres; for seminaries or universities, the quantity of two townships, or 46,080 acres in each State or Territory containing public land, and in some instances a greater quantity, for the support of seminaries or schools of a higher grade, estimated at 1,165,520 acres; the grant to all the States for agricultural and mechanical colleges by act of July 2, 1862, and its supplements, of 30,000 acres, for each representative and senator in Congress to which the State was entitled, of land "in place" where the State contained a sufficient quantity of public land subject to sale at ordinary private entry at the rate of \$1 25 per acre, and of scrip representing an equal number of acres where the State did not contain such description of land, the scrip to be sold by the State and located by its assignees on any such land in the other States and Territories, subject to certain restrictions. Land in place, 1,770,000 acres; land scrip, 7,830,000 acres; total, 9,600,000 acres. In all, 78,659,439 acres for educational purposes under the heads above set out to June 30, 1880.

Greek plays have taken a firm hold on the collegiate mind at Harvard, Professors and students alike being thoroughly interested in the study. Professor White will adopt a new method of taking his class through the *Persae* of Aeschylus. He will first read the play to the section in the original Greek. After this each subject pertaining to the play will be taken up and studied separately. Some lectures, for instance, will be devoted to ascertaining the text, some to the history involved, then the mythology, &c., and finally, the section is to render to the instructor a carefully prepared translation. It is hoped in this way to make the study of the Greek drama interesting to both student and instructor, and to prevent it from being the dull grind that most students have regarded it. The new method is only an experiment, and will involve considerable extra work on the part of the instructor. In the old plan of instruction the section translated a few paragraphs, or at most a few pages, of the play every day, and by Friday, of course, had forgotten all about what happened on Monday.

Ohio Wesleyan University has over six hundred students in attendance.

Sabbath Reform.

"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

SABBATH MORNING.

BY THE LATE REV. W. H. BRACK.

Thrice happy morning, hail! The day that God hath blest! O may we never fail To keep its holy rest.

It brings us to our Father's house, And bids us pay our humble vows. To Thee, our God, to Thee, We render thanks, and pray; By mercy spared to see Another Sabbath day; Before Thy throne we lowly bend, And to Thy word of truth attend.

May peace and hope abound In every faithful heart, And may the gospel's sound Fresh life and joy impart. Thus, Lord, our fellowship with Thee, And with Thy blessed Son shall be.

—Sabbath Memorial.

A QUESTION.

A correspondent asks "why may not a Seventh-day Baptist, living away from churches of his own faith, so as to be deprived the privilege of the communion with his own brethren, enjoy that privilege in some one of the First-day churches in the place where he resides?"

This naturally leads to a series of questions, such as, Why may not the person, situated as supposed above, join one of the First day churches and so enjoy all the privileges of church membership? And if so, then why should he continue to keep the Sabbath and thereby persist in being an odd sheep in the flock? And if he may yield his Sabbath principles and practices on such grounds, why may we not all do the same thing? Or, to answer the question directly, the communion is an institution belonging in the church, as the question of our correspondent rightly implies. To seek the privilege of the communion in some other church, would be as inconsistent as to seek membership in that other church. Unless, therefore, Seventh-day Baptists are ready to ignore their own distinctive faith, by seeking membership in First-day churches, it must be held to be inconsistent, under any circumstances, to partake the communion with First-day churches. It is undoubtedly a cross to the earnest Christian to be deprived the privileges of the communion. But cross-bearing is good. How else can the true Seventh-day Baptist, situated as our correspondent supposes, bear stronger evidence of the genuineness of his faith, or more convincing testimony to the power of truth?

SABBATH REFORM, as used in these columns, is generally understood to refer to the question of the day of the Sabbath, and to the need for reform among the masses of the people in respect thereto. There is evidently need enough for reform in this matter if, as the Scriptures teach, the seventh day is the Sabbath. Any movement which would lead the people to acknowledge and embrace the Bible Sabbath would be justly entitled to the designation, "Sabbath Reform."

And this, for a two-fold reason: (1) In all matters of religious faith and practice, that is always in the line of reform which brings men onto the foundations laid in the Word of God, whatever the immediate consequences may be. (2) Coming onto such a foundation, Christian men can urge the claims of the Sabbath upon their fellow-men with all the authority of a divine command. Until the measures and arguments now employed by those societies which have been organized for promoting the better observance of Sunday, are transferred to this solid basis, there can not be much hope of accomplishing any widespread or lasting reforms in the matter of Sabbath observance. Hence it is, that the duty of keeping the subject of the proper day of the Sabbath before the people, is laid upon us. If the people of this country are to be saved from the demoralizing effects of no-Sabbathism, it must be by a loving and persistent urging of the claims of God's Sabbath, and if these claims are to be thus urged, we must do it.

LETTER FROM SISTER WHEELER.

We commend to the prayerful consideration of all our readers the following letter from Sister Wheeler, as indicating the good results, in after years, upon a family of children, of that carefulness in Sabbath observance which, to some of us, might seem a little exacting, if not arbitrary and severe; and also as showing with what a grip a passage or two of Scripture takes hold upon a mind and heart trained from childhood to habits of conscientious thinking and doing.

Since I have been in this country (38 years last June) I have not seen a Church or a family of Sabbath-keepers, neither First-day nor Seventh, that keep the Sabbath so well as we were trained to keep it. I was born and raised in that noted religious town, Olney Bucks, where Newton and Cowper lived so long and wrote so many good hymns, and my parents and family belonged to that Baptist Church where the good John Sutcliffe was pastor, one of the founders of the Baptist mission to the heathen. He baptized Wm. Carey, the first Baptist missionary to India in 1792. There were few others that kept the First-day so sacred as we did. There was no Sunday-school of any account. My father believed, it was every parent's duty to instruct his own children. We were always trained to go regularly with our parents to public worship. After dinner father would take those of us who could read and write into a room with him, get each child to tell him what we could remember of what we heard—text, or hymns, or anything the minister said in the sermon. Then we wrote down the text, and father would set us a hymn or a few verses of Scripture to repeat to him on the next Sunday. In the evening mother stayed at home with those of us who were too small to attend evening meeting and kept up father's plan of requiring us to tell her what we could remember from the public worship, and then she set us to read (out of suitable books for children) one after another, so that we had no chance to go to sleep. I well remember those meetings now, and what was said and read. I never remember the Sunday being a burdensome day. Our parents made it a pleasant day to us. The Sunday was a delight to us. I never remember thinking or hearing any one say that it was not the Sabbath of the Lord until the last week before we left England for America. I have not found a family in this country in which the parents took so much pains to instruct their children at home as my parents did. Perhaps you will ask what was the result of our good training. I will tell you. My parents lived to see eight of their nine children in our youth join that same Baptist church, and most of us married husbands and wives belonging to the same church. My two oldest brothers and oldest sister were baptized by Mr. Sutcliffe. My oldest brother, Wm. Robinson, was sent out a missionary from that church to join Dr. Carey. He left home March 26, 1806, and did not come home once, but died there September, 1853, in his 70th year, after forty-seven and a half years of missionary labor. I am a strong Sabatarian now from principle. I got it from the Bible and from the Bible alone; for I did not consult any one about it, read nothing on the subject but the Bible, not even a leaf of a tract. I thought I dare not own it when I had found it out. But these two passages of Scripture worked much on my mind, Luke 12:47, "That servant which knew his Lord's will," etc. Hebrews 10:26, "For if we sin willfully after, etc. The impression from these two texts have never worn off. I enjoy my Sabbath now. I love to go to Shiloh to keep Sabbath with the church there.

Your aged sister in Christ, HANNAH WHEELER.

A. E. MAIN, Corresponding Secretary.

ASHAWAY, R. I., Sept. 21, 1882.

The Sabbath Recorder.

Alfred Centre, N. Y., Fifth-day, October 26, 1882. REV. L. A. PLATTS, EDITOR.

We learn that Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell, of Independence, has obtained leave of absence from his church, and is to spend the Winter in New York, supplying the Seventh-day Baptist Church of that city on the Sabbath, and availing himself of the opportunity for a post-graduate course of lectures in the Union Theological Seminary.

"THE Treasury of Song for the Home Circle," is the name of a book put into our hands a few days since. It is well named. It comprises a rare collection of 300 gems of song, secular and sacred, old and new, easy and more difficult, from some of the best composers in the world.

REV. DR. WILLIAMS, professor of Systematic Theology in Alfred University, was called suddenly to Milton, Wis., last Friday, on account of sickness in his family. During his absence, Rev. Dr. Maxson is devoting the time hitherto occupied by Prof. Williams, to the class in his own department, Pastoral Theology, and Church Polity.

THE subscription list of the SABBATH RECORDER ought to be increased by the addition of, at least, one thousand new names before the beginning of the thirty-ninth volume, Jan. 1, 1883.

THE month of October abounds in religious Conventions of varying sizes and degrees of importance. Methodist Conferences in different localities; the New York State Association of Congregationalists at Saratoga, and the General Convention of the Universalists, at Philadelphia, being among the most noticeable during the past week.

THE October number of the Outlook is being rapidly distributed through the mails. About 50,000 copies will go to as many clergymen of different denominations in the United States gratuitously.

THE withdrawal of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher from the New York and Brooklyn Congregational Association, announced in the papers last week, has given occasion to many comments, pro and con, on the question of his orthodoxy.

to those deliverances wherein he does depart from the older forms of statement. A few striking paragraphs taken from the public discourse of any man constitute, really, no fair standard by which to test his system of faith. To those who care to know what Mr. Beecher does believe and teach, and for what reasons he withdrew from the Association, opportunity is given to do so, by the publication of the address entire in the Christian Union of Oct. 19th, or it may be had in a neat 28 page pamphlet, by sending 10 cents to Funk and Wagnalls 10 & 12 Dey street, New York.

THE North American Review for November presents an unusually diversified Table of Contents. "English Views of Free Trade," by the Hon. John Welsh, of Philadelphia, is a clear and forcible exposition of the difference between the economic situation of England and that of the United States. Joseph Neilson, Chief Judge of the Brooklyn City Court, writes of "Disorder in Court-Rooms," a subject of profound interest to good citizens at all times.

WHICH SIDE?

Amid all the diversity of aims, and purposes, and characters of men in the world, there can be found but two classes—the good and the bad. Jesus said, with solemn earnestness, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." The statement is all inclusive, There are none others. There can be no others. Neither is there any neutral ground. There are two sides, and only two, to the question of Christ's service, and both these are active sides. Every man is gathering with Christ or scattering abroad.

Edison has taken out thus far 287 patents, 154 being in connection with electric lighting.

Communications.

WRITTEN PRAYERS.

At the request of the Mill Yard Sabbath-school, the following paper is forwarded to you for publication, if you deem it a question suitable for publication in your columns. It is a very large and interesting subject, and by no means does the following paper pretend to be anything but an answer, sufficient for our school purposes, drawn from such books as were recommended to my attention in a two hours visit to the library of the British Museum, our own books of reference being packed up, and I am unable to re-examine before publication, being absent from London.

In answer to the question "When were written prayers first used in public worship?" On inquiring at the British Museum, I was referred to "Origines Liturgicæ, or Antiquities of the English Liturgy," by Rev. Wm. Palmer, of Worcester College, Oxford, (Rivington's), and "Bunshe's History of Mankind and Christianity." No answer to the question can be found in the Bible, as there is no mention made there of written prayers; and I was unable to learn that there was in the British Museum any History of Jewish Liturgies, for which I inquired.

Mr. Palmer speaks in his book of three very early Liturgies, one attributed to James the brother of the Lord, another to Lebbeus, otherwise Thaddeus and Jude (or Adens) the apostle, who is said to have preached the gospel throughout Mesopotamia, and is said by the Nestorians to have been the originator of their liturgy; another all antiquity ascribes to Basil, ordained bishop of Cesarea, about A. D. 370.

Since writing the above, a learned Jewish minister informs me that "the Jewish prayers grew up in bulk by degrees, commencing with the beginning of the Christian era, and progressing during the Middle Ages. The Psalms formed the nucleus and the source of the Jewish liturgy. The progress of the composition of Jewish prayers is given in the Talmud (second to sixth centuries); and further specimens of much later periods appear in the Talmudical Epitome of Maimonides."

2. Augustine the Monk, not Augustine of Hippo, the bishop commonly called St. Augustine.

We can well understand how difficult it

would be for heathen converts to conduct a religious service with any decency or order without some such guide. The apostle Paul complains, when writing to the Corinthian converts, of the irregularities in the conduct of their assemblies, how all wanted to talk at once, instead of waiting for each other; also of the disorderly conduct at the Lord's Supper. He gives them the due order and the words, which he says he received from "the Lord Jesus."

We now come back to the point from which we started, which is that the use of written prayers can not be found in the Bible; therefore we must conclude that it is an accommodation for those who are "babes in Christ," and is not consistent with the highest state of religious feeling, which must be spontaneous; as the examples of Moses, Hannah, Samuel, David, Solomon, Hezekiah, Elijah, Daniel, and Ezra, in the Old Testament, followed by John the Baptist and our blessed Lord himself in the New Testament plainly show; and while written prayers may be and are appropriated by attentive listeners, the human heart will always seek its own language for the closest communion with the divine Being.

NOTES.—1. The Nestorians, Mr. Palmer says, were "called Chaldean Christians;" probably they were the same as the "Culdees" or Scotch Christians, from whom no doubt comes the hymn for the Saturday Sabbath, to be found in "hymns ancient and modern," beginning, "Oh, what the joy." The observation of the seventh-day Sabbath, as well as immersion of believers, most likely one of the "customs" condemned by the Monk Augustine, as being "contrary to" the custom of the Roman Church.

3. These words are no proof that the British bishops or Presbyters, otherwise elders, used a liturgy, as only "customs;" actions are here spoken of, and not words, and although further on (4) Mr. Palmer uses the word customs, when speaking of liturgies, it is evidently his own word; the word "uses" only being given by him as a quotation. The latter word was always the title of the various

local liturgies used by the late W. H. Black who was well acquainted with them, and was a very accurate antiquary.

LONDON, Sept. 18, 1882. M. W. B. O.

THE SOUTH-WESTERN YEARLY MEETING.

The South-Western Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, convened with the Church at Pardee, at 10 o'clock A. M., Sept. 29, 1882, for its Sixteenth Annual Session.

Meeting opened with prayer by S. R. Wheeler. In the absence of the person chosen to preach the Introductory Sermon, Eld. J. T. Davis, of Long Branch, preached the Sermon, Singing.

A call for communications from the Churches was responded to by letters from the North Loup and Long Branch Churches. The letter from the latter Church was supplemented by remarks by its pastor, J. T. Davis, reporting encouraging growth.

Verbal report of the Orleans and Walnut Creek Churches was made by H. E. Babcock. The outlook for these Churches does not seem as encouraging as is desirable. S. R. Wheeler reported substantial progress and much to encourage the Pardee Church.

The Moderator appointed the following Committees: On time and place of holding next session, also to nominate some one to preach the Introductory Sermon, and an alternate—J. T. Babcock, J. T. Davis, E. K. Burdick.

On time and place of holding next session, also to nominate some one to preach the Introductory Sermon, and an alternate—J. T. Babcock, J. T. Davis, E. K. Burdick.

Report adopted. Voted, that a business meeting be held at 9 o'clock on First-day morning. Adjourned, after prayer by H. E. Babcock.

Meeting called to order by the Moderator, Joshua Wheeler. Prayer by L. D. Seager. Voted, that the Clerk of the Yearly Meeting be instructed to correspond with the different Churches composing the Yearly Meeting, urging them to represent themselves by letter at the next session.

Report adopted. The sermon on First-day morning was preached by Mr. Stanley, a collection for missioning to \$13 31. The Committee on School Board reported. The Superintendent of School, H. A. Chase, Mrs. Loup, Des. J. B. Williams, Superintendent of the Loup, O. W. Babcock, M. D. M. B. O. Voted, that the Executive Yearly Meeting be invited to preach a mission next session of the meeting.

PARIS. Mr. Stanley's passage to Brussels, by the proportions of an eye, the deepest interest in may remember that some traveler discoverer in the vicinity of the Congo, densely populated district the size of France, and resources which rendered tremely desirable. Mr. Stanley struck with the import and he was eventually the sympathies of the in an enterprise which ceedingly profitable. African Association was several millions of francs small band of Belgian disposal, and the party tion, set out for the new while, M. De Brazza, a origin, who, curious to a Frenchman in 1872, of a small grant of 100,000 the French Parliament, a few blacks for Stanley where the Congo ceases called. M. De Brazza to which turned out to be one of the two, so that arrived at Stanley Pool infinite disgust, that he and that the energetic cluded a treaty with the of which a portion of in to the French, and th under their protectorate that Mr. Stanley attempted natives by a military that they remained firm and ordered him off the after the occurrence of Brazza returned to France of obtaining the ratification with the king of the Brazza, was signed on Oct. his appearance in June, been settled. On the nothing definite is known the precise object of M. to Brussels, the suspicion he may leave no stone to secure this debatable party which he represents Cabinet is, therefore, treaty without a moment it will adopt this step Brazza is not yet known seems to be almost upon the former course. The on the subject of the pre France will play in the continent, and the G claims this evening. The question now is again allow a territory, pire, which has freely pass into the hands of "The key of the wealth of equatorial Africa M. De Brazza gives it to escape, Mr. Stanley's it over to others." This is still unsettled, and Mr. Stanley will, on his to say. His story has meanwhile there seems the whole matter will be sifted before any definite pressed. History has self-denying act than of the Batacks of an er and its stores of





Popular Science.

RICHARD JAHR, a German student in photography, has photographed President Garfield's tomb by moonlight. Jahrb had labored for some time, and expended considerable money in an attempt to secure a negative, with no other light than that of the moon; and it was not until one night recently that his efforts were crowned with success. The camera was left in position seven hours before the negative was perfected.

At a recent meeting of the New-York County Medical Association, Dr. W. F. Miltenord read an exhaustive paper on "Myopia (short-sightedness) and the Necessity of its Correction by Glasses." The disease, he said, must be regarded as one peculiar to civilized life, and was incurable, but could be successfully arrested by the application of proper glasses. The most dangerous period for myopia to set in was from the ages of five to fifteen years.—Examiner.

AN IRON TREE.—On the State House grounds at Columbia, S. C., there is an iron casting commemorating the South Carolina soldiers who died in the war, whose names are inscribed on brass tablets at the base. A correspondent says: "The success of this casting consists of its perfect imitation of the living palmetto, the favorite tree of South Carolina. We had heard of this statue in other places, but had never been able to believe the stories of the flexible leaves bending in the breeze, supposing this phenomenon an optical delusion; but such is really the case. The long, thin leaves of iron, lifelike even to the hairlike fibers of the twigs and branches, wave tremulously in every zephyr; and the whole tree, painted artistically, has so close a resemblance to the real tree as to deceive the keenest observer at the distance of five rods."—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

Gas is an institution of the utmost value to the artisan; it requires hardly any attention, is supplied upon regulated terms, and gives with what should be a cheerful light a genial warmth, which often saves the lighting of a fire. The time is, moreover, not far distant, I venture to think, when both rich and poor will largely resort to gas as the most convenient, the cleanest, and the cheapest of heating agents, and when raw coal will be seen only at the colliery or the gas works. In all cases where the town to be supplied is within, say, thirty miles of the colliery, the gas works may with advantage be planted at the mouth, or still better, at the bottom of the pit, whereby all haulage of fuel would be avoided, and the gas, in its ascent from the bottom of the colliery, would acquire an onward pressure sufficient probably to impel it to its destination. The possibility of transporting combustible gas through pipes for such a distance has been proved at Pittsburg, where natural gas from the oil district is used in large quantities. The quasi-monopoly so long enjoyed by gas companies has had the inevitable effect of checking progress. The gas being supplied by meter, it has been seemingly to the advantage of the companies to give merely the prescribed illuminating power, and to discourage the invention of economical burners in order that the consumption might reach a maximum.—Siemens.

CLOSE BY THE SUN.—The following spectroscopic observations of the great comet were made during the past two mornings at the naval observatory by Commander Sampson. The spectroscopic used was a five prism direct vision, one made by Browning, and attached by suitable clamps to the comet seeker, which has a four-inch glass of about two feet eight inches focal length. The spectrum consisted of three bands—one, the brightest, was situated in the middle of the green about corresponding to the small B lines, a second was in the orange yellow, and the third at the middle of the blue. The middle band was very bright and sharply defined on the least refrangible side and faded gradually on the other side. No band sharply defined on both sides could be made out. It will be remembered that the first telegraphic reports made the spectrum very bright and continuous, with many bright bands, among which the sodium bands were particularly prominent. The comet was at that time near the sun. The whole appearance of the spectrum is now changed. Although it includes rays of about the same refrangibility, there is no trace of the sodium band. It was found that when the brighter portions of the bands were removed as far as possible from the field of view, the fainter portions were seen to extend themselves into an almost continuous spectrum. When the tail of the comet near the nucleus was examined, it was found to consist of a faint continuous spectrum without any bright bands. The explanation which suggests itself of this great change in the spectrum is that, when it was first examined just after it had passed the sun, the continuous spectrum was due to reflected light, while the bright bands were due to the incandescent vapor formed by the intense heat of the sun. The comet has now so changed its position with regard to the sun that the amount of reflected light has greatly diminished, and the comet itself has greatly cooled after its hot bath in the atmosphere of the sun. The beautiful silvery appearance of the comet is due to the preponderance of green light which it emits, as is shown by its spectrum.

WHAT WILL THE WEATHER BE TO-MORROW

Pool's Signal Service Barometer OR STORM GLASS AND THERMOMETER COMBINED, WILL TELL YOU! It will detect and indicate correctly any change in the weather 12 to 48 hours in advance. It will tell what kind of storm is approaching, and from what direction—invaluable to navigators. Farmers can plan their work in accordance with its indications. Saves 40 times its cost in a single season, compared with the ordinary thermometer.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO.

Grand Offer for the next 60 days only. \$850 Square Grand Piano for only \$245. Magnificent rosewood case, elegantly finished, 3 strings, 7 1/3 Octaves, legs and lyre, heavy serpentine and large fancy moulding, full iron frame, French Grand Action, Grand was added.

JUC BREAKING, S.S. BANNERS, ENGLISH BIBLE BOOKS, TEACHER'S LIBRARY, BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY, Agents for Dr. March's New Book Wanted.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster. The manufacturers have WON THE HIGHEST MEDALS and Praise Everywhere. Over 5000 Druggists and Physicians have signed a paper stating that Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters are superior to all others.

Beware of Fraud BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS. HAVE BEEN IMITATED, And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C.A.P.C.I.N.E is correctly spelled.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS AND TRACTS

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y. NATURE'S GOD AND HIS MEMORIAL. A Series of Four Sermons on the subject of the Sabbath. By Nathan Wardner, late missionary at Shanghai, China, subsequently engaged in Sabbath Reform labor in Scotland. 112 pp. Paper, 15 cents.

THE SABBATH AND THE SUNDAY. By Rev. A. H. Lewis, A. M. Part First, Arguments. Part Second, History. 16mo. 288 pp. Fine Cloth, \$1.25. This volume is an earnest and able presentation of the Sabbath question, argumentatively and historically, and should be in the hands of every one desiring light on the subject.

HISTORY OF CONFERENCE.—REV. JAMES BAILEY has left a few copies of the History of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference at the Recorder office for sale, at \$1.50. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Address, SABBATH RECORDER, Alfred Centre, N. Y.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND PUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ELI S. BAILEY, for sale at this office. Price One Dollar. Sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience. Patents obtained through us are noticed in the Scientific American. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper costs \$2.00 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

N. Y., LAKE ERIE & WESTERN R. R.

Pullman's Best Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all Modern Improvements, are run between New York, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Detroit, and Chicago, without change.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 8, No. 12, No. 4, No. 6. Includes routes like Dunkirk, Little Valley, Salamanca, Carrollton, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 3, No. 5, No. 29, No. 1. Includes routes like New York, Port Jervis, Hornellsville, Wellsville, Cuba, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 3, No. 5, No. 29, No. 1. Includes routes like New York, Port Jervis, Hornellsville, Wellsville, Cuba, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 3, No. 5, No. 29, No. 1. Includes routes like New York, Port Jervis, Hornellsville, Wellsville, Cuba, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 3, No. 5, No. 29, No. 1. Includes routes like New York, Port Jervis, Hornellsville, Wellsville, Cuba, etc.

THE HEBREW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, or the Study of the Old Testament in the Original Hebrew. COURSES: Elementary, Intermediate, Progressive, and Advanced. For those who wish to begin the study of Hebrew.

A TALKING HORSE. Would you like to see a horse that can talk? This is the only horse in the world that can talk. It is a gift from God. Price \$1.00. Address: P. THOMAS'S SONS, ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y.

P. THOMAS'S SONS, ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y. Dealers of Light Brahma Fowls. First and second prizes awarded our stock at Angelica, Oct. 1882. Hens, \$1.25; cock, \$1.50. Bred, at Alfred Station.

PATENTS. We make inquiries and furnish opinions as to liability, free of charge. We make inquiries and furnish opinions as to liability, free of charge.

Wanted. Gen. Sherman. The only one in the world. Price \$1.00. Address: P. THOMAS'S SONS, ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y.

Wanted. Agents for Dr. March's New Book. Agents for Dr. March's New Book. Agents for Dr. March's New Book.

