

The Sabbath Recorder.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

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

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CONTENTS.	
The Valley Queen—Poetry	1
American Sabbath Tract Society	1
Worry	1
Our National Flowers	1
A Bit of Good Gospel	1
The Ethics of Visiting the Sick	1
Missions	2
Journey from Shanghai to Tal-Chow	2
Notes from the London Missionary Conference	2
SABBATH REFORM.	3
Book's Theological Dictionary of the Sabbath	3
Russian Sabbatarians	3
EDUCATION.	3
Edward Thring	3
English Schools in Half-Century Ago	3
The University of Berlin	3
Clippings	3
TEMPERANCE.	3
The Liquor-dealer's Creed	3
Willie's Lesson	3
A Temperance Martyr	3
Items	3
EDITORIALS.	4
Paragraphs	4
A Golden Wedding	4
Our Books	4
Yom Kippur	4
COMMUNICATIONS.	4
Deacon Daniel S. Remington	4
The Readiness of the Harvest	4
Opening Files	4
Richard Anthony, Proprietor	4
A Congregation of Christians which Became Jews	4
Lessons from an Editor's Valedictory	4
Washington Letter	4
HOME NEWS.	5
Independence, N. Y.	5
Adel, Kan.	5
MISCELLANY.	6
Blind—Poetry	6
Memories	6
Setting Hopes—Poetry	6
Wonderful Tropical Fruits	6
Divine Motherly Comfort—Poetry	6
A Single Eye	6
Singing his Name	6
Multitudes and Individuals	6
POPULAR SCIENCE.	7
CATALOGUE OF PUBLICATIONS, ETC.	7
THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.	7
CONDENSED NEWS.	8
MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.	8
SPECIAL NOTICES.	8
BUSINESS DIRECTORY.	8

THE VALLEY QUEEN.

BY FANNIE E. STILLMAN.

There dwells in a valley along by a stream,
Whose calm waters sparkle and glitter and gleam,
A high-hearted, frolicsome young queen is she,
And this is one sign of her true royalty—
Two noble attendants: a deep inborn grace,
That covers with blushes her beautiful face,
And grace of good temper, that warms all the while
Each heart that comes under the light of her smile.
Good-will is her kingdom, her subjects are these—
The shy country youngsters, all out at the knees,
The curly-haired children, Mike, Patrick and Will,
And all of the farmer's girls over the hill,
The boys from the city, the girls from the town,
Sweet Bessie and Nellie in dainty rich gown,
Doe honor all pay to the dearest of queens,
The queen of the valley, not yet in her teens.
When free from the thraldom of winter's long school,
Through meadows and marshland, o'er ditches and pool,
She leads them, she speeds them, where loud echoes ring,
To gather the beautiful flowers of spring.
And while they deck gaily the brow of their queen,
With trailing-arbutus and mosses so green,
The wild winds, from brambles, in workmanship rare,
Are weaving a net for her loose, flowing hair.
When summer's hot sun makes all golden the wheat,
Then sits the young queen on the reaper's high seat,
And shouts to the horses, come Fannie, come Nell,
In cutting and binding we'll do our work well.
The men are behind us to set up the grain,
To cure it, and store it before the long rain.
The children are waiting to make their ice cream,
And you shall have drink from the clear, cooling stream.
She is queen of all queens in her wild horsemanship,
And goes without saddle, or bridle, or whip,
Through galloping hollow and over the hill,
Past by the new school-house, and back by the mill.
With speed like the steed of Arabia's child,
Or savages o'er the great Western wild,
She rides home triumphant 'mid cheer after cheer,
Her gallant young escort left far in the rear.
When perished, her crown of loves sweetest wild flowers,
Replaced may it be in Elysium bowers,
More lasting, more precious than all the bright gems,
And costliest diamonds of earth's diadems.
May she be found worthy, and all her loved train,
With heaven's great king and his people to reign,
The rarest, the fairest, the dearest of queens,
The queen of the valley, not yet in her teens.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

Annual Report of the Executive Board.

Under this head we shall give, in successive issues, portions of the report of the Board, until the whole report is completed.

THE HELPING HAND.

The circulation of this quarterly Sabbath-school magazine is now 2,200. It is the only one of our publications whose receipts exceed the cost of publication. It is in good demand, and is evidently doing a good work. We hope it may become an indispensable aid to Bible study, and be used in every Sabbath-school.

THE EVANGELIUM-HAROLD.

The circulation of this Swedish paper is now about 1,000. Just how important an adjunct to our Sabbath literature this may be we are not at present so well qualified to

say. Judging from the amount received in subscriptions it does not appear to be in very great demand. Its cost of publication for the year has been \$439 95, and only \$67 37 have been received in subscriptions.

EDITH LE ISRAEL.

This new venture in behalf of the Hebrews has now had only nine months of trial. The way seemed to open providentially for its publication. Not only the money, but more than all else, the man, was brought to us unsought, that has enabled our people to be the first in the world to publish a Christian paper in the Hebrew language, especially in the interests of the lost sheep of Israel. The highest Hebrew scholars and critics express great satisfaction at the able way in which the *Eduth* is edited. Other and larger bodies of Christians would be glad to secure the services of Mr. Lucky, and stand ready to use him whenever he will consent. The paper, thus starting out and meeting with the most flattering notice, now has a circulation of only about 1,500 copies, monthly. This number will probably be greatly increased in due time, if the editor is encouraged in his noble work. The largest donor to this enterprise was D. C. Burdick, of Nortonville, Kan., who lived to see the enterprise well started, and then was called to his heavenly home to await the results. The cost of maintaining nine numbers of this paper has been \$354 02, Mr. Lucky receiving no salary for his services. Receipts from subscriptions, \$16 49, leaving \$337 53 to be paid for by private contributions.

DE BOODSCHAPPER.

We can best give account of this publication and its usefulness, to the work in Holland, by quoting entire, the report of Brother Velthuisen.

AUGUST 10, 1888.

To the Secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

Dear Brother.—Please accept my report of the labors during the last Conference year. *De Boodschapper* was printed monthly, copies 2,000; the sending out went forth regularly. Subscribers who pay number 80, besides there are those who get the paper regularly, but who are not able to pay for it, or at least say that they are not able to pay. Bro. Bakker, at Frieschelo (Vriescheloo), gets every month 100 copies, he himself directing them as he judges the best, and I retituting to him the postage. In the same manner, the brothers at Rotterdam asked for 200 copies, to send to their particular friends and acquaintances. A brother who is living at Hague gets 50 a month, and one at Amsterdam, 25. In the kingdom of Belgium, in the town of Luik, a brother, formerly a colporteur of the Bible Company, but dismissed because of his baptism, uses 6 copies, and at Coopersville, Attowa Co., Minn., in your own country, Bro. de Vuist receives 12 copies every month, trying to bring them in the houses of Dutch people.

The rest is spread in all directions through our kingdom, to such people as seem to me not being indifferent about religion, and whose names I find in religious papers and magazines; not only, properly, in this kingdom, but also in foreign lands, where Dutch-speaking people are living.

Fruits of our sowing in that manner, I can't make mention of much decisive conversion this year. I don't know but the following: At Nymegen, a town in our province, Gelderland, a young man of 23, a printer's man, found the Lord's Sabbath by examining our defense of it in *De Boodschapper*. He told us so, and is now indeed a faithful Sabbath keeper, having had a hard struggle with his old friends, Plymouth brethren. It was some years ago that he had found baptism by reading our paper, and consequently was baptized by a Plymouth brother. At Luik (Belgium), four persons found the Sabbath of the Lord by our paper. Two were baptized already, two were baptized in our chapel some four weeks ago.

Furthermore, I feel free to say, that almost a general consent is given to the truth of the Sabbath; at all events more general than people give to baptism, although the number who agree theoretically in the last point is a pretty large one. A minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, at Amsterdam, called on me some weeks ago, asking me for some weeks the use of the fifth volume of *De Boodschapper*, he having accepted the deliverance of a referate on the Sabbath question. Two weeks ago I called on him at Amsterdam, and was told that the whole ministry of said church—the number of ministers is 23—had given their consent that Sunday-keeping or Sunday-consecration was not in the Bible. In our eyes this consentment is a fact of somewhat significance.

Continually I write letters in private correspondence to influential persons in church and state, about the Sabbath question. Seldom I acquire answer. If so, in most cases friendly; sometimes very unchristian and even offensive. Two times in the course of the year I issued an "Open Letter," in the form

of a tract, to a defender of the Sabbath, whose doings seemed to oblige me to take up the struggle in that way.

Tracts we spread continually. Missionary feasts in the open air (you would call them perhaps, camp-meetings), give opportunities to bring at once thousands of tracts among people from all sides. If we can do so, we give not only tracts which teach our Seventh-day Baptist principles, but also such which we call "Gospel tracts," and that contain doctrines beloved by all believers. Several towns and villages were visited, and as well in the houses as along the ways the truth was sowed. The post is used, too, for bringing tracts in every direction, as tidings or communications in the papers seem to ask. German tracts we have sent to Germany, and if the Society would send us again a deal of them, we can use them, and so it is with Swedish and other Scandinavian tracts; we can place them even in our country, at Amsterdam, where we have at present a Scandinavian Church. Bro. Bakker, at Vriescheloo, is laboring in the same way with tracts.

The copies of Dr. Lewis' "Critical History" are sent to the given addresses in Germany. Only Dr. Dalman, Leipzig, wrote about the receipt, and in an interesting manner, telling his intention to give publicity to the book by means of the press.

I give my thanks to the Society for the regular present of the SABBATH RECORDER. Since long, my hearty wishes were to send a thank-offering for that ever-faithful sending of the paper to my address, and I hope it will not last as long as it did before these wishes may be fulfilled.

The church here has resolved to give \$2 for four copies of our Hebrew paper, edited by Bro. Lucky. We would have done so immediately after the first number appeared, but circumstances did not permit before now. I hope to give the money to Bro. Potter or to Bro. Babcock, when they will be here, and if so, the Treasurer will get it, and you will send us the paper; if possible, all the numbers already issued. We do something for our heathen mission; we wish to do something for Israel, bringing our Hebrew paper to the houses of our Jewish fellow-citizens.

If you will send me a copy of our Swedish paper, I will take care to bring it to the hands of the Lutheran Swedish minister at Amsterdam. Because *Adventisten* has held his entrance in Holland, the last number of *de Boodschapper* were somewhat controversial, in that direction, or rather somewhat polemical. Circumstances asked for that polemic. I translated Eld. Morton's "The Sanctuary Question," and upon request of Bro. Bakker, translated Mr. Carver's "Mrs. White's Claims, and I am seeking for a way to issue Dr. Lewis' "Critical History," in the Dutch language, "Sunday Law!" We stand in need of the true application of the Sunday law," that is the cry, heard from all sides in this country, and therefore, if it pleases God to open a way and to show me a bookseller who will print the book for his own account, I will willingly try to give him the copy. But money for the expenses of printing we have not.

If it were possible we should like to try the issue of a little weekly; we would try it during three months; if it proved to have vital force because people would have it and therefore become subscribers, our opinion is that we could do much good in that way. Although holding to the same principle, this little paper ought to have another tenor and somewhat other contents than our monthly has. Other dollars must that proof cost.

A brother at Luik (Belgium) was formerly a colporteur. Now he does what he is able to do in that direction; but he lost his salary and he himself is a poor man. We send him now and then a few guilders, for we have no more to give. But amongst that Roman Catholic population he would have a noble sphere for gospel labor if he could go out with Bibles, tracts, etc.; enjoying some peculiar help for his livelihood. I refused the translation of Mrs. White's books. I did translate a pamphlet of Eld. Waggoner, a sound writ. I was invited to the Conference at Biele of the Adventists, but did not find it the right thing to go there.

And now, dear Bro. Secretary, I have told you, as far as I know, all the particulars that may interest the Society. I hope my report will answer the demand. May God bless the Society in all its doings! May God bless you all at the Conference! May He make your deliberations and resolutions the means of new blessings for the church and for the world.

With respect and brotherly love, Yours in our Saviour.

G. VELTHUISEN.

WORRY.

Worry is the cause of more trouble than any other one thing; not excepting alcohol. For it leads men to murder, suicide, embezzlement, insanity, drink, family estrangements, quarrels, and business difficulties. Worried people cannot make good bargains; their judgments become so warped or twisted through dwelling too long on the same subject, though they are no clearer at the end of their thinking and worrying than

they were at the beginning. There are multitudes of deaths every year attributed to regular specific diseases, as typhoid fever, dyspepsia, consumption and heart disease, which have for their cause worry. Worry induces such a condition of body that it readily receives and develops the germs of disease.

To one who was accustomed to worry, a friend who avoided worry as much as possible, once said: "What would you do if you stopped every time to consider the possibilities of every act? I knew a woman who walked across a smooth carpet floor; she fell, broke her hip joint, and died in a few days. I knew of a neighbor who ate his dinner, and fell dead as he rose from the table. Another went to sleep well, and never awoke; another rode out and was killed." Thus instance after instance might be mentioned, for every daily act, if we had traveled, or read much, or met many persons.

Occasionally we meet people who can truly be called born fretters; they fret at everything, and seven days and seven nights scarcely give them time enough during the week to do all the worrying they are capable of doing; as for any one living with them, it is their worst punishment that they have to endure themselves.

We daily meet faces that show the result of worry; they are seamed, and wrinkled, and full of lines. They should be a warning to us. If the time and strength spent in worry could be used for self-improvement and benefiting those near us, there would be many changes in every community. "Fret not thyself."—*Ez.*

OUR NATIONAL FLOWERS.

Some one has named the trailing arbutus as our national flower, and to this the *American Florist* objects, on the ground that it is not common to all parts of the country, and at the same time nominates the pansy for the position. The objection made to the arbutus, and which is valid, has still greater force against the pansy, which is common to no part of the country, but it is a garden variety of a European plant.

Our own preference on this point was made known several years since, in these pages, when writing of golden rods and asters, in the following words:

"After midsummer, in this country, our rural landscape is everywhere brightened by the golden rods and asters; they form a distinct and beautiful feature of the scenery. The eyes of our countrymen are everywhere gladdened by their smiles; north and south, east and west, on the hills and mountain-sides, in the valleys and on the broad prairies, by the roadsides and the streams, and in the fields and copees they stand as tokens of the genial heat that brings from the soil the golden grains and the beautiful, luscious fruits. No other country in the world is thus characterized; these plants belong to America, and as such should be our pride and delight.

"While on this continent there are from sixty to seventy species, and perhaps more, of the solidagos, or golden rods; and nearly all of them of vigorous habit, growing from a foot to eight feet in height, all the world besides affords less than a dozen, and these, for the most part, of small size, and confined to few localities of limited area; and always in such small numbers as to make them rare plants.

"The species of asters, in this country, are still more numerous than those of the golden rod. Both are the children of the sun, basking in his favors and reflecting his smiles. Although many indigenous species of flowers are peculiar to this country, yet none so abound and apparently claim possession as these. And grouped together they might appropriately be taken as our national flowers, emblems of endurance, vigor, light and freedom."—*Vick's Magazine*.

A BIT OF GOOD GOSPEL.

The lowly ones among us, whose deepest researches are but as the shallows, and whose attainments in knowledge are but as the very little hills, may well take note of the remark of a physician who recently read a paper before the Institute of Christian Philosophy on the "Limits and Uses of Scientific Research." The paper is the product of a scholarly man. We can see the scientific mind in every line of it. The remark is to this effect: "There is no aristocracy of science which may arrogate to itself a better or a higher knowledge of the Creator, or a higher spiritual culture than can be attained by any pure-minded, honest man or woman."

That is a bit of gospel. It is good news. We believe that many of the most scholarly, studious, philosophical minds that the world knows to-day would say "Amen" heartily to this doctrine. But few persons can worm out secrets with the chemist, turn up the earth's strata with the geologist, lay the secrets of the stars bare with the astronomer, or investigate the merits or demerits of any system of philosophy. To the majority of human beings life means daily toil for daily bread; but in every human breast there is a something that calls for God. To know him is the source of peace, of strength, of

hope, of life, of all that human nature most needs.

If our God can only be reached by the man of great scientific attainment or deep philosophical research, then must the majority of human hearts know no God, and live and die like beasts of burden. But he who is the revelation of the Father, who is the very face and heart of God, the express image of his person, the manifestation of his nature, comes to the lowliest among us and bids us be of good cheer, assuring us that they are blessed who are pure in heart, for they shall see God. It may never be given them to pry into the marvels of the telescope or the mysteries of the microscope. They may never be able to say the alphabet of science. Even its primer may be Babel to them and yet they can see God. Yes, this is true. Human experience bears it out. When the heart is divested of evil, when the sanctifying influences which work for our purification are allowed their way, then come holy, happy visions of the Almighty. These are no vain, delusive dreams of the night. So wonderfully do they elevate and cheer, so richly do they compensate for all that is hard and harsh in life; so blessedly do they nerve for service and for sacrifice that we know them to be real. And if God be hidden from the eyes of any of us it is because those eyes have looked upon other objects, and contented themselves with the lower and the lesser things. The cry of a heart that hungers after him will bring him to us. The happy sense of a personal and present God, is a blessing within reach of us all. He is so round about them that fear him that his people can joyously exclaim: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Such knowledge, such consciousness the learned may have if they will, but it is equally for the lowly. Whether we know aught else or nought else, we may know him in the knowledge of whom is life eternal.—*New York Observer*.

THE ETHICS OF VISITING THE SICK.

Recently there appeared in the *Advance* an unusually good article on this subject, written by Mrs. C. L. Goodell. Gladly would we reproduce all the excellent advice given, if our columns were sufficiently long. As it is, we must be content in giving a few of the most telling points. As Mrs. Goodell says, "visiting the sick is a very sacred mission, and it is well worth our study to know how wisely to do it." These are a few of the most important suggestions:

"Carry something, a flower, how it brightens, a little fruit or some appetizing delicacy from your own kitchen; or whatever may conduce to the comfort, especially of those who seldom have these things. A thing beautiful to look upon, or even the loan of a soft, perfumed pillow, may prove the entering wedge for the spiritual gift of Christ. But, above all, do not fail to carry a smile, a cheerful word, and think to leave with them a promise from God's Book; these are better than grapes or jelly.

"If the patient is weak, do not expect him to entertain you. Be quick to discern whether he desires to talk himself, or to listen to you. If the first, be patient and let him unburden his troubles, and give him your sympathy in spirit, if not in words. Sometimes it is a better way just to keep still and give your ear to hear. On the other hand, do not encourage him to talk at length about his pains and aches. Do not try to draw him out on all these points; this is the mission of the physician.

"If the patient shows a desire to listen to you, have something ready to say to him. Give him worthy thoughts to think over after you are gone. Suggest some of the benefits of sickness, when rightly received.

"Do not be afraid to speak a word for Christ in the sick-room. If there is ever a time when people should be helped to be honest with themselves, it is when they are sick. It is true they need cheer and encouragement, but a funny story or an exciting incident is not the only thing that will revive them, or leave the most wholesome flavor in the mind. Tenderness and tact and prudence and wisdom are all necessary, but there is a way to get at the heart-wants, and minister to them in the name of Christ.

"There are many of the Lord's dear ones, to day, prostrated on beds of pain, and shut away from the house of worship and place of prayer. They sadly miss those hours of communion so helpful to them. Here is an opportunity to serve the Master in the way he has indicated. To them, the coming of a warm, sympathetic heart, in Christ's name, to minister comfort and consolation, is like an angel's visit. Sit down by them quietly, and, with subdued voice, read aloud portions of the Word—precious promises, which will remind them of the Father's loving care and tender sympathy for his suffering children. Read or repeat a hymn or some sweet thoughts from a leaflet or choice book. Sometimes the singing of a gospel song will be pleasing. Speak to them in a plain, simple way, of the Lord's nearer presence in their need, and how he stands pledged to love and keep them to the end. How soon, in this way, the place becomes a Bethel, and joy and gladness and hope return."—*Golden Rule*.

Missions.

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

UNTIL further notice, the address of the Corresponding Secretary will be as formerly, Ashaway, R. I.

JOURNEY FROM SHANGHAI TO TAI-CHOW.

Tai-Chow, China, April 30, 1888. (Concluded.)

As we were descending we met a Chinaman with a half-grown pig on his back, tugging away up this steep road. We thought it must be delightful for the pig, but not so for the man. The old Chinaman seemed to take it as though he was accustomed to the business. It is surprising to see the heavy burdens that are borne over these mountain passes. The view we got all along the path of our descent was exceedingly beautiful. Lofty mountains towered above us on either side, covered with a great variety of shrubs and trees which have clothed themselves with their most beautiful spring verdure. The picture is one of perfect sublimity, surpassing all power of description. In the afternoon the weather became quite warm, and we were glad to get into our chairs again for a little rest. We came now to a section where the tea plant farms were a striking feature. This was the first we had seen on our journey. The leaves seemed to be fresh and green and nearly grown. We passed through one small villa where I noticed they had cut down the tea plant and taken the cuttings to the house where they were picking off the tender leaves. I learned, however, that this is only practiced when the plants get old. Then it is cut down to the roots that it may send out new shoots, reproducing the tender leaves. We passed by a temple, where we halted for a few moments. An old lady who seemed to be in charge came out and bought a tract. We thought the tract with the heading "The Idols Have no Spirits" very appropriate for putting up in the temple, but to our surprise, after she had pasted the tract up in the temple she came back and asked if I had any pictures of Buddha! It is our prayer that the truth which she has unconsciously bought and put up in the temple of idols may in some way open her blind eyes to a knowledge of the true God. Night overtook us at a small town by the name of Tav-an, about ninety li distant from Ning-hai, the place from which we started in the morning. We stop at a Chinese inn. It is reported to be the best in town. It is not a palace hotel, with electric light, stained-glass windows, marble floors, and the like! We engage the best room, which is really the only room the establishment affords. I should judge the room to be ten by twelve feet. In this there were three frames for beds, on which was a pallet of braided straw. There were no chairs or table. A little basin of oil, in which a small wick had been placed and lighted, was sending forth a feeble ray of light. The dismal appearance presented to us weary travelers is not easily described, but there was no alternative and we decided to make the best of it. We soon got the keeper of the inn to bring in a table and we proceeded to get our supper, furnishing our own lamp, cooking stove utensils, dishes and provisions. All that the inn furnished us was hot water and the room we occupied. Supper finished, we spread our bedding on a pad of straw and retired to rest, glad even for this humble place in which to pass the night. My friend, Mr. Dalziel, was exceedingly amused at the general appearance of the room after we had located ourselves and distributed our baggage and clothing in it. It was too novel for me to attempt to describe. We arose early the next morning, cooked our own rice, paid the landlord two hundred and forty cash each and were ready at seven o'clock to set out on our journey. The morning was very fine and beautiful, scenery through which we passed I think surpassed anything which we had previously beheld. It was an ever changing panoramic view of nature's grandeur. To-day we crossed two of the highest mountains on the journey. They were very steep and difficult to ascend. At one place in a valley through which we passed, the tall tree formed a striking feature. This tree is very late in putting out its foliage. It is called the tallow tree because its fruit yields a large quantity of hard, white tallow, employed by the Chinese in manufacturing candles. As we advanced on our journey the crops of the fields were more varied—now a crop of wheat or barley, then a rice field, then a field of poppy, and it was quite noticeable as we came nearer to the city of Tai-Chow, that the latter fields were more numerous. In the afternoon the weather became very hot and sultry. At one of the

resting places we are overtaken with a thunder shower, giving us some little anxiety, lest we should be obliged to stop here for the night. But after a half hour, to our joy, the clouds passed over, and we were permitted to proceed, and able to reach Tai-Chow just at evening, having traveled, during the day, some ninety five li. We were most heartily welcomed by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Rudland and their little daughter Rose. We appreciate their hospitality, and enjoy the rest which their comfortable home affords. It was like an oasis in a desert land. Tai-Chow is a /oo city of the Che-Kiang province. I should judge its walls to be about nine miles in circumference, with a population of one hundred and twenty thousand. On the south, the city walls enclose a hill of about three hundred feet elevation, on the top of which are built two pagodas. This forms a striking feature of the city. Just outside of the wall, on the south and between high elevations, flows a wide but shallow river, which leads on to the sea, one hundred and twenty li away. The western portion of the city wall is built upon the ridge of a natural elevation several hundred feet above the level of the city. We visited this, as well as the pagoda hill, from which places we enjoyed splendid views of the city and surrounding country. In almost every direction we looked, lofty mountain heights towered above us, piercing the cloudsky. I have been much interested in the history of mission work in this city. The first missionary visit made to this place was in 1867. The people were very hostile to foreign invasion, and would not rent a solitary room in which they might abide. They finally secured a place in a Taurist temple, in a retired place in the western part of the city on the hill, where they put up for the night. But the first night, thieves entered a window and stole all their personal effects and clothing, except the night clothes in which they were sleeping. They at once made an appeal to the governor of the city, demanding his protection. The clothing and other things were found and returned to them. The city officials then stationed a deputy at this temple, to see what these foreign invaders were really up to; and, strange it is, that this very man, sent to keep watch over these missionaries was himself, six years later, converted to the Christian faith, having received his first impression of the truth from them. The wife and son of this man have since become Christians; the son acting at present as teacher and helper in mission work. True, as Mr. Rudland remarked, "The devil made a great mistake when he sent those thieves on that night to steal the effects of these missionaries;" for it opened up the city at once to the work, gave them an official recognition immediately, and proved to work for the salvation of one family at least. Mission work has been continued from that date (1867) to the present. Rev. Mr. Rudland came to occupy this field Sept. 1, 1870, then there were only two converts. By the blessing of God, the work has steadily increased, not however without much opposition and many obstacles. Since the beginning of the work there have been 245 baptisms, and the present membership in the whole district is 176. By the aid of his native helper, he is carrying on work at eight different stations, four of which are neighboring cities, and four villages. The most promising is the city of his residence, Tai-Chow. Preparations are being made for the erection of a new chapel, which the growth of the work very much demands. We rejoice with him in the prospect of his having a more cheery and commodious place in which to continue his work. He tells me of three temples that have been converted into places for preaching the gospel. These were not public temples, but the property of individuals who, on becoming converted from heathenism, gave them to the mission for chapels. This certainly shows the power of the gospel to turn men from darkness to light, from the service of the false to the service of the true God. Such instances strengthen our faith, and nerve us to the work.

where, thinking in this way to prevent them from getting a location in the city. But the reply of the missionaries was, "The land we have legally bought suits our purpose, and if the government wants it for its use, all there is to be done is for the government to furnish us with another piece, and we will exchange. Several days passed. Inquiries were made of the missionaries if they had secured another piece of ground. They answered no; that they had a piece of ground that suited their purpose, and if the government wanted it, another piece must be furnished them. After a little more delay, the mandarins sent word that they had a piece, and asked them to come and see it. They did so, and accepted the exchange at once, as it was more desirable than the first they had bought, being somewhat retired and yet within easy access of the busy part of the city. The officials evidently thought if they could not entirely dispose of them, they would put them off in a corner. This movement has also worked to the pleasure and comfort of the missionary.

Mr. Rudland's mission house, where I am now writing, is built upon this plot of ground. It is located in one of the most desirable parts of the whole city. The people now seem to be quiet and orderly, and much more civil than they are in our model city of Shanghai.

Near the close of our stay, a fire broke out, burning up a large medicine shop, the loss of which is roughly estimated to be ten thousand dollars. The fire was very bright, lighting up the whole city. As we had never been to a Chinese fire, we concluded to go and see how they managed. It seemed to us the most that was done was to look on. We did see one or two men on the walls with hooks, pulling down some of the timbers. The people of the adjacent houses were all moving out without any thought or hope of having their homes saved. After we had been on the street some time, the fire company came along. The head men were bearing lanterns and clearing the way; behind them were three or four men carrying a tub, in which was a small pump, something like a garden syringe, capable of throwing a stream of water about as large. Behind these came men carrying buckets of water, which was to be poured into the tub, and pumped out on to the fire. It would take more than ten times as long to pump it out as it did to pour it in. We were glad to learn that the city officials and merchants of the place are agitating the question of procuring a small fire engine. They have already had some talk with Mr. Rudland on the subject, and have asked him to aid them in the matter, which he is most willing to do. It was gratifying to note the confidence manifested by the citizens of the place in our friend Mr. Rudland. May he be permitted to labor on until many more are turned from heathenism to the worship of the true God.

Tai-Chow is noted for its beautiful mountain scenery. For the most part the weather, during our sojourn, was unfavorable to our visiting the places of note outside the city. The last Friday we were there, May 11th, was a pleasant day, and we all went to view the glories of nature on the Cloud Mountain, as it is called. The view we enjoyed of the city of Tai-Chow, with its wall, pagoda, and wide, winding river, with mountains towering up in every direction, and stretching away in the dim distance, with valleys here and there waving with ripening wheat and barley, all made a picture beyond our powers of description. The summit of this mountain is some three thousand feet above the city. We ascended to only about half its height to a point where a temple is located. There were over fifty priests, and the temple was being extensively repaired and enlarged. The mountains everywhere about here have indications of iron, and we were told of one place, not far away, where iron is found in a very pure state. It is washed down in the valley in little globules, where the Chinese gather it for making nails and rice pans, and farming utensils. The chief exports of this section of country are tea, oranges, Tang-Ma (a Chinese fruit), apricots, vegetables, tallow from the tallow tree, and, later years, the people have taken to the rearing of the silkworm for the manufacture of silk. Opium used to be one of the chief crops; but God has set his curse on the plant, so that now it is impossible to get much more than enough to pay expense of raising it. There is in this region a peculiar species of hemp. After it is sown, it may be cultivated for several years without re-sowing. It yields three crops a year, the first of which is of superior quality, and is used in the manufacture of cloth. The last crop is of a coarser quality, and used in the making of rope. I must not close without mentioning the manufacture of the wonderful flea-trap, for which Tai-Chow

seems to be noted. Which of the wise sages has the honor of invention I do not know. I expect if he was known to those who have enjoyed the benefits of his wisdom, they would be most happy to do him honor. I venture to say, in this instance, John Chinaman, in a rude way, has done what American genius has never yet done. I will not attempt to describe it to you. I am very sure you would not be likely to guess its real construction.

We expected to take our departure from this place May 10th, but owing to my having a chill the day before, and the arrival of Mr. Williamson, and the earnest entreaties of our host and hostess, we decided to remain over another Sabbath and Sunday, leaving on Monday, May 14th. Although the weather, excepting the last few days, has been very unpleasant, we have enjoyed our stay very much. We expect to return in company with Mr. Williamson to his home, Wong-Who. There Mr. Dalziel and I will separate, he returning to Shanghai, and I going on to Dan-Lau-San, from which place I may write you again. I have written this just as I could find a little time between engagements, knowing, if I deferred it until I arrived home, I should find no time to write. So you will accept it for what it is worth. If you publish it, you may condense or reject as you think best. I was told not to come back home in two months, so I shall have still a little over one month to be away.

Ever praying for your health and the prosperity of our beloved Zion,

I am fraternally yours,
DAVID H. DAVIS.

NOTES FROM THE LONDON MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

MR. T. A. DENNY remarked that it would take eighty-four years to place a copy of the Scriptures in the hands of every person in the world at the rate at which the Bible is being circulated to day.

PASTOR AGAR said he was grieved to find a number of young people in England charmed with Buddhism, but it was no religion at all, for it said there was no God. It abhorred women. The great god of India was a goddess, and she was a blood-thirsty goddess, but fifty millions of people worshipped her.

Rev. C. H. RAPPAHD, of Basle, said that at the Conference was represented the church of Philadelphia, or "brotherly love," to which was given the promise of the "open door" to the heathen. He had been taught at school that England was "the country of the Bible." And he believed it, having seen that it was so.

DR. PHILIP SCHAEFF said Americans were at home in England. The dust of their ancestors was in English churchyards. Their laws, institutions, and Bibles were the same, and by these two nations working together the world would be converted. From that meeting would go forth a new inspiration for that gigantic work, till the time should come when all missionary societies should be one great phalanx to plant the banner of the cross on every heathen temple, on every Mohammedan mosque, and on every Jewish synagogue.

PASTOR BOEGNER, of Paris, said what he had seen of English hospitality, of which he had often heard, had gone beyond his expectations. The position of the French Protestant missions was different from that of other countries; for they had only a small minority of the nation behind them; which minority had had to fight for three centuries for its existence. No wonder they were misunderstood, and sometimes told that their first care should be to look after their own existence. If they felt isolated as a French mission they did not feel lonely as a Protestant mission.

SOME interesting particulars in reference to Fiji were given by Rev. James Calvert, one of the original pioneer missionaries to Fiji. He described the degraded condition of the natives when that mission was commenced, showing how they were given up to cannibalism, infanticide, the burying of sick persons before death, polygamy, and other evils. Fifty years ago their condition was brought under the notice of the people of England, especially Wesleyan Methodists; work was begun and vigorously carried on by them and other societies, and now, although there are only nine white missionaries, there are 3,005 native preachers, many of them ordained, including 1,119 local preachers; there are 1,268 chapels and other preaching places, 28 English church members, 27,097 fully-accredited native church members, 4,264 on trial for membership, 3,480 classes, 40,718 children, in 175 schools, under 2,528 teachers, in connection with the Wesleyan mission alone. Other societies can show similar results. Fifty years ago a native could not be found who was not a heathen; now there is not an avowed heathen left. Idolatry has for some time past been wholly extinct. Though poor, the people are most liberal in their contributions for carrying on their own work, and the islands of the Fijian group afford a striking example of what can be done, and will be done, by missions under the providence of God.

DR. MURRAY MITCHELL, speaking on Parseeism, or Zoroastrianism, said it was one of the great religions of the ancient world spreading all over Persia and India. The Jews and the Persians had close relations. The sacred book of Parseeism was about the size of the Bible, and it was looked upon as the best of the heathen religious systems. It ascribed no moral power to the object of worship, and it sanctioned no image-worship. The Parsee must contend for the truth. Polygamy was forbidden, and the family was honored. How did the Parsees attain to these principles? Its founder, he believed, fell back on the remains of the patriarchal system. Compared with the Bible, the Zendavesta was very prosaic; it contained no poetry or history. It contained vestiges of conflicting thoughts. Its monotheism was very defective, and there was no conception of the fatherhood, or love of God, or of the brotherhood of man. Its dualism was very strong, and it represented the two deities as being antagonistic. The whole of the creation might be worshipped by the creature. There was a magical formula, and by its potency the good principle was supposed to crush the evil principle. But there was no idea of expiation, or atonement, or of the manifestation of the deity. There was no idea of holiness, or conception of the deadness of the soul. It was a well-meaning, commonplace book. It had nothing elevating. Its founder was unknown. Zoroastrianism was only a rush-light to the light of Christ.

REV. H. WEBB PELOE, M. A., said it was not sufficient to stir men with enthusiasm, but each must apprehend clearly what the Lord would have him to do. At the first, the church, as a whole, was scattered abroad, and went everywhere preaching the gospel, and they were men and women. Christ gave to them all one great commission. It was the same now; they met that night under one great responsibility, and responsibility meant capacity for the fulfillment of obligation. The Holy Ghost was given to each individual, to enable him to fulfill what God would have him do. He thought they had yet to learn what God could do with one wholly consecrated man. He took from across the water, as an illustration, their brother Moody, and though there might not be many Moody's, each man had his peculiar gift, and the ear might not say to the eye, "I have no need of thee." Even the great Head, Christ Jesus, might not say to the foot, "I have no need of you." They were waiting, not for mere combinations or attempts to bind the church together with a sense of apparent unity, but for a personal realization of the unbounded honor conferred upon them in being called to go out and do each his own part. How could they wonder that the heathen were skeptical when here was this gospel given for the whole of the nations, and yet it had made so little way? And when they looked out and saw what God had done by individual men, they had proof that it was the power of God to salvation when it was preached by men who were quickened and inspired. He believed there were some new methods which might well be adopted. They might send out men and women not trained at the universities—mechanics, carpenters, seamstresses and other Christian workers. He did not lean so much upon mere methods; but he looked forward to men and women going forth personally consecrated to God, filled with the Holy Ghost, and realizing their vital union with Christ Jesus. These alone would win the world.

DR. GEO. E. POST, one of the professors at the Medical College in Beirut, invited us to see the Christmas festival held there for the benefit of the patients. A Christmas tree, with the patients grouped around it, and surrounded by spectators of various nationalities, was described, and some of the patients were individually considered. One of these was a little Jewish boy; another was a venerable Mohammedan, a lineal descendant of the great Saladin; a third, a veiled woman with a babe, a Druse, whose hands had been burned and amputated, and whose husband had then divorced her; a fourth, a man with a long beard and a turban, a bigoted Mohammedan, who had charge of the sacred, patriarchal tomb of Machelap at Hebron, and who had been cured of blindness; a fifth, a turbaned man in a blue robe, an Armenian priest, who believes his church was pre-apostolic and founded by Christ himself; a sixth, a Bedouin from Palmyra, who had been shot and been unskillfully treated by the thrusting of rag after rag through the bullet hole, and who had been successfully operated on in the Beirut Hospital; a seventh, a woman who had been struck over the heart by her husband, so that diseased bone and cartilage had had to be removed, and the speaker, as operator, had for the first time gazed into a woman's heart; and others from various parts of Syria. To all of these presents from the Christmas tree were given, and the message of the gospel of Christ was preached.

The gospel was not "let down," yet the susceptibilities of the hearers were not unnecessarily offended by references to "the false prophet," etc. The doctor tells these Mohammedans of Abraham, from whom they profess to be descended; and declares that it is for the love of Christ that the hospital has been built, and the doctors and sisters have left their homes to look after the sick there. Dr. Post further described his useful visit to a city when it was troubled by the double plague of cholera and of discord among the Christians. He treated the disease and he healed the discord.

Sabbath Rest

"Remember the Sabbath-day, six days shalt thou labor, and do the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

BUCK'S THEOLOGICAL DICTIONARY

Sabbath, in the Hebrew language, is the seventh day appointed for religious total cessation from work, in commemoration of God's resting on the seventh day of the creation of the world (Gen. 2:2-3). It is also called the Sabbath of the Lord (Lev. 16:31). Concerning the time when it was first instituted there have been various opinions. Some have maintained that it was instituted in Gen. 2, is only there spoken of; and is to be understood afterward enjoined in the law (Ex. 16:26-27), that the historian, writing of the Sabbath, gives the reason; and this is supposed to be never mentioned during the time of the Israelites in bondage. But against this sentiment, that it cannot be easily inspired penman would have sanctification of the Sabbath as a primeval transaction, if it had not taken place until after the fall of man. That, considered, restored to favor through religious service instituted required to observe in testimony of his dependence on the Creator, his faith and hope in the reasonable that an institution solemn, and so necessary should be then existent. proof against its existence mentioned in the partial than it is against its existence at the end of David's reign (1 Chron. 23:3). That the Sabbath as a well known solemnity of the law, Ex. 16:26-27, in which the Jewish people were to observe the Sabbath, the consequences of neglecting to do so were set forth (Ex. 31:14-17, Neh. 13:16-18, Jer. 17:19-22, Numb. 15:32-36).

RUSSIAN SABBATH

There has just appeared a work on the "Russian Agrarian Condition, Society," by Stepiak, (St. Petersburg Square, 1888). The name it appears that the "barbers," as they were called, arose in A. D. 11 were a Dean named Nik Karp, a barber, for "so goltik," seems to indicate a brief existence, for the one them and threw them into gorod, whether they had expelled from Pakov. A hundred years later, the rationalistic sect flourished in Novgorod. They were led by named Shkary or Zechar seemed to have gained civil authority, at least Stepiak says, "There many popular sects of the batarians, which in some reproduces the doctrines of the sects. It would, however, be hard to suppose them mysterious links of which only existed three before. The Epistles, so many unmistakable pieces of some of the founders that they offer a perfect explanation of the spon of Judaizing sects in Russia.

Of the continuity of our author says of the hobory sects, that they about 200,000. They divided into Sabbatarian Molokans. They they hold their meeting. "I had much difficulty, "in overcoming the resistance of these sects. At last I was common friend, to a fisherman by trade. I good authority, the learned of all the congregations of the Scriptures, especially almost by heart. He classical history, and dates from memory a 'crack' pupil before. "He explained that he had accepted the whole of the inspired... They their day of prayer; prohibited by Moses; to the dignity of God, of divinity."

"The rites and prophecies of Russia were... On Saturdays the houses of prayer, the teachers deliver a sermon, and are interrupted from time to time by the songs of the congregations. These meetings, and also, as a rule, to the sect. The orthodox conversion and had... version of the... are

FURRAY MITCHELL, speaking on Par... Zoroastrianism, said it was one of... religions of the ancient world...

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gospel was not "let down," yet the... abilities of the hearers were not...

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."

BUCK'S THEOLOGICAL DICTIONARY ON THE SABBATH.

Sabbath, in the Hebrew language, signifies... rest, and is the seventh day of the week, a day appointed for religious duties...

Concerning the time when the Sabbath was first instituted there have been different opinions. Some have maintained that the sanctification of the seventh day mentioned in Gen. 2, is only there spoken by anticipation...

RUSSIAN SABBATARIANS.

There has just appeared a remarkable work on the "Russian Peasantry, their Agrarian Condition, Social Life, and Religion," by Stepiak, (Swan Sonnenschein, Paternoster Square, 1888).

A hundred years later, 1470-80, an heretical rationalistic sect of much wider influence arose in Novgorod, called "Judaizers." They were led "by a Jewish scholar named Skhary or Zochariah."

Of the continuity of this so-called heresy our author says of the Molokans and Dukhoborz sects, that they numbered in 1845 about 200,000. The Molokans are subdivided into Sabbatarian and Non-Sabbatarian Molokans.

"I had much difficulty," says N. Kostomarov, "in overcoming the excessive diffidence of these sectarians toward every stranger. At last I was introduced, by a common friend, to a Sabbatarian teacher, a fisherman by trade."

this. A lady friend of mine, a Socialist, who lived among the Molokans peasantry for the sake of propaganda, was once invited by her hostess, a Sabbatarian, to one of their secret meetings...

There is a Sabbatarian colony in the Caucasus, deported there in the time of Nicholas I. Among them is a curious sect called Herzs, who are more Judaized than the others; but only one-fifth of the body of the Sabbatarians are thus inclined.

Molokans means Milk eaters, because they use milk freely on fast-days. "By twisting the expression of St. Paul's about the 'milk' of Christian love, they made the name to square with their views."

Education.

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

EDWARD THRING.

From an article in the September Century on Edward Thring's famous grammar-school at Uppingham, England, we quote the following:

"In the autumn of 1875 an outbreak of fever took place in the town and the school, and some boys died. The school was broken up, and orders were given to make the sanitary arrangements of every portion of the school premises as perfect as possible, without regard to expense."

Already it had begun to 'rain' telegrams from anxious parents. It was plain that in a few days the houses might be empty, the large staff of teachers left without employment or means of support, and the grand results of twenty-five years of toil swept away at once.

The trustees of Miami University at Oxford, O., have elected Ethelbert D. Warfield of Lexington, Ky., President of the University.

The total number of theological students in the Congregational seminaries for the first time exceeds 400, rising to 420, of whom 92 are seniors, 101 middle, 114 juniors, and 115 special. They are distributed thus: Pacific 12, Bangor 34, Hartford 37, Andover 38, Oberlin 85, Yale 101, and Chicago 113.

The American and English methods of education are so utterly different that our young people are always attracted by descriptions of the school life of their cousins across the water. Rugby, Eton, and Winchester are all invested with a charm to Yankee boys, who, after reading "Tom Brown's School Days," have an idea that the highest ideal of boy life is attained at one of the great English schools.

system. Some of the harsh and practical methods of the schools, as they used to be, are described in a recent number of Murray's Magazine, by Mr. R. J. Mackenzie.

"At Winchester, all washing was performed in the open air at a place called Moab. It consisted merely of half a dozen taps, which stuck out of the wall of the quadrangle, and in frosty weather it was the duty of one of the juniors to thaw with a candle the ice that had gathered upon them."

"Nothing, however, can show better the beggarliness of the general arrangements in the public schools at that time than a Westminster story of a son of the great Lord Mansfield. The boy was ill, and Lady Mansfield came down to the school to see him. She found him in the sick room seated upon a wooden chair, which was the only piece of furniture in the room, with the exception of the coal-scuttle."

THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.

The present dean of the faculty of theology in the University of Berlin is Professor Pfeiderer, who holds the position for the third time. He is 49 years of age, and has been professor at the University since 1875, previous to which he held a chair at Jena.

CLIPPINGS.

Mrs. Bishop Warren gives \$100,000 to endow a theological school in connection with Denver University.

The trustees of Miami University at Oxford, O., have elected Ethelbert D. Warfield of Lexington, Ky., President of the University.

Baron Albert Rotchschild has expended \$40,000 in the purchase and setting up of the largest mirror telescope that has been constructed at Paris for the Vienna observatory.

The total number of theological students in the Congregational seminaries for the first time exceeds 400, rising to 420, of whom 92 are seniors, 101 middle, 114 juniors, and 115 special.

Dr. F. H. Kerfoot, of the Louisville Seminary, recently said at a Virginia Association: "Do you know that there are horse colleges in Kentucky with more capital behind them than our colleges and seminaries have?"

PRESIDENT DAVIS, of the University of California, has proposed that the various denominations of the state should each establish a home at the University for the students of their faith, and thus look after their social and religious interests.

IN SOME of the French common schools the second year's studies comprise gardening, fruit-growing, vegetable-growing, flower-growing for the cultivation of flowers for ornament and for making perfumes.

Temperance.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."

"At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

THE LIQUOR-DEALER'S CREED.

We clip from a recent Buffalo paper the following resolutions, adopted by the Liquor-Dealers' Association of the State of New York, which speak for themselves.

The Wine, Liquor and Beer Dealers' Association of the state of New York, in convention assembled in Buffalo, September 4, 1888, endorses the policy of regulation and condemns the policy of prohibition, general or local.

Resolved, That we are opposed to that attempt to regulate which seeks by high license to discriminate between the rich and poor or against one locality.

Resolved, That we are willing to pay a reasonable license that yields such revenue to the state as our industry can bear with justice to them engaged in it, but are opposed to the effort to grind such enormous sums from one branch of business as will drive responsible men from the trade and destroy our prosperity.

Resolved, That the character and conduct as exhibited in the practical management of the liquor business and as determined by proof in court is the only just test of redistribution.

Resolved, That we favor a law which disqualifies from receiving license in our state all persons who have been convicted of felony or have been confined in any state prison or penitentiary.

Resolved, That we favor a license for six working days authorizing the sale of liquor from 5 o'clock A. M. to 1 o'clock A. M. as may be fixed by the local authorities, which shall be granted to all persons not disqualified by the preceding restrictions, not exceeding the present rate.

Resolved, That all regulations of the traffic for hours other than above stated be left to each locality and that each locality recommend such regulations of night and Sunday business as the necessities of the place demand and public sentiment will sustain and endorse.

Resolved, That we condemn the civil damage act as it now stands on the statute books of this state, as in its present form it is the ground-work for blackmail by irresponsible and unscrupulous persons.

Resolved, That while we hold that protection to our business and property against unjust legislation is higher than party allegiance and appeal to our fellow-citizens, irrespective of party, for fair treatment, we are distrustful of the Republican party, notwithstanding the assurance it has so frequently given that our business will not be seriously disturbed.

Resolved, That we call upon all friendly associations in the state to act with us in bringing before the commission for the revision of the excise laws the views and wishes of our united interests.

Resolved, That we appeal to every dealer in our state to rigidly observe all laws, and to so conduct his business as to give the least offense to good order and good morals.

WILLIE'S LESSON.

"I think our folks are the meanest folks in the world," said little Willie True, angrily; "they never take me anywhere."

Sallie, the maid-of-all-work, who was cleaning off the table, heard him and said reproachfully, "You're a naughty, ungrateful boy to talk so about your father and mother. I wish you knew some mean folks!"

"Don't you call folks who go off driving, an' have good times, an' leave little boys home mean folks?" asked Willie.

"No, I don't," Sallie replied. "Little boys ought to do as their mothers want 'em to. I'm goin' to see some mean folks after the dishes are washed. Want to go along?"

An hour later Willie stood in a little, low room, barren of every comfort. In a corner a man lay asleep on the floor, and on an old couch a woman was sleeping. But Willie's attention was taken up by the third occupant of the room—a little boy no larger than himself, who sat bolted up in a little bed drawn up close to the window. He was thin and pale, and Willie's heart was touched with the weary look on the little face. Sallie knelt down by the bedside, put her arm around the little lad and hid her face in the ragged quilt. When she lifted it, it was wet with tears. Then she found some water, washed the child's face and hands, brushed his thin hair, put a bag in his hand, kissed him, and then, taking Willie by the hand, went out, looking very sad.

"What's the matter with the little boy? what's his name? where are the mean folks?" Willie asked, without pausing to take breath; and Sallie answered:

"The little boy has spinal trouble; he can't walk a step. His name is Dennis Mahone; he's my own sister's child—bad luck to her!—an' the mean folks be my own sister an' her good-for-nothin' husband, a drinkin' up every cent they earn, an' neglectin' that blessed child. It's drunk they be this blessed minute, the haythens! What would you do, Master Willie, if you had such mean folks to live with?"

Willie said nothing; he was too ashamed to speak—to think he had called his kind, good parents, who almost overwhelmed him with kindness, mean! And to show that he was really sorry for his ingratitude, I must tell you what followed.

"I'm so glad I don't have to live with mean folks, an' so sorry poor little Dennis does!" he said, and his actions proved that his pity was genuine. Picture-books and toys, fruit and flowers, passed from Willie to Dennis, and proved a rift in the dark clouds through which the latter caught glimpses of sunshine.

Two years have rolled on. Dennis is still in bed, but his face is no longer weary and sad. He is in a pleasant room now, and the scent of sweet flowers comes to him through the open window. His father is out at work, sober and busy, and his mother is singing at her work.

"I'm so glad I took Willie over to me sister's that day!" Sallie said to herself in Mrs. True's kitchen. "He learned a lesson that's done him good, an' me good, an' Dennis good, an' me sister, an'—an' everybody."—Earnest Gilmore, in the Morning Star.

A TEMPERANCE MARTYR.

Washington has added another to the catalogue of martyrs in the cause of temperance. Capt. S. S. Blackford, a one-armed Union soldier, who for many years was captain of the capitol police, has been for several years engaged in fighting the saloons in the District of Columbia. He commenced his work when his oldest son was murdered in a saloon while under the influence of liquor, and has kept it up incessantly until he died to-day with his armor on. It is the practice in the District of Columbia to refuse a license to a saloon unless a majority of the property-owners on both sides of the street for four blocks sign a petition for such license. A saloon-keeper, whose case was considered to-day, got a majority of one; and Capt. Blackford, who protested against granting the license, said that if the commissioners would give him a little time he would persuade some of those who had signed the petition to reconsider and keep the saloon off the street. The commissioners gave him until 11 o'clock this morning to accomplish this. At 11.10 they granted the license to the saloon-keeper. Half an hour after this act was done, the news came to the district office that Capt. Blackford had fallen dead upon the street. In his pocket was an affidavit from one of the property-holders setting forth that he had signed the petition for the saloon under a misapprehension, and desired his name to be stricken off. In order to reach the office of the district commissioners before 11 o'clock, Capt. Blackford ran nearly a mile, burst a blood vessel, and fell dead in the street. The commissioners have no power to revoke a license except upon complaint of the police that the saloon for which it is granted is a "disorderly place, but they will refer this matter to their attorney and see what can be done about it."—Daily News.

ITEMS.

Germany is the largest drink-trader with Africa, sending there more than 7,000,000 gallons annually.

The sale of liquor has been prohibited on the property owned by the Northern Pacific Railroad by order of its President, Robert Harris.

Five million persons have joined the Good Templars since that organization was started. As a result of their work, 200,000 of the drunkards converted have kept the pledge.

A bushel of corn makes four gallons of whisky. It sells for \$16 at retail. The Government gets \$3 60, the farmer 40 cents, the railroad \$1, the manufacturer \$4, the vender \$7, and the drinker all that is left—delirium tremens.

Directors of the London and North-western Railway have shown their appreciation of the movement by establishing temperance houses at many stations along their line for the accommodation of their employees. These taverns have been successful from a financial as well as a social and moral point of view.

"See the capitalists riding along in their fine carriages," yelled a socialist speaker at a meeting in a Chicago suburb the other evening. "Where, I ask you, are our carriages?" "S'loon keeper's driving mine around," responded a red nose reformer of society, with deep dejection; and the orator changed the subject.

A curious feature of the liquor law in Atlanta is the black list. When a man appears before the city recorder on a charge of drunkenness for the second time, and is convicted, he is blacklisted and his name is furnished to all the liquor-dealers who, under a penalty of \$500 fine, are forbidden to sell him liquor under one year.

A moderate drinker became very angry with a friend who argued that safety was only to be found in total abstinence. "What, sir," said he, "do you think that I have lost control over myself?" "I do not know," was the reply; "but let us put it to the proof. For the next six months do not touch a drop." The proposal was accepted. He kept to his promise, and at the close of the month he said to his friend, with tears in his eyes, "I believe you have saved me from a drunkard's grave. I never knew before that I was in any sense a slave to drink, but during the last month I have fought the fiercest battle of my life. Had the test been tried later on it might have been too late. I mean to keep the pledge for life."

The Sabbath Recorder

Alfred Centre, N. Y., Fifth-day, Sept. 27, 1888.

REV. L. A. PLATTS, D. D., Editor. REV. E. P. SAUNDERS, Business Manager. REV. A. E. MAIN, D. D., Ashaway, R. I., Missionary Editor.

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Who fathoms the eternal thought? Who talks of science and plan? The Lord is God! He needeth not The poor device of man.

A PRIVATE LETTER from Brother Lawrence, of Charlemont, Mass., informs us that he has declined it best to resign his work in that place, and take up his residence among our people at Berlin, N. Y., which he will do at once.

LAST week we spoke of the affliction of Brother D. H. Davis and wife, of Shanghai, in the loss of one of the twins. Later information has been received that the other child has been so ill that little hopes of his recovery were entertained.

WE sometimes hear men speak of little sins, as though any sin could be a small thing. We know of no such distinction in Scripture or in reason.

THE remark of Benjamin Harrison, in his letter accepting the nomination for the presidency, that it is not always the length of a step which gives it significance, so much as the direction of it, is capable of a very wide application and ought to be treasured up as a safe maxim to follow.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

We clip the following from a recent issue of the Harrisburg Chronicle. According to previous announcement, the golden wedding of Eld. M. B. and Nancy Kelly was celebrated on the 9th of August.

OUR BOOKS.

For a number of years we have been talking, at our public meetings and other places, of the need of a denominational literature, especially of something that would teach our own people more about the doctrines which we hold which distinguish us from other people, and that would be a valuable addition to the literature of the church generally upon those subjects.

Whatever may be true in other departments of literature of a denominational character, it can no longer be said that we are without a permanent literature on the Sabbath question. The three volumes by Dr. Lewis on various historical phases of the subject are quite a library in themselves.

The first volume of Dr. Lewis's series has passed through one edition, and the second edition is now out. Its exact title is "Biblical Teachings Concerning the Sabbath and the Sunday. It makes a careful survey of the field of Biblical argument, pro and con.

The second volume of this series is a much thicker volume than the first, containing 583 pages. It is a History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church from the days of Christ and the apostles to the present time, showing the theories and practices of the whole Christian Church respecting these days for the entire period of the Christian era down to date.

The third volume is a history of Sunday legislation from the first Sunday edict of Constantine, in 321 A. D., to the various legal phases of the movement in 1888. The Sunday laws of the various states and of the United States are given, with a history of their origin, amendments, various modifications, etc.

As this last volume in the series by Dr. Lewis enters a new field, so the Sabbath Commentary, by Rev. James Bailey, is a new and unique treatise. It proposes to give a fair and scholarly interpretation of every passage of scripture having any bearing, directly or more remotely, on the subject of the Sabbath, from Genesis to Revelation.

Now that we have these books printed, bound and ready to be distributed, what shall be done with them? Evidently it will not suit the purpose of the Society which has published them to let them lie on the shelves of its depository.

YOM KIPPUR.

When the Lord was about to deliver Israel from Egyptian bondage, which took place in the month Nisan, he said to Moses, "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year unto you."

This order appears to have remained substantially unchanged until the time of the captivity, some eight hundred or nine hundred years later, when, for a time, everything was broken up.

When the remnant returned from the captivity, in the time of Ezra, they resumed the worship of God, on the first day of the seventh month, Tishri. From this circumstance the Hebrews appear to have reckoned the new year from Tishri instead of Nisan, as formerly. See Ez. 3: 1, 6.

Among modern Jews the feasts observed are: The Passover, on the 15th of Nisan, the Feast of Trumpets, on the first of Tishri; now new year's day, and Yom Kippur (the Day of Atonement), on the tenth of Tishri. As the Jewish months begin with the new moon, the first of any month will fall upon different days of our months in different years.

The Standard says:

The Day of Atonement, as the emblem of a religious principle, embodies the grandest principle religion can express. The foundation of all religions is a determination of the relations between God and man, from which are deducted the relations between man and man.

teaches that our Father in Heaven is ever ready to forgive our sins, if we approach him with a contrite heart and repentant mind. Judaism does not admit of a middle or mediator between God and man, nor of a vicarious sacrifice.

But this indulgence refers to sins between man and his Maker, sins that affect not the interests of the fellow-man, that have no bearing upon man's position in the social community. For such transgressions Judaism has only one mode of atonement—reparation, indemnification and restitution.

The practice of abstaining, on that day, from food or other carnal enjoyment, is in perfect keeping with the idea underlying the Day of Atonement. The attainment of the highest virtue depends upon the control of the mind over the body, and that day should be given wholly to God, and no desire of the quivering flesh gratified.

Communications.

DEACON DANIEL S. REMINGTON.

DANIEL S. REMINGTON was born in Rhode Island, October 7, 1801. When a boy he came into Yates county, New York, where he lived until about eighteen years of age.

He was married to Miss Eliza Eaton in early life, the exact date we cannot give, but they were the first couple married in the present town of Independence. They had seven children, three of whom are now living, namely: Jerome Remington, of Campbell, N. Y.; Oscar Remington, of Alfred Centre, N. Y., and Delos Remington, of Andover, N. Y.

Under the labors of elder Stillman Ooon, or Walter B. Gillette, or both, he was converted and very soon after, he with Slocum Livermore, was ordained a deacon in the Independence Seventh-day Baptist Church. This was in or about the year 1835 or 1836.

Deacon Remington was a strong man physically, never being sick enough to call it sickness. He said he hardly knew what pain was until his last and fatal illness.

He was a quiet man in many respects, making no ado over his hope and trust. He often felt that his life was not one of the great, active lives of the world, nor in the church, and yet his interest in public and religious matters was no small interest.

Funeral services were held at the Independence church, the pastor conducting the services, assisted by Elder G. H. F. Randolph. The sermon was preached from Rev. 22: 3. "And his servants shall serve him,"

suggesting the employments of God's people in heaven, a favorite theme with the deacon and the last topic of conversation between him and his pastor.

O'er the distant mountains breaking, Comes the reddening dawn of day; Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking, Rise, and sing and watch and pray; 'Tis thy Saviour, On his bright, returning way.

THE READINESS OF THE HARVEST.

TEXT.—Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white, already to harvest. John 4: 35.

There is a time for sowing and a time for gathering the harvest. The one is preparatory for the other. The harvest could never come without the timely sowing, and this sowing is a labor of patient, faithful toil and sacrifice.

But when the harvest is ready there can be no more waiting; it must be gathered at once, or it is lost forever, and all the work of preparation goes unrewarded. This was the beautiful lesson of our Lord's words to his few disciples.

Then we may turn with grateful hearts to the waiting harvest and behold our work spread out before us. The grand object of the divine plan of redemption is to bring fallen man to God, in spirit and truth. For the achievement of this divine purpose God has employed human agency, a chosen people, instructed and trained through protracted and severe discipline.

OPENING FIELDS.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder: I send you with this communication an article from Bro. Carman, which we carefully read, with a marvelling interest, and we are glad to call special attention to it, as a timely and interesting field.

With these preliminary considerations we turn to the initiatory act of establishing a peculiar nation for this great divine plan. The Lord said unto Abram, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee, and I will make thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing, and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee, and in thee shall the families of the earth be blessed."

First a single family led into a strange land and from this driven out by famine into Egypt, and back again into Canaan with large flocks, to be tried and taught lessons of brotherhood and trusting obedience to God. Follow his posterity into that long Egyptian bondage, where they were taught to expect a grand deliverance; then follow them to the wilderness life, where they received the oracles of the kingdom of God and that wonderful system of sacrificial worship, so typical of the plan of redemption in Christ.

While our missionary in both reform work are made at home and abroad, the nations, the labor for the world, the crying people, the shock of the oncoming ages. The contrast between the condition of wilderness life and

that of Canaan was quite as great as that of Egypt and that of the world was a new life with new and a ditions of nationality. As the of God's revelation to the world, hah nation must be brought into contact with the warlike and mingle and intermingle, and to preserve a clear and radical Israel's God must be manifest in character and power in the sha with all the false gods of other faith and piety of the true Israel only be tested and strengthened severe discipline, but it must be clear comparison with the faith the idolatrous world. For the pose the theocratic government nately organized and rigidly exship, first of judges, then of k councils, invested with authori unlimited power, taught obedi loyalty, a characteristic of the nation could outlive the storm as the Jews have done. Even and apostasies were overruled as to impress the great les revelation, captivity for sin a through redemption. It is the providential hand of the was repeatedly stretched out ance of his people from famin wilderness and captivity, and one condition of faith in his trust in his appointed leaders. world lessons were thus sta very life of the Jewish nat revealed to the world. God kings and his is a righteous government is founded in just So deep is this truth engraven life of Israel that it became theme of the inspired poet and Go and study, never so thou forms of purification and sac listen to the prayer for deliver will begin to understand ho God, through all those long o means of all those hard vicissit life, was preparing Israel to receive the world's redemption. The nation is itself a won nations of the earth. Other n and live out their life in a years, but the Jewish nation ing over the earth for thousa to-day is established in ever-emporium of the globe. Ever reminder of God's ancient revelations.

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THE READINESS OF THE HARVEST.

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When the harvest is ready there can... be waiting; it must be gathered at... it is lost forever, and all the work... of sowing goes unrewarded. This was... a faithful lesson of our Lord's words to... disciples. We shall have a clearer... and a deeper interest in it if we... riously what it has cost to make it... the great planting of divine life in... rid.

As we may turn with grateful hearts to... the harvest and behold our work... out before us. The grand object of... the plan of redemption is to bring... man to God, in spirit and truth. For... the achievement of this divine purpose... God employed human agency, a chosen... instructed and trained through... and severe discipline. He has made... in history itself. A long line of... ed events have made up the history... s chosen people, preparing them and... them through successive stages to... and purer conceptions of himself and... plan of redeeming the world. God... revealed himself to humanity in... in which man participated. Thus his... e, his wisdom and power to help just... and where most needed, was very... revealed. To properly understand... of God's revelation, one must... nstantly in mind its object, viz: to... an and save blinded and lost men... must be a revelation of sin in its... ty before the full power of salvation... tely realized. In the light of this... le we can better understand why it... cessary to separate a family and people... ing them into contrast with all the... of the earth. Not only could such... be directly trained and educated in... and devotion to the true God, but... ould become the agency of conveying... knowledge of God to the surrounding... of the earth.

These preliminary considerations we... the initiatory act of establishing a... rd nation for this great divine plan... rd said unto Abram, "Get thee out... country, and from thy kindred, and... thy father's house, unto a land that I... ow thee, and I will make thee a great... and I will bless thee and make thee... great, and thou shalt be a blessing, and... bless them that bless thee, and curse... at curse thee, and in thee shall the... s of the earth be blessed." Here was... ception and birth of the most remark... tion that ever had a name. In this... Take the chariot of history and... your way down the course of time for... ousand years and observe the hand... of God with that class of people... single family led into a strange land... om this driven out by famine into... and back again into Canaan with... locks, to be tried and taught lessons... theoband and trusting obedience to... Follow his posterity into the long... an bondage, where they were taught... set a grand deliverance; then follow... to the wilderness life, where they... ed the oracles of the kingdom of God... wonderful system of sacrificial... so typical of the plan of redemption... st. They have come to be a great... and now are led into the long promised... cities and hostile nations where they... rrrn to maintain existence amid the... fortunes of war. Very likely it was a... providence to them, but in the light... age it is very clear that such is a... ising, unifying force in which man... eed necessary to prepare the great... he had spent their lives in the free... of the wilderness for their... of nations, and... of the coming age.

that of Canaan was quite as great as between that of Egypt and that of the wilderness. It was a new life with new and advanced conditions of nationality. As the conservator of God's revelation to the world, the Israelitish nation must be brought into the sharpest contact with the warlike nations, must mingle and intermingle, and yet be taught to preserve a clear and radical distinction. Israel's God must be manifest in his personal character and power in the sharpest contrast with all the false gods of other nations. The faith and piety of the true Israel must not only be tested and strengthened by the most severe discipline, but it must be brought into clear comparison with the faith and piety of the idolatrous world. For this divine purpose the theocratic government is very definitely organized and rigidly executed. Rulership, first of judges, then of kings and high councils, invested with authority and almost unlimited power, taught obedience and strict loyalty, a characteristic without which no nation could outlive the storms of the ages as the Jews have done. Even the rebellions and apostasies were overruled in such a way as to impress the great lesson of divine revelation, captivity for sin and deliverance through redemption. It is wonderful how the providential hand of the mighty God was repeatedly stretched out in the deliverance of his people from famine, slavery, the wilderness and captivity, and always on the one condition of faith in his promises and trust in his appointed leaders. These great world lessons were thus stamped into the very life of the Jewish nation, and thus revealed to the world. God is the King of kings and his is a righteous kingdom. His government is founded in justice and mercy. So deep is this truth engraven in the thought-life of Israel that it became the constant theme of the inspired poet and holy prophets. Go and study, never so thoughtfully, all the forms of purification and sacrificial worship, listen to the prayer for deliverance, and you will begin to understand how it was that God, through all those long centuries and by means of all those hard vicissitudes of national life, was preparing Israel to expect and to receive the world's redeemer, the Christ. The nation is itself a wonder among the nations of the earth. Other nations are born and live out their life in a few hundred years, but the Jewish nation has been spreading over the earth for thousands of years, and to-day is established in every market and emporium of the globe. Everywhere it is a reminder of God's ancient promises and revelations.

OPENING FIELDS.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder: I send you with this communication an article from Bro. Carman, which I hope will be carefully read, with a map to aid in locating the countries mentioned. It seems timely also to call special attention to this interesting field. Bro. Landow, our missionary to the Jews in Galicia, has but recently commenced his work, and that under somewhat discouraging circumstances, growing out of papal jealousy and opposition, when, from the kingdom and principalities adjacent to Galicia, the encouraging news comes to us of the existence of societies of Christian Sabbath-keepers who persistently advocate and observe the unbroken law of God. Had this news reached us two years ago it might have made very little impression on our minds. It would not have been thought within our reach, or scarcely a subject for further inquiry. But now, we have several Jewish converts to the Christian faith, from Galicia and Hungary who are intelligent and consistent members of our American Sabbath-keeping churches. These brethren by nationality and language are well qualified to aid in the work of extending the knowledge of the Redeemer's kingdom in that country. Through them we can learn more definitely the facts respecting the societies and peculiarities of doctrines of those mentioned in the article translated from the Hebrew paper, and perhaps will find them in harmony with us and our work. Bro. Lucky knows personally the editor of the *Haitri*, from which the accompanying article is translated, and will make inquiry at once concerning the Christians thus brought to light. In the meantime let us all ask God to show us the meaning of these newly opening fields so far as they are related to us. While our missionary interests and Sabbath-reform works are making greater demands at home and abroad among the Gentile nations, let us not forget to pray and labor for the return of God's chosen but erring people, respecting whom the prophet has said: "For they shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son." L. E. LIVERMAN.

RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR.

BY J. A. PLATTS.

On the morning of Thursday, Sep. 13th, New York City was startled by the report of a genuine case of yellow fever, resulting in the death of the famous English astronomer, Richard A. Proctor. Prof. Proctor arrived in the city on Monday, from his Oaklawn farm, in Florida, bearing a clean bill of health, given him when he left Florida. Passage had been engaged in the steamer Umbria, he intending to start for England on the 15th. Not feeling very well, he went immediately to his hotel, regarding it as nothing more serious than the results of his long journey, or a slight attack of malaria. The physicians summoned, however, knowing from whence he had just come, and fearing the dread disease, took all precautions possible and easily removed him to the Willard Parker Hospital, during the "remission." He bore the removal well, and seemed to be doing well, but Wednesday morning the dreaded relapse came, and during the day he showed unmistakable symptoms of the yellow fever. He died at 7.15 P. M. before it was widely known that he was ill, or even that he was in the city.

Professor Proctor was born in Chelsea, England, March 3, 1837. In his childhood he was very delicate and hence he was educated at home until the age of eleven. He early developed a remarkable fondness for reading, eagerly perusing every book with which he could possess himself. He attended school at Milton-on-the-Thames, until, after the death of his father, the family came into embarrassed circumstances, when he obtained a clerkship in the London Joint Stock Bank. While here he spent all his leisure time in the study of mathematics. When his mother succeeded to the estates of her husband's half brother, Richard, entered King's College, and soon stood at the head of all his classes.

After a year's study here, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1860. In the meantime his mother had died, which so depressed him, that he for a time abandoned all thoughts of scholastic distinction. For three years he gave himself to the study of history and literature, but on the death of his first-born, seeking distraction in more engrossing studies, he once more took up mathematics, and began to study astronomy. During this year he published an article on "Double Stars," and soon after commenced his investigations of Saturn, which resulted in the production of several works. In 1866, his fortune was lost in a time of financial panic, and thereafter he was dependent upon his pen for the support of his large family. He was elected a member of the Royal Astronomical Society, obtained a seat in its council, and was finally chosen one of its honorary secretaries.

He was an indefatigable worker and was producing his works in rapid succession. He came to America in 1873, delivering lectures in several of our leading cities. He stirred up a general interest in this fascinating study, and in 1875 came again for another extensive lecture tour. His first wife having died, in 1881 he married Miss Sallie D. Crowley, of St. Joseph, Mo., and made that city his home for some time.

A contemporary truthfully says of him, "He was bright and versatile, rather than profound and original. He did more to popularize the science of astronomy, than to enrich it by discoveries. He knew how to make science, in all its branches, attractive and interesting, because he connected it with the ordinary affairs and transactions of every-day life."

A CONGREGATION OF CHRISTIANS WHICH BECAME JEWS.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

Under the above heading an article appeared in the Galician Hebrew newspaper, *Haitri*, of August 10th, which greatly interested me, and I am sure it will be of much interest to those who read the Sabbath Recorder. I have, therefore, translated the article and hope you may find a place for it in your columns. Truly yours,

JAMES CARMAN.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Sept. 12, 1888.

It is notorious that in Hungary, and especially in Transylvania [an Austrian grand principality in the south-east of Hungary], there is a sect which rests on the Sabbath (Sabbatarians). The members of that sect are entire Christians, only, instead of resting on the first day, they keep the Sabbath to hallow it. But it is not generally known yet that in Ozod Ufal, Transylvania, there is a whole congregation which turned from their Nasarene [Christian] faith to that

of Moses and Israel. These people are peculiar in their manners. Twenty-one years ago they were yet Hungarian-Christian farmers in all particulars; and then they strode into the covenant of the Jewish faith with their wives and their children. This event occurred in 1867, when our Emperor was crowned king over Hungary, in Pesth, and Baron Etvas was Cultus Minister [a member of the cabinet which has charge over religious affairs]. The district judge, in his great perplexity, telegraphed to the Cultus Minister for a command as to what he should do with these "insane people." The answer came immediately, "Do all you can to prevent their design and to keep them back from their foolishness." But he lost all his trouble and they remained Hungarian-Jewish farmers; and because there is nothing known about them among the Jews, I think it will not be void of interest to state something about them. In their faith they are strictly orthodox. The locks of the corners of their heads and their beards they let grow and do not shave them. All the ceremonies and rites they observe as holy, and keep them thoroughly. Their wives wear wigs on their heads because they cut their hair on the day of their marriage. But in all other modes of living they appear as perfect peasant wives, and there is not a bit of difference between them and their neighboring Christian-farmer wives. Their children attend the public schools. They get religious instructions of their Shohat [the man who has the office of slaughtering cattle and fowls according to the Talmudic laws]. On all the Sabbath and holy days, and sometimes when there is no labor in the fields even on the week days, the whole congregation (forty families in numbers) assemble in their small synagogue, which bears the stamp of a real synagogue in all particulars. He that has charge of prayers wears perfect Jewish clothes, and the rest of the congregation farmer-holy-day clothes. They wrap themselves in the "Tulith," prayer robe and at the prayer on week days they put on phylacteries. Second days and fifth days, as on Sabbath and holy days the law is read and the people listen with devout and intense attention.

Besides this congregation there are to be seen in different parts of Hungary also Christians who keep the Sabbath, differing from other Christians only in this, that they call the Sabbath a delight instead of the First-day. These Sabbath-keepers live with the Jews in perfect harmony and love.

JUDAH LABINER.

LESSONS FROM AN EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.

In view of the proposed improvements in the Sabbath Recorder, and the questions that arise in regard to its price, management, etc., the following is suggestive, and ought to be read with consideration by all Seventh-day Baptists. J. B. C.

There are in Tennessee from 125,000 to 130,000 Baptists. J. M. Robertson, D. D., was encouraged to start a paper, the *Baptist Reflector*, and to put the price at \$1 50. His brethren all said: "Oh, if you put the price down everybody will take the paper; the papers are all too high." So he entered on the work, with the result stated in his valedictory as below:

"I started without either experience or money. In the providence of God, I have been enabled to make my living chiefly outside my business, and to invest over four thousand dollars cash in what is known as the *Baptist Reflector*. Toward that large army of brethren who thought I was coming money with the paper, I cherish no malice. They simply did not know whereof they thought.

"I wrought solely for the good of my Master's cause in Tennessee, and am satisfied with the expenditure of both time and money. The results have not been what I could have wished, nor what they would have been had the brethren known of the sacrifices being made in their interests. To have told them at the time, would have been to jeopardize the work unto which I had committed myself. Hence I toiled and sacrificed in silence. I speak now, only in the hope that brethren who come after me may be spared the pain of being misunderstood and misjudged.

I am sorry that, in my experience, I fixed the price of the paper too low. I do not care so much for the money I lost by that folly, as for the resulting inability to make the paper what it ought to be.

I leave the paper because I have come to feel that most of the brethren regard the paper as my interest, to be cared for and fostered by me. Working day and night, week-day and Sunday, in broiling sun and through driving sleet and snow, I have so impaired my health that I can no longer do the kind and degree of work that seemed to be necessary to make the paper a success in this state.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.) WASHINGTON, Sep. 21, 1888. Everybody is coming home to "take up the burden of life again." The summer is over, autumn is here, schools have opened, and the world of work and the world of fashion have no more time for hot weather habits. Every train from the North, every Western-bound steam-ship on the ocean, every stage that rattles over the Virginia mountains is bringing home the Capital's absentees. And however happy these trav-

elers may have been to get away from Washington when the mercury was ambitiously careering among the nineties, and the molten asphalt threatened to flow down Capitol hill, they are still happier to get back, for it is their home, their own home to which they come, and home cannot be found or made in any hotel in the world. The pretentious houses in the West End, and hundreds of other houses in less fashionable quarters of the city, that have seemed asleep for the past three months, give indications of awakened life. The transfer wagons are dumping trunks on the sidewalks, an increased number of equipages enliven the thoroughfares, and familiar faces that have been missed are reappearing on the streets and in the markets and stores—the same faces, but fitted out with fresh coats of tan, more freckles, and a general bright wholesome senseness of expression born of mountain air, sea breezes, mineral waters, recreation, rest, love, or some other potent influence.

And the wanderers find Congress still here, with no immediate prospect of vanishing. The popular understanding now is that there is to be no adjournment of Congress until after the election. Hopes of an early adjournment were dashed on Tuesday night when the Democratic caucus voted down the proposition to fix a day for adjournment, and took no further action in the matter. The majority of members present held that it would be bad politics, in view of the fact that the Senate had announced its intention to bring forth and pass a tariff bill this session, to attempt to force adjournment on the Senate. Still there is very good authority for the prediction that another Democratic caucus will be called in about two weeks, and that at that time there will practically no opposition to a resolution for a prompt adjournment.

On Wednesday, Sept. 19th, the Senate passed a bill appropriating \$100,000 for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers, the sum to be at the disposal of the President, and to be expended by him. The first positive stand taken in Congress against the enactment of a law to confer upon the President the power asked for in his recent message on the subject of our retaliations, was by Senator Sherman in a speech made on Tuesday last. It was conservative in tone, counseling moderation in adjusting controversies with Canada, and was listened to with marked attention by both Democrats and Republicans.

The first triennial congress of American physicians and surgeons, which has been in session here this week, is considered an eminently successful experiment. It is not a convention of physicians merely. It is a congress of specialist societies. The distinguished members embody in themselves the most advanced standards, the most scientific progress—in fact, the last word, the best that is known and thought in their various branches of the profession. The congress means more than a casual inspection of that which the surface reveals. It is the specialist as against the general practitioner. It is the advance of extreme development along many narrow limits, against the attempt to carry the whole field of medical and surgical practice in a single head. There is a rift between the organized action of the masses of the profession and the advanced members who, by the development of specialized skill alone, have attained fame and reputation, and the tendency of the meeting of this congress of specialists cannot but be to greatly widen the rift. This congress is to meet in Washington every third year, and the intervening years wherever it may decide.

The Riggs House of this city is headquarters for the Red Cross, and the Society has had its sleeves rolled up to the shoulders for weeks working for Jacksonville. Miss Clara Barton, the president, and her staff, work from early morn almost to morn again tirelessly, ceaselessly. The Red Cross can always be found where there is war and flood and pestilence. Those giving money or other contributions for the yellow fever sufferers turn them over to the Red Cross, feeling that the perfect organization and equipment of this Society will insure, better than any other possible channel, the relief which it is desired to extend.

Home News.

New York. INDEPENDENCE. On Sabbath, September 1st, Brother G. H. F. Randolph occupied our pulpit, preaching his last sermon here before starting for China. He set forth the necessity of being a Jew inwardly, of having more than an outward form of godliness. We have many "intellectual Christians," such as will go to hear a "smart minister" and listen to a trained choir, who will attend missionary concerts, pay well their pastor, but who are no Christians at all, as they do not possess the true character, and manifest the true spirit, contemplated by the separation of a child of God from the world. True Chris-

tians have the true spirit of those that belong to God, fulfilling the design of their being separated as a peculiar people.

A few years ago, while pursuing his studies for the ministry, Brother Randolph preached one season for this church, assisted as a carpenter in building the new church, taught this school and showed himself a willing-hearted worker in anything his head and hands could do. This, we believe, is one qualification of a good missionary.

On the evening after the Sabbath, September 15th, a "cousin party" was held at the house of Wm. Green, father of Sister Randolph, and was a sort of farewell meeting in honor of Brother and Sister Randolph. Seventy five "first, second and seventh cousins" were present. Supper was served, speeches were made by Deacon S. G. Crandall, Prof. H. C. Coon and the pastor, hymns were sung and prayer was offered, "good-byes" were said, and we returned to our homes to think about China's four hundred millions and the few Christian workers for so many, and to pray for those who now go out from among us, that health, grace, courage and God's blessing may be given them.

We have been called upon to bury our senior deacon, Daniel S. Remington, who departed this life September 11th. An obituary will appear in the Sabbath Recorder. The question so serious and important is, Who shall fill up the ranks thus broken by the rapid passing away of our aged soldiers of the cross? Let this be a subject of earnest prayer. H. D. C.

KANANA. ADELL.

It has been quite sickly here of late, especially among children. We are hoping, however, that with the coming of cooler weather there will come a favorable change in this respect.

We have received and distributed several copies of the *Light of Home*, which find many interested readers. Three have recently commenced keeping the Sabbath, and more are interested in it. S. S. C.

FIDELITY TO THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

Among the elemental truths for the building of the strongest character is: Fidelity to the Invisible World. Though they are out of sight, the race has recognized them and moved in the presence of them. They have had power in all human history. They have been the most potent forces in the realm of tragedy. Men have felt that beyond this brief life, often so brief as to seem to be in itself a melancholy failure, there certainly is another life of compensations and adjustments into which all would be introduced on their departure from the seen and temporal. They have recognized an invisible heaven, the future home of those who walk with God, and they have pictured it in their imaginations as a world of inexpressible beauty and bliss. They have recognized an invisible hell, the future dwelling place of those who are, and will be far from God, and its gloom and dreadful misery have warned away from it those who could poorly bear its terrors.

The apprehended reality of these unseen worlds has wrought on human character to give it strength and breadth and fullness. This world is not enough. It cannot make any strong appeal. It cannot work on such a nature as ours sufficiently to develop its highest capabilities. It can move the passions and the ambitions, but it cannot take hold of all that there is in a man to make him great and wise and aspiring. We need the power of the world to come. We need to be wrought on by those invisible agencies which hold in themselves mysteries and unworked solutions of that which is of greatest moment to us. If I am only here, and am to have no hereafter, what do I care? What matters it whether I stand well or not, if I am to-morrow to fall out of mind and out of consciousness? If this frame and organism is to sink into unorganized ashes? If my name is to be but an echo in some deserted room of the past? If all that I acquire and all that I achieve are to be but the down of the flowers which the wind will drive before it? There is no sufficient motive. But if, on the contrary, there is a shore to which we are sailing, if all the mighty currents bear us in that direction, and the trade-winds blow without ceasing thitherward, I feel the impulse to be ready to land, to be ready to greet the inhabitants, to be ready to enter on the new life which is before me. I am spurred to preparation, to make the most of the powers which I have. The voyage is a slight thing compared with the land and the life to which it is carrying me. I disdain to be unaccused as though I were to be drowned in the port when I shall have reached it. The piers on which lights are gleaming ahead are for landing, and they are but the entrance to an undiscovered country whose mystery only enhances its attractions.

The influence of invisible worlds, believed in, and lived for, and hastened into, is masterful upon the character. It makes the man more of a man than he could otherwise be. It lifts him out of the range of animal life into the realm of immortals.—*New York Observer*.

Miscellany.

BLIND.

BY FANNY PERRY GAY.

Beside me liveth one who walks As in a dream, She sees the budding of the tree, The rippling stream, And hears sweet nature's soothing song In wood and glade.

Her's is an artist's soul refined Of finest grain, And all her being longs for truth And highest gain.

This universe of stars and suns, This wonderland Whereon is written, "God is love," On every hand, Benighted soul could I but break Thy prison bars, And let the sunshine of that love Which rules the stars,

Sends flashing suns upon their course, And guides men's ways, Into thy long and dreary night, "T would by its rays Dispel each mist enveloped cloud With genial light, And thou wouldst see thy God o'er all By faith made sight.

—Golden Rule.

Written for the Sabbath Recorder.

MEMORIES.

BY L. MARGARET ASKREN.

One of the earliest is of going to Grandfather's. First, the big farm wagon would stop in front of our pretty village home, and grandfather, tying the great lumbering old horses, would salute us with, "Hey, children, want to go to grandfather's? Well, that's right, when the horses have a bite to eat we'll go."

As we drove over the ten miles of river road, past the farm-houses surrounded by their orchards and waving fields, the most frequent question would be, "Grandfather, who lives in that house? Now grandfather, who lives there?" until, at last we would come to a large, unpainted, square-built house standing close by the road-side.

After that we would ask no more questions and he would drive along the half-mile of road between there and "grandfather's lane" in frowning silence, nor would he smile again until grandmother would come out of the white farm-house to welcome us.

So from my earliest childhood "old Brown" became a sort of ogre to me; a being to be feared, and shunned, and hated. Once when I was bringing the cows home from the pasture next to his farm he spoke to me, "Hullo sis," but I started from him in terror, and then he scowled at me fiercely.

Both asserted that it had been moved and both claimed possession of a strip of land lying between them. Then followed a long and bitter lawsuit in which by fraud, as he always claimed, grandfather was defeated. So they had lived for years side by side as foes, and as if nature would reprove their unnatural strife, the strip of land, "The devil's acre," as grandfather called it, plowed in hate and sown in scorn, persisted in bringing forth thorns and thistles; and but very little else.

The memory of another journey to grandfather's stands out clear and distinct. It is of the time when I saw my father laid in the grave, and grandfather took his widowed daughter and her two little ones home with him to live. And about this time there comes in to my life the memory of martial music; the flying flags, the long roll of the drum and the tramp, tramp, tramp of armed men, marching away to the southern field of battle.

One morning in the early spring, after

father died, my handsome young Uncle Phil came from his new cottage at the end of the lane, and walking up to where grandfather and I were in the orchard pasture salting the cattle, he leaned against the fence watching us in silence.

When we had given them the last handful, he spoke, "Father, come here!" "Well, Phil, what is it?" asked grandfather quietly.

"I enlisted last night." "Oh Phil!" "Yes, father, I cannot remain at home when so many brave men are going. Company E starts for the front day after tomorrow and I am going with them."

"And Lib?" "Don't father!" cried Uncle Phil with a groan; "she is the worst part. How I can leave her I don't know. You tell her and mother for me, won't you father, and do the best you can to reconcile them."

"Yes, Phil, I will," replied grandfather sadly, "and though I don't deny but what it comes hard, I shouldn't want you to act different; you wouldn't be my boy if you did, and though I ain't the kind to say God bless you, and maybe he wouldn't do it if I did, yet I think your mother will say it for me."

"I think she will, father," said Phil, and then added slowly, "they say George Brown is going too. Could I do less than old Brown's son?"

"Aye, aye Phil, I see how it is. Well, I'll go talk to your mother about it. God forgive us all!" he muttered, walking rapidly away.

"Uncle Phil," I said confronting him, "I believe I know where you are going." "Well," he asked smiling, "where am I going?"

"You are going to the war." "Yes, I am going to the war." "Oh Uncle Phil, don't; the army will shoot your head off, and put you in prison," I said, beginning to cry.

Uncle Phil laughed. "There, there little girlie," he said, "what an awful prediction. Come let's sit down here under the apple tree and have a little talk."

"Yes, Maggie," he said, catching at the apple blossoms that drifted down on us like a shower of pink and white snow, "I am going to be a soldier, and now I want to tell you something. All soldiers have a comrade, and I want you to be my brave little comrade here at home, and not cry any more. All the rest are going to cry and it will be nice to have one that doesn't."

"Well, Uncle Phil, I won't cry one bit more," I said stoutly. "That's a brave little girl, and now one thing more. You must try to cheer your Aunt Lib after I go away; tell her you know I am going to get home again all right. I will come home again, won't I, little one?" he added wistfully.

"Yes, Uncle Phil," I replied with a strange sinking at my heart, "you'll come home again, but it will be a long time maybe. I think," I said, looking up at the apple blossoms, "I think it will be when the apples are ripe."

"Very well then; when the apples are ripe let it be. But see, they are looking for us; we must go to the house. I shall only be here two more days, you know."

Ah the sad memory of the next two days. The drive to the little railway station on the third day to see the soldier boys. The sorrowful leave-taking; the last kiss, the last good-by, to the mother, the widowed sister, the gray haired father and the girl wife. Of the kiss and "good-by little comrade," and my own heroic efforts to keep my promise and not cry, and through it all in a strange, sad under-tone, the playing of the band, the deep-toned cheers of the men, the puff, puff, puff of the engine, the cars start and then—Uncle Phil is gone and Aunt Lib is lying in grandfather's arms, so still and white I think she is dead. As we drive slowly homeward some one in a light, one-horse wagon passes us, driving very rapidly. It is old Brown, and as grandfather, with unwonted gentleness drives out to allow him to pass, I note with childish wonder that he looks careworn and his hair is strangely white.

The summer after Uncle Phil left, I see as a picture in which grandfather sits a great deal on the old bench under the apple tree, by the window where grandmother's spinning-wheel stands, and her Bible always lies open on the window-sill beside it.

On the long summer afternoons grandmother sits there in her little rocking-chair and reads, when the soft, sleepy hum of the wheel is silent.

Grandfather reads a great deal too, but he doesn't read the Bible; he reads the weekly papers, or brings his old desk out

and writes, while I and my little brother build miniature forts and fortifications in the grass beside him or play at soldier in the dusty lane.

Sometimes when grandfather and I go to the post-office for the papers, or a letter from Uncle Phil, we meet old Brown, but the two men do not scowl at each other as of yore; instead, they pass each other with quiet, respectful glances, but neither of them ever speak.

In early fall there comes the news of a disastrous battle in which Uncle Phil's regiment meets with heavy losses. There are two days of suspense, in the old farm-house, and then in the evening twilight a neighbor rides up to the bars, where grandfather and I are standing, and calls:

"Hullo, Lane! I got a letter this evening from my Joe, and I guess there's one in the office for you, from Phil; they are both all right, but George Brown's dead. Joe says Phil was standing right by him when he was shot, and did all he could for him, but 'twas no use; he died in a few minutes. It's goin' to be powerful hard on the old man livin' there in that old house, without a soul near him, but that old Irishman and his wife that keep house for him; it seemed as if he was in hard enough luck, two years ago when his wife died and his daughter run away out West, with that feller, an' now George is dead."

As grandfather and I walk to the house, in the dusk, I hear him mutter, "God forgive us all! George Brown dead! How much he looked like Hi, at his age."

The next morning as grandfather and I drive past the square built house on our way to the post office, we see a bowed, lonely looking old man walking toward the gray, weather-beaten barn, with the vacant air and uncertain step of one who knows not, and cares not, whither he is going, and for a moment I forget that it is old Brown, and a great pity swells up in my heart for him; his life will be such a lonely one. Then I remember that it is old Brown, and I look at grandfather to see if I can see what he thinks about it, but grandfather has dust, or something in his eyes, for he wipes them very busily and looks the other way.

In the letter we get from Uncle Phil, he writes hopefully of a furlough and of coming home to see the baby Phil "when the apples are ripe."

But we hear no more from him for two weeks, and then comes a letter that has been delayed a week on the road.

It is from a comrade of his. Phil is wounded and wants to come home. Aunt Lib's father is to start after him that evening and just as we are saying that he is on his way by this time, a shock-headed boy comes through the dooryard on a trot and sings out, "Old man Stuart 'aint going to start for Mississippi to-day arter all."

"Why," asked grandfather. "Dunno, only they got a telegram just as he was startin', an' he told Sam an' me unhitch the boss an' put him in the stable, an' then I done my errand an' started for home, an' I thought I would stop on my way an' tell you."

Aunt Lib stands in the door with a face as white as snow. "What does it mean?" she says; "Father and brother Will are coming through the orchard now. I cannot stand this suspense; let's go to meet them."

"Come on then, mother," grandfather said, "very likely they are bringing us good news after all."

But grandmother does not come and I look back and see her kneeling at the window looking after us, and I know she is praying.

Down through the shadows of the orchard we go, Aunt Lib carrying in her arms the baby on whose face the father's eyes have never rested, and grandfather walking by her side with heavy dragging steps as if a weight of dread was holding him back, while the warm, hazy autumn sunshine shimmers over all, and the ripened mellow apples drop lazily from the trees in whose branches Phil had played when a boy. How slow they are walking. Mr. Stuart gives a slip of paper to my mother without a word. She looks at it and then turns to Aunt Lib and grandfather, and makes a voiceless effort to speak, but no words are needed to tell that the girl wife is a widow, and the baby is fatherless. Phil is dead!

The next Sabbath afternoon grandfather went to his old seat under the apple tree, and sat down in the bitter, tearless silence, with which he had from the first met every attempt at sympathy.

Oppressed by the atmosphere of grief and silence around the old house, I wandered out into the lane and was walking along,

crying softly to myself when I saw a sight that drove the tears from my eyes instantly. Coming through the bars between the lane and the highway was old Brown. I stood transfixed with astonishment, until he turned to put up the bars, and then I fled wildly toward the house.

"Oh grandfather," I cried, running up to him breathless, "old Brown is coming here; he's right out there by the gate now. Whatever do you suppose he wants?"

"Old Brown!" Grandfather rose to his feet in seeming bewilderment, "Aye, aye, there he is; poor Hi!" and the first tears were running down his cheeks as he went to meet the pitiful looking old man waiting outside the gate.

"Grandmother," I said, running in the house, "old Brown is out there by the gate. He has got grandfather by the hands, and I believe they are both crying. Do go and see what he wants."

"Old Brown! No, no, child, you are mistaken." And adjusting her spectacles, grandmother glanced out of the window. Then raising her hands, she exclaimed, "The dear Lord above be thanked! Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive others." I heard her pray as I stole out into the orchard to meditate on the astounding event at my leisure.

From my seat under the apple-tree, I could see grandfather lead old Brown up to the door and mother and grandmother come out and shake hands with him, and all of them seemed to need their handkerchiefs a great deal. After that, he and grandfather sat down on the old bench in the yard. I arose then and went quietly toward them; as I came within hearing distance, old Brown was saying:

"To-morrow morning I am going to the squire's to get the papers made out, and then the land is yours again Lane. A heavy and bitter burden it has been to me all these years. It's seemed to be under a curse. There has never been enough raised off it to pay the taxes. I gave a mortgage on it to the devil, to get it, and he's held on to it pretty well."

"Aye, aye, Brown. The 'Devil's acre.' That's what it's been to you and me both. We don't neither of us know much about the Lord, and no wonder, living the way we have been; but we are going to live different I hope, and we'll begin first by letting this thing stand just as it is. I don't want the land back, but we'll try and make it God's acre by giving what we raise on it to the widows and orphans around us."

After this, the old man came down the lane almost every day, and he and grandfather would read the war news, or talk of their boyhood days together, and then sit in silence looking off at the hills.

One evening I was sitting by the doorstep making chains of the dandelion stems, when my attention was aroused by grandfather calling to grandmother as she stood molding biscuit for supper.

"Mother," he called, "you know what I told you Brown and I had been talking over, and you said you would show us where to read first."

"My hands are in the flour but I can tell you where to begin. Read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, father."

I sat still watching them; surely grandfather wasn't going to read in grandmother's Bible, I had never seen him do that before. He and Mr. Brown were turning the leaves, but they evidently could not find the place, for when grandmother came out grandfather said with a sigh:

"You'll have to find it for us, mother; I don't know one thing about this book of yours."

Grandmother found the place and then went back to her biscuit while the two men commenced reading almost together. What are they reading about? I drew near to listen. It must be about a soldier, for they are reading of some one who was wounded for our transgressions, and Mr. Brown says:

"For yours and mine, Lane."

"Aye, aye, Brown," and grandfather goes on, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on them the iniquity of us all," and his voice trembles so he has to stop; after a few moments' silence they go on, first one and then the other reading of some one who was "taken from prison and from judgment . . . poured out his soul unto death, . . . and made intercession for the transgressors."

Then grandmother comes and reads the nineteenth and twentieth chapters of John, the awfully solemn story of the cross, reads until she comes to the words, "but these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, and that believing ye might have life through his name."

A few weeks later, in the after-glow of the

departed summer, there is a gathering on the banks of the quiet country stream, and the young minister, scarcely more than a boy in years, is saying, "Eber Lane . . . Hiram Brown, upon your profession of faith in Jesus Christ, I baptize you;" and the two men buried by baptism unto death, rise and walk in newness of life.

Through the winter they are much together, and the quiet, white-haired man seems almost as one of our own family, but when the first flowers of spring are coming, we gather to hear the funeral service read at the side of his open grave; a grave to which grandfather has walked as chief mourner. Yet he does not look like a mourner as the minister reads, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," but rather with his rapt, exultant expression as one on whom the sunshine of eternal worlds has already fallen. And as we leave the quiet, country church-yard, my own childish heart catches something of the over-arching peace which passeth understanding, in which he walks as in an atmosphere.

Through the spring, as of yore, he sits under the apple tree and reads, but the book he reads now is grandmother's Bible, and every day he seems to grow more joyous and more at peace, until one evening, when the fields are growing white for the harvest, he reads to us, "For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

By the light of the next morning grandfather has found it—a heavenly city, whose builder and maker is God. We bury him by the side of his old friend in the churchyard, while over on "God's acre" the golden harvest waves and gleams in the sunshine, and the good seeds he has sown in many hearts will, in after years, spring up and blossom into everlasting life.

SETTING HOPES.

The brief day is ending; And the sun, in descending, Fires the heavens with a ruddy glow; Ah not of the morn Was such beauty born As the setting sun this eve doth show.

What room for regretting Though the sun be setting When the day and such splendor dies? The great orb of gold Is gone to unfold Its light in other and distant skies.

The hope that now leaves me Whose departing so grieves me Hath wonderful store of surprise; I miss it with sorrow, But in a bright merrrow I know I shall see it arise.

So my heart I am stilling With the thought 'Tis his willing Who ordereth all for the best. I had joy in his abiding, Then why this repining Because it now sinks in the west? —R. M. Oford, in New York Observer.

WONDERFUL TROPICAL FRUITS.

All through the land round about are other wonders. There are avenues of table-trees, whose foliage seems exaggerated horizontally; alleys of mahogany-trees; lanes of Orinokes, whose fronds coruscate with crimson blossoming. There are amazing shrubs—orange-colored things; there are plants with glossy leaves speckled in four different colors; there are various plants that look like wigs of green hair, or masses of filiform green sea-weed, set on short sticks; plants with enormous broad leaves, so diaphanous as to seem made of green glass; plants that do not look like real plants, but like idealizations of plants, like the fantasticalities of wood carvers and stone-cutters animated by witchcraft. There are grasses that look like dwarf palms—tiny arborescent grasses with curving stems and plumed heads. There are flowers of extravagant forms and colors—flowers that possess familiar shapes, but have absurd tints and unfamiliar perfumes, yellow and indigo and green, orange and black and crimson plants. And in all the ponds, covering all the canals, float the green navies of the monster lily, the Victoria Regia. Close to shore the leaves are not extraordinarily large; but they increase in breadth as they float further out, as if gaining bulk proportionately to the depth of water. A few yards off, they are large as soup plates; further out, they are broad as dinner trays; in the center of the pond or canal they have surface large as tea-tables. And all have an upturned edge, a perpendicular rim, like a bulkhead. Here and there you see the flower—a nonsensical flower, large as a hat. Then there are fiddle-wood trees in multitude, calabash-trees, mangoes, bread-fruits, sago-palms, fig trees, and a hundred unfamiliar shapes of which I cannot learn the names. And there is the snake nut trees, bearing a most ghastly fruit. For this sweet nut—shaped almost like a clam shell, and halving in the same way along its sharp edges—encloses something incredible. There is a pale envelope about the kernel; remove it, and you find between your fingers a little viper, triangular-headed, coiled thrice upon itself, perfect in every detail of form from skull to tail. Was this marvellous mockery evolved for a protective end? It is no eccentricity; in a hundred nuts the serpent-kernel lies coiled the same.

Yet in spite of these astonishments, of these novel impressions, what a weird delight it is to turn again into an avenue of palms, and to know once more the queer sense of being watched, without love or hate, by all those silent, gracious, tall, sweet things! —Lafcadjo Harris, in Harper's Magazine for September.

DIVINE MATHEMATICS

BY REV. S. D. FRELPS.

Isaiah 66: 15.

Lo, how the royal terrors Scoops to our human need, Burns on thy love its dear ca' Our fondest thought exceed

Words wonderful it uttereth Thy voice in kindness true "As one his mother comfort So will I comfort you."

O promise, doubly sweet and Ill's quick and blest relief, As it recalls the mother dear Who soothed our childhood

Close to her heart, in fear's a' She drew us sobbing sore, And held in love's enfolding Our sorrows soon were o'er

So, Lord, thy obd, to thee I When cares or woes abound, And, seem as in my early boy, With mother's comfort cro

Peace fills my spirit, calm, and And pillow'd on thy breast, With "everlasting arms" on I find a heavenly rest.

A SINGLE EYE.

BY ALA CHASE.

"Did you ever see a man with said Uncle Charles.

"Oh, uncle, did you see a m Africa?" asked Howard.

"I know of such a one, but h in Africa."

"I wonder if he looks like the other day," said little Bea his eyes was good and looked meant it should, but the other right around and looked way o hills."

"That we would call a s laughed Will.

"I know of some people who eye," said little George. "In tale of 'The Gorgon's Head' 'three gray women, who had the middle of their foreheads fully they must have looked!"

"It is a very good thing, ho a single eye," said Uncle Char. "Why, one could not see Howard.

"Yes, one can see better. I can see too much, unless, he I know of a boy who once saw to the ground. How many apples fall to the ground before come of it, for they saw the things besides; but this boy a fall to the ground, and this it was enough, for, because he eye, he made a great discover out why the apple fell to the g of falling the other way."

"Why, uncle, nothing ever "No, but can you tell me know the earth is a great ball, space, and why should not th stones fall off into space inste upon the earth? Well, this boy eye, and because of it he discov law of attraction and gravita planets revolve around the sun

"That was Sir Isaac Newto "Had he only one eye?" said "O, uncle is talking in riddl Uncle smiled and went on.

"I saw a tea-kettle boiling, and pressed the lid open, show strength, he began to wond could not be used to propel at railroad trains. So you see was to us. Howard, you coul joyed that boat ride you had ye boy had been double-eyed, fo have seen too many other ti gotten the lesson he learned kettle."

"Let me see," said Will, "t was—Isaac Watt."

"O no! that was our grea It was James Watt."

"Spare enough," said Will. edge is a dangerous thing."

"I don't see just what you uncle," said Howard.

"I do," replied Will, "son Bible it speaks of the eye, thine eye be single thy whol full of light."

"That's it, dear boy. An how it works? If, as we go t have only this one thought in glory of God, we will see l where, and it will be our grea our lifework to live so that of good works may glorify our J in heaven. The trouble wit is that they see too many thi that there is only one thing

"There, Howard, do you can have two eyes and a as one, single to God's glory. Yes, sir."

"You see," continued I "you cannot even be a goo You have an eye single to y You see balls and bats, kite; the same time, your eye is do not see clearly. There is aft will match this one about th begins, 'A double-minded m finish it, Will.'"

"In all his ways." I understand," said Ho So do I," said George. "Me, too," said Beasie.

—Chris

DIVINE MATHEMATIC COMFORT.

BY REV. S. D. PHILLIPS, D. D.

Isaiah 66: 15. Lord, how the royal tenderness Stoops to our human need! Born on thy love's dear caress, Our fondest thought exceeds. Words wonderful it uttereth— Thy voice in kindness true: "As one his mother comforteth, So will I comfort you."

A SINGLE EYE.

BY ALA CHASE.

"Did you ever see a man with a single eye?" said Uncle Charles. "Oh, uncle, did you see a man like that in Africa?" asked Howard. "I know of such a one, but he does not live in Africa." "I wonder if he looks like the one I saw the other day," said little Beattie. "One of his eyes was good and looked just where he meant it should, but the other one turned right around and looked way off towards the hills."

SIGNING HIS NAME.

Recently a minister of Christ was asked to conduct the funeral services of a man whose name had never been mentioned in his presence. Arriving at the house which death had entered, he was ushered into a large room where the body lay in a coffin, surrounded by a number of acquaintances and friends. He glanced at the dead man, but had no recollection of ever having seen him, and wondered why he had been requested to go to such a distant part of the city.

In a little while he was conducted to another apartment to see the widow, who at once explained why she had sent for him in her sorrow. She told him with tears that it was her husband's wish to have him present at the burial, because the servant of the Lord had talked with him two or three times during the progress of a great revival more than seven years before.

"I am not sure," she said, "that your words helped him out of his darkness and distress into the light and liberty of the gospel, but the Word of God did in a marvelous way." Then asking her sister to bring the family Bible, she took from it a little slip of paper on which was printed a single verse. "A lady," she continued, "whom I had never seen before, and whom I have never seen since, approached us one evening as we were leaving the building in which the meeting was held, and gently asked my husband to accept that little piece of paper, and then she immediately disappeared, and I would not know her if we were to meet again face to face."

At this the minister took the paper, and noticed the words, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins." Isa. 44: 22. But these were not the only words. Just beneath on the margin was written, "John Wingate, March 4th, 1874." The paper was cheap and faded, and many such slips with a verse of Scripture could be purchased for almost nothing. Perhaps the lady who gave the text to the man had paid nothing at all for it, and it required very little effort to place it in his hand, but the fruit of so small a service will be seen while an eternity of glory endures.

"My husband," said the weeping widow, "was in deep gloom that evening, and told me it seemed he could never be saved. But when we reached home, he thought of the paper, and taking it from his vest pocket he slowly read, 'I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins.' He was silent for a while, then turning to me with a trembling voice he asked if it could be true. I replied that it must be true, because God said it in his Word, and after a moment more of silence, his face lighted up with joy, and he exclaimed, 'I will sign my name to it as true, and true for me.' From that moment all was peace, and he lived for more than seven years in the faith that God of his own grace had blotted out his transgressions and sins with the precious blood of Christ."

Of course the verse was the text of the funeral discourse, and as the minister held aloft the slip of paper, he asked whether there were any unsaved friends present who were willing to sign their names that it was true. A man cannot be in doubt and uncertainty concerning his salvation who really believes that God has blotted out as a thick cloud his transgressions, and as a cloud, his sins; and God declares he has done this for every one who simply trusts in Jesus alone for pardon and eternal life. The transgressions which once like a thick cloud, charged with tempest and fire, gathered above him, are all gone, and the sins that like lighter clouds hid the heavens have entirely disappeared, leaving only the clear, sweet blue of God's infinite and unchanging love. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1: 7.

But what a note of encouragement comes from that silent coffin to Christians to "be instant in season, out of season." 2 Tim. 4: 2. The lady who gave that little slip of paper to the man with a sin-burdened heart, may have gone away from the meeting discouraged because she could do nothing. She will probably never know on earth the consequences of a simple and single act of loving service for the Master, but at his coming what gladness will thrill her soul to find that she led one at least to Jesus! But it will be observed that she used the Word, the written Word of God. The repeated conversations, illustrations, and arguments, if such were employed, of a minister of the gospel, did not accomplish the work wrought by one verse in the hands of a faithful Christian woman. Those hands may have been feeble in themselves, but they held "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." (Eph. 6: 17); and this was "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." 2 Cor. 10: 4. If the reader of these lines knows that he is willing at least to believe in Christ as his Saviour, let him hear the voice of God sounding from heaven, and recorded by the Holy Ghost in the sacred Scriptures, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins," and let him sign his name to it as true. Then let him take the same word, or another verse, and hand it to some troubled one, or to some one who ought to be troubled, remembering that of all who are saved it is written, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God,

which liveth and abideth for ever." 1 Pet. 1: 23.—Tract published by "The Truth," St. Louis.

MULTITUDES AND INDIVIDUALS.

A marvellous spectacle is any Christian congregation. The difficulty of the preacher is that so few people recognize the diversity of the congregation and make allowance for a ministry that would follow the scale of Christ's own method of meeting human need. The selfishness of the congregation is seen in that every individual himself wants all the service. He cannot have it. The Christ-like preacher must follow the lines of Christ: how high he is now, and anon how low down, walking amidst our very feet, and looking at our footprints as if happily he might interpret them into some attitude or direction that would betoken the state of our spirit; how profound in simplicity, how generous in concession, how condescending in taking up a little child and hugging the dear creature, and how tremendous in rebuking the men who have the patronage of the dead: *ex cathedra*. Christ had the multitude because he spoke to the multitude.—Dr. J. Parker.

Popular Science.

A MAGNIFICENT engineering work of the fifth century, which has been partially destroyed, has been restored in Ceylon. It is an irrigating reservoir covering an area of 4,425 acres, or about seven square miles, from which water is taken to smaller distributing tanks more than fifty miles away.

DURATION OF DISEASE.—The duration of the infection stages of various diseases is thus given by Dr. T. F. Pearce, an English physician: Measels, from the second day of the disease for three weeks; small-pox, from the first day for four weeks; scarlet fever, from the fourth day for seven weeks; mumps, from the second day for three weeks; diphtheria, from the first day for three weeks. The incubation periods, or intervals occurring between exposure to infection and the first symptoms, are as follows: Whooping cough, fourteen days; mumps, eighteen days; measles, ten days; small-pox, twelve days; scarlet fever, three days; diphtheria, fourteen days.—*American Analyst*.

THE WATKIN POSITION FINDER.—The Watkin position finder, which the British government paid \$250,000, proved its value recently in some experiments with an old-pattern 9-inch muzzle loading gun, poly-grooved and mounted on a carriage admitting of upward of 35 degrees elevation. The position finder, worked by Major Watkin himself, was on a hill 230 feet above the sea level, and about a mile and a half from the battery. The target, which consisted of a raft 100 feet long by 40 feet wide, was sent drifting with the tide, which was running between five and six knots an hour. At ranges extending up to 10,200 yards (or close on six miles) most accurate shooting was obtained, several hits being recorded by observers placed on a tug close to the target, the greater portion of the forty rounds falling close round the object, which could not be seen from the battery.—*Scientific American*.

ANTISEPTIC AMMUNITION.—According to the *Medical Press* of May 9th, a useful suggestion is being carried out by the Netherlands Government, by which provision will be made for supplying each soldier, during the time of war, with a cartridge containing some antiseptic dressings. Each cartridge will be made of convenient size, namely, about three inches in length by two in width, and will be secured at one end with a safety pin. The dressing contained in each will consist of a bandage about three yards long, and two pieces of gauze, all of which have been rendered antiseptic by a sublimate solution. Hence, in the event of wounds being received, a ready means would be at hand for the immediate application of antiseptic dressings. Soldiers, in the case of slight injuries, would probably at once avail themselves of the dressings, and the latter could not fail to be of much use to the surgeons. The idea is well worthy of the attention of the military authorities in this country, and might even with advantage be adopted, as it has been for years past in the German army. In the wars in which, during the past few years, England has been engaged in tropical climates, the early application of antiseptics to the wounds received by the men, was admitted to be a matter of the utmost importance, by the army medical officers attached to the forces.—*Science*.

NEW RACES OF HUMAN BEINGS.—Mr. Galton, the statistician, has called attention to one of the dangers of civilization, an evil of such magnitude that it should not be ignored. Mr. Galton has found by inquiry that in the United States there are more than thirty thousand deaf mutes, who are gathered together in asylums, in which they live as isolated communities. These defective persons, being cut off from intercourse with others, naturally intermarry. By the well known laws of heredity, their defect is transmitted to their progeny. By this means, a deaf and dumb variety of the human family may be said to be already established. This same deteriorating force, while less apparent in its operation, is nevertheless equally active in numerous other

directions. For example, the intermarriage of persons with an insane heredity, is rapidly increasing, not only the number but the proportion, of the insane. The intermarriage of consumptives is likewise increasing the frequency of this disorder. The intermarriage of the criminal classes is producing in all our large cities distinct races of persons who are morally defective. Certainly this is a matter which ought to receive the attention of philanthropists, social reformers, and legislators. Why should there not be laws prohibiting the intermarriage of persons possessing grave physical defects? And why should not some restraint be placed upon the intermarriage and consequent propagation of criminals? This is certainly a matter worthy of attention.—*Good Health*.

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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, 1888.

FOURTH QUARTER. Oct. 6. The Commission of Joshua. Josh. 1: 1-9. Oct. 13. Crossing the Jordan. Josh. 3: 5-17.

LESSON I—THE COMMISSION OF JOSHUA.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.—Joshua 1: 1-9. Now after the death of Moses the servant of the Lord, it came to pass, that the Lord spake unto Joshua the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying, how thou art arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel.

FROM THE HELPING HAND.

For Sabbath-day, October 6, 1888.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness.

INTRODUCTION.

Moses, the great general, prophet, and lawgiver of Israel has been prominently before us in the lessons of the last quarter. In the last regular lesson we considered his death and burial, and, according to the command of the Lord, the appointment of Joshua his successor.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The new commander. v. 1. 2. The divine commission. v. 2. 3. Specific orders. v. 3-9. 4. Encouraging promise. v. 5-9.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

V. 1. "The servant of the Lord." Every true child of God is a servant of the Lord. But some are more distinguished, more devout and perfectly consecrated. It is a great honor to be counted as God's servant. "Moses minister." His helper, his attendant, his officer. Joshua is first mentioned in Exod. 17: 9. He became one of the most capable leaders and military officers ever in command of the children of Israel.

sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isa. 1: 19, 20. v. 8. "This book of the law." The Pentateuch. Notice the four points—three things commanded, and one promised. (1) To proclaim the law. (2) To meditate upon it. (3) To obey or do. (4) To enjoy the results ("have good success.") v. 9. "For the Lord thy God is with thee." This is a blessed assurance like that spoken by our Saviour to his disciples, "Lo I am with you always." With this assurance believed courage will be easily maintained.

Devizes Castle, one of the most unique in England, representing an outlay of nearly \$500,000, has been sold for \$8,000. The International Literary Congress lately in session at Vienna, has decided that authors' copyright should include the right of translation. The Congress expressed the wish that the United States would accept the Berne canon.

is small, for we feel assured that we can care for all. We feel the need of making it a consecration meeting, and ask all who intend to come to prepare for it by coming into closer communion with the Holy Spirit. Thus all will be able to impart as well as to receive good impressions. W. H. ERNET. ALDEN, Minn., Sept. 18, 1888.

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DIED. In Alfred, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1888, BESSIE ANGE-LINE, daughter of Geo. M. and Elmira M. Barber, aged 8 years, 6 months and 10 days.

Domestic. Five Louisiana papers are owned and edited by women. A mining company in St. Louis is composed entirely of women.

Foreign. The mother of the king of Spain is thirty years old. General Solomon, ex-President of Hayti, is dying. The last sacrament has been administered to him.

Card of Thanks. We wish to thus publicly express our thanks to the many friends who so substantially aided and comforted us with their help and expressions of sympathy in our late bereavement, the death of our little girl. MR. AND MRS. G. M. BARBER. ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1888.

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