

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.

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ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., FIFTH-DAY, APRIL 2, 1885.

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The Sabbath Recorder.

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"IN DUE SEASON."

The harvest fields lie bleak and brown,
Beneath the winter snows;
There is no breath of violet,
No fragrance of the rose;
Of birds or brooks no roundelay—
O weary days!

Yet somewhere, in her sweet content,
Spring waits God's loving call,
And sets her buds, unquestioning,
Since He is over all;
Beneath the snows that fall to-day
Sleep blooms of May.

O patient souls, storm beat and driven,
And robbed by Wintry blast,
Who hold, through all God's chastening,
His promises so fast—
Or soon or late His love shall bring
Eternal Spring!

CHRISTIAN CO-OPERATION.

Should Seventh-day Baptists unite and co-operate in religious meetings, with other denominations who disregard God's Sabbath and Bible baptism? There may be two sides to this question. There are some who seem to think it wrong and unsafe to hold union meetings with Sunday people, and especially to exchange pulpits with their ministers. But as a general rule, Seventh-day Baptists have not been backward, when union movements have been proposed. Seventh-day Baptists have co-operated with Baptists, with Presbyterians, and Methodists as freely as—sometimes more freely than these three classes have fraternized with each other. Of this we are glad, and we would have our people draw, if possible, yet nearer to our friends of other denominations.

The fact that we condemn infant baptism and Sunday observance, is no reason why we should not unite with those who so practice, in labor to convert sinners. The fact that pedobaptists will not unite with us in urging men to be immersed, or Baptists in urging them to observe the seventh day as the Sabbath, is no reason we should not be glad of their co-operation in leading sinners to repentance. Though we differ from them on questions as to what men should do after conversion, we agree with them in desiring that men should be led to conversion. To this extent, then, we and they should work cordially together. With sprinkling and Sunday-keeping we cannot agree, but in nearly everything else, Presbyterians and Methodists agree with us, and Baptists go with us still further, and agree with us in nearly everything but the Sabbath. But so far as they stand on gospel ground they are with us. So far, then, they are Seventh-day Baptists. Let us then, to that extent, work with them as freely as if they were with us in all things.

The cultivation of friendship between us and other Christians opens the way for the spread of our principles. Blind prejudice is one great reason why other peoples have not long ago adopted our beliefs. So far from having found our arguments unconvincing, they have not even looked at those arguments. Very few ministers could be found to-day who could give a clear statement of our beliefs, and the grounds of them. The idea of becoming a Seventh-day Baptist is so abhorrent to our neighbors that they will not even listen to a statement of our positions. They look upon us as we might look upon the followers of Ann Lee—as erratic people, whose ideas are not worth serious study. Now, in order that our arguments may take hold on people's minds, these prejudices must be allayed. Men must be led to consider what we have to say. We can lead them to this only by coming into friendly and intimate relations with them. When a good Sunday man has worked for a long time side by side with our people, the idea may at last dawn upon his mind that these Seventh-day people are a tolerably sensible set of men after all—that there may possibly be some truth in their peculiar ideas; and having been led to look into our views we may confidently expect that he will adopt them. If our principles are true and our people well-grounded in them, and will be true to their convictions, then the oftener and the more completely Seventh-day Baptists are brought in contact with Baptists, Methodists, and Pres-

byterians, the better. If, as it has been said on another subject, our doctrine be the iron pot and theirs the earthen one, then the oftener and harder the two are knocked together, the worse it will be for theirs. Friendly contact with people of other denominations is the very thing we need in order to spread our doctrines among them.

Of course we would have our people give full support to all our own denominational enterprises; but we believe it to be also our denominational duty and policy to be foremost in all union movements, whether they be social gatherings for devotional purposes, or organized operations for evangelical work.

A. W. COOK.

UNION DALE, Pa., March 26, 1885.

A TWO-FOLD TRAGEDY AND ITS LESSONS.

WALWORTH, Wis., March 15, 1885.

Brother Editor:—Our community has been greatly shocked by the intelligence of two terrible events of recent occurrence, the details of which I will relate as correctly as I can: Mrs. Sarah Bonham, a member of our church, sold her farm in this place some time in the Summer or Autumn of 1883, and in November, I believe, of the same Fall, left with her family, consisting of one daughter and two sons for Southern Kansas, where she purchased a homestead in Montgomery county, near the village of Radical City.

Nothing occurred to disturb the peace of the family till the 5th of last month, when her oldest son, William Bonham, residing in this place, received a telegram from Independence, Kan., which read substantially as follows, "Come, your mother and sister and Charlie, are all dead!" Bro. Bonham immediately left for the scene of the disaster, but did not arrive in time to see the bodies of his loved ones. Before Brother Bonham could write his friends in relation to the matter, a somewhat detailed account of the case appeared in the paper which informed us to the effect that they had been all murdered in their beds and the house robbed.

The account contained the following facts: On Monday morning, Feb. 2d, Frank Bonham, the oldest son left home for Winfield, some 75 miles distant from his home and returned on the following Thursday morning, finding his mother in bed with her head crushed and her throat cut. He immediately ran to the nearest neighbor's and told the terrible story. The neighbor and his son hastened to the house with him to find not only the mother, but also the daughter and the youngest son murdered and mutilated in a shocking manner. The boy was killed outright while asleep and never stirred after being struck; but in the case of the daughter, there were evidences of a desperate struggle. She had been evidently struck on the head while asleep, as the pillow was saturated with blood, but being a powerful woman she revived, doubtless, while he was dispatching Charlie, and staggering out of bed was met by the fiend who attacked her again, inflicting fifteen wounds with the hatchet and butcher-knife. She was found lying near the door of her room, but the boy and mother lay as they were struck by the assassin.

Suspicion soon fixed the authorship of the dreadful deed upon Frank Bonham. Excitement ran so high that he was considered in danger and was duly arrested and held to trial after examination, although the evidence was by no means sufficient to justify his detention as a prisoner. The citizens here knowing his previous good character promptly sent on a long list of the names of prominent citizens testifying to his life and character while among them. We all believed and all hoped, that a fair trial would honorably acquit him. But our hopes were doomed to disappointment. Yesterday morning, (Sabbath) as we arrived at the meeting house we heard the terrible intelligence that an infuriated mob, seventy-five strong, had taken the poor fellow from the jail and hung him!

The community are horrified. They feel that an innocent man has been hanged and that the prime movers of the diabolical deed are the authors of the fearful crime. Now we wait to see the outcome. If the proper authorities, whose business it is to attend to this matter do not take the proper steps to bring these villains to speedy justice it will leave a stain upon the civilization of South-

ern Kansas, so deep and so dark that generations to come will feel the stigma of it.

Now we feel impelled in view of this tragical case to address a few words of counsel to our brethren at large, who may be contemplating a change of location. And first, my dear brethren, what is your object in moving? Is it to enlarge your possessions? Under some circumstances this would be quite commendable. But how are you circumstanced? Do you live comfortably, by industry and economy making ends meet, with a proportionate amount for the cause of God? Then be contented and stay where you are, unless God's cause needs you more somewhere else! But alas! how many change their location with this latter motive the ruling one? But, you say, I have children and I want more land on their account. That is commendable; but have you considered how your removal is going to effect the little church where you are? Does it need your help? Will it suffer if you leave? If so, do you consider it your duty to leave in this way? But in the second place, have you considered where you are taking your children to? Are you pitching your tents toward Sodom? Do its broad, fertile plains attract you without reference to the unhallowed influences that will be brought to bear upon your children, and the absence of Christian privileges. If so, stop and think! You may get more land; you may get rich; but you may make the same mistake and share the same experience of poor worldly-minded Lot. If Sister Bonham had remained here on her farm, she might have been well and happy with her little family. But alas! She pitched her tent toward Sodom!

But you say I want to go where I can have better church privileges. That is, I want to be nearer meeting, and where there is better preaching, and where the church is strong. Well, now, I think a correct analysis of your motives would develop the following facts: First, I want to be relieved of responsibility. Second, I think my own personal ease of more importance than the claims of God's cause upon me. Third, I must look out for "number one." Fourth, I don't care if the cause does suffer on account of my removal, my personal gratification is of paramount importance. Now my brethren, I trust that this is not a true description of your cases; but have we not reason to fear that the will of God is not consulted, and that his counsel is not sought in such cases? Believing that if we "In all our ways acknowledge him, he will direct our paths," how can we believe that our dear sister, who, with her family have come to such an untimely and tragic end could have consulted the will of her Heavenly Father, before making the fatal move? O dear brethren, may God give us grace to realize that there is an imperishable inheritance to gain, but we may fail of it through inordinate desire for the things of this life.

A. McLEARN.

RESOLUTIONS.

Testimonial.

At a meeting of the Trustees of Alfred University, held March 28, 1885, the following testimonial was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, it has seemed best to our gracious Heavenly Father, in his wise providence, to call his servant, our brother, ELISHA POTTER, from the labors and burdens of a long and useful life, as we trust to the rewards of the just and the faithful; and, WHEREAS, Brother Potter had been an efficient member of this Board for more than thirty years, sharing our often grave responsibilities, serving as our treasurer with honesty and fidelity, assisting by his patience and wisdom, and always true to the interests of Alfred University; therefore,

Resolved, That we spread upon our records this testimonial to our deep sense of loss at his departure, and to our appreciation of his steadfast Christian character, his wise counsels, and his unwavering fidelity to the work of the University.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family in their great bereavement.

E. P. LARKIN, } Com.
L. A. FLATTS, }

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist Church, at a meeting held March 19, 1885:

Scarcely had the golden gate of Heaven closed upon the entrance of one of our

members, before our Heavenly Father called home another, Mrs. RHODA ANN POTTER, leaving us again in sorrow; therefore,
Resolved, That we as a Society, feel deeply the loss of so capable and efficient a member and leader, whose high Christian character, and many virtues, had greatly endeared her to us.

Resolved, That we cherish her memory, and strive to let her influence, which can never die, be an incentive to us to give our best energies to whatever we undertake; that her quiet Christian life, so full of faith and trust, be a pattern for each of us, and a lasting memorial for her.

Resolved, That while we mourn her loss, we bow in submission to the Divine will, knowing that "He hath done what seemeth Him best;" and while we are left with broken ranks, the army above has gained a spirit chastened and beautified by suffering and self-denial.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband and daughter, upon whom the shadow falls darkest, praying that the loving Father strengthen and comfort them, and enable them to look through the clouds of sorrow to the eternal brightness beyond.

MRS. LIZZIE E. STILLMAN, } Com.
MRS. MARY L. CLARKE, }
MRS. AMANDA L. CLAWSON, }

RESOLUTIONS adopted by the Auxiliary Sabbath Tract Society of Hartsville, N. Y., on the death of Laura Potter:

WHEREAS, through His love and mercy, God has seen fit to take to his own heavenly home, one of our number, Sister LAURA POTTER; therefore,

Resolved, That in her removal after so long sickness and severe suffering, we humbly bow in submission to His will who can give rest to the weary, though we mourn the loss of a most earnest and faithful Christian worker.

Resolved, That we as a Society shall sadly miss her counsel and support, and will endeavor to imitate her faithfulness and liberality in sustaining benevolent enterprises.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family in their affliction, and most earnestly commend them to the Healer of all wounds, for consolation.

MRS. H. P. BURDICK, } Com.
MRS. AVIS HOOD, }

REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D.

The father of Dr. McLaren was for many years the pastor of a Baptist chapel in Glasgow, and had a deserved and honored reputation for scriptural knowledge. His partner in life, the mother of Dr. McLaren, was, in every respect, a remarkable person, of refined and noble mind, and full of that tenderness and strength of love which is the charm of womanhood. From her the present widely known servant of God inherited many fine qualities, and to her gentle training in the ways and counsels of the Lord, he would be the first to admit his indebtedness. Such were the parents of the little boy who entered this world at Glasgow in the year 1826, and at an early age became a scholar in the high school of that town. It was not long before his thirst for knowledge found a wider sphere in the university, but he had already in these days of youth found a loving guide and friend in the Lord of every true mind and heart. To the teaching of Rev. David Russell, a Congregational minister, are his religious impressions largely due, and at eleven years of age, under the care of this good man, he was led to give his heart to God. His father, shortly afterwards, removed to Australia, and he attended, with the other members of the family, the ministry of Dr. James Paterson, of Hope street chapel. Here he sought formal admission to the church, was baptized and took his place at the table of the Lord in May 1840. Soon afterwards he came up to London and set his face with decision in the direction of the Christian ministry. We are told that when a mere youth of sixteen, dressed in a round jacket, he applied to the committee of the Stepney College. It was soon discovered that under the juvenile garb there was a mind and character of no mean order. After passing his four years of study he took B. A. at London University, and began his first pastorate at the Portland chapel, Southampton. It is a noteworthy fact that here he took the pulpit of Dr. John Pulsford. Doubtless his appreciation of the honor of his standing in the place of one so worthy atoned some what for his limited salary of £70 a year. He labored here from 1846 to 1858, and after startling a few good timid people by the bravery of his expressions, the chapel became a popular centre of attraction, and many like the Westlakes and other members of the Society of Friends, found profit from listening to him, although not of his denomination. Indeed, it is one of the characteristics of this excellent man that his wide sympathies and manly individuality bring round him all sorts and conditions of men, all recognizing the true servant of God, who from his inmost soul is striving to teach

them righteousness. Such a man was not long hidden from fame; he had several calls, and finally left Southampton and bent his steps northwards to Manchester, the cotton metropolis. He parted with much lovely scenery in making the change, but he observed to a friend that the "trees are grown in the South, men in the North."

His predecessor in the Oxford road chapel had been the Rev. Francis Tucker, and as at Southampton, the place rapidly over-filled and a new structure had to be erected. It is extremely difficult to convey in letter press the power and gift of eloquence possessed by such men as Dr. McLaren. It was said by Mr. Edward Miall that he was by far the ablest of all living preachers, and those who have been privileged to listen to his stirring utterances will not think the compliment undeserved. Preaching is born in him; he was from the first destined to sway the minds of multitudes for good or evil, and it is a matter of unspeakable satisfaction that such gifts are consecrated to the service of the Lord. A contemporary has very ably summed up his graces in this respect as follows: "He is an analyst of surpassing ability, never fails to distinguish between things which differ, to detect shades of meaning, to observe the relation of part to part, and of each part to the whole. His knowledge of words stands him in good stead in this connection. He has gone down to the roots of Hebrew, and is at home in the intricacies of Greek. Sparring no toil and employing all his learning in getting at the meaning of Scripture, he expounds it with clearness, and makes its sense obvious to all who hear him. Another speciality is the power of seeing spiritual verities in the clear light of the intellect. Dr. McLaren has more of the thinker than the mystic in him. He makes all he handles evident to his own mind before he shows 'the things which are spiritually discerned.' His thought illumines sentiment—converts it into objective truth. He helps his auditors to an intellectual apprehension of the spiritual verities of the gospel and the Christian life. And then there is extraordinary nervous power in Dr. McLaren. He is possessed by his theme, mastered by that of which he has become the master, and for the time—during the delivery of his sermon—the preacher is thrilled even more than he thrills. His thoughts are instinct and tremulous with life, and his words and mannerisms partake of the unstudied energy which gives them wing, and sends them forth swift and strong to do their work."

In these days it is the practice to curiously ask what sort of views this or that distinguished preacher entertains of the Christian religion, and to many it is no small import to find Dr. McLaren thoroughly orthodox, and holding with loving fidelity to the old truths. He is none of your doubt-loving, mystery workers of the pulpit; his aim is not to fill men's hearts with shadows, but to bring therein the glorious light of the gospel of Christ.

THE PRAYER OF KEPLER.

Both Kepler and Newton were profoundly devout. Kepler has left us a touching testimony of his sentiments in a prayer placed by him at the end of one of his works. Here is a translation of that prayer:

"Before quitting this table, upon which I have made all my researches, it only remains for me to raise my eyes and hands toward heaven, and address with devotion my humble prayer to the Author of all illumination. O Thou who, by the glorious light which Thou hast shed over all nature, raiseth our desires up to the sacred light of Thy grace, in order that we may be one day transported unto the eternal light of Thy glory, I give Thee thanks, my Lord and my Creator, for all the joys that I have experienced in the ecstasies into which I have been thrown by the contemplation of the work of Thy hands! Now I have completed this book, which contains the fruit of my labors, and I have used in composing it the whole of the intelligence that Thou hast given me. I have set forth before me the grandeur of Thy works. I have explained these mysteries as well as my finite mind has permitted me to embrace the infinite extent of them. I have made all efforts to arrive at truth by the ways of philosophy; and if it has occurred to me, a despicable worm, conceived and brought up in sin, to say anything unworthy of Thee, make me know it, in order that I may remove it. Have I allowed myself to cherish any self-complacent presumption in the presence of the admirable beauties of Thy works? Have I proposed to myself to cherish any self-complacent presumption in the presence of the admirable beauties of Thy works? Have I proposed to myself my own renown among men by raising this monument, which ought to have been consecrated entirely to Thy glory? Oh! if it has been so, receive me in Thy clemency and mercy, and grant me this favor, that the work I have just finished may ever be powerless to do evil, and that it may contribute to Thy glory and to the good of souls!"—S. W. Presbyterian.

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Missions.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

NUMBER XIII.

The General Missionary Board met in Hopkinton, R. I., Sept. 30, 1829, appointed Wm. B. Maxson to settle its accounts, instructing him to make his report to the American Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society at its next annual meeting, and adjourned without day.

The Missionary Society, organized in 1828, held its first annual meeting in Hopkinton, October 5, 1829. Missionary work was reported as follows: Joel Green, 10 months and 2 days; Orson Campbell, 8 months and 18 days; John Watson, 2 months and 18 days. Their salary was \$15 a month. Letters were received from Fayette County and Hayfield, Pa., and Pembroke, N. Y., requesting missionary labors. The following appointments were made: Lewis A. Davis, for 6 months in Ohio and Indiana; Wm. B. Maxson, 6 months in French Creek, Pa., and Woodbridge, Va., the officers of the Society residing in Brookfield and Scott being authorized to appoint a substitute if necessary; Matthew Stillman 3 months in Pembroke, N. Y., and vicinity; John Watson as agent in Hopkinton and vicinity, not to exceed three months; and Daniel Coon and Alexander Campbell 6 months each on the Alleghany field. Joel Green, Orson Campbell, and Alexander Campbell were recommended to the Executive Committee to fill vacancies that might occur in the appointments. And the Society recommended to the patronage of the people a weekly paper "proposed to be published by John Maxson, of Homer, N. Y., and that the agents of this Society act as agents for said paper."

AN OPEN LETTER TO PASTORS.

Our opportunities for missionary work are as many and important as ever; but a very severe financial depression is upon the country. Large donations are always welcome and helpful; but we especially need, now, a greater number of small contributions. This is possible and practicable. Something from every one—25 cents, 50 cents, or one dollar, and more according to ability, will save us from debt or retrenchment.

Missionary work in other denominations is languishing too, for lack of funds. But this need not be the case in our own, notwithstanding the hard times, if each will bear a part. We fully believe that no one can render us the aid which it is in your power to give; and to you we come for help in the raising of needed funds. The people require more than some appear to think, frequent suggestions, information, and appeals, respecting missions, from the pulpit, in the monthly missionary prayer-meeting, and even personally.

As to methods of raising money, we neither wish to dictate nor to "run" your church affairs; but we do wish to earnestly ask you to seek, in such ways as to you seem best, to secure from every member of your church and congregation, as far as possible, at least a small contribution for our work during the current Conference year, and to have remittances made to our Treasurer quarterly.

We offer the following suggestion for your consideration: missionary money is raised by various means, the best of which is, we think, the weekly offering. But these plans can profitably be supplemented once a year in the following way: Let the pastor send to each person a printed slip setting forth the growth and needs of our missionary work, and with this a small envelope in which to bring a contribution to the church on some designated Sabbath, to be known as the Sabbath for missionary offerings. There are many persons who are not regular contributors, and this plan reaches them with at least the force of a direct appeal. It has been proved successful by trial.

THE SEVEN SOCIETIES OF THE CONGREGATIONALISTS.

1. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, generally known as the A. B. C. F. M. This society, as its name shows, has charge of the Foreign Mission Work. The headquarters are in Boston, Mass., where there are three Corresponding Secretaries to look after different departments of the work, and one Treasurer. There is one District Secretary in New York City, and one in Chicago. The income last year was \$553,589 46. One of the Secretaries says: "It seems almost too plain to call for argument that we ought to bestow our gifts in substantially equal parts upon the home and the foreign fields."

2. The American Home Missionary Society. The headquarters of this Society are in New York City, where there are two Corresponding Secretaries and a Treasurer. There are also sixteen or seventeen superintendents of missions in different parts of the country. Income last year, \$447,152 31. Outside of New England the Society has about 3,000 stations in thirty-four States and Territories, 1,008 missionaries. The great importance of home mission work is emphasized by the presence in our country of 8,000,000 of foreign-born people, with more millions of their children, who are helping to mold our nation's character and shape its destiny.

3. The New West Education Commission. Headquarters in Chicago, where there is a Secretary and a Treasurer. There is also a Secretary in Boston. Income last year, \$52,920 16. This Society is now in its fifth year; but there are connected with it 8 corporated and unincorporated academies, and 30 other schools, which report in the aggregate over 2,700 pupils. These schools are both educational and religious, and are destructive of ignorance, vice, infidelity and mormonism.

4. The American Missionary Association. Headquarters in New York City, where there are two Secretaries and a Treasurer. There are District Secretaries in Boston and Chicago. Income last year, \$288,142 51. This Society was anti-slavery, and is anti caste. Its work is mainly among the Negroes, Chinese, and Indians of the United States, and it hopes to reach some of the 200,000,000 of Africa and the 400,000,000 of China, through those who shall receive the gospel in our land.

5. The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, Boston, Mass. There is a Secretary and an Agent in Boston, and a Secretary in Chicago. Income last year from business department, \$106,821 62; profit, \$5,037 99. Income of missionary department \$21,687 42. New capital, paid in, \$8,146 42, which is toward a fund of \$75,000 for business capital. The Pilgrim Quarterly has increased from a circulation in 1880 of 15,700 to 87,000, and other periodicals have advanced proportionately. Eight men are employed in as many States to organize Sunday-schools and promote Sunday school work. These men organize directly and indirectly, on the average, from twenty to twenty-five schools a month. "New fields are constantly opening, and golden opportunities beckoning us onward, says we of the Board of Managers. Twenty-nine schools were organized in Colorado last year, and thirty in Kansas."

6. The American College and Education Society, Boston, where there is a Secretary and Treasurer. Income last year, \$111,129 14. Twenty-nine institutions have been aided within a period of forty-two years; and the Society is now working for nine of these. 7,076 beneficiary students have been aided, in all; and the Society points with satisfaction to the prominent position many of these have taken in churches and schools, and in home and foreign mission work, as an answer to those who question the wisdom of bestowing such aid.

7. The American Congregational Union, New York City, with a Secretary and Treasurer. Income last year, \$105,377 68. The object of this Society is to raise money to help churches build meeting-houses and parsonages.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

FROM D. H. DAVIS.

SHANGHAI, Feb. 10, 1885.

We are now fast approaching the close of the Chinese year. There remain only four more days. I have arranged for a new calendar with some improvements, and hope to get it before the year closes.

The schools have been reviewing for the past two or three weeks for the examinations which they are to have. Two or three weeks will elapse before the schools are opened again.

Among the Chinese about us everything has an urgent appearance. The importance of the season is quite apparent in the step of all the throng as they pass, even from the ill-clad servant to the gorgeously attired official, with his train of escorts. There are few who have the time now to stop in the chapel to hear the foreign doctrine. In this the Chinese are much like people of other nations, they will hear the gospel when they have leisure. It is a custom in China that all accounts must be settled at the close of the year. Many are on their way to pay their bills, while others are seeking to make satisfactory arrangements with their creditors. Many others are engaged in managing marriage ceremonies, of which there are not a few at this time of the year; and besides these

temporal matters there are certain religious ceremonies that also call for special attention. There must also be a settling up of the deeds of moral conduct of each individual. This is done through the deity known as the kitchen-god. He, although nothing but an image on paper, is supposed to know just how all the conduct and life of each individual of the family has been, during the year. To insure the good will and favor of this deity, on the evening of the 23d of the 12th moon, the family make offerings of tea, fruit, and sugar. These offerings are made so that he will not report any of the evil they have done to the more powerful gods, who are supposed to vindicate justice to all wrong doing, and great blessing to all meritorious deeds. After these ceremonies are performed, the god is taken from the kitchen and placed in a small paper sedan chair, purchased for the occasion. He is then taken into the court or street in front of the house, and placed upon a small pile of straw, upon which are a few cedar twigs, and committed to the flames. He is supposed to make his ascent through these flames to the upper world, and to render the account of the family to the more powerful gods. It is said that every family Taoist, Buddhist, Confucianist, all have this kitchen-god. There is a rank of government officials who are said to be above the rank of this deity. Those occupying this high position do not engage in these ceremonies of the kitchen-god. After the burning of this deity it will be twenty-two days before another is replaced in the kitchen. I inquired about the events of these twenty-two days that there was no kitchen god, and was told that this god was present as before, only he could not be seen.

But if this be so, why re-install another? Why not believe in an ever-present, invisible God, who knows and takes cognizance of all our ways and words; one who is not only a kitchen god, but the God of all the world, above whom there is none other, and who alone can mete out just reward for good and evil? Would that this benighted people, groping in the darkness, grasping at these shadows of truth, might be brought into the clear light of the true God.

FROM S. R. WHEELER,

General Missionary for Kansas and Missouri.

QUARTERLY REPORT.

My last report was written in Osborne county, Kansas. At that time I was carrying on a series of meetings in a school-house about five miles from Osborne city. There are there two families of Sabbath-keepers, Williams by name, who formerly lived in the Central Association. At the close of this meeting on First day, Dec. 7, 1884, I baptized two daughters from one family and the wife in the other family. They were received as members of the Nortonville Church on Sabbath, Dec. 27th. The labor at this place, on account of certain circumstances, was very trying. I proceeded to Clifton, Washington Co., Kansas. Near this place there are two families; the wives are sisters; were brought up Seventh-day Baptists, and are striving to maintain these principles. I expected to hold some meetings here, but my state of health, combined with forbidding weather, rendered it impracticable. My next stop, as I proceeded homeward, was Waterville, Marshall county. It was near this place that Cousin Sarah Shriner had so recently died, and my stop here for a few days was by special request of some Sabbath-keepers belonging to the Iowa branch of Adventists. The occasion was a pleasant one, and I trust profitable for the advancement of truth, and in creating important friendly relations. Reaching home Dec. 16th, after this trip of six weeks, I was unusually exhausted; but after about three weeks rest I thought I was quite renewed, and started out for another six weeks trip on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. I stopped twenty-four hours at Topeka to make my usual call at the home of A. A. Robinson, General Manager of the road, who was a school-mate of mine in Milton Academy, and whose wife is a Seventh-day Baptist, and also upon other interested individuals, and at the same time to secure my annual half fare permit for the present year. I then proceeded to Emporia, intending to remain over two Sabbaths, then go to Elmdale and Florence, and return over the same route, but I went no farther than Emporia. After an absence of ten days I returned home. The symptoms of congestion of the brain were serious in a very few days after leaving home. The difficulty showed no signs of yielding, but grew worse until I was not only unable to do any work, but it was unsafe for me to remain longer upon the field. Since then I have remained

very close to my own house, and avoided all mental effort as much as possible, and yet the difficulty sticks to me. Ten years ago this same trouble came to me through over-work, and was sensibly felt for about two years. Profiting by this past experience I stopped this heavy work before the disorder made such advancement, and I hope that at the end of a few months rest I shall be thoroughly renewed. In the mean time I may be able to make a short visit or two where the demands are so urgent.

The death of Bro. W. B. Gillette, the critical condition of Brethren L. Andrus and V. Hull, together with the thought that age is creeping over so many of our present workers, and the increase of work which is constantly developing, all remind us of the need of more laborers; and were it not for the past experience already mentioned, it would be difficult indeed for me to withhold myself from the work.

Your brother in Christ,

S. R. WHEELER.

—Bro. Wheeler reports 5 weeks of labor; 4 preaching places; 12 sermons; 5 prayer-meetings; 17 calls; 60 tracts, &c., distributed; 3 baptisms; and \$29 05 received for missions.

FROM HORACE STILLMAN, Missionary Pastor.

NIANTIC, R. I., March 2, 1885.

Enclosed are reports for quarters ending Dec. 1, 1884, and March 1, 1885.

At Woodville, the continued stagnation in business has driven most of the mill operatives from the village, and that has helped deplete our congregations, so that they have been very small during the cold weather. Several of our permanent resident members live at a distance, and find it difficult to get to meeting in very cold weather. Two of our members have recently married out of the society, and we shall probably lose them. What a yearly loss we, as a denomination, sustain from this cause. How can we save those that we have?

We are all hoping that the mill will start soon, and that a revival in business will increase the attendance at our meetings. We are trying to hold fast that which we have, hoping that God in his own good time will increase our numbers; but above all, that he will own us all as his faithful children.

At Niantic, we have no especial interest to report. Here we are holding on, and some seem to be anxious for an increase of religious interest. We have had no extra meetings. There seems to be a good interest in our Sunday night meetings, and we hope that they will be a source of great good.

Faternally yours, H. STILLMAN.

—Bro. Stillman reports 3 months of labor at Woodville and Niantic, R. I.; 35 sermons; average evening congregations at Niantic, 50; on the Sabbath, 20 to 40; at Woodville, 10 to 25; 10 conference meetings; 16 visits; letters to 22 absent members; and receipts for missions at Niantic, \$15.

FROM H. P. BURDICK.

General Missionary, Western Association.

I have spent so much time in ascertaining the whereabouts and the condition of our people that I have not preached as much as heretofore. So far as I have been able to go, I think the real condition of this Association is better known than for some time past. I arranged to stay at home one day, make my report, etc.; but sister Laura Potter was buried that day, and as my appointments were out this is my first opportunity to write you.

This church has engaged Bro. George Kenyon, of Hebron, to preach for them half of the time. We had a large congregation for this place last Sabbath. If every contributor for missions could have been here at the praise meeting last fifth-day night and contrasted as some did the present with the past, it seems to me the universal verdict would have been; "It pays to work for the Master."

Pray for us,

H. P. BURDICK.

SINGLE HOUSE, Pa., March 9, 1885. —Bro. Burdick reports 3 months of labor; 13 preaching places; 38 sermons; congregations from 25 to 300; 18 other meetings; 130 visits and calls; 6 additions by letter or experience; 3 Bible-schools organized; expenses 14 88; receipts; 42 21.

FROM F. F. JOHNSON.

STONE FORT, Ill., Feb. 25, 1885.

Your note is at hand. Am very sorry that the finances of the Society are so low that you have to withhold further aid from Southern Illinois. I have never seen the interest so great since becoming a Sabbath-

keeper. Eld. Morton has awakened great interest in this section, though I suppose that the interest is not so great at Villa Ridge and Pleasant Hill. I am very hopeful of the interest the Presbyterians are taking. There are many of them in this part of the State. There is a preacher by the name of Marlowe living at Vienna, Johnson county, some twenty miles from here, on the C. and V. Railroad, who is advocating the truth of the Sabbath.

If I was able, I would put in all my time, and not ask the Board to help me to one cent, but my means are limited, and my expenses are considerable. If the Board could help me to about fifty dollars, I could go ahead for some time further. I have received but five dollars since the report before the last. Have worked about sixteen weeks without any aid from the Board. If I have to go into the practice of medicine for a living, I cannot preach much, as it will take all the time, though I will not attempt that till I hear from you again about the matter. Please write immediately.

Yours truly, F. F. JOHNSON.

A CONVERSATION.

The questions I will not give; but here are the answers:

1. No; I never made any profession of religion. 2. Yes; I think we all ought to profess religion, and live it. 3. If I join any church, it must be a Seventh-day Baptist Church. 4. My wife believes just as I do, that the seventh day is the Bible Sabbath. 5. Well, I am a poor man, and have to work out for a living, and cannot lose two days in a week. 6. No, that is so; at the worst, it would be but one day in a week, but I cannot get work unless I will work Saturday. 7. Yes, I know that the future happiness and the salvation of the soul depend on obedience here. 8. Oh yes, I can better afford all this than to lose my soul, or hazard, so far as my influence may go, the spiritual interests of my family. 9. Yes, your request and advice are correct; I wish we would accept it, but I do not know. Almost is sure to fail.

H. P. BURDICK.

THE ELEMENT OF MISSIONS IN THE GOSPEL.

The first thought in missionary effort is the salvation of souls. For that purpose in all parts of our country, men are preaching the gospel, from ocean to ocean, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the lakes of the North. For the same purpose, Judson left America and gave his sacrificing life for the salvation of the Burmans. Why do men engage in this work? The answer is the commission of Christ: "Go preach my gospel to every creature." Judson felt the binding power of this commission. It was while walking in a grove near Andover Seminary, contemplating this commission, that he resolved to give his life to Foreign Missions. No one can gain a clear view of the teaching of Christ, and not feel an obligation to give, pray and teach for the good and salvation of others. The life and example of Christ creates the same obligation. His life was a constant effort for others. His words are: "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." He suffered the indescribable death on the cross that the remission of sins might be preached in his name. He did not, like Socrates and ancient teachers, remain in some grove or Academy and announce he would teach and heal those who would come to him, but he journeyed from place to place, and wherever he met a group of persons, or even one, as in the case of the woman at Jacob's well, he imparted words of life. Luke, the historian of Paul, records that "he went about doing good." Unless one has the Spirit of Christ he cannot claim to be his. It is his Spirit that animates every true missionary. Remove this spirit from the souls of men and women, and missions would soon come to an end, and if it had not come to earth in the person of Jesus, they would not have had a beginning. Churches that have most of this spirit are most prosperous. Individual Christians gain in benevolence, sacrifice, and noble Christian character, as they grow in the spirit of missions.—Baptist Flag.

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

A dying publican's wife, in England, recently gave the following encouraging testimony, as narrated by the evangelist who visited her. He says: "I was asked to go to a public house in Nottingham and see the landlady's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she had found the Lord. 'Reading that,' she replied, handing me a torn piece of newspaper. I looked at it and found that it was part of an American newspaper, containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion. Where did you get this newspaper from?' I asked. She answered: 'It was wrapped round a parcel which was sent me from Australia.' Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that, a sermon—preached in London, conveyed to America, an extract printed in a newspaper there, that paper sent to Australia, part torn off (as we should say, accidentally) for the parcel dispatched to England, and after all its wanderings, conveying the message of salvation to that woman's soul. God's word shall not return unto him void.

Sabbath Rest.

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

ADrift.

BY ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

Adrift, without rudder or anchor, They recklessly plod Who dare to reject and unhallow The Sabbath of God.

Day sanctified, unto Him holy, Forever unchanged; Oh never less sacred that season Which man has deranged.

If sinners obey not the order By heaven ordained, We mourn that the Lord's sacred altars Is rudely profaned.

What then when the Christian professes To follow His word, The glow of divine love possessing, With spirit power stirred,

Can stand in the boldness of freedom To practice and teach That man's weak, unscrupulous reason God's law shall impeach?

Blind mortals persistently groping In darkness more deep, 'Mid quicksands your frail craft is driven, Is conscience asleep?

Why turn from the light that should gleam From gospel's full beam, To follow the vague, fitful gleaming Of sophistry's dream?

Oh, banish the fatal delusion By Papistry sought, And gladly accept the one Sabbath, Divine wisdom wrought.

Mock not Heaven's ordinance longer Come forth to the light! The soul of the Christian grows strong, Who gives all for right.

THE SABBATH LAW.

How Can We Keep a Sabbath Holy and a Delight?

The Interior, of Chicago, mentioning very sensible suggestions on a very important subject. With the of a little mixing of the terms Sunday in the article, we can more endorse its sentiments.

Our Saviour did not abrogate the law. He only relieved it from the of the elders, and restored it to place and power as a law of liberty for man. The observance of one for rest and worship has been in the history of the Christian era, was that of the Jewish church, and wherever its observance has the church has become cold and corrupt. And the world has to appreciate, to some extent, the influence of this periodical rest. Our Sabbath if we make it a day of pleasure and carnal delight, will ciliate the world we regard Sunday, instead of a holy day, we do the law of the Lord, and he will prosper us. "The essence of observance is sanctification." It day, to be spent as we please, day, to be spent in His worship and study of His word.

The question, then, that presses thoughtful Christian is: How can the Sabbath holy and yet make men do not take pleasure, natural things. The taste for the capacity to enjoy them must be. This is the work of the Holy we can and should co-operate with that work. We ought to make services at home and in the attractive as possible and then bring we can within their influences. plish this we need not fear down prohibition which God has built no right to do that. They are of the delight which we are to business is to plant flowers in walls, the richest and the rarest holiness that we can gather, and invite everybody, and especially to enter.

Carnal pleasure, that which breaker seeks, is short lived, and by a reaction. Solomon says laughter the heart is sorrowful of that mirth is heaviness." How is this true as they return to labor after Sunday dissipation? But has learned to delight himself goes to his week-day work refreshed and in mind. To him the holy a threefold blessing—it has rest it has quickened his intellect, strengthened his heart. Take two boys one day in the castle in which there is a corner plants, a laboratory, an observatory and a library. They are free to enjoy whatever castle, but that they must at day. One of the boys is a simple plants, the apparatus and the him. He enjoys that day. It is for him. The other boy is a student read, whose only pleasure is The castle is a prison to him. by as on leaden wings. He is when the day is over and he As with these boys so with with those who are older. That that there are higher pleasures sense! And that is the training to enjoy the Sabbath without it.

Our efforts to meet the world

d. Morton has awakened great interest in this section, though I suppose interest is not so great at Villa Pleasant Hill. I am very hopeful that the Presbyterians are here are many of them in this State. There is a preacher by the name of Marlowe living at Vienna, twenty, some twenty miles from E. C. and V. Railroad, who is the truth of the Sabbath. I would put in all my time, and the Board to help me to one means are limited, and my expenses considerable. If the Board would give me about fifty dollars, I could for some time further. I have received five dollars since the report before I have worked about sixteen weeks aid from the Board. If I have the practice of medicine for a year, I cannot preach much, as it will take me about a week to get the matter done immediately.

F. F. JOHNSON.

A CONVERSATION.

ations I will not give; but here are never made any profession of religion. 2. Yes; I think we all ought to be baptized, and live it. 3. If I join the Seventh-day Baptist Church, it must be a Seventh-day Baptist Church. 4. My wife believes just as I do on the seventh day is the Bible Sabbath. Well, I am a poor man, and have to work for a living, and cannot lose a week. 6. No, that is so; at least it would be but one day in a year that I cannot get work unless I will work that day. 7. Yes, I know that the Sabbath and the salvation of the soul depend on obedience here. 8. Oh yes, I would afford all this than to lose my influence, so far as my influence may be concerned, and interests of my family. 9. My request and advice are correct; I would accept it, but I do not know how sure to fail.

H. P. BURDICK.

THE SABBATH LAW.

How Can We Keep a Sabbath Holy and Yet Make It a Delight?

The *Interior*, of Chicago, makes the following very sensible suggestions on the above very important subject. With the exception of a little mixing of the terms Sabbath and Sunday in the article, we can most heartily endorse its sentiments.

Our Saviour did not abrogate the Sabbath law. He only relieved it from the traditions of the elders, and restored it to its original place and power as a law of liberty—as made for man. The observance of one day in seven for rest and worship has been identified with the history of the Christian church as it was that of the Jewish church. Whenever and wherever its observance has been lax, the church has become cold and formal, or corrupt. And the world has come to appreciate, to some extent, the beneficent influence of this periodical rest. It will accept our Sabbath if we make it a day of worldly pleasure and carnal delight. But if to conciliate the world we regard Sunday as a holiday, instead of a holy day, we do not keep the law of the Lord, and he will not bless and prosper us. The essence of the Sabbath observance is sanctification. It is not our day, to be spent as we please, but God's day, to be spent in His worship and the study of His word.

The question, then, that presses upon the thoughtful Christian is: How can we keep the Sabbath holy and yet make it a delight? Men do not take pleasure, naturally, in spiritual things. The taste for them and the capacity to enjoy them must be cultivated. This is the work of the Holy Spirit. But we can and should co-operate with Him in that work. We ought to make Sabbath observance at home and in the church as attractive as possible and then bring all that we can within their influences. To accomplish this we need not tear down the walls of prohibition which God has built. We have no right to do that. They are the safeguard of the delight which we are to enjoy. Our business is to plant flowers within those walls, the richest and the rarest flowers of holiness that we can gather, and then to invite everybody, and especially the young to enter.

Carnal pleasure, that which the Sabbath breaker seeks, is short lived, and followed by a reaction. Solomon says: "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful and the end of that mirth is heaviness." How many find this true as they return to labor on Monday after Sunday dissipation! But the man who has learned to delight himself in the Lord goes to his week-day work refreshed in body and in mind. To him the holy day has been a threefold blessing—it has rested his body, it has quickened his intellect, and it has strengthened his heart.

Take two boys one day in the week, into a castle in which there is a conservatory of rare plants, a laboratory, an astronomical observatory and a library. Tell them that they are free to enjoy whatever is in the castle, but that they must stay there all day. One of the boys is a student. The plants, the apparatus and the books interest him. He enjoys that day. It is all too short for him. The other boy is a savage, unable to read, whose only pleasure is in the chase. The castle is a prison to him. The hours go by as on leaden wings. He is glad enough when the day is over and he can be free. As with these boys so with all boys, and with those who are older. They can learn that there are higher pleasures than those of sense. And that is the training they need to enjoy the Sabbath without desecrating it.

Our efforts to meet the world half way in

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."

ADRIFT.

BY ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

Adrift, without rudder or anchor,
They recklessly plod
Who dare to reject and unallow
The Sabbath of God.

Day sanctified, unto Him holy,
Forever unchanged;
Oh never less sacred that season
Which man has deranged.

If sinners of eye not the order
By heaven ordained,
We mourn that the Lord's sacred altar
Is rudely profaned.

What then when the Christian professing
To follow His word,
The glow of divine love possessing,
With spirit power stirred,

Can stand in the boldness of freedom
To practice and teach
That man's weak, unscrupulous reason
God's law shall impeach?

Blind mortals persisting groping
In darkness more deep,
Mid quicksands your frail craft is drifting—
Is conscience asleep?

Why turn from the light that should guide you,
From gospel's full beam
To follow the vague, fitful gleaming
Of sophistry's dream?

Oh, banish the fatal delusion
By Papistry sought,
And gladly accept the one Sabbath
Divine wisdom wrought.

Mock not Heaven's ordinance longer,
Come forth to the light!
The soul of the Christian grows stronger
Who gives all for Right.

this matter of Sabbath observance will fail. We will lose the true charm and sweetness of our holy day, and yet will not win men to even the fragment of a Sabbath which we try to keep. There can be no compromise between the spiritual and the carnal. We must make the spiritual attractive by bringing out more fully its own intrinsic beauty, and not by covering it with the fading garlands of the sensual. Just how this is to be done in every home and in every sanctuary must be left to the sound discretion of parents, ministers and elders. If we shall succeed in calling their attention to the possibility and the importance of keeping the Sabbath holy and yet make it a delight, our present purpose will have been secured.

Education.

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

YOUR READING.

How It Enters into and Influences Your Whole Life—The Importance of Choosing Only Good and Pure Books.

Books make life and books make death. Every book which is read as a good book ought to be read enters into the reader's heart-blood for weal or for woe. It may mingle with the flowing current as a life-giving and life-giving poison, as a deadly narcotic, or as the very river of the waters of life. You can choose at the beginning what books shall enter into the composition of your life; but after you have once read a book, you cannot always prevent it from continuing to influence your life. Read an evil book, and the stain may remain with you always; give your mind over for a day to the written words of some master of skepticism, and in a few days, when your battle of life is fiercest and your need of faith is sorest, his words may rise up out of your own mind to torment you with doubts that otherwise you would never have known. Many a man would give all his gold to rid his mind of the false or impure thoughts which his early reading had made abiding guests in his brain. Why should you seek to gain such an experience. Why should you seek to know the evil—spending your money for that which is not bread, but which creates an unhealthy craving for deadly poisons? "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," is the promise of the tempter, but the promise ends in making you as Satan. Have nothing to do with books whose chief power is the evil that is in them, or which have nothing to offer you but empty negations. If the student of special literature must know these, so much the harder for the student of special literature. Christ calls you to no completeness of culture which would involve a lowering of your moral or spiritual standard; better for you to enter into life maimed in respect to the scope of your reading, than unmaimed to be cast into Gehenna. Let the sensational paragraph go; refuse to soil your mind with a book which is essentially evil, however skilled an artist of words its author may be. There are enough good, pure, strong books in the world to supply all the demands of your intellectual life. Read these; and when the current of a free and healthy mental life is flowing in your veins, you will not regret that you refused to defile it with those treacherous streams which allure but to destroy.—*S. S. Times.*

EDUCATION.

Do you ask what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings he sees you express—these will educate him. The society you live in will educate him; your domestic circle will educate him; above all, your rank, your situation in life, your home, your table, will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw from him the continual influence of these things, except you were to withdraw yourself from them also. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be. Education goes on at every instant of time; you cannot stop it, you can direct its course.—*Sel.*

STUDY THE BIBLE.

Speaking of the Bible in the public schools, the *Correspondence University Journal* says, "Nothing so clearly illustrates the alarming tendency of the age towards irreligion as the indifference shown towards sacred subjects by the great mass of the 'lower class.' Not to mention the growing disregard for the Sabbath shown on every side—the wide gulf between early puritanism and modern scepticism is nowhere better illustrated than in the reading of the Bible in our public schools. Formerly, the study of this book made unnecessary any formal treatise or 'text-book' of morality in our schools—today in many places the reading of a few verses of the Bible are not tolerated. To us in view of this change, it seems the charge of the irreligious tendency of our public school system, as advanced by the Catholic church, may not be altogether without foundation. The absence of moral and religious instruction involves in the child an immoral and irreligious training as far as the school is concerned. It may be too late to plead for the restoration of Bible study in our schools as a religious and moral agent; but why could not teachers use it more as a historical and literary guide? Biblical history might

be studied in school as well as any other, and what better text-book than the Bible itself? Again, as a work of art, for its literary treasures, its wonderful English, its sublime passages, its poetry, its proverbs, its study would be more valuable than that of any other book. For its rhetorical value alone, the Bible should command the "days and nights" of all students. If we cannot use the Bible itself for these purposes, let us insist that the books we do use, shall include much of the Bible in their contents.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

The annual reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard College fill, together with accompanying documents, a pamphlet of 236 pages. Nineteen pages of the President's report are occupied by a detailed history of the growth of the elective system, a history covering sixty years. The first liberty to depart from a fixed curriculum was given in 1825. Now there are no required studies in the college except rhetoric for one year, English composition, German or French for one year, whichever language was not presented by the student at his examination for admission, and a few lectures on chemistry and physics. These few remaining requirements are to be retained only until the preparatory schools are able to deal with them satisfactorily. The librarian's report shows that the library contains 290,710 volumes and 241,250 pamphlets. The total amount of funds, as shown by the treasurer's report, is \$4,803,938.36.

CLIPPINGS.

There are in this country 6,239,958 persons who are not able to write, and there are 5,000,000 children who do not attend school. There is room here for much missionary work.

Dr. Sauvour announces, in the program for the tenth Summer session of the College of Languages, that it is his intention to locate the college permanently in the buildings of the University of Vermont. More than 600 pupils are expected at the next session.

In Massachusetts less than 90 per cent. of the registered pupils are found in school; more than fifty per cent. are in the lowest grades, and less than four per cent. reach the higher school. Deducing from the school attendance the loss of time due to sickness, truancy, and accident, we find that the average pupil of the public schools receives at the public charge 166 weeks of instruction, or a little more than four school years.

The Head Master of Harrow has been made Dean of Gloucester. The headship in the English public schools, which correspond to our academics, are filled by the ablest scholars. If one were called on to name England's most noted educator, he would perhaps mention, not any teacher in the universities, but Arnold of Rugby, Archbishop Tait, Bishop Temple, Dean Howson and a great many others of the dignitaries of the English Church have been Masters of public schools.

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."

THE W. C. T. U. WORK.

Much of the success of the Temperance cause at the present time is due to the untiring efforts of the women. The efficiency of their organizations and work is becoming more and more apparent. One of the more recent, and, in our opinion, one of the most useful features of this work is the Bible reading under the evangelistic department of the Union. There will be absolute prohibition of the whole rum traffic as soon as the Christian sentiment of the entire country demands it. This sentiment will demand it, just as soon as it becomes thoroughly informed as to the teachings of Scripture with reference to this enormous evil, and the consciences of Christian people are made sensitive to duty in the presence of giant wrongs.

A correspondent from Westerly, R. I., speaks of a course of Bible reading given under the auspices of the local Union of that village, by Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Providence, which were full of instruction and inspiration. Mrs. Barney has been the President of the Rhode Island Union for many years, but has declined the honor of a re-election, for the evangelistic Bible work. Let the number of such women be multiplied until the sweet gospel of peace on earth and good will toward men, in relation to this course of courses, has been read in the ears of slumbering Christendom, and the rum traffic will soon find a grave which will not be disturbed by any resurrection trumpet.

THE SALOON.

If we were to say that the saloon is to-day the most dangerous foe to our national institutions, that it is already the corruptor of administrative government, that it is the very hot-bed of communistic discontent and vice, and that the saloon or our boasted

civilization must speedily go, these statements would be called the imaginings of a mind a little over-wrought on this particular hobby. Well, it will be agreed that the *New York Tribune* has not yet gone mad in favor of Prohibition, and this is what that cool, careful, politic paper has to say on this subject:

"The saloon is an institution which makes the poor poorer continually. If only half the annual expenditures of the wage-earning classes upon drink were saved, the elevation of those classes would proceed by leaps and bounds. The saloon, however, is ever lying in wait for the weak or the social wage earner. In this great city, on any of the main avenues, he cannot walk a block without passing a saloon. At every turn the purveyor of drink entices him, gets between him and his manhood, between him and his happiness. The pervading influence of rum pursues the slaves of appetite unceasingly, and makes their lives a constant struggle for a succession of disastrous falls. This subtle, prevalent influence is the bitterest curse that rests upon modern civilization, and it will destroy civilization if it is not itself destroyed. For the discontent, the anarchic tendencies, the seditious doctrines, the dangerous dispositions that are manifesting in centres of population, together with the vices of administration which alarm the thoughtful, and the difficulties, in the way of reform which are due to the intractability of the material dealt with—all having their spring and origin in the habit of drinking, that potent drink influence, which baffles the enthusiasm of the reformer and laughs to scorn the appeals of religion, of reason, of self-respect. This evil influence is degrading and brutalizing society, and progress will be slow and unsatisfactory until a public opinion is formed which refuses to longer tolerate the abuse."

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS.

Why are Saloons Guarded Against.

We have before us a dozen or more advertisements of schools for boys. It is a singular fact that every one contains the statement that "no saloons are permitted in the village," and this fact is held out as an inducement for parents to send thither their children to be educated.

Why is this? If saloons are to be permitted to exist, if they are so much of a necessity to the world that they must be protected by law the same as other kinds of business, why are teachers at such pains to advertise that they are not permitted to exist near the boys entrusted to their care?

Do principals of boys' schools advertise that bakers and shoemakers are not permitted near their institutions? If there is not a difference between a baker and a saloon-keeper, why this discrimination against the saloons?

The fact is the teacher advertises as he does because he knows that no parent would knowingly permit his son to attend a school, the neighborhood of which was contaminated with a whiskey or beer shop. Even a brewer, distiller, wholesale or retail, would not send his son where he would fall under the deadly influence of his own business. A man whose conscience is sufficiently seared may sell rum to others, but it is badly seared if he will permit any of his own family to come under the influence. Every one knows that the whole world makes safety from intoxicants the greatest commendation of training schools for boys. Railroad companies do not permit the poison to be sold on their property and for the same reason. The moral safety of the boys forbids its nearness to schools, and the safety of life prohibits its use near railroads. A drunken steamship captain could not hold his position a minute, nor can a man addicted to its use hold a place of trust anywhere. Inasmuch as the whole world brands the traffic as an unmitigated evil; inasmuch as the whole world is constantly trying to escape from it in some way; inasmuch as every man, even though he may trifle with it himself, wants his children kept from it, what is there in it that prevents the whole world from arising and killing it out? If it is not safe to trust it in the neighborhood of boys, it is not safe to trust it within the reach of men. If it has power to destroy one class it has power to destroy another. If it is a standing menace to boys, why permit it to remain in existence at all? Why tolerate an enemy to the human race?

Everybody knows exactly what it is, and everybody knows the danger it is to the world. Advertising that "there are no saloons" in the vicinity of a school is no safeguard to the boys sent there. There are no saloons that the principals know of, but there are saloons all the same. The brewers are not so stupid as to permit an hundred boys, with money, congregated in one place to escape them. They use the teacher's advertisement as a trap to mass boys for them to operate upon. That parents may not take alarm they do not openly expose their poison. They have shops into which they are enticed, but they are concealed. The bolder boys are inducted into the mysteries of the back passages, and they in turn instruct the weaker ones. There is a charm about this sort of thing, and despite the teacher's watchfulness and care, the stuff is sold to the pupils, and the foundation for a life of misery is there laid.

There are but few schools in the United States that have not secret rum mills near them. There are a class of beasts who open such places near schools for the trade of the

boys. The real purpose is always concealed, for publicity would ruin the game. In back rooms, securely guarded, the boys are trained in drunkenness and the accompanying vices, and the most promising young men are ruined in the very places where they should be the most secure from harm. Brewers and distillers are very sharp business men, and as making drunkards is a business with them, as systematized business, they do not miss such profitable openings as schools with hundreds of boys whose parents are liberal with money. The hawk is always hovering over the pigeons.—*Toledo Blade.*

ROY'S TEMPTATION.

Roy had begun his student-life in the academy at A., resolved to improve to the utmost the advantages that he was now to enjoy. Here was a new field of trial to him, where new temptations met him. Two hundred and fifty youths were crowded into the institution, and among this number were found, of course, some wild, thoughtless, and even vicious boys, who took delight in leading others into mischief.

Roy's room mate, though he did not belong to the class we have mentioned, was a smoker, and the first day that Roy made his acquaintance he met the temptation of a cigar.

"Have a smoke?" said his companion, at the same time offering him a cigar.

"Thank you, I never smoke," Roy answered after hesitating a moment.

"Have you never tried a cigar?"

"Never; and I don't mean to try one."

"I think you'd enjoy a good cigar." Almost all the fellows here smoke," replied his room-mate. "You'd better begin."

"Well," answered Roy, "a poor fellow like me couldn't afford such an expensive habit, to say nothing about the evil of it. How much does it cost you annually for cigars, if I may ask?"

"I don't know; I never reckoned."

"Well, how much a day, should you think?"

"Twenty-five cents, when I buy them by the quantity," was the reply.

"Three hundred and sixty-five quarter dollars in a year; let me see how much that amounts to. Ninety dollars annually; enough to pay a good part of my school expenses. I think I will not form the habit at present."

His room-mate expressed some surprise at the amount, adding, however, "But I enjoy it."

"And I enjoy being entirely free from the habit," returned Roy. "It is a real pleasure to me to think that I am not a slave to tobacco."

"Do you think it is wrong to smoke?" asked his room mate, who was a member of the church.

"It would unquestionably be wrong for me on account of the expense," replied Roy. "But aside from that, as a useless indulgence, which the majority of physicians agree, I believe, in regarding as injurious to health, I do think that smoking is wrong. And I think that professed Christians, such as you and I, should set a good example in this as in everything else."

"Do you call smoking setting a bad example?"

"If smoking is a bad habit, then the practice of it must set a bad example," replied Roy. "I think that Christians ought to avoid all evil habits. If they don't, how can they expect that irreligious men will avoid them?"

"Sure enough," answered his room-mate. "I think you are right; but it is very difficult to be consistent."

"I don't agree with you exactly," replied Roy. "It is easier for me to abstain from smoking on principle and be consistent, than it would be to smoke and try to make it appear consistent. The latter is very difficult indeed."

His room-mate laughed good-humoredly, but went on with his cigar. In a month from that time, however, he had renounced smoking. Roy's resolute stand against the habit set him to thinking, the end of which was his emancipation from tobacco. He became a more active Christian, and Roy's earnest spirit and consistent life leading him to draw nearer to Christ.—*Sel.*

BREVITIES.

The supreme court of Texas has decided that if one whose mental faculties are suspended by intoxication is induced to swallow spirituous liquors to such an extent as to endanger his life, the person taking advantage of his condition of helplessness and mental darkness, and imposing the draught upon him, must answer in damages for the injury that ensues.

Said a man the other day: "I have been a moderate drinker for years. I was never drunk in my life. But last year I practiced total abstinence, and the result has been, in one year, a saving to me of \$300."

A lady in the city of Chicago whose residence affords excellent opportunities for observation, states that on a recent evening, after eleven o'clock, she saw forty-seven men and boys, within a quarter of an hour, enter one saloon opposite her windows. With eighteen hours opportunity, per diem, we can by this estimate the mischief of one saloon as wrought upon 3,384 persons, and a large proportion of them boys. Five thousand saloons might, with this calculation as a basis, furnish 17,000,000 drinks daily. Heaven forbid, and yet man allows it!

The Sabbath Recorder.

Alfred Centre, N. Y., Fifth-day, April 2, 1885.

REV. L. A. PLATTS, Editor and Business Agent.
REV. A. E. MAIN, Ashaway, R. I., Missionary
Editor.

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ness or for publication, should be addressed to the
SABBATH RECORDER, Alfred Centre, Allegany coun-
ty, N. Y.

"The stars that disappear at morn,
Oh, think not they are fled;
They are not lost they are not gone,
But 'mid the glory shed
Around them by the source of light,
It is the night that's dead."

PERSONS who read much the religious pa-
pers of the day cannot have failed to notice
often, at the close of some short and particu-
larly good paragraph, the name of Dr.
Alexander MacLaren, indicating the author-
ship of the extract. We clip, this week from
an exchange a brief and interesting sketch
of this great and Godly man.

THE fourth number of the *Seventh-day
Baptist Quarterly* is published, and has
been mailed to all subscribers who have paid
for it. The subscriptions to the *Quarterly*
have been made very largely one number at
a time. In this way it may easily happen
that some persons have only a part of the
numbers. We are prepared to supply the
numbers which may be needed to complete
the set, on orders accompanied with 50
cents for each number so ordered.

We learn from a postal card, received
from Bro. L. T. Rogers, of Milton Junc-
tion, Wis., that Eld. Varnum Hull died on
the evening of the 23d inst. Although our
readers have been informed of his serious
illness, this announcement of his death will
come with a sudden shock to many of them.
We who remain are again admonished to do
faithfully our work while the day lasts.

—Since the above was put in type, a full-
notice has come to hand, which will be
found in another column.

We think no person could carefully study
the life of Paul, as our Sabbath-schools have
been doing for the past three months, with-
out being impressed anew with a sense of
the supreme dignity which the being a
Christian and having a real Christian pur-
pose in life gives to a man. Who does not
love Paul more because of the more intima-
te acquaintance made in the recent
months of study? We have often admired
his bold independence, his manly courage,
and his undaunted will, but we have never
before seen in him so plainly those gentler,
but none the less manly traits of gentleness
toward all men,—pure affection for his
brethren like precious faith, Christian
courtesy to those who had the charge of him
as officers of the law, and yearning compas-
sion for those who opposed themselves to
the truth. In him is most beautifully illus-
trated the precept of Jesus, brought down
from the Old Testament law, "Thou shalt
love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
and thy neighbor as thyself."

THE question of what is right or admissi-
ble for the Christian is often only half an-
swered, because it is approached from the
wrong side. Usually the question asked is,
"What is the harm of this indulgence or
amusement?" If it can be answered, "No
particular harm," the answer is thought suf-
ficient to settle the question. But is it suf-
ficient? Has the Christian no higher mis-
sion in the world than simply to do no harm?
The Christian is styled in the Scriptures a
steward of the manifold grace of God, a
servant to whom have been committed ex-
ceeding precious trusts, and of whom much
will be required when the Master shall re-
turn and call for a settlement of accounts.
Is he called a faithful steward who passes
his time in simply refraining from the wan-
ton destruction of his Master's property?
There are heights of Christian knowledge
and experience to be reached, there is a
strength and dignity of Christian character
to be attained which demand an earnestness
of purpose, and an application of energy in
honest effort which leaves very little time to
be passed in the performance of that of
which the best that can be said is, it is
harmless. Did it never occur to the devo-
te of pleasure that the question "What
harm?" is an extremely narrow and selfish
one? For it is almost always apparent that
the question goes no farther than to the life

of him who asks it. How much nobler is
that truly Christian spirit which goes out
from and beyond self in the inquiry after
what one may do by which others shall be
benefited. We are not objecting to an occa-
sional, simply harmless pass-time; what we
plead for is the higher motive to earnest
Christian endeavor. We freely admit that
one might be worse employed than in
that which simply brings no harm to him-
self—but then he ought to be much better
employed. If he be a true Christian, the
inquiry with him will not be, "What harm?"
but "How much good?"

Communications.

FROM MRS. L. N. FRYER.

S. S. GLENGARRY, In the Red Sea, }
Feb. 19, 1885.

I dare say you have never before received
a letter dated at this place; and since I am
the one privileged to write you from here,
the letter should be an interesting one, but
you must remember that on shipboard is not
a very good place for train work, especially
to those who are afflicted with *mal de mer*.
But I must tell you about our journey thus
far.

We left London on the morning of the
28th of January, but were obliged to anchor
off the coast of England that night as the
weather became so foggy. On the next aft-
ernoon, when we passed Dungeness Point
we were pleased to find that our friends had
ordered the Coast Guards there to hoist their
flags and so convey to us their best wishes
for a pleasant journey. This was our last
view of dear old England. When I say us,
I mean myself and the two children, Annie
and Dedie, who are traveling to China with me.

Toward evening the sea became very
rough, and before morning of the third day
out we found ourselves in a most dreadful
storm in the Bay of Biscay. However gift-
ed one might be with pen, words could never
paint the true picture of a storm at sea.
The depths of feeling, the agonies of mind,
the hopes and fears and longings, are known
only to Him who ruleth over sea and land,
and knoweth the hearts of all his children.
For five days we were pitching and tossing
and rolling about, with the waves covering
our ship at short intervals during the whole
time. There must have been some little de-
fect in the caulking of the cabins which are
built on the quarter deck, as on the second
day of the storm we found our cabins were
filling with water, and thus adding to our
wretchedness. Sailors came in to bail it
out, and kept it up for four days and nights.
Many of our things were spoiled by the
drenching, and our clothing was wet and
soiled, but that was nothing compared with
lying there so ill, and hearing the water
slash first against one side of the cabin and
then against the other. I must tell you how
one day our little seven-year old Dedie got
up and went to helping the sailors bail the
water out of our room. In one day he
bailed up eight large buckets full of water,
using one of our rubbers or a dust pan for a
dipper. The two last nights of the storm,
even our captain and officers almost gave up
all hope of our being saved from the depths
of the sea. Our ship being very heavily load-
ed with cargo, it was impossible for her to
rise above the waters, and so she went
through and under the great mountains of
waves that well nigh overwhelmed us. One
of our small boats was taken and two others
entirely disabled, so we should have found
no help in them. Oh, it was a fearful time,
and only God knows what we suffered; but
our trust was in the Lord, and we could say
from the heart, "Great is the Lord, and
greatly to be praised; let the redeemed of
the earth say so, whom he hath delivered
from the merciless rage of the sea." "The
sea roared and the stormy wind lifted the
waves thereof; we were carried up as it were
into heaven, and then down again into the
deep; our soul melted within us because of
trouble. Then cried we unto thee, O Lord,
and thou didst deliver us out of our dis-
tress." These are some of the words that
came to us with new and deeper meaning as
we gathered together on the upper deck one
calm beautiful morning to offer our praises
and thankfulness unto our heavenly Father
for our deliverance.

We have a very nice company on board—
ten missionaries besides myself, and about
as many other passengers, and a dozen chil-
dren. Of the missionaries, three are going
out for the London Mission, five for the
Baptist Mission of North China, and two
young ladies are going out to marry young
men in the British and Foreign Bible So-
ciety.

The Glengarry is a noble ship, having
been built but about three years, and has all
the modern improvements. Surely, she
must be strongly built, or she would never
have withstood all the rough weather she
has been through on this journey. She is
365 feet long and 42 broad, and 38 deep to
the quarter deck, and draws 23½ feet of
water. She is built specially as a tea steam-
er, and can carry a cargo of 470,000 tons of
tea. The Glen line of steamers is known as
one of the best and safest of any of the
lines between England and China.

Although our storm began in the Bay of
Biscay, it continued until we were near Gib-
ralta, and had been a day in the Atlantic.
One day, during the time, we went but
twelve miles in the whole twenty-four hours,
but since reaching the Mediterranean we
have gone on at the usual speed. Two
nights in the blue Mediterranean we rolled
about a great deal, but the last part of the
time was very enjoyable. We passed quite
near the African shores, and enjoyed view-
ing the outlines of the mountains along the
coast of Algeria and Tunis. On our fif-
teenth day out we reached Port Said, and
only those who have been long at sea know
the pleasure of being able to step again upon
terra firma. Very soon after dropping an-
chor our deck was filled with peddlars with
various sorts of curious and funny wares,
which they offered at most fabulous prices,
and then when they failed to dispose of
them begged us to take them at perhaps a
sixth part of what they had at first offered
them. But this is the way of all Eastern
nations, and a European soon learns to un-
derstand their tricks. The oranges and
lemons that were brought on shore were the
finest I think I ever saw, and most of us
filled our cabins with them.

Port Said is a barren spot at the entrance
of the Suez Canal. There are, however, a
few green trees in the town, and the public
gardens show that there is an effort among
its people to beautify the place. But the
shops and markets, and the people who at-
tend them, are the most interesting to a for-
eigner visiting the place for the first time.
There seemed to be no uniformity of feature
or dress among the people. Egyptians,
Arabs, Negroes, Jews, Greeks, Maltese, Ital-
ians, Turks, and Europeans, besides every
shade of mixture of the races, were repre-
sented. There are several foreign buildings
in the town, and the streets are laid out
quite regularly.

We were two days in passing through the
Suez Canal, as we were obliged to anchor at
night in accordance with the established
rules for the passage of ships; then, too, we
were obliged to drop anchor often when
passing a ship. The canal is eighty-seven
miles in length, and one could wish from
the delightfulness of the passage, that it
were canal all the way to China. The coun-
try is desert on both sides all the way, but
there are many places of historic interest
that we passed which lend a charm to the
traveler, as he sails through this great Gate-
way of the nations which has been opened
by the genius of the nineteenth century.

On the first day we must have passed
across the very road that the infant Jesus
was taken by his parents when they fled
with him from the fear of Herod into
Egypt; indeed, the old caravan road from the
Holy Land to Egypt is distinctly marked.

At many places along the route there were
numbers of Arabs with their camels em-
ployed in carrying the sand back from the
shores. We were told they are always at
work at this, as the wind is constantly drift-
ing the sand into the canal. It was a pretty
sight to see the camels come down to the
shore so carefully and kneel so gently to re-
ceive the heavy burden of sand in the boxes
on each side of their backs, and then lift
themselves up and bear it away. The driv-
ers were dressed just as we are wont to see
them in pictures, in long yellow or gray or
light dresses, with a turban of the same
around the head and bare-footed.

After passing through the Bitter Lakes,
we came first to Ismalia where we saw the
Khedive's Palace, and DeLessep's residence,
when he is here. We also passed the house
which was built for the Empress Eugenie,
when she formally opened the canal in 1867,
I believe. At Ismalia it was refreshing to
see many green trees surrounding the town.
The desert is made to blossom here by the
fresh water canal which is brought from the
Nile.

On Sunday morning last we were up on
deck at an early hour to see Suez, and also
to watch the boat which was to come out to
our steamer, and bring our long-wished-for
letters from home. The letters came about
eight o'clock, and we had the pleasure of
taking breakfast while at anchor. But we

were soon off again, and the whole day were
passing through the Gulf of Suez, with its
grand old mountain peaks on either side.
We must have crossed over Pharaoh's chariots
early in the day, if the place is marked
correctly on the maps of our Bibles; indeed,
we could imagine the spot very easily where
the sea was made a wall on either side for
the people of God to pass over on dry land,
since we were sure of being so near the
place. It was in the night when we passed
in sight of Mt. Sinai, but after having seen
so many of these high, rocky, barren moun-
tains, it is not difficult to picture that one
upon which the Absolute and Infinite Father
condescended to reveal himself to humanity
in a special way, and to make known his
law upon the earth. One of the officers
pointed to us the spot where is said to be
Moses's well, and said that a few months
ago, while the ship was lying at anchor he
took a boat and visited the very spot; but
of course one cannot credit all the legends
that cluster around these places, although
the facts that we are able to gather make
this one of the most interesting of journeys.

FRIDAY MORNING, Feb. 20th.

We anchored here at Perrim about seven
o'clock, and are taking on a supply of coal,
as we do not expect to stop again until we
reach Penang, which is across the Indian
Ocean. This is a new coaling station, and this
is the first time our steamer has ever stopped
here. Perrim is a small island about nine
miles from the mainland, and is said to be
the Key to the Red Sea and Suez Canal. Of
course every Englishman is proud that his
flag floats over this important, though most
barren and desolate island. We had no
sooner dropped anchor than the men began
to supply us with coal from the large ship
which we are along side. Some of the neg-
roes have been amusing us by their walk-
ing a part of the way down the chains that
anchor the hulk and then jumping down
into the water. It is amusing to see them
diver. They seem more like animals of the
water than human beings. I am told they
are Nabians; they have the woolly hair, but
are not so black as negroes.

The weather is very hot, and has been
warm since we were at Port Said. Our cap-
tain tells us, however, that the passage has
been cooler than is usual at this time of
year. A few of our passengers have gone on
shore, but most of us remain on the ship to
write letters, as it may be several weeks be-
fore we have another chance of mailing them.

Doubtless we have passed the most pleas-
ant part of our journey, as we may expect
to roll when in the Indian Ocean. The Red
Sea is nearly thirteen hundred miles in
length, and about one hundred and forty-
five in width at its widest part. I think
few of the readers of the *RECORDER* realize
it is of so great length from the tiny portion
it occupies on our maps. After leaving the
Suez Gulf, or upper part of the Sea, we did
not see land until yesterday, and then passed
two rocky islands which seem like the
tops of mountains jutting out of the sea.
These islands are known as the "Twelve
Apostles."

Some of our passengers have been amus-
ing themselves by fishing this morning.
They have caught some very peculiar spec-
imens. They are of the colors of the rain-
bow, with long spikes like bills which are a
bright red at the end.

But my letter grows too long. It has
been sweet to feel that we are remembered
in prayer by many friends, and we trust that
they will continue to ask that we may be
divinely guided.

B. DIGHTON BURDICK.

Deacon R. Dighton Burdick was born
June 29, 1830, and died at Milton, Wis.,
March 11, 1885, aged 54 years, 8 months,
and 12 days.

Brother Burdick was a son of Elder Rus-
sel G. Burdick now deceased, and half-
brother of Elder George Burdick, of Little
Genesee, N. Y.

He leaves behind to mourn their loss a de-
voted wife and three children, all members of
the Milton Church; a step-mother to whom
was devotedly attached—a sister of Alex-
ander Campbell, who entered the family of
the deceased when he was but five years of
age—also an own brother, two half-brothers
and four half sisters, and a number of neph-
ews and nieces.

Hardly any death has occurred in our vil-
lage within the last 10 years, that has created
a greater impression upon the community
or been experienced as a greater bereave-
ment to the church of which he was a member,
than this of Deacon Burdick's. He was
greatly beloved by all. The feeling in all
hearts is that a good and useful man has

passed away, at the very zenith of his
strength and usefulness.

His illness was brief, about ten days—
pleuro-pneumonia. We feel our loss deeply.
May God give us grace to be resigned and
may his protecting care be vouchsafed to his
bereft companion and children, and his gra-
cious consolation administered to them ac-
cording to their great need. The funeral
services were held on Sabbath-day, March
14th, in the church at Milton, of which he
was a member and an officer, and were
shared in by Rev. James Bailey, President
Whitford and the pastor, in the presence of
a large concourse of friends.

After the services in the church, the pro-
cession of mourning relatives and friends
proceeded to Utica where the precious re-
mains of our beloved brother, and intimate
companion, were laid at rest, beside the re-
mains of father and relatives who had gone
on before him. "Blessed are the dead who
die in the Lord." E. M. D.

ELDER VARNUM HULL.

Died, on Rock River, (Milton,) Wis.,
March 22, 1885, Rev. Varnum Hull, aged
74 years, 1 month, and 26 days. His sick-
ness had been quite protracted and painful.
He was born in Alfred, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1811,
where he professed faith in Christ when
quite young. He was ordained to the gos-
pel ministry in June, 1842, and was, during
his life, pastor of ten churches, five East
and five West, and was, at his death, mis-
sionary pastor of the Rock River Church, of
which he was the first pastor. He was a
man of remarkably keen, logical power, a
champion in debate, brave and self-sacrific-
ing in defending and maintaining what he
believed to be truth. He was also a man of
warm, tender sympathies and friendship,
frank, outspoken, and cordial in his deport-
ment. Few men have dealt heavier blows
against infidelity, in various forms, in the
West, or done more in defense and vindica-
tion of the truth. He will be much and ex-
tensively missed, and especially, aside from
his family, by his ministering brethren who
have learned to prize his friendship and
counsels. His funeral services were very
largely attended at Milton Junction, led by
the pastor in a sermon from 2 Tim. 4: 7, 8,
assisted by Elds. R. C. Bond, J. C. Rogers,
E. M. Dunn, and S. H. Babcock. He leaves
a widow, two sons, a daughter, a brother,
and two sisters, and numerous other relatives
and friends to mourn his loss. N. W.

SOUTHWARD.

BY THE PARSON.

These things began to happen at 9.45 P.M.
March 14, 1885. When the Captain and the
Parson took the "Jacksonville sleeper" at
Elizabeth, N. J. The night was cool—cold.
When one is weary, soul and body, there
is no poetry in sitting up late, in a sleeping
car. We went to bed, to sleep; perchance
to dream; perchance to lie awake. Just as
it was fairly light next morning we looked
on the Capitol at Washington. Surround-
ings always modify opinions: Seen from the
window of a sleeping-car, in the dim gray of
a cloudy morning, deserted and silent, the
Capitol loses much of its glory and great-
ness; what beauty it possesses seems far
away, and problematic, like the great re-
forms we hope for under the present admin-
istration, hope for, but little expect.

When we crossed the historic "Long
Bridge," old memories awoke in the mind of
the Captain. He carried a sword at Chancel-
lorville, and for a long way down the Po-
tomac he told the Parson, in a quiet way,
of localities, and scenes, which brought back
all too vividly the sad scenes of the war.
God grant that none of the coming genera-
tions may take part in similar scenes, or be
obliged to carry similar memories.

The day was a sort of nondescript. It was
too sulky to be bright, or to grant a single
glimpse of the sun. It was not sad enough
to weep bountifully, and the hours dragged
along between moderate showers, and still
more lazy "drizzle." Spring-time had not
put out its banners, and the monotony of
scrub-pine timber, worn-out fields and long
stretches of country without a dwelling
worthy of the name, was far from exhilarating.
An American citizen of African descent,
sold the Parson a daily paper, at the mean little
Railroad Station in Richmond, Va., which
was dated one day ahead of the almanac,
and contained a small amount of very stale
news. It yet remains a mystery why that
paper was thus. Did the printer put the
wrong date line in the form, or was he un-
able to read, and so could not tell the dif-
ference; or is Richmond so pious in the
matter of Sunday observance that the printers

attempt to cheat the law by putting
day the 16th" on Sunday's paper of
These questions were asked, and
answered.

One general description will
space between Richmond, and Wi-
N. C. Pine timber, larger and
Poorly cultivated fields, always
Cabins, windiless, ugly, cheer-
mestic animals very scarce, very
poor. The hogs look as though
contemplating suicide. The mule
many and those we saw seemed to
kick against the hopeless futu-
promises only grassless barrens and
cribs. The sparse population was
opic origin, but with many traces
Saxon blood in bleached faces.
Intellectual and religious poverty,
parent on every hand. It was
to see the semi-beathenism filling
unconscious of its needs, and litt-
by our boasted civilization. Is this
generated South?" It was a reli-
and hearty when the evening shadow
the scene, at Wilmington, send-
supper, and then to sleep.

Monday, March 16th, 8 A. M., S.
Ga., and breakfast. Neither item
tractive. If you have learned to
of yourself, it is well, for at this
officials take little care of you,
touches of spring appear here in
blossoms, and small signs of
around the cabins of the negro
pines are larger and finer, as we
The Savannah River is full to
Cyprus swamps are frequent, and
water, in which the moss-covered
knee-deep weird, solemn, and
The cane-brakes appear in force, a
through which one would fight in
passage, and in which deadly
must hold high carnival. The
used to hear, of fleeing slaves, of
trials, grow more real as one watch
swamps go by; and a fragment of
song comes back, which is more
a description, than elegant as a life

"Near him, the wolf, she stirs the
And the copper-snake breathes in his

At Waycross we leave the ma-
New Orleans, and switch onto a
for Jacksonville. The day is
for the barrenness is more barren, the
more desolate. As we near Jacks-
evidences of spring increase, and
P. M. we land in a thriving town,
inhabitants. Jacksonville was
before the war. It is now, an
point of shipment for the up river
still more important as a center for
tourists.

Home News.

New York.

ALFRED CENTRE.

The pastor gave a most excel-
last Sabbath on the subject of Am-
Billiards, card playing, theater-go-
ing, and roller skating, each receiv-
consideration. The sermon was
ized by a careful and fearless
while no wholesale denunciations
dulged, very good reasons were
Christian people should not part
any of the above named amusemen-

At the Sabbath school in the
217 were present. The occasion
quarterly review, the lesson story
by Miss Leona Burdick, places
mentioned, and the doctrines a-
taught in the lessons of the qua-
given by different classes, L. E.
gave a short talk on Paul as a
A. Platts on Paul the Christian.

The Spring term of school open-
day, March 25th, with a good pro-
full term. Prof. N. Gardner Wil-
hand to take the directorship of the
department, as previously announ-

NILE.

A short time since we received
church, by baptism, eight new
Three others have been received
who have not yet been baptized.
two are members of our Sabb-
There are others whom we might
expect to take the same step befor-
though in some cases the seed
evidently found lodgment in the
come to fruition, we think, no
that it is germinating and will e-
pear.

We have had, during the vaca-
fred just passed, something near
quota of student visitors though
as sometimes come to spend a
vacation with our young people
glad that students find it in the

at the very zenith of his usefulness. We feel our loss deeply...

ELDER VARNUM HULL. Rock River, (Milton,) Wis., 1885, Rev. Varnum Hull, aged month, and 26 days...

SOUTHWARD. BY THE PARSON. things began to happen at 9.45 P.M. 1885. When the Captain and the "Jacksonville sleeper" at N. J. The night was cool—cold...

attempt to cheat the law by putting "Monday the 16th" on Sunday's paper of the 15th? These questions were asked, and all remain unanswered.

One general description will cover the space between Richmond, and Wilmington, N. C. Pine timber, larger and smaller. Poorly cultivated fields, always smaller. Cabins, winddivless, ugly, cheerless. Do mestic animals very scarce, very small, very poor.

Home News.

New York. ALFRED CENTRE. The pastor gave a most excellent sermon last Sabbath on the subject of Amusements. Billiards, card playing, theater-going, dancing, and roller skating, each received proper consideration.

come among us during these periods of rest from study. They have seemed to enjoy their visits, and we certainly have enjoyed them; and I think I may speak for all who have shared in these visits, when I assure our student friends that the latch strings will hang outside of our doors every vacation.

condensed News. Domestic. The horses and carriages belonging to the interior department were sold March 27. The Ohio linsed oil company's mills were burned March 27. Loss \$60,000.

Books and Magazines. Modern Singing Methods—Their Use and Abuse, by J. Frank Botume, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

PLEDGE CARDS and printed envelopes for all who will use them in making systematic contributions to either the Tract Society or Missionary Society, or both, will be furnished, free of charge, on application to the SABBATH RECORDER, Alfred Centre, N. Y.

Selected Miscellany.

WORK.

I did not know thee once; thou wert to me
A cruel master, setting me 's and bounds,
And hedging me from the sweet pleasure grounds,
Set thick with flowers, where I would fain be free.
Among the roses then I did not see,
With childish eyes, the thorns that since I've
found;
I heard no discord in the music's sound,
And fancied life a day of Jubilee.

Now to thy gates I turn for all my peace;
Shut safely in with thee, stern, trusting friend,
I would not wander till my days shall end,
And earthly work and earthly sorrows cease;
And when at last thy harness I unbind,
Thee in the home above I hope to find.

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

Written for the Sabbath Recorder.
GETTING UP WRONG.

BY MRS. M. STRATTON BEERS.

I don't know what it was that made me
nurse the evil thing whose presence was in
my heart upon my first waking that morn-
ing so many years ago. I remember well of
thinking to myself, "I must have got up
wrong end first this morning," and I laughed
a little to myself too, at the thought of such
a foolish excuse for my ill-temper, for I was
not all cross; it would have taken but a
trifle of something to have made me all
right, but that trifle did not happen, so I
went on getting crosser until I was all wrong,
every way; little guessing that by omitting
that "trifle"—which was but to have tight-
ened the reins of self-control—I would be
led on and on, until with my own hand I
should tinge my life with the sombre color-
ing of a remorse, which can only end when
I shall sleep in the grave, or "be changed,
in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,"
"at the sound of the last trump."

When I went down stairs, my mother told
me to give twelve ears of corn to Daisy and
Brindle, our two cows. I went snarling and
pouting to the crib, and, instead of the
dozen ears, I loaded my arm full, and threw
them over the fence just as my mother came
round the chicken-house with a bucket of
clabber which she had brought for the
chickens. I knew I deserved a sound boxing
of the ears, but instead of that, she looked
at me with a glance of surprise. That I knew
was unfeigned; she did not expect it of me
at all; instead of being provoked, she was
grieved. The look of surprise, with these
words, only these three, "Why, my son!"
were all the punishment I received.

In less time than I can write this for you
to read, I had scrambled over the fence,
gathered all but twelve ears up and was
away to the crib with it. I was ashamed of
myself; what boy of thirteen would not
have been? And I firmly believe, that had
I followed the good Spirit's promptings, and
prefaced this act with respectful acknowl-
edgment of the wrong I knew I had com-
mitted, that then and there the evil spirit
would have left me; but I contented myself
with thinking just what the Devil made me
think at the moment, "Actions speak louder
than words," and so the victory was only
half won. Seems to me that is the Devil's
own maxim any way, for any one working
on that principle leaves his work always
partly finished; both are necessary, one
must prove the other; action is good some-
times alone, but words prove the motive that
prompts the deed, and stands you in a truer
light, unless the words be false. In nine
cases out of ten it takes double the courage
to humbly acknowledge a wrong than it does
to undo it, in a case where, as in this, it is
at all possible to undo it, and so when this
part is neglected the Devil has as good a
hold as he asks for still.

I went in the house. My brother sat in-
terrupting his algebra lesson. I caught
the book from his hand and threw it
across the room. I felt sure he would retal-
iate by at least a cross word, but he did not;
he gave me a look that twin-mated the one
my mother had given me down at the yard,
a look in which were mingled surprise, love,
and pity, that I was thus troubled with a
spirit so unusual to me.

This second time of giving way showed
even to me, at the moment, that I was get-
ting worse instead of better, for I did not
feel one impulse to undo this wrong, as I
had the other; instead, I sent the book out
into the hall with the toe of my shoe, then
with a second heave I sent it out the door
into a puddle of water that had been left
there by a shower of rain that had fallen in
the night. This frightened me, and I caught
it out almost as soon as it touched the water,
but not in time to save the leaves, many of
them, from being wet and soiled.

"Oh Laz! I didn't mean to do that, in-
deed I did not," I said, carrying the book in

to my mother, who had seen the whole per-
formance, and came toward me with cloth
in hand to wipe the dirt and water from the
book. I was scared into this confession.

"I know you didn't mean to hurt the
book, Grip, but that don't make the book
clean again; if it only would I'd forgive you
on the spot, as I mean to any way, for you
look as if you were sorry."

"My name was nothing less than Agrippa;
"Grip" was my nickname, and I hated
both then, and never could see why they
should not have named me after a good man
as well as they did Laz., though his name I
thought an awful one those days. He had
come up to where I stood by our mother, as
he was saying this, and now he threw one
arm around my shoulders, and I caught the
same look in the sweet blue eyes again, only
love predominated now, and was heightened
by the spirit of pardon which was so freely
vouchsafed me for my rudeness. I could
not have thus pardoned him, I was sure. I
don't know what possessed me, or rather
how I could have permitted so evil a spirit to
possess me, but because I felt that I was
not as good as he, and could not forgive as
he had done, I acted as if he had not forgiv-
en me at all; rather I acted as though I
had been the offended instead of the offend-
er.

"You can forgive me on the spot or not,
as you choose, Mr. Lazarus; I haven't asked
your forgiveness," and I turned and strode
away to the duck pond and amused myself,
or at least put in the time, skimming stones
on its clear smooth surface till Kitty Duff,
our housemaid, called me to breakfast.

I hadn't much appetite that morning, and
my mother didn't press me at all to eat, as I
hoped she would. I expect she saw that I
was all porcupine, and that it did not mat-
ter at what point, or however tender and
cautious the touch was made, the quills in-
stantly stood out in full battle array, if only
the touch was given.

Honore, my one precious little sister,
asked me for the syrup. I took the pitcher
and poured her plate full, so that her steak
and potato were immersed as well as the bit
of muffin she wished sweetened. Had my
father been at home I would have been
marched into his study, and locked in until
after prayers, and would then have been se-
verely switched; but he was gone, and my
mother's quiet, "Grippa, you may leave the
table now, and sit in the corner till we are
through eating; I am astounded of you, my
son!" roused me still more.

I wish my father had been at home, and
had whipped me until I could not have
stood up for the pain; the whipping would
have crushed the rebellion in my heart, and
a week would have cured the bruises of the
rod, and I would never have had such a story
to write as I am writing to-day. As it was
I took my seat in the corner, and contented
myself with making faces at Honore when-
ever I could catch her eye. This always was
sufficient to make her cry at any time, and
soon she hid her face in her two little white
hands in a vain endeavor to hide the tears
that trickled below them.

I remember thinking then that there was
not a boy in the State that had half so sweet
and pretty a sister as we boys had; and this
thought and sight of her tears so modified
my temper that I concluded to sit quiet un-
til after prayers.

My brother read the chapter. I did not
hear a word of it to know what it was till
he read this verse. "And the Lord said,
Where is Abel thy brother? and he said, I
know not; am I my brother's keeper?" And
he said, What hast thou done? the voice of
thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the
ground. And now thou art cursed from the
earth, which hath opened her mouth to re-
ceive thy brother's blood from thy hand."
I listened no more. I had heard the story
often; I knew it all, I thought. I went to
laying mental plans for the day, and made
up my mind to borrow my mother's knife if
I could, and take it to school; the boys
would all envy me, and I would lend it to
one but little Alice De'Obert, who, next to
Honore, was satisfied with the prettiest girl
in the world. I did not hear a word of my
mother's prayer. In imagination I was
away at school with the knife, the envious
boys and pretty Alice. I came back home
again when we rose from our knees, and my
mother called me to come and sit beside her.
How sweetly she talked to me, and told me
of the danger of giving way to ill-temper as
I had been doing all the morning; how lov-
ingly she begged me never to harbor such a
spirit a moment. "You can never tell to what
lengths it may some time lead you, perhaps
to a deed you can no more undo than could
Cain undo the deed of a moment's passion,
even the murder of his brother. Now it
leads you to annoy your kind elder brother,

and to plague and torture your little sister.
Do you not know it is sin? and only think
how bitterly you would lament this morn-
ing if either your brother or sister should be
called away by death, don't you know you
would?"

"Yes ma'am," I assented.

"Then remember it; be gentle, kind and
good; like the dear boy you can be when you
try. Go now and do the hoeing your father
wanted you to do, and don't make all our
hearts ache because our Grippa forgets to
be himself."

The evil spirit drew back. I felt it was
there still, but I can truthfully say that for
a time I stoutly fought it.

School time came, and we set off togeth-
er, Laz., Honore, and I. I had not borrowed
my mother's knife, I hadn't the face to ask
so great a favor as that seemed to me, so
soon after having been so wantonly rude to
her and before her; but passing over a little
creek, I conceived the desire to cut some of
the long slender branches of willow which
grew beside the little stream, and asked
Honore for the momentary loan of her
knife. I knew it was too slight a thing to
cut such things with, but I promised myself
to "be careful," and took it from the loving
generous creature—who never could refuse
either Laz. or myself anything we asked of
her—without a twinge of conscience, for I
was almost certain it would be broken.

In less than one minute, with Honore and
my brother standing by, watching every mo-
tion, I had cut a beautiful green twig from
a young willow, and also had broken the
slender blade square off close to the ivory
handle.

With an ejaculative "oh!" I stood looking
at the ruin I had wrought of the very dear-
est treasure Honore possessed; the hot blood
rushed to my cheeks, and I could not gain
courage to look up at them.

"Never mind, little Buddie!" Honore
almost always addressed me as "Little Bud-
die," and Laz. as "Big Buddie," when we
were by ourselves, a part of her baby dialect
meaning brother, to which she yet clung.
"Never mind, you did not mean to break it
I know; give me the handle to keep, please."

This was said with a gasp; the dear little
soul was trying so hard to keep the sob down
that almost choked her, and as I turned to
give her the handle of the knife, I saw a
great round drop roll down each cheek, and
heard her catch at her breath and swallow,
with the effort she was making to hide her
distress from the miserable selfish causer of it.

"Don't cry, Sis, it's too bad, but I'll buy
you another some day."

I made out to say this, and I am glad I
did; but I wonder now how I came to run
on and leave them to walk alone the rest of
the way. If I had but waited with them,
they would likely soon have noticed that I
had forgotten to take up again the basket of
dinner which I had set down by the tree
while I cut the whip, and then I would not
have had to go all the way back to the run
after it, causing me to get a tardy mark and
all cross again.

I missed in spelling the next thing, and
then in arithmetic, and there was to be a
prize given to the one who should not fail in
the latter during the term. Until that day
I had been prepared each time. I grew
crosser every minute. I made faces across
the room at Honore again, thinking all the
time of what my mother had said. The
teacher at last caught me in the act, and
kept me in at recess to punish me for it, but
nothing worse than all this occurred at
school, and at last we all were home again.
Arriving there, we found a very dear uncle
and aunt from a town twenty miles away
had come for a few days visit, bringing with
them our three cousins, Alice, a girl about
Laz.'s age, another model of quietness, the
same as he; Eugenia, a girl of my own age,
and a perfect tom-boy, whom I always de-
lighted to have come; and Wallace, a boy
one year older than Honore.

We four younger ones almost immediately
commenced our games in the back yard, and
shouted and laughed until we were both
tired and hoarse, but in nowise satisfied to
quiet down and rest. We played everything
we could think of that four could play at
together, and concluded to wind up for the
afternoon with a game of "Hide-and-go-
seek."

Every available hiding-place had been
made use of over and over again, that I
could think of but two; one was an old well,
long unused, never very deep, and now par-
tly filled up and dry, as I supposed, for we
boys used often to let each other up and
down for sport; the other, an old watering
trough, large enough I thought at first for
three of us to crawl under, but on trial I
found it barely sufficient for two. Honore

was a timid child, and as it was beginning
to grow dusky a little, she was afraid now
to hide anywhere alone; this, any day but
that day would not have appeared at all
strange, and I would have humored her,
but to-day I felt provoked, and, selfish-boy
fashion, preferred Eugenia's company to
Honore's.

"One—two—three—four," counted Wal-
lace. "I'm coming soon. Why don't you
hide?" hearing our voices from the place we
had been standing when he left to blind his
eyes.

I was impatient.

"Well, come along then, cry-baby!" I
said. "I can't put myself in the old well,
but I can put you two girls down, and then
crawl under the trough alone, I expect.
Come quick, Honore, don't you know he
will be out after us in almost no time now?
Come, quick, I tell you."

Eugenia and I caught Honore's hands and
rushed pell-mell away to the old well. The
old windlass was still there in good preser-
vation, and a rope to which Laz. and I had
fastened a board in a kind of a noose, on
which we stood clinging to the rope with
our hands. Lifting Honore and setting her
feet in this, and telling her just to "cling
tight and you can't fall," I had her suspend
ed over the well in just such short time as it
takes children to make up their minds to
do and to act, when excited by a game of
"Hide-and-go-seek," and all on the *qui vive*
of anticipated surprise by the enemy upon
the very moment of successful ambush.

Honore was fearfully frightened, and
begged me to put Eugenia down first, and
she begged to be allowed to go, saying that
she "wasn't one bit afraid," but I only
"Pshawed" at them both, thinking I knew
it couldn't make any difference, and the
change would cause delay, and began to
lower the rope, with Honore, speechless with
fear, I now know, at its end. I let it down
carefully, so there would be no danger of
her striking at the sides, until I knew by the
slackening of the rope, and the diminution
of strength required to hold the windlass,
that she was at the bottom.

Just then Wallace's voice, screaming out,
"Coming; ready?" changed my purpose of
drawing up the rope to let Eugenia down.
I called down the well in hoarse whisper to
Honore, "Keep your feet on the board and
hold on tight to the rope, and I will draw
you up in one minute," I then caught Eu-
genia's hand and hurried away to the trough
where in a half minute more we lay snugly
packed beneath it, I having yelled "Ready!"
as I let it down over us.

How near Wallace had for us all, and
how near we came to betraying ourselves
with laughter, when he stood on the trough
itself, never thinking to peep beneath it;
but our position was so cramped we were
forced to let our hiding place be known soon,
but to Eugenia's urgent proposition to "tell
Wally where Honore is, because we are all
tired and it is most dark, and she is awfully
'fraid too," I turned a deaf ear until Alice
and Laz. came out from the house to tell us
to "hurry in to supper."

Laz. looked anxious when told where
Honore was, and shouted down to her, "Be
sure your feet are on the board good, and
hang awfully tight, little Sis; sing out when
you are ready."

But no answer came up to us.
I took hold of the rope. It was dangling
and loose. Honore couldn't have hold of it
at all.

"Nora, Nora!" I screamed; "snapper is
ready. Put your feet on the board, quick;
ready?"

Still no answer.
"I guess she likes the old well now she is
in it," laughed Eugenia, "she hated to go
down awfully, but Grip was in such a hurry
to get us all hid, he just 'downed' her any
way."

Some way these words cut into my soul
like a sharp knife.

"Honore! Sister Honore! Why don't
you answer?"

Laz. waited a minute to listen and then
started to the house on a run. This was the
first moment of real alarm to me. A hun-
dred conjectures rushed into my mind:
"Had I killed her in my haste to get her to
the bottom? What if some horrid serpent
had lately taken up its abode there, and
stung her to death with its horrid fangs!
What if the bottom of the old well had
fallen out, and Nora had fallen with it—
where?"

But Laz. came running back with a lantern
in hand, and accompanied by the whole
family. I dared not look at any of them,
and they were all too much absorbed with
thought of Honore to think of me.

Uncle Clark let Laz. down into the well
with the lantern. All was quiet but the
creaking of the windlass till Laz. called up
"Hold on!" Another minute of breathless
suspense, and then he called up:

"There is a foot of water here, and Ho-
nore is sitting in it; chilled to death, I do
believe." Another pause, and then, "She
is sitting up straight, her eyes wide open,
but she don't wink and won't speak."

"Can't you lift her, and bring her up if I
draw carefully?"

"Yes, I think so."

There was a few moments awful silence
and waiting, then Laz. called:

"I'm ready! Draw easy."

A turn or two of the windlass, and then
a cry from below, "Hold on."

Another awful minute in which Laz.
seemed to be changing his own or Honore's
position, and again the word: "Draw slow-
ly, and listen to my word."

But no other word came, and at length
Laz. rose to sight with a limp figure drip-
ping with muddy water, hugged to his breast
with one arm, and tied to his waist with her
gingham apron which he had taken off and
torn in two, and thus used, in order that he
might have one hand to use in clinging to
the rope. Mother, Aunt and Alice caught
them and drew them out on to the ground.

I saw only Honore's white, white face.

"She breathes! thank God!"

This from my mother. My aunt an-
swered: "Yes! but there is little life left
here, she won't breathe long."

Then there was no hope, after all, and I
was my sister's murderer. The reading of
the morning came back to me, and I found
myself asking the question, "Am I my sis-
ter's keeper?" I should have been, I knew;
I had put her in against her will, and the
sweet pleading voice sounded clearer in my
ears than when it had really spoken the
words, "Buddie, oh little Buddie, please
don't put me down there first, I'm so awfully
afraid."

Like the clang of the great town bell
when its iron tongue peals out the sudden
and fearful alarm of fire came to me then
the words of the morning reading, "And
now thou art cursed from the earth, which
hath opened to receive thy sister's blood
from thy hand."

I crept away from the company, who, in
their anxiety for Honore, did not miss me.
I crept under the old trough again, and lay
there trying to think. With the rapidity of
an excited mind, I ran over each transpiring
event of the day again and again, to end
each time in the horror which froze me, and
held me powerless to move from my hiding
place.

Then came the thought that I could not
hide myself from the eye of God. I shrieked
aloud, one long wailing shriek, which sound-
ed so strangely that I was scared at the
sound. I reached out my hand; something
stung it, a mud wasp no doubt that had
made its nest there. The pain of the sting
only added to the phrensy of my mind. I
wished a hundred things, but more than all
else, that it could be back to morning again,
and I in bed, that I might get up in a differ-
ent mood and be guiltless once more of all
the shameful deeds I had been guilty of all
in one day. I longed to have once more the
innocent boyhood I had lost, in so cruelly
frightening even to the very death, my little
sister Honore. I thought of course there
was nothing for me but to be hung; they all
knew I did it; and anyway it would be bet-
ter to be hung than to live and always be
looked upon with suspicion and fear. Then
I concluded the only true honorable thing
left for me to do was to go and give myself
up to the constable who lived our nearest
neighbor but one. Yes; that was it, it
would be less shameful than to be hunted
and carried by force to jail. I wished I
could die then and there, and never be found
for years and years, until there would be
nothing but a skeleton found under the old
trough. I waited a little but I did not die,
and it began to be too close and hot under
the trough, so I crawled out and slowly
mopped away to Mr. Dickson's, the constab-
le's house. It was all dark when I reached
there, and when I tried to knock and waken
them up my courage failed me, and I sat
down on the door step to wait for morning,
too miserable in heart, too anxious for death,
to fear anything.

When next I came to consciousness, I
found myself in the parlor bedroom at home,
my father sitting beside me holding my
hand, indicating my pulse with his finger.
I spoke: "Honore! Honore! did I kill
Honore, father?"
My father started. "No, no, my son;
your sister is sleeping sweetly in the next
room. You have been very sick, and dream-
ing some, I guess; lie still now, and don't
think over your dreams."
I wondered if it could all be a dream, but
was too tired and weak and indifferent to
talk more then; but in the hours and days
and weeks of convalescence which came to
me before I grew strong again, I found out
that it was not all a dream. Poor little Ho-
nore lived indeed; but the fright she had
received had injured her mind, and it was
long before the full sunlight of unclouded
intelligence shone upon her bewildered
brain again. But it came at last, the re-
lease from the pitiless chain with which I
had bound her intellectual faculties; but the
physical strength never came. She grew
up a frail, tender plant, which the least rude
touch of winter would chill to its heart's
core,—the same sweet, gentle, loving Ho-
nore, whose presence was always a sunbeam,
and whose love was a priceless treasure to
us all.

I rose from my sick bed a chastened child,
and have grown to the estate of manhood,
having learned in those eventful twenty-four
hours, how dangerous a thing it is to harbor
in one's breast an evil spirit, and allow it to
rule the actions of our heart and hands, for
even the brief space of one day.

Popular Science

ACCORDING to G. Lindstrom a
fossil found in the upper Silurian of the
Gotland is the most ancient
animal yet discovered. Its four
thoracic feet are pointed like the
embryos of many other Tracheate
animals such as Campodes. The
feet does not occur in the fossil so
the carboniferous ages.

AMONG the modern medical
that of medication by pads. Some
applications are of use, and becau-
are, quacks find people ready to be-
assertions that their particula-
perform wonderful cures. The c-
one of these pads shows it to be a recip-
back action affair, as it both draw-
from the body and sends its cura-
ence into the system. Much of the
medication by pads, rests upon the
a pad which is not medicated is of
service. Let one apply to any pa-
body a piece of rubber cloth, or o-
other water proof and air-proof
and bind it in place. At the end
hours, he will be surprised to find
terial dripping wet, from the con-
the insensible perspiration. The
thus covered will be in a soft, par-
dition, while any neuralgic or
pain that may have been located in-
thus covered, will be likely to disap-
is not necessary for a pad, in or-
useful, to contain "liver medicine,
horse-radish. Let those who are
pay a high price for medical pads,
what virtue there is in an unmedi-
of rubber or similar material.
Agriculturist for April.

THE POILOGRAPH.—Mr. C. H. H-
ly read a paper before the Physi-
on "Poiograph." As the result-
ess of metaphysical reasoning, M-
has come to the conclusion that
holding about number should be
to space. Starting from the prem-
the relation of a number to a nu-
number e. g., the relation of 6 to 2
author proceeds to carry these prin-
the considerations of space, and
that when properly understood the-
of a shape to a shape is a shape, an-
a space to a space is a space. T-
that shows the relation of a shape
is called a poiograph. To form a p-
the content of each shape is negle-
the shape is represented by a po-
point being by its co-ordinates repr-
of the properties of the shape co-
The resultant shape is a poiograph.
Scientific American.

WATER BLASTING.—The value
as an aid to blasting when used in
tion with explosives is rapidly be-
cognized in this country, as well
larger mines and quarries of Euro-
nary blasting with gunpowder in-
ing is done by boring a hole in the
the coal about two inches in diam-
four or five feet deep. Into this is
the powder cartridge, together with
fuse, when the hole has been well
filled with any dry refuse rammed
then fired by lighting the fuse.
operation (and we have described it
to show any new ideas connected
but for comparison) very danger-
especially in gaseous pits, is crea-
appalling results often ensue; carb-
and sulphurous acid gases are gener-
dangerous to miners and to min-
erties. When it is desired to b-
water together with gunpowder, th-
is conducted by inserting into the
a powder cartridge with the fuse at
in the ordinary way; next to the
cartridge is inserted into the bu-
tube containing water. These tubes
as large as the bore hole will admit
any length convenient to handle,
the better; they may be made of c-
terial convenient, cheap thin tin-
stout brown paper turned around
wooden roller, after being well p-
gether, the ends closed with cor-
bore hole is now tamped in the
manner, the fuse lit, and the cartr-
in the usual manner. As a result
process the following points of e-
among many others, may be brief-
ed: the powder, in exploding, th-
tube containing the water, and, ca-
mates show, with increased power
sive violence, as the rending force is
through the water in accordance
well known principles of hydrosta-
tically demonstrated years ago by
over the enlarged interior area of
hole, due to the space occupied by
tube. A much larger quantity of
terial mined or quarried is thereby
down or loosened with a smaller qu-
the explosive used. The heat giv-
the burning of the powder and su-
gases converts a larger proportion
ter into steam, the elastic force of
ists in the operation of blasting;
and remaining water together extin-
flame and flash of the powder, an-
and neutralize the greater portion
es and smoke resulting from expl-
will readily be seen that by this p-
met together economy, power, and
system being simple and effective,
attended with anything inconsi-
the well known laws of explos-
Trade Journal.

Popular Science.

ACCORDING to G. Lindstrom a scorpion found in the upper Silurian of the island of Gothland is the most ancient terrestrial animal yet discovered.

AMONG the modern medical whimsies is that of medication by pads. Some external applications are of use, and because they are, quacks find people ready to believe their assertions that their particular pad will perform wonderful cures.

THE POIOPH. — Mr. C. H. Hinton lately read a paper before the Physical Society on "Poioph." As the result of a process of metaphysical reasoning, Mr. Hinton has come to the conclusion that relations holding about number should be extended to space.

WATER BLASTING.—The value of water as an aid to blasting when used in connection with explosives is rapidly becoming recognized in this country, as well as in the larger mines and quarries of Europe.

next I came to consciousness, I myself in the parlor bedroom at home, sitting beside me holding my pulse with his finger.

from my sick bed a chastened child, grown to the estate of manhood, earned in those eventful twenty-four hours dangerous a thing it is to harbor a new evil spirit, and allow it to act on our heart and hands, for brief space of one day.

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Abstract of Time Table, adopted Jan. 12, 1885. EASTWARD.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 12, No. 4, No. 6. Rows include Dunkirk, Little Valley, Salamanca, Carrollton, Olcan, Cuba, Wellsville, Andover, Alfred, Hornellsville, Elmira, Binghamton, Port Jervis, New York.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL TRAINS EASTWARD. 5.00 A. M., except Sundays, from Salamanca, stopping at Great Valley 5.47, Carrollton 5.55, Van dalia 6.00, Allegany 6.50, Olean 7.50, Hinsdale 8.28, Cuba 9.27, Friendship 10.25, Belvidere 10.45, Belmont 11.17, Scio 11.40, Wellsville 1.45, P. M., Andover 2.32, Alfred 3.32, Almond 4.10, and arriving at Hornellsville at 4.35 P. M.

4.45 P. M., from Dunkirk, stops at Forestville 5.17, Smith's Mills 5.33, Perryburg 5.58, Dayton 6.12, Cattaraugus 6.47, Little Valley 7.12, Salamanca 8.15, Great Valley 8.22, Carrollton 8.37, Vandalia 8.50, Allegany 9.07, Olean 9.18, Hinsdale 9.37, Cuba 9.58, Friendship 10.28, Belvidere 10.42, Belmont 10.54, Scio 11.07, Wellsville 11.19, Andover 11.43 P. M., Alfred 12.14, Almond 12.28, arriving at Hornellsville at 12.43 A. M. No. 8 will not run on Monday.

WESTWARD. STATIONS, No. 1, No. 5, No. 3, No. 9.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 5, No. 3, No. 9. Rows include New York, Port Jervis, Hornellsville, Andover, Wellsville, Cuba, 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, Andover 6.05, Wellsville 7.25, Scio 7.49, Belmont 8.15, Belvidere 8.35, Friendship 9.05, Cuba 10.37, Hinsdale 11.12, Olean 11.55 A. M., Allegany 12.50, Vandalia 12.41, Carrollton 1.40, Great Valley 2.00, Salamanca 3.10, Little Valley 3.25, Cattaraugus 4.05, Dayton 5.30, Perryburg 5.58, Smith's Mills 6.31, Forestville 7.05, Sheridan 7.25, and arriving at Dunkirk at 7.50 P. M. 5.25 P. M., daily, from Hornellsville, stops at all stations, arriving at Salamanca 11.14 P. M. No. 9 runs daily over Western Division.

BRADFORD BRANCH WESTWARD. STATIONS, 15, 6, 9, 35, 21, 87.

Table with columns: STATIONS, 15, 6, 9, 35, 21, 87. Rows include Carrolton, Bradford, Bradford, Custer City, Buttsville, 11.04 A. M., Titusville Express, daily, except Sundays, from Carrolton, stops at Limestone 11.30, Kendall 11.31, and arrives at Bradford 11.35 A. M.

EASTWARD. STATIONS, 6, 20, 32, 40, 16, 88.

5.45 A. M., daily, from Bradford, stops at Kendall 5.50, Babcock 6.00, Limestone 6.10, arriving at Carrolton at 6.35 A. M. 8.30 P. M., daily, except Sundays, from Bradford, stops at Kendall 9.34, Limestone 9.44, and arrives at Carrolton 4.01 P. M. Passengers can leave Titusville at 8.00 A. M., and arrive at Bradford 11.35 A. M. Leave Bradford 8.00 P. M., and arrive at Titusville 7.30 P. M. Daily, Dining Station. Trains 1 and 4 will stop at all stations on Sunday. Through Tickets to all points at the very low rates, for sale at the Company's offices. Baggage will be checked only on Tickets purchased at the Company's office. JOHN N. ABBOTT, General Passenger Agent, New York.

The Sabbath School.

Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1886.

SECOND QUARTER.

- April 4. Paul's Voyage. Acts 27: 1, 2, 14-26.
- April 11. Paul's Shipwreck. Acts 27: 26-44.
- April 18. Paul going to Rome. Acts 28: 3-15.
- April 25. Paul at Rome. Acts 28: 16-31.
- May 2. Christ our Example. Phil. 2: 5-16.
- May 16. Christian Contentment. Phil. 4: 4-13.
- May 23. The Faithful Sailing. 1 Tim. 1: 15-20; 2: 1-4.
- May 30. Paul's charge to Timothy. 2 Tim. 3: 14-17; 4: 1-8.
- June 6. God's Message by His Son. Heb. 1: 1-5; 2: 1-4.
- June 13. The Priesthood of Christ. Heb. 9: 1-12.
- June 20. Christian Progress. 2 Pet. 1: 1-11.
- June 27. Quarterly Review.

LESSON II.—PAUL'S SHIPWRECK.

BY REV. T. R. WILLIAMS, D. D.
For Sabbath-day, April 11.

SCRIPTURE LESSON—Acts 27: 17-44.

17. But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country.

18. And when they had taken up anchor, they found fathom: and when they had gone a little further, they sounded again, and found fifteen fathoms.

19. Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.

20. And as the shipmen were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea, they were about to have cast anchor to the shore, when Paul said to the centurion, and to the soldiers, Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.

21. Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off.

22. And while the day was coming on, Paul besought them all to take meat: This day is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried, and continued fasting, having taken nothing.

23. Wherefore I pray you to take some meat: for this is for your health: For there shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you.

24. And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all; and when he had broken it, he began to eat.

25. Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat.

26. And we were in all in the ship two hundred threescore and sixteen souls.

27. And when they had eaten enough, they lightened the ship, and cast out the wheat into the sea.

28. And when it was day, they knew not the land: but they discovered a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship.

29. And when they had taken up the anchors, they committed themselves unto the sea, and loosed the rudder-bands, and hoisted up the mainsail to the wind, and made toward shore.

30. And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground; and the forepart stuck fast, and remained unmoved, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves.

31. And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out, and escape.

32. But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose, and commanded that they which could swim, should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land.

33. And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Then they cry unto the Lord in their distresses."—Psa. 107: 28.

OUTLINE.

- I. Approaching land. v. 27-29.
- II. The sailors try to escape. v. 30-32.
- III. They took nourishment. v. 33-38.
- IV. They landed. v. 39: 44.

INTRODUCTION.

This is a continuation of the narrative commenced in the preceding lesson. They are still drifting before the northeastern gale, with little prospect of safety, except by the direct interposition of God.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

V. 27. But when the fourteenth night was come. That is, since they left Fair Haven. This was a fearful storm, but not very uncommon during the Winter season. Driven to and fro in the sea of Adria. This indicates that their vessel varied some what from a straight course. Yet the r position at the end of the storm shows that there was no very great change in the course of the storm. Adria. Doubtless the sea or bay between Italy and Greece, extending across to the coast of Africa.

V. 28. And sounded and found it twenty fathoms.

From the preceding remark it appears that they suspected they were near some land, perhaps heard the roar of breakers. Hence they measured the depth of the water. A fathom is six feet.

V. 29. Fearing. . . . Let go four anchors and wished for day. They were now in fear of destruction on a rocky coast.

V. 30-32. The sailors understood their danger and began to make speedy preparation to leave the vessel, and for this purpose they threw out all the anchors at once. Paul said to the centurion and to the sailors, except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved.

Paul had some experience in rough weather on the sea, and perceiving their plan to abandon the vessel, his cool judgment brought him instantly to the front. The soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat and let her fall. This measure defeated the escape of the crew. It is remarkable to observe the implicit confidence placed in the words of Paul by the soldiers who had him in charge as a prisoner.

V. 33-34. While the day was coming on Paul besought them all to take some food.

As the boat was gone they were all in the same condition, to be saved or lost together. Their interest was one for all. They hoped when daylight should come they should see some way of escape. Now Paul very coolly advised them, while they were waiting to take food. Nothing would serve to reassure them more than such cool advice. For there shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you. Then to follow his advice by such a positive promise of safe delivery had the salutary influence of giving them great courage and hope.

V. 35. He took bread and gave thanks. . . . He began to eat.

Here was an opportunity to show them real trust in the God whom he served. While all human relief was despaired of, they could only wait for the promised divine help, of which Paul had assured them, and when it did come they could not deny at least the fulfillment of Paul's prophecy.

V. 36-37. They also took some meat. Paul's words and example of taking food had the

full effect to render them cheerful and hopeful so that they could take meat as they had not been able to do for many days. And we were in all in the ship two hundred three score and sixteen souls. This seems like a large number, but when we compare this statement with other historical statements concerning merchant vessels on the Mediterranean sea of that time we find that the number of the passengers is not extraordinary. The circumstance of their all taking food brought up to the attention of the writer the exact number of passengers and sailors on board.

V. 38. And when they had eaten enough they lightened the ship and cast out the wheat into the sea.

Renewed activity follows a full hearty meal, and they now resort to the last means of safety, by unloading the vessel.

V. 39. And when it was day they knew not the land. The storm was still raging and the shore visible was not familiar to the sailors. But they perceived a certain bay with a beach. The word beach signifies a sandy or gravelly shore instead of a rocky shore. And they took counsel whether they could drive the ship into it. This was a venture which required skill and involved some danger. They concluded to try to enter.

V. 42. Casting off the anchors they left them in the sea.

By this expedient the vessel was set at liberty, for with the anchors fastened it could not reach the shore. They loosed the rudder bands. The rudders were two very large oars, one on each side. When the vessel was anchored these oars were raised out of the water and bound to the sides of the deck. As soon as the vessel is in condition to move it is necessary to loose the rudders. Hoisted up the mainsail to the wind and made for the beach. This completes the preparations for this last effort to get to shore; though there is much danger in running a vessel onto a beach in a furious gale yet this was their only chance of escape.

V. 41. They ran the ship aground.

Being unaccustomed to the channel and unable fully to control the ship, they fell into this new difficulty. But the stern began to break up. This renders their condition more critical if possible than ever before.

V. 42. And the soldiers counsel was to kill the prisoners lest any of them should swim out and escape. This was a kind of loyalty not altogether extinct at the present day. If the ship must go to wreck their first anxiety is to kill the God fearing and innocent Paul, though he was the chief source of their courage and hope.

V. 43. But the centurion kept them from their purpose.

The common sense of this Roman officer suggested that since they were all in the same sinking boat together, every man should have a chance to swim to the shore if he could through such cruel waves.

V. 44. And the rest, those who could not swim on boards and things from the ship. Use every available means to reach the shore. They all escaped safe to land. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Paul. And we learn by it that though God promises to deliver men where they are utterly helpless, yet they are required to put forth their utmost efforts to help themselves till they are saved.

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