

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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CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Ephesians 6.

We are happy, Christian soldiers,
We are fighting for our Lord,
Full salvation is our helmet,
And our sword "the Word of God."

Righteousness it is our breastplate;
Truth, our girdle; faith, our shield,
And "the cross of Christ," our standard,
All the world a battle field.

Jesus is our great commander;
Satan is the foe we fight;
And with prayer and supplication
We are wrestling for the right.

Fiery darts our foe is hurling;
All his missiles we defy,
For we're clad in gospel armor;
We'll be victors by-and-by.

Let him marshal all his forces,
Let him draft his pioneers,
We are ready with sharpshooters,
Consecrated volunteers.

Onward! onward! is our war cry,
From the center to the sea
Unconditional surrender!
World for God! and victory!

When life's conflicts shall be over,
When we lay our armor by,
We'll be summoned to headquarters—
To a mansion in the sky.

There, we'll answer to the roll call,
Then, we'll join the veteran host,
Ever, and forever, praising
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO SUNSET-LANDS.—NO. 35.

THE MADERIA ROAD.

As we were coming out of the Mariposa Grove, Brightman called our attention to a bear up in a tree by the road side. Sure enough there just over our heads in a crotch of the tree, was a great dark object apparently ready to spring upon us. Just then we recollected how much we needed fire arms. It certainly was fool-hardy to come into this region of robbers and wild beasts without some protection. We speculated as to whether bears preferred horseflesh or something human for dinner, and if, when he had selected one horse or—we hoped it might be, the driver—we could get away with the rest. We had not long to speculate, however, for directly Elsie's sharp eyes saw through the cheat, and it proved to be nothing more dreadful than a clump of mistletoe!

Leaving the grove, the road runs up Big Creek valley, a branch of the south fork of the Merced. After a time, we ford the creek, climb a low divide and skirt along the sunny side of the mountain, where the water by our side runs into the Fresno River, another of the mountain streams which empty into the great San Joaquin river, (pronounced San'Ho-ah-keen). We stop in a sunny spot for dinner, and bringing forth our traveling stove, we make a pot of chocolate, and with the aid of a clear roadside spring, enjoy a very pleasant picnic. Here in the sun it is Summer, but just around the hill in a shady nook the air reminds one of Winter. The view is charming, the woods are carpeted with the green ferny bear-clover, upon which the sunlight and shadow chase each other and dance like fairies on the green, while the abundant evergreens beguile one at times into forgetting that it is not the Summer time it seems.

This road, the shortest stage route to the valley, has been recently built, and is so carried around the hills and into the ravines that at no place does its grade exceed four feet to the hundred, or about equal to the steepest railroad grades. In Summer time, when the days are long, with a change of horses every twelve miles, they rattle a coach over the entire distance in a day, but now with no changes we require two days. The places for turning out to pass teams are not many, and one had to look ahead and calculate chances of meeting some one. Shortly after dinner we came to a wagon loaded with lumber which had broken down in such an inconvenient place that there was no getting by it in the road, and a hill stood in the way of passing around it. Nothing daunted, Brightman struck out into the trackless forest, at right angles to the road, and on we went digging stumps and fallen trees for a couple of miles, apparently without compass or guide. But in time we came out upon the road again without any mishap or adventure. He had improvised a

"cut off," plenty of which we found further on.

From the top of a hill we look off upon the sea of fog below, with Deadwood looming blue in the middle ground, and the Coast Range on the horizon 150 miles a way, like a long, low cloud. To the right is Miami; up the other side of which we climbed on our way from Mariposa. We are out of the region of large pines, and now oaks of various species dispute possession of the ground. The golden leaves of the white oaks, the red of the Manzanita stems and pea-green of its leaves, the silvery foliage of the Digger Pine, the green and spicy bay, the white-limbed buckeye, and the yellow leather wood, give color to the picture.

Five hundred feet lower we leave the pitch pine, while still below us, Fresno Flats glow with the gold of the burr oaks. Down we go, pell-mell—jolting and jumping, over numerous "cut-offs," which shortens the road, but do not add to its comfort; under the "Fresno Flume," across Fresno River, into the village of Fresno Flats, where is one tavern, one blacksmith shop, two saloons, plenty of Chinamen, but no water for our horses. Again we cross under Fresno Flume, which runs from saw mills up in the mountains forty-five miles, to the lumber yards at Madera. It was built at a cost of \$500,000—and is not a paying investment, though it does a considerable business.

Climbing up the side of Deadwood we notice the first clematis which we have seen since we crossed the Rocky mountains; also some other shrubs, not so familiar to us, among them the "Tar weed," (*Madia El-egans*) with its piney foliage, yellow flowers, and white fluffy seed vessels. Soon we come into "Coarse Gold Gulch," and evidences of placer mining. This is one of the very rich early mining regions. The village where we stop to spend the night was the first settlement in Fresno County, in 1851. "Fresno" is the Spanish for ash, a tree which grows plentifully on the margin of Fresno River.

Our hotel is a pine building without paint or varnish, one story about sixteen feet high, no plastering, no paper, no carpets, and almost no comfort, while the price is the regular four dollars a day. Supper is served by a Chinaman, but the landlord is German.

The next morning we start at 8:30, the sun still shining. We drive down the gulch meeting an occasional person, and catch a glimpse of a cotton-tail rabbit, as he scampers across the road. He is quite large, of an antelope color, and with a cotton like ball at the end of his tail. A number of them appeared during the day, though they are not common, and also many California quail, a different bird from our bobwhite. These make no sound, and rarely fly. As we pass one house two little tow-headed children stand by the door, hatless and bare-footed, in the frosty morning, but seemingly careless of the cold.

This section of the country is very dry in dry seasons, and so are the inhabitants, judging by the many saloons. At one place where was a dry water-trough, and a dry well, a number of saddled horses were standing, while their drivers quenched their own thirst at the bar. Here when they have no water for their horses they "sinch up" the girth, and think it answers every purpose.

Climbing one of the foot hills, which so far as soil and rocks are concerned, might as well be in Connecticut as California, we get a grand view of the Sierra Nevada's snow peaks in the east, while south and west the plains are covered by a white fog, through which here and there project a peak like an island in the sea. Here we met a stage which reported it cold and foggy on the plains, while with us, 1,400 feet up, it is bright and sunny.

At Mudgets, a store with a large, pin thatched piazza in front, a cottage in the rear and a garden of fig trees and grape vines, we stopped for dinner.

The fog was then crowding over the foothills, and threatened soon to engulf us. A half hour later it had disappeared, not a cloud being in sight, but as we come to the top of the next hill, it was spread out just below, shining in the sun, like a great snow bank, from which the wind came up to us cold and chill. The hills would sometimes shut it out for a season, but as we came up again it was still there though it seemed to be retreating before us, and it was

not until within an hour of our destination that it enveloped us in its chilling folds.

We are out of sight of vegetation, but in the region of the ground squirrels, which have built a subterranean city, near every convenient rock or pile of stones. They ran scampering over the fields in all directions but frequently would stop to take a good look at us before diving into their holes. One fellow more curious or bolder than the rest climbed a rock and sat winking at us as we passed. Presently we noticed a hawk flying in the air, and saw him make a pounce for a frightened squirrel who was too quick for him, and escaped to his hole. But Mr. Hawk was not to be fooled in that way, so he took his stand just over that hole, and waited patiently for the squirrel to come out, where he sat so long as we were in sight. These squirrels are larger and not of the same species as the prairie squirrels of the Western States, sometimes called gophers, and are only distantly related to our chipmunks.

Our road now draws near the river and runs along beside the flume before mentioned, while a long fence stretches across the plains ahead. It incloses the old Indian Reservation of 1851 and subsequent, now a private rancho. Here our Government established a mission and spend \$30,000 a year, ostensibly to civilize the Digger Indians, but most of the money was absorbed by the employees, and precious little benefit did the Indians ever receive. Over \$250,000 per year for six years was thus spent by the general government for this purpose, and meantime the Indians were, on various pretexts, murdered in cold blood, and their numbers reduced over seventy thousand. The people of California have a fearful account to give to their common Creator, for their brutal treatment of these inoffensive Indians. A writer, thoroughly conversant with the whole history, says: "A more inoffensive and harmless race of beings does not exist on the face of the earth. But wherever they attempted to procure a subsistence they were hunted down; driven from the reservation by the instincts of self-preservation; shot down by the settlers upon the most frivolous pretexts; and abandoned to their fate by the only power that could have afforded them protection."*

We pass through this old reservation, with its ancient looking adobe houses, wondering if the world will ever learn the lesson that justice is cheaper as well as better than injustice, and so musing we enter the fog, and soon after stop at "Madera," which is Spanish for "lumber," and sure enough it is mostly lumber yards. We here bid Brightman good-bye, having had his company for eight days—during which he has driven us about two hundred miles, and then board the Southern Pacific for Los Angeles and home.

*John Ross Brown, in Harper's Magazine, Vol. 23, p. 314.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 26, 1884.

Many provincial people suppose that the city of Washington consists chiefly of Congress. At the date of this writing, three weeks after adjournment, they are doubtless of the impression that things must be dull here. Such may have been the case in that primitive time reminiscently described in some sections of the country as "befo' the war;" but it is not so now. Pennsylvania avenue is the pulse of Washington, and a view of that thoroughfare any pleasant afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, gives an infallible diagnosis of the condition of the city. Judged by this standard, Washington is now quite lively. Few have yet departed, except Congressmen themselves, with their domestic followings. The fact is, so far as purely social matters are concerned, Washington has outgrown its dependence upon Congress, and is rapidly achieving a status independent even of the presence of the Departments. People are beginning to realize that while this country may have many commercial capitals, it can have but one political capital, and that there is a charm about living at the seat of Government nowhere else to be experienced. The effect of this is seen in a constant and increasing influx of persons of wealth and leisure, who buy and build residences and make permanent homes here.

The costliest house here, designed for purely residential purposes, is that of W. W. Corcoran, who is the wealthiest man in the District of Columbia. His great start as a capitalist was made during the Mexican war, when he bought Government bonds far below par, and held them until they were redeemed at their face value. Of late years Mr. Corcoran has indulged his taste for art and his fondness for public charities. He founded the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Louise Home for aged ladies, and has contributed largely to other similar institutions. It would be difficult to find two men more unlike in disposition and habits than Mr. Corcoran, and the man who is supposed to be his rival in wealth. Joseph Willard is a miser, and he alone knows what he is worth. He lives in a plain old house; has no friends, and no haunts; takes no part in the public enterprises; never speaks to his two brothers; in short, meets the world at as few points of contact as possible. His sole aim is to accumulate money, and in this he has been marvelously successful. He owns one-half of Willard's Hotel, a large quantity of real estate in the District, and is the largest holder of Government bonds in Washington. Few residents of the city have ever seen this old millionaire, for another of his eccentricities is that he rarely leaves his house in the daytime.

Senator Don Cameron, Justice Mathews, ex-Senator Windom, ex-Secretary Robeson, Senator Pendleton, and Hon. William Walter Phelps have built expensive houses here; but Secretary Chandler is, I believe, the only member of the Cabinet who owns the house in which he lives. Ex-Senator Sharon, of Nevada, has recently been in Washington, to look after his real estate, and he found that he ranked next to W. W. Corcoran as the largest tax-payer in the District.

Several years ago when Sharon and Stewart were in the Senate, they formed a syndicate, with several other rich men, and bought up land which was then little better than an open common. On that ground now stands the Blaine mansion, the British Legation building, Stewart Castle, and many other magnificent residences. It is said ex-Senator Stewart has made more out of his Washington real estate than out of his Nevada silver mines.

The other day, in reply to inquiries made by a gentleman who wished to buy a certain property, the real estate agent replied: "You will have to pay a pretty good sum for that; it is only half a mile distant from the Blaine mansion, you see."

EXEGETICAL HINTS.

RESURRECTION.

There are at least four conceptions of resurrection in the New Testament: two of dead ones, and two from the dead ones.

1. The continued life of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, is a resurrection.

2. "The hour is coming when all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man and come forth" to judgment. He who once himself dwelt for a little time in the dark abodes of Sheol, shall yet arouse all its millions of millions, for the word which he hath spoken, "the same shall judge them in the last day."

3. The same Son of Man said, "The dead shall hear his voice, and they that hear shall live." So Lazarus and others returned from among the dead into this earthly life.

4. Christ is risen from the dead ones, not only into this, but into the heavenly worlds. Not only was he not left in Sheol, but he has passed into [Greek through] the heavens; whence he will come to receive his faithful ones to himself. It is the Christian's privilege at death "to depart and be with [the risen] Christ." All the saved ultimately attain to this; and we should strive that at death we may meet Him who went to prepare for us, a place—may "be with" him, "if by any means we may attain unto the resurrection from the dead."

"Forever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality."

CRITICISM.

THE report of the Australasian Wesleyan Missionary Society, in New Britain, contains the following: "Sixty-four natives have been admitted into membership with the church during the year. The Sunday-schools show an increase of 230 scholars, and the day-schools

205, while the attendance on the public means of grace exceeds that of the previous year by 204. While the work is thus progressing, while teachers are called for on the right hand and on the left, we mourn that the laborers are few. A grand but pitiful sight we are called upon to witness—whole districts waiting for teachers, whole communities begging for teachers, and we have none to send."

CHEAP RELIGION.

There is a tendency in human nature to cheapen religion, and especially in times of peace, of ease, of plenty, of abounding wealth and luxury. There are not many Davids in this matter; he has very few imitators in seeking a religion that costs something. There are very few men who, as they go their way in the world, ask, "How can I make an offering to God that will cost me something?" The question with many is, "How can I serve God without any loss of time?" There are other men who are saying, "How can I serve God without any stress of thought?" These are the men who have the power to think, men who have the training to enable them to do it; but because the subject seems difficult and perplexing, they are ingenious in their methods of evading it. Such men can not escape the duty of serious and noble thought on the great subject of right living. God gave us the power to think, for the supreme purpose of ascertaining how to live. There are men who are asking: "How can I serve God without using my hands? How can I serve God without using my tongue? How can I serve God without going to the prayer-meeting?" There is this tendency running all through human nature, namely, to cheapen religion. "How can I live the religious life, and have it cost me just as little thought, just as little time, just as little trouble, as possible?"

Now, this tendency appears more conspicuously in times of ease and plenty, in times of peace, in times of financial prosperity and of general wealth; and it will be found to be true alike in the history of nations and of individuals. When a man is young, poor, friendless, and the world is against him, and he is battling with it; when he feels that the odds are all against him, and heavily against him; when he knows that the earth is the earth every time he puts his foot upon it; when he knows that bread is bread every time he eats a mouthful of it; when he knows that money is money, and that there are a hundred cents in a dollar—when such a young man begins a religious life, religion is a real thing to him; it is not a pretense, it is not a sham, it is not a thin veneering, it is not a mere convenience, it is not a luxury, it is the supreme force that holds him steady to the line of righteousness. It is not when his feet touch the bare floors, but when he walks on rich carpets or costly Turkish rugs, it is when exquisite pictures greet his eyes, it is when he has all that heart and eye and ear and palate could wish, that he begins to look about for an easy-going, luxurious, cheap, showy religion. The more "taste" there is in it, the better he likes it, and especially if in proportion to the gratification of taste there is a weakening, a deterioration, an emptying, of conscience. The tendency is in us all to substitute some kind of cheap religion for the real religion, for the costly religion. For example, there are those who content themselves with the cheap religion of feeling. They like to feel happy, to feel glorious in church or at the prayer-meeting, and when they hear a great sermon, or listen to the singing of some splendid soloist, or the rendering of some great oratorio, or symphony, their imagination is touched and fired, they picture to themselves the surpassing glories of heaven, and they conclude, "Surely I am religious when I have such feelings as these." Well, that depends—that depends.

Feeling is of just as much use in religion as steam is in an engine—if it drives the engine, it is good; but if it does not, it is not good for anything but to fizz and hiss and buzz. There are some people that seem to be like yard engines—that never go anywhere, but keep puffing and blowing, hissing and running up and down the side tracks, doing nothing, going nowhere. Feeling in religion is of no value at all if it does not propel us along the track of duty toward our final destination—God. Fine feelings, glorious feelings—we all have them after our measure; but fine feelings, quick responsive sensibilities, do you not know that they have been the occasion of the ruin of some of the greatest geniuses that God ever gave to the human race? Feeling is a miserably cheap substitute for duty. It takes more than to be happy in church to be religious. My friends, religion never stops short of holiness. It means that, first and last. Religion does not stop at feeling; religion does not stop at tradition, or at respectability, or ecclesiasticism, or at spacious cathedral aisles, or eloquent preaching, or delicious music; religion meant, always has meant, always must mean, the actual communion of the human soul with God in righteousness and holiness. And that kind of religion costs; it takes the best there is in a man to be religious in that way.—John Rhey Thompson.

at many sin through ignorance. consequences are as inevitable as the case of the person who ignorantly use of corrosive sublimate instead of some cordial. The consequences of law will follow, must follow, that law is physical, metaphysical, ignorance and sincerity to the con-

and each of them embody more or less of truth; but is not the real root of the difficulty to be found in the general high-handed sacrilege of robbing God of his portion? And are we to doubt that God, in his providential dealings with men, punishes offenders now as really as he did the Jews for such high crimes as sacrilege and robbery? Is it not a judgment upon the nation, that her officials, of all grades, indulge so largely in plundering her public treasures? Is it not a judgment of God, that, in spite of every precaution within the power of man, banks are broken open and pillaged, and that magazines, and stores, and dwellings are burned for plunder? Is it not a judgment from God, that murders and robberies are committed in open day, upon our streets, in defiance of the vigilance and numbers of armed police? Is it not a judgment of God that Communism has grown to such alarming proportions, and is threatening to run riot through the land? Is it not a judgment from God that jails and prison cells are tenanted with such increasing multitudes, and that we are compelled to pay to the support of criminals, what we ought to contribute to the cause of religion? Is it not a judgment of God that such institutions for safety and security as insurance companies and savings banks have of late to so great an extent proved disastrous to those who have trusted in them? And how are we to secure the remedy except by repentance, and by placing our chief confidence in God, whose are the silver and the gold, rather than in bolts and bars, and human institutions and devices."

In keeping with this is the following: "Our forefathers," says St. Augustine, "abounded in all things because they gave tithes to God and tribute to Caesar. But now, because devotion to God has sunk, the taxes of the State are raised upon us. We would not give God his part in the tithe, and, therefore the whole is taken from us. The exchequer devours what we would not give to Christ." It would be well if God's people would lay these things to heart.

And now, my brethren, the challenge of Jehovah is before us, and is as pertinent to his people now, as to his ancient people. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Did God mean what his language implies? Most surely. He proved it repeatedly to his ancient people. Does he mean so now? Undoubtedly. He is ready and willing to prove his faithfulness in every instance in which his people will test him. In conclusion I would notice:

1. That the tenth of our increase is not benevolence. It is justly due the cause of God. It is his right, and we can not withhold with impunity. We owe it, and ought to pay it promptly and cheerfully. This is justice, pure and simple. Benevolence lies outside of this. A pious Jew gave about one-third of his increase. In the first place he was required to give the first fruits both of his flock and his field. Secondly, the first fruits of his harvest, which were, by custom, the sixtieth part of the whole. Thirdly, money was paid for the first born male child. Fourthly, the corners of the fields were left for the poor, in the harvest, which custom also defined to be the sixtieth part of the whole. Fifthly, every seventh year the fields were left untilled, to produce spontaneously for the poor. Sixthly, every seventh year all debts were cancelled. Then there was the half-shekel of the sanctuary, the sin offering, the free-will offering, and three yearly visits to Jerusalem, besides many other gifts; and all of these entirely distinct from the tithe. And yet with all of this yearly expense, no man prospered more than the pious and faithful Jew.
2. We notice it is the condition on which God promises an abundant increase to his people. The barrenness and feebleness of our churches, the ineffectual efforts and half-hearted enterprises of God's people, the sufferings and calamities of our nation, may be traced to our disregard of the Divine claims in this respect as one of the chief causes of them all.
3. If God's people would adopt this Divine rule, the cause of truth would flourish. There would be no indigent ministers; no arrearages in salaries; no church debts; no empty treasuries; no unheeded Macedonian cries; but every want would be supplied. Then would our "barns be filled with plenty, and our presses would burst out with new wine." Then would God give to his people "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The word of God would have

its desired effect; converts would be multiplied, and the church would arise from her enfeebled condition to the enjoyment of the rich fruitage of a trustful and loving obedience.

Education.

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

THE PRACTICAL AND THE SOCIAL IN EDUCATION.

An address presented by J. C. Bartholf, at the Annual Meeting of the Alumni of Milton College, June 25, 1884.

The purely practical idea in education is characteristic of the age and receives far too much attention; the social idea is scarcely recognized. If a wholesome thought can be brought out as to the true position which these two ideas hold in education, the time given me may not be wholly lost.

The apostles of utility urge that our present courses of study should give way to those that are industrial and purely practical. Apart from the merest rudiments in education, they would have the architect study only architecture, the mechanic only mechanics, the farmer only agriculture, the lawyer only the principles and the applications of law, the teacher only pedagogics, and so on. They would form man into a narrow-minded machine, for grinding finer the useless sawdust of human life. They insist that every study which a youth pursues should have a direct bearing upon the "bread and butter" problem of human life, considering all other study as unfruitful of good and a sheer waste of time. This class fail to remember that education is primarily a discipline of the mind, a sharpening of the mental faculties. It is a leading forth of the powers of the intellect, and is essentially broadening in its results. No education is thus that causes the mind to follow always in one channel, to contemplate but one line of thought; viz., "How shall I feed and clothe myself?" Such is not education. It is a leading in, instead of forth. It is an involution of one's powers for the benefit solely of the possessor, not an evolution for the benefit of those around him. This practical idea, in its extreme acceptance, now so popular, is essentially narrowing in its tendencies, and constitutes a gospel whose chief end and controlling purpose is self.

Practical education, when considered in its true relations, when not overestimated, constitutes a part, not the whole, of complete culture. That our common and high schools and colleges have had courses of study with too little of the practical, is a fact well known to any careful observer; and no well posted person can deny that more instruction of a practical nature should be given in our schools; yet it can not be wisely conceded that those studies, proven good by long years of testing, should be thrown out and superseded by instruction purely practical and industrial. Let industrial education be incorporated into our present courses of study, as an added part, not as a substitute for something taken away. The truly educated man has both an education of practical ideas and an education of discipline, wherewith to make the former of service to those about him. A system that proposes anything short of this is signally defective and will surely fail.

Every one displays early in life a natural taste for certain lines of thought, pursuit, or pleasure. One may prefer literary studies, another scientific investigations, another mathematics, and still another, desire to excel in some physical pursuit. These various tastes should in a measure be gratified. But no department of study should receive attention to the exclusion of all others. A liberal training should be given in all study that will strengthen human character, and convert the youth into the stalwart man.

This work of acquiring a thorough culture can not be accomplished in a few short months. It requires years of hard, earnest study; but to many this seems too slow. Everything must be done at a lightning rate. People want an education that will come as by electricity. By too many, a boy is considered but half-witted if he can not "complete" his education by attending a high school or college two or three months. As a consequence young people easily tire of the prospect even of spending several years of their lives in diligent study. They are anxious to "get into business," and go out into the world half equipped, simply to occupy medium positions among their fellows. In student life the motto should be, not how much, but how well. If it requires seven or eight years to complete a course of study, and to master it well, take that much

time and never in after life will there be the least cause to regret it. Education is not so much the storing of the mind with facts, as to make stronger and more comprehensive the mind's grasp, to develop all there is in man, to make him manly. With this in view, let the youth of to-day seek the benefit of the most liberal training of the best schools of our land. Then will he develop into a symmetrical, well-poised, beautifully rounded, complete specimen of manhood.

Apart from the realities of life, it may be safely argued that the true student seeks culture for culture's sake alone. This certainly constitutes a lofty ideal, but it belongs to this rather than to a real condition. As an abstract conception, it may be allowed. But when we approach the concrete in life, when we come nearer the realm of human necessity and human obligation, this thought of celestial birth disappears, and the mind casts about to find a more substantial purpose—a motive more in accord with reality. To be truly educated, is to know how to adjust ourselves perfectly to our social environment. Can there, then, be any better motive in seeking education, than a desire to know ourselves as related to our fellows? This being granted, is education other than a study of human nature in all its varied phases; first a study for each one of what is within himself, and secondly of what is without in the world about him?

The history of the past presents itself to us in a Herodotus, a Livy, or a Gibbon; and we pour over these volumes, not so much to learn of the heroic deeds of the dead past, but more to acquaint ourselves with the motives, purposes, and ambitions of those times; in fact to learn what was the actual human nature of that past. We peruse the pages of David, Hesiod, Homer, Virgil, and Milton to discover what have been the poetic ideals of our fathers. Years are spent in mastering the language, the architecture, the statuary, the painting, the music of the past and present, that we may learn better, the purest and most beautiful thought—forms through which our common human nature has found its best expression. In a restful hour, we delight to turn leisurely the pages of fiction—with the great Scott to visit the Highlands of Scotland; with Verne to circumnavigate the globe; with Dickens to spend an evening at merry Christmas time; with Thackeray to view the exhibits in Vanity Fair; with our own Holland to pass pleasantly a day at "Seven Oaks," or in the company of his inimitable Kathrina, all these that we may know better the great heart of humanity.

A student may learn his history, master his science and mathematics, decline his Latin nouns, grub out his Greek roots, solve the most abstruse problems in metaphysics, study his Shakespere and read his fiction; in fact he may have the credit of being the brightest man in his class, and yet he may have a very meagre knowledge of himself as related to his fellows; which, above all things, is essential to success. It is a laudable ambition for students to seek to be at the head of the class, and to be honored as valedictorians. But far too often Commencement day is the greatest day of their lives. To that time have they come through a world abstract in its nature and entirely disconnected with this actual existence of ours. On that day they go out into a real, material world, inhabited by real human beings, with human weaknesses, prejudices, ambitions, loves, hopes, fears and joys; and too often they find themselves novices in a newly discovered country, utterly unable to cope with the stern realities of their environment. Hence, no greater achievement than that of graduation day marks their future careers.

To be successful, the lawyer must not only understand the case that his client brings him, he must also, intuitively, as it were, know his client. The merchant must know, not only how to buy goods at an advantage in New York city, he must also, at glance, know his customers and be able to suit his own manner and bearing to the peculiar phase of human nature that his customers may possess. The physician must be able to diagnose the mental and moral condition of his patient, as well as the physical, if he would successfully restore the suffering to health. So in every walk of life, a complete and thorough knowledge of human nature and an ability to adapt one's self to it in all its myriad forms, is absolutely essential to successful living. To acquire this, one must not only resort to books, he must enter the great work shop of human life, intermingling with his fellows, and study human tendencies and character in their concrete forms as displayed in the world all about us. Viewed in its proper light, at-

tention to social culture becomes a duty, not a mere relaxation, a pastime, a waste of God-given moments. It enters as a factor into a proper educational system, and no system of education is complete without a well formulated plan to encourage and develop properly the social natures of its beneficiaries.

Every person is created with a social nature, and early does it crave opportunities for development. This is a natural craving, and should be satisfied. This element in the young needs careful direction and culture, and a grave offense it is to deny this, and thus dwarf their social faculties. By judiciously mingling in good society, the youth acquires a practical knowledge of human nature, and thus is able to suit better his life's action to the good of those around him. Many students shut themselves up too closely within themselves and know nothing of the world outside, nothing of the good human nature and kind-hearted souls that live all about them. The more mind comes in contact with mind on the basis of social equality, the greater will be the capabilities of each for benefiting all. It is not well to remain always in the Valley of Solitude. It is a great benefit, as it will become a great pleasure, to ascend the mountain's height and broaden the horizon of our social vision. By so doing, the rough edges of our natures will be worn off, and ungenerous prejudices dissipated by the pleasant and beneficial influences of friendly relationships.

To be sure, there are sweets in solitude, and much good comes of occasional retirement. This affords opportunity for self study, which also is essential to a complete knowledge of ourselves as related to others. Yet to remain always in solitude gives a knowledge simply of the ego—of the non-ego the solitary man knows but very little. To find the golden mean between the two extremes, is the problem for the student to learn. To confine himself too closely to his own room, is as inimical to the best interests of the student as to spend too much time in social intercourse. One's future success may be reasonably measured by his ability, while in college, to estimate properly the relative importance of these two elements in educational growth.

In Russia there are 26,000 elementary schools enrolling a little above 1,000,000 pupils. In the gymnasias and "real" schools, under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, about 70,000 are enrolled, and in the district and town institutions for secondary instruction, about 30,000 more.

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."

FAITHFUL.

Bro. Threlkeld writes of a sister who, several years ago, married a First-day man, and moved with him to a community far away from Sabbath-keepers. In her isolation this woman kept the Sabbath with a faithfulness and quiet consistency which won the respect of all who knew her. She has now the satisfaction of seeing her children faithful Sabbath-keepers, and her neighbors are investigating the subject, one of whom has fully embraced the truth. Thus the influences of a faithful life are being felt. The seed sown in tears is bearing fruit already. What the harvest will be, only God can tell. How much better this, than to do as so many do, give up the struggle almost before it is begun, and plead as an excuse, "I must do as my husband does."

FORMALISM.

Something of the formalism which is threatening the church to-day, may be learned from the following, clipped from an exchange. That the popular method of arguing the Sunday question, even among some earnest Christian teachers, should result in a general disregard of the day, is not surprising to us. But that a "Sunday black coat" should be religiously required upon a day which may rightly be enjoyed in a game of "lawn tennis," seems to us a good way from the Biblical idea of the Sabbath:

A writer in England says that the number of country houses where lawn tennis is played on Sunday afternoons is large, and is growing larger. He tells of a house that could not be let last season, because the owner wished to make it a condition of the lease that the tennis courts should not be used on Sundays. Even billiards are played on Sundays, he says, and almost everything except card games. But notwithstanding this relaxation of the rules of Sunday observance, it would be regarded as something unpardonable not to appear in a black coat on Sunday morning.

Temperance.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."
"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

INTEMPERATE WOMEN.

The National Temperance Advocate says that drunkenness among women, at least in England, appears to be increasing. The London Lancet, a leading medical journal says: "It is painful to see women almost rivaling men in the frequency and boldness with which they enter public houses." And the London Temperance Record, referring to the same subject, says: "The growth of female intemperance is one of the most discouraging features of our time. Recent judicial statistics already show not only that there is a greater proportionate increase of drunkenness among women, but that in their case the habit is more inveterate than in men." According to a New York newspaper correspondent, who writes of the Home for Intemperate Women in this city, there is in certain circles a great deal of both drinking and drunkenness among women in New York. It is affirmed that "in gay, fashionable society, women who are termed ladies imbibe freely of intoxicants;" that "even in circles nominally religious an immense amount of wines and liquors is consumed in social entertainments;" and that "ladies moving in our highest circles, some of them members of our churches, and generally believed to be examples of rectitude," have been carried to the Home, inebriated. "Mrs. Blank, of Madison avenue," the writer says, "is supposed to be at Point Comfort or at Atlantic City, while she is really at the woman-drunkard's Home in East Fifty-seventh street. She returns to her splendid house, and her friends remark how her journey has improved her personal appearance." They are necessarily locked within the House when under treatment; and it is stated that "the friends of the patients in every way try to hide their identity—fictitious names being given, etc; but the truth is sure to leak out in some way, although the doctor tries to keep these painful secrets faithfully." "Delirium tremens in its hideous details," says this correspondent, "is not a stranger in many a grand mansion in New York, and alas! the victim is not always of the sterner sex, but some cultured, pretty woman." This is not at all a pleasant picture, and it is possible that it may have been overdrawn; but there is, however, too much reason to fear that it is substantially accurate, or that the case might be even more distressing if the truth were fully told. A "woman's crusade," supported and aided by good men, especially by the pastors of uptown, popular churches which should work effectually to rescue and protect the woman of what is called "good society" in this city from the toils and perils of the drink temptation, would be indeed a great blessing.—Christian Statesman.

INDICTMENT OF KING ALCOHOL.

The history of King Alcohol is a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty and crime, of rage and ruin.

He has taken the glow of health from the cheek, and placed there the reddish hue of the wine-cup.

He has taken the lustre from the eye, and made it dim and bloodshot.

He has taken strength from the limbs and made them weak and tottering.

He has taken firmness and elasticity from the step, and made it faltering and treacherous.

He has taken vitality from the blood, and filled it with poison and the seeds of disease and death.

He has transformed this body, fearfully and wonderfully made, God's masterpiece of mechanism, into a vile, loathsome mass of humanity.

He has entered the brain, the temple of thought, dethroned reason, and made it reel with folly.

He has taken the beam of intelligence from out of the eye, and left in exchange the stupid stare of idiocy and dullness.

He has taken the impress of ennobled manhood from the face, and left the mark of sensuality and brutishness.

He has taken cunning from the hands, and turned them from deeds of usefulness to become instruments of brutality and murder.

He has broken the ties of friendship, and planted the seeds of enmity.

He has made the kind, indulgent father a brute, a tyrant, a murderer.

He has transformed the kind and affectionate mother into a very fiend of brutish incarnation.

He has made obedient sons and daughters the breakers of hearts and the destroyers of homes.

He has taken the luxuries from off the table, and compelled men to cry on account of famine, and to beg for bread.

He has stolen men's palaces, and given them hovels in exchange.

He has robbed men of valuable acres and given them not even a decent burial place in death.

He has filled our streets and highways with violence and lawlessness.

He has complicated our laws and crowded our courts.

These are counts of the indictment. Let the world judge of the truth.—Messiah's Herald.

Popular Science.

By the use of ammonia, it is said, the large hotels of Philadelphia have become independent of the ice men.

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.

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THE ROYAL LAW CONTENDED FOR. By Edward Stennet. First printed in London, in 1658.

LIFE AND DEATH. By the late Rev. Alexander Campbell, of Bethany, Va.

COMMUNION, OR LORD'S SUPPER. A Sermon delivered at Milton Junction, Wis., June 15th, 1878.

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Abstract of Time Table, adopted July 14, 1884. EASTWARD.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1*, No. 12*, No. 4*, No. 6. Rows include Little Valley, Salamanca, Carrollton, Olean, Cuba, Wellsville, Andover, Alfred.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL TRAINS EASTWARD. 5.00 A. M., except Sundays, from Salamanca, stopping at Great Valley 5.07, Carrollton 5.35, Vandalia 6.00.

WESTWARD. STATIONS. No. 1. No. 5*. No. 3*. No. 9. Rows include New York, Port Jervis, Hornellsville, Andover, Wellsville, Olean, Carrollton, Great Valley, Salamanca, Little Valley, Dunkirk.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL TRAINS WESTWARD. 4.35 A. M., except Sundays, from Hornellsville, stopping at Almond 5.00, Alfred 5.20.

BRADFORD BRANCH WESTWARD. STATIONS. 15. 5*. 9*. 35*. 21*. 37. Rows include Carrollton, Bradford, Bradford, Custer City, Buttsville.

11.04 A. M., Titusville Express, daily, except Sundays, from Carrollton, stops at Limestone 11.20, Kendall 11.31, and arrives at Bradford 11.35 A. M.

EASTWARD. STATIONS. 6*. 20*. 32*. 12*. 16. 38. Rows include Buttsville, Custer City, Bradford, Bradford, Carrollton.

5.45 A. M., daily, from Bradford, stops at Kendall 5.50, Babcock 6.00, Limestone 6.10.

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