

The Sabbath Recorder.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

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

TERMS—\$1 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL XLIV, NO. 42.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., FIFTH-DAY, OCTOBER 18, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 2279.

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10, 1888.

On Monday last the Supreme Court of the United States convened, and the new Chief Justice took the oath of office for a position second in importance to none other in our government system. Judge Thurman was present at the opening of the court, and ready to perform his grave and important duties as Government counsel in the telephonic suit.

The Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency came to the city last week, but having come on this legal business alone, he has tried to have a quiet time and has taken precautions against any political demonstration and anything that would distract him from the work in hand. He spent last Sunday quietly with the President at Oak View, the latter's country residence. The two drove out there together the day before, and sat up late that night, discussing the campaign and its possibilities. Many politicians about Washington thought there was to be a conference at Oak View last Sunday, on the campaign, in which Speaker Carlisle and Postmaster General D. M. Dickinson were to participate with the President and Judge Thurman, and there was considerable gossip around the hotels as to the probable results of the consultation. So, when it became known that there had been no conference, or rather that the candidates had managed the conference without any assistance, many symptoms of disappointment were exhibited among those most interested.

Beyond the installation ceremonies and the usual call upon the President, the Supreme Court did nothing on Monday. On Tuesday the call of the docket began, and as soon as the telephone case was called Judge Thurman opened in a speech of about an hour's duration. From his able argument it is easy to believe that the old Roman's intellect is as clear and vigorous as it has ever been, but in regard to his physical side of the question, about which some glowing accounts have recently been given, so much cannot be said. A severe seizure of rheumatism seems to have treated the Judge's lower limbs unkindly. His steps are short and slow and unsteady. He looks feeble, and I notice that his son Allen G. Thurman, Jr., a handsome, stalwart man of forty years or less, is always near his father's side with an attentive look and helpful arm.

To-day seventy-two Sioux Indian chiefs arrived in the city from Nebraska and Dakota. They came in two special coaches via Chicago and Cincinnati. To-morrow they will be granted an audience by the President, and through their interpreter,

will lay before him their wishes in regard to the Indian treaty and other matters connected with their interests.

At last the Washington Monument is to be opened to the public. The President has just signed a bill appropriating \$10,500 for the care of the elevator in the Monument, and it will be started as soon as possible. It will be run daily from 9 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1 to 6 P. M. Occasionally it will be run on moonlight nights and on Sunday for the accommodation of those who cannot visit it at any other time. The shaft is provided with seventy electric lamps and will be amply lighted. The employees will not be allowed to exact any fees of visitors.

The temperance workers of Washington are planning a vigorous fight against the saloon-keepers. At a recent meeting, they decided to divide the city into districts and to appoint in each representatives whose duty it shall be to visit the residents in the squares where saloons are located, and endeavor to persuade a sufficient number to refrain from signing applications for licenses, to render it impossible for the liquor-dealer to procure his license. The workers are very enthusiastic and believe that, with this method of work, they will be able to close up many saloons in the city. Mr. Mahoney, the chief of the Good Templars' organization, said: "We have really a prohibitory law in the District of Columbia, and it will be our fault if some effort is not made to put it to a good use."

Rev. Mr. Yatman, the New Jersey revivalist, whose methods are peculiarly original, and who has been remarkably successful in his work, is holding a series of meetings in this city, in which many young people of all denominations are deeply interested. During one of his addresses attention was so earnest that there was scarcely a movement in the church from beginning to end. The preacher introduced in this sermon five friends of his. First, Mr. Always-to-be-Depended Upon, or Mr. Always for short. He was represented by a bottle of sparkling water with a blue ribbon tied around the neck. Second, Mr. Most Always, represented by a bottle which looked clear enough when still, but turned muddy when shaken. This was the man who is exemplary at home, but who leaves his religion there when he goes on his vacation. The third introduction was Mr. Sometimes, then came Mr. Seldom and Mr. Never, the last being a bottle of black liquid, the man who was bad through and through. He explained a simple process by which the contents of all of these bottles may be made clear, to show how all hearts may be reclaimed.

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

BY ANNIE M. LIBBY.

Despite its dark, narrow closes, the black ugly buildings that tower above it, the crowds of unkempt men and slatternly women who throng its treeless length, notwithstanding its utter lack of anything like beauty, no European street holds greater attractions for Americans than does the High Street of Edinburgh. The houses that line it are old enough to be curious, but not so ancient that the residents who made them famous have ceased to be real, while the phantoms of Scott's brain and the ghosts of those who were once flesh pull continually at our sleeves with their invisible fingers.

As we sauntered down from the castle toward Holyrood Palace one day, chatting with the old women who sat on the sidewalk and sold kelp, mussels, and winkles, smiled at the bare-headed girls knitting, knitting as they walked, and gossiped, stepped over the half-naked babies swarming under our feet, or turned at the sound of the bag pipe to watch a company of kilted, bare-legged Highlanders marching past, we suddenly came upon a house built half across the sidewalk, and, raising my eyes, I read in brass letters on the side:

"LUKE GOD ABOVE AL, AND YOUR NITCHBOR AS YI SELF."

"This is John Knox's house!" I exclaimed, and a bare-headed woman smiled at me and said: "Yes, this is John Knox's house, surely."

We climbed a narrow steep stair leading from the street to a little balcony, passing a small red-haired urchin who sat with native independence on the Reformer's steps, and were admitted by a "decent Scotch" body into Knox's old home. Nobody knows, the guardian told us, when or by whom the house was built, but it is believed by some

nobleman hundreds of years ago. The house juts out from its neighbors to narrow the street, for the city wall of ancient Dundee made a bow here, and the gate across the straightened passage was the old lower gate or Netherbow port, through which the monks came as they passed up into the town from their monastery (for centuries past Holyrood Palace), lifting its grim gray towers below at the foot of Salisbury Crags. Tradition guesses, too, that this house was once the town residence of the monks. Was it not a grim satire of time that it should afterwards be given to Knox?

Here, on the top of the Netherbow port, the heads of men who died for "Christ's crown and covenant," were displayed in the days of Scotland's woes, and drops of blood fell from one of these ghastly trophies on the carriage of the Earl of Middleton (one of the most zealous in bringing the martyrs to the block), and the drops could never be effaced.

Readers of "The Heart of Midlothian" remember that on the night Porteus was hanged, the rioters took great care to secure the Netherbow port because there was quartered in the Cannongate below, a regiment of infantry who would have interfered with their work.

From this port the street runs straight up by the old tollbooth, which stood near St. Giles, and which is dear to us for the memory of Effie Deans, past Knox's church, and in a part of which, for it was then divided into three, Wilson freed young Robertson from the guard, and gave him his life.

Above the brass-lettered inscription on the outside wall of the old manse is a small statue, which the people of the town say is Moses receiving the law on the mount. He points to a carved stone representing the sun rising amongst clouds, and having the name of God upon it in Greek, Latin, and English. Above this is a coat of arms, supposed to be that of the builder of the house, but the clue to it has been lost in the gathering dust of centuries. In this same wall is what is called the "preaching window," whence we are told Knox talked to the crowds in the street below when he was too feeble to stand in the pulpit at St. Giles.

Inside the house a steep flight of little three-edged stone stairs, worn into hollows by the tread of many feet, leads into a dark, oak-paneled drawing-room. There is but one window in it—the one through which a bullet flew one night. Knox sat at supper with his boys and girls about him. We wondered if the people down at the palace knew anything about that shot—before it was fired.

One somehow fancied Knox as a hard, bigoted old man, but to me, since I have wandered through his house and seen his portraits, he will live not only a hero, but a man with a tender, loving heart, and I half wonder that when his handsome eyes looked on Mary, and she heard his protestations as to the distress her grief caused him, she had not thrown down her baby and given her heart to Scotland. But it was not in her, and in the little bedroom adjoining the drawing-room Knox was one night aroused by a guard from the palace, and taken to the Privy Council to apologize for some expressions in his sermon that day which had destroyed the king's appetite for dinner. If royal appetites depended on Knox's evasion of the truth, kings and queens fed lightly in those days.

The guardian of Scotland's faith came back from the palace, and went directly into his study to prepare the offensive sermon for publication.

This study is an addition to the house, made expressly for Knox, and the record of the permission given the parish to build it, with "light and wyndokis thereunto, and all other necessaries," is preserved in the record of the Town Council of "Penultima, Octobris" (1561). It is a bit of a room—a fireplace with the Scottish coat of arms (the lion rampant encircled by a garland of leaves) above it, a recess in the wall for books, and one chair, the only piece of Knox's furniture left, that is all. The door fastens with the old ripping pin—a thin bar of iron notched on one side and supplied with a ring, which when drawn along the notches, makes a ripping, i. e., a rough, grating sound.

In Knox's time there was a kitchen at the top of the house, but it has been dismantled, and the relics sold in the museum below are made from the oak beams that once formed part of it.

In the tiny closet of a bedroom Knox died, Nov. 24, 1572, weary of the battle of life, "for the terrible warring of gunnes and the noise of armor do so pierce my heart that my soul thirsteth to depart," he had said; yet Regent Morton truly felt the words he uttered above the reformer's grave, "There lies he who never feared the face of man." The secret of his fearlessness is told in his own memorable words now painted as a frieze on the wall of his drawing-room, "I am in the place where I am demanded of my conscience to speak the truth, and therefore the truth I speak."

Only the letters "I. K." are cut upon the flat stone in the pavement behind St. Giles—the stone which keeps guard above Knox's

dust; but what need had he for epithet or monument, with a free Scotland to do him honor?—Morning Star.

EMMA LAZARUS AND HER PEOPLE.

The following is condensed from the biography in the October Century of Emma Lazarus, the Jewish poet, who died last fall in New York: "Already, in 1879, the storm was gathering. In a distant province of Russia at first, then on the banks of the Volga, and finally in Moscow itself, the old cry was raised, the hideous medieval charge revived, and the standard of persecution unfurled against the Jews. Province after province took it up. In Bulgaria, Servia, and above all, Roumania, where we are told, the sword of the czar had been drawn to protect the oppressed, Christian atrocities took the place of Moslem atrocities, and history turned a page backward into the dark annals of violence and crime. And not alone in despotic Russia, but in Germany, the seat of modern philosophic thought and culture, the rage of anti-Semitism broke out and spread with fatal ease and potency. In Berlin itself tumults and riots were threatened. We in America could scarcely comprehend the situation or credit the reports, and for a while we shut our eyes and ears to the facts; but we were soon rudely awakened from our insensibility, and forced to face the truth. It was in England that the voice was first raised in behalf of justice and humanity. In January, 1881, there appeared in the London Times a series of articles, carefully compiled on the testimony of eye witnesses, and confirmed by official documents, records, etc., giving an account of events that had been taking place in southern and western Russia during a period of nine months, between April and December, of 1880. We do not need to recall the sickening details. The headings will suffice—outrage, murder, arson, and pillage, and the result—100,000 Jewish families made homeless and destitute, and nearly \$100,000,000 worth of property destroyed. Nor need we recall the generous outburst of sympathy and indignation from America. 'It is not that it is the oppression of Jews by Russia,' said Mr. Everts in the meeting at Chickering Hall Wednesday evening, February 4; 'it is that it is the oppression of men and women, by men and women, and we are men and women.' So spoke civilized Christendom, and for Judaism—who can describe that thrill of brotherhood, quickened anew, the immortal pledge of the race, made one again through sorrow? For Emma Lazarus it was a trumpet call that awoke slumbering and unguessed echoes. All this time she had been seeking heroic ideals in alien stock, soulless, and far removed; in pagan mythology and mystic, medieval Christianity, ignoring her very birthright—the majestic vistas of the past, down which, 'high above flood and fire,' had been conveyed the precious scroll of the Moral Law. Hitherto Judaism had been a dead letter to her. Of Portuguese descent, her family had always been members of the oldest and most orthodox congregation of New York, where strict adherence to custom and ceremonial was the watchword of faith; but it was only during her childhood and earliest years that she attended the synagogue and conformed to the prescribed rites and usages which she had now long since abandoned as obsolete and having no bearing on modern life. Nor had she any great enthusiasm for her own people. As late as April, 1882, she published in The Century Magazine an article written probably some months before, entitled, 'Was the Earl of Beaconsfield a Representative Jew?' in which she is disposed to accept as the type of the modern Jew the brilliant, successful, but not over-scrupulous chevalier d'industrie. In view of subsequent, or rather contemporaneous, events, the closing paragraph of the article in question is worthy of being cited:

"Thus far their religion [the Jewish], whose mere preservation under such adverse conditions seems little short of a miracle, has been deprived of the natural means of development and progress, and has remained a stationary force. The next hundred years will, in our opinion, be the test of their vitality as a people; the phase of toleration upon which they are only now entering will prove whether or not they are capable of growth."

"By curious, almost fateful juxtaposition, in the same number of the magazine appeared Madame Ragozin's defense of Russian barbarity, and in the following (May) number Emma Lazarus's impassioned appeal and reply, 'Russian Christianity versus Modern Judaism.' From this time dated the crusade that she undertook in behalf of her race, and the consequent expansion of all her faculties, the growth of spiritual power which always ensues when a great cause is espoused and a strong conviction enters the soul. Her verse rang out as it had never rung before—a clarion note, calling a people to heroic action and unity; to the consciousness and fulfillment of a grand destiny. When has Judaism been so stirred as by 'The Crowing of the Red Cock' and 'The Banner of the Jew'?"

"The dead forms burst their bonds and

lived again. She sings 'Kosh Hashanah' (the Jewish New Year) and 'Hanukkah' (the Feast of Lights), and 'The New Ezekiel.'

"Her whole being renewed and refreshed itself at its very source. She threw herself into the study of her race, its language, literature, and history."

"Those were busy, faithful years for Emma Lazarus, who worked, not with the pen alone, but in the field of practical and beneficent activity. For there was an immense task to accomplish. The tide of immigration had set in, and ship after ship came laden with hunted human beings flying from their fellow men, while all the time, like a tocsin, rang the terrible story of cruelty and persecution—horrors that the pen refuses to dwell upon. By hundreds and thousands they flocked upon our shores helpless, innocent victims of injustice and oppression, panic-stricken in the midst of strange and utterly new surroundings."

"Emma Lazarus came into personal contact with these people, and visited them in their refuge on Ward's Island. While under the influence of all the emotions aroused by this great crisis in the history of her race she wrote the 'Dance to Death,' a drama of persecution of the twelfth century, founded upon authentic records—unquestionably her finest work in grasp and scope and, above all, in moral elevation and purport."

THE POWER OF A SINGLE LIFE.

The age is fertile in the discovery of giant powers stored in compressed form. But no agency in nature can take the palm, when we know what lies locked in a Christian;—the temples the Holy Ghost. A man possessed of the power, from on high is simply irresistible.

It is noteworthy that some of the most world convulsive men of our day are mediocre in ability. They are great only as Bethlehem was great, for what it contained. Mr. Moody does not claim genius, but what did Alexander the Conqueror accomplish compared to the work of this preacher? Mr. McAuliffe is a man of ordinary powers, but he has done more for France than the first Napoleon. Not many mighty are called; men are made mighty after the call is accepted.

Some of these dynamic lives began after the eleventh hour. Francis Murphy lost the flower of life before doing anything good, but since the days of Father Matthew, there has not risen in the temperance movement a greater than he. Orville Gardner, the pugilist, received and deserved the name "Awful" (Gardner, but in the end God used him as few have been used. When J. D. McAuliffe died no sovereign ever had more mourners, but McAuliffe at one time spent seven years in a prison. The truth is, it never is too late to be used, and grandly used, by the Lord.

Long training is not essential to great service. West Point graduates were in demand in '61, but the mass of the men who saved the Union were not skilled in arms. Yet, when the President issued the call, many a farm-bred man, who had seen nothing more warlike than the horns of grazing cattle, responded, "Here am I, send me." And, as by so doing the nation was saved, by so doing will the world be saved.

The life of great power has had no advantage over others in point of leisure. There are in it the duties common to us all, the "chores" of the homestead, the business of the markets, the requirements of society. The book that made the most powerful impression of any ever issued from the American press, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was written by a busy housewife, in the midst of childish clamor and the struggles of domestic economy. Bryant, Curtis, Taylor, Whittier and Howells have done much of their best work after writing eight hours a day at an editor's desk. So in the Christian life no one will be hindered from becoming great by lack of time. He will find it, will redeem it, will discover in its right use the secret of making two harvests grow where but one grew before.

Many a Christian has held back from what might have been a great service, because he has seen nothing "worth while" about it. There is "an eye to business" that sees where money can be made, and there is an eye to spiritual opportunities. Most men are blind in both respects. The pioneers of the West cut down those magnificent forests as one might mow a swath among weeds. What did the frontiersman know of the value of black walnut? The grove that a second generation might sell for more than the remainder of the farm, he carelessly cleft into fence timber. So also with the gold miners of Colorado; what did they make of the unfamiliar carbonate? They named it "heavy porphyry," and, all ignorant of its value, swore roundly as it blocked the current of their sluices. But when that metal was appreciated, then Colorado became a state. It is a great art to learn, that of discerning the signs of unexpended treasure. Each one may have opportunity, for there lies not far from every one of us the treasure of souls unmined, unprecious treasure that will not consume, unprecious treasure, in whose current value, here and hereafter, there is no variation.—Golden Rule.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

ALFRED CENTRE, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year in advance \$1.00

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Remember the Sabbath-day, six days shalt thou labor, and do the seventh day is the Sabbath of the

OPPORTUNITY IS DU

BY REV. A. H. LEWIS.

Too many people define duty which must be done under a better definition is: that which is committed to do for the love of righteousness. A still more important is found in the fact that doing brings the obligation success turns upon the opportunity. Time is an essential opportunity. Many opportunities; unused, they pass for comparing the present timeous period, it is not too much special opportunities waiting at the hands of Heaven are great. Many converging tunities have already centered quarter of this century. The at many points during the Powerful influences are every compelling attention to the tion. Hitherto much that attempted, has been superficial. So far as the demands of concerned, most men have evade than to examine. The held as trivial; many still hold notions of "Christian liberalism" as lawlessness among well as Romanists. Each year clearly the absolute necessity ordained Sabbath. Men are the value of truth, by noting error. The church is beginning the necessity for sacrifice with the holidayism through the widespread the the abrogation of sacred time pel dispensation. Thousands Christians, have not yet reached the question, and are still the demands of God's law, easy theories for themselves. Seventh day Baptists, by training, and by profession, most in defending the law exalting the claims of his results of what they have done ten years are visible every day did investigation, more early a tendency toward conscientious sacred time, have been aware spread influence of our platformed Sabbath keepers, true many instances, proven to bearers. The agitation, the evils which have arisen popular theories and practiced the desire on the part thing better than the population furnish. Those who advocate for Sunday are earned upon divine authority. tunity of the present is, the to contrast the solidity fourth commandment with of human theories; to show Sabbatism, springing from regard for the divine law, holidayism and irreligion been closely allied with Sunday." The issue involved question is an issue between and human authority; between and human enactments the centuries, and hoped divorced from divine authority. The specific work of Sabbath as represented in the Tract Society, ought to be general directions during the will not be possible to which the opportunities of to us. It will be possible in advance, if the people value of opportunity, according to duty. It is not a tributions of money which though the contribution in several quarters, notable to these, and in some value, there is needed for the cause of Sabbath reform day Baptists' sake, but the and of the church at large going on, the authority, Word of God, and es; logue as the law of God. No-Sabbatism denies the law. Those who do not so modify and emasculate practical denial. Several therefore realize that a denominational, and n

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.

OUR residue of days or hours. Thine, wholly thine, shall be; And all our consecrated powers A sacrifice to thee; Till Jesus in the clouds appear To saints on earth forgiven. And bring the grand Sabbath year, The jubilee of heaven."

LEADING articles, filled with information, in the Gospel in All Lands for September, relate to Persia and Turkey, the country people, government, religion, Protestant missions, etc.

BRO. U. M. BABCOCK reports 4 weeks of missionary work at Garwin, Iowa and Princeton, Mo.; 14 sermons to congregations numbering from 25 to 125; 10 prayer-meetings and numerous visits.

BRO F. M. MAYES reports 13 weeks of labor in Texas, 6 preaching places, 33 sermons to congregations numbering from 20 to 250; 20 prayer-meetings; 50 visits; the distribution of tracts, and one addition by restoration.

THE new missionary pastor at Garwin, Ia., Bro. E. H. Socwell, and the church start out in their new relations with good hopes and purposes. May they grow strong in numbers and in spirituality self-supporting and helpful to others.

THE clerk of the Otselic Church, N. Y., writes: "A good degree of religious interest is manifested by the few who attend; and we truly feel the need of a growth in divine grace, for which we crave an interest in our prayers, as well as help financially."

BRO. S. D. DAVIS reports 5 weeks of labor in the South Eastern Association, at eight different places; 22 sermons to congregations averaging about 100; 10 prayer-meetings; 51 visits; and 3 additions by the laying on of hands and prayer after baptism.

THE clerk of one of our North-western churches writes concerning the missionary pastor: "We like him very much, and think he is an earnest worker in the service of the Lord." We trust that this earnest work in the Lord's service will greatly advance the cause and kingdom of Christ.

FOR the last quarter Bro. E. H. Socwell reports 6 weeks of labor at Andover, N. Y.; 5 sermons to congregations of 35, one communion and 2 prayer meetings. From the new field upon which he has recently entered, Garwin, Iowa, he reports 3 weeks of labor; 5 sermons to congregations of about 55, and one prayer-meeting.

IN the First and Second Westerly Churches, Rhode Island, E. A. Witter, missionary pastor, reports prompt attendance at preaching services and the readiness of many to take part in social religious meetings, and signs of spiritual health. Bro. Witter has preached 41 sermons during this quarter, to average congregations of 45, and made 40 visits.

BRO. J. F. SHAW writes: "Elder M. Johnson, of Logan county, Ark., is expected to visit Texarkana soon, and will probably locate. He is a Sabbath-keeper of many years. He formerly belonged to the Methodist Church, but was set aside for preaching the Sabbath. He is a man of good ability. Eld. Patterson, another Methodist preacher in Delta Co., Texas, is keeping the Sabbath and is awaiting an opportunity to unite with us."

BRO. HEWITT, of Beauregard, Miss., writes of a visit to the little company of colored Sabbath-keepers at New Orleans, to whom he preached. The church has seven members, three men and four women, with a good prospect of more joining soon. They have quite a struggle to raise four dollars a month to pay the rent of their place of meeting. Bro. Hewitt regrets that our people do not see more clearly the importance of work among the colored people. He is looking for substantial fruits as the result of the labor now being done in his field.

BRO. J. G. BURDICK, during vacation, has been with the West Genesee Church, N. Y., 11 weeks, preaching 11 sermons to

congregations of about 30, and calling on all of the 17 families, besides others. He says the church ought to be supplied with preaching, and that it will do what it can toward a minister's support. We feel sure that the Board will gladly co operate with this and with any other small church, in the maintenance of regular preaching, to the fullest extent practicable. To this end correspondence is invited.

THE Sunday School Times, in a recent number, expresses, editorially and through a correspondent, deep interest in the work of spreading the gospel of Christ among Jews. In an editorial paragraph are these words: "Whoever has the spirit of Jesus is a lover of the Jews;" and Mr. Geo. W. Cable is quoted as follows: "In merely honest recognition of indebtedness to the Hebrew race, the Christian world ought to be moving heaven and earth to persuade the Jew of the messiahship of Jesus." That many Christians are changing for the better in their feelings toward Jews, and many Jews toward Christianity, are important and hopeful signs. And no people ought to find greater encouragement in this than Seventh-day Baptists.

FROM S. D. DAVIS.

Dear Brother,—Again I am permitted, through the blessing of God, to write you of the work done on this field. June 8th I went to West Union, Duddridge County, and on the 9th preached two sermons. On Rock Run I baptized four young women, and received two of them into the fellowship of the Middle Island Church. The 10th preached again at the same place, and in the evening at West Union. The 11th came home.

July 12th, left home for Berea, Ritchie County, where I arrived the 13th, and conducted a quarterly meeting. On the 26th started for Cove Creek. The 27th presided over the regular church meeting, and the church changed its name from Bear Fork to Conings, the name of the post office nearest the church. I remained here preaching and writing until the 30th, and arrived home on the 31st. August 3d I went to Roanoke, held a Quarterly meeting, baptized two persons, and returned home. On the 8th started for Copen, Braxton Co., where I arrived on the 9th. Conducted a Quarterly meeting, and on the 13th started for Sand Run, in Webster Co., where I arrived on the 14th. I remained in this section, visiting and preaching, until the 21st, and reached my home on the 22d, having travelled this last day, on horseback, through the mountains and hills, forty-nine miles. In performing the five weeks of labor herein reported, I have rode on horse back about 400 miles, on the cars 94 miles.

JANE LEW, W. Va., Aug. 30, 1888.

FROM JOSEPH W. MORTON.

CHICAGO, Ill., 973 W. Van Buren St., Sept. 23, 1888.

I returned home last Friday, after a visit to my old home, which I trust was both pleasant and profitable. I preached, on the way, three times in New Castle, and once in Allegheny City. I distributed about twenty-five of my tracts among clergymen of several different denominations. Besides, I did a large amount of talking on the Sabbath and kindred questions. I got into the very "hotbed" of what is called "National Reform." The Covenanters and United Presbyterians are the foremost advocates of that movement, and they are numerous in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. I should like nothing better than to labor in the Sabbath cause for a few months in those regions. After all, Brother Main, our hope is, and must be for the most part, in those who hold on to the "Sabbath idea." Little can be expected from those who, like the "Disciples," deny the law in toto. We can easily convince them that Sunday has no divine authority; but they are then still a long way from accepting the Sabbath. On the contrary, when a Presbyterian is convinced that he has no ground to stand upon, as a Sunday man, he is bound to keep the Sabbath, or acknowledge himself a willful transgressor. For this reason, I am in favor of pushing our reform among the "orthodox."

FROM G. H. F. RANDOLPH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 28, 1888.

Dear Brother,—You will see from the heading that we have completed our overland journey. It has been a very comfortable and prosperous one. We are also very pleasantly situated at the Occidental Hotel. There are quite a number of missionaries

who go out on the steamer with us, some for China, some for Japan, and so on. I think the entire company are at this hotel. This fact makes it much more pleasant for us than it could otherwise be. There are two young ladies, sent out by the Presbyterian Board, who occupy the same set of rooms with us. One of these, Miss Posey, goes to Shanghai; the other, Miss Lattimer, goes to Nanking. We got acquainted with these ladies on the way here and are very glad of their company. When we met it seemed like meeting very dear friends. One Father, one work, one land and the life interest make us one. It is glorious! It is so precious! We are all one; and these interests make us appreciate it so much more than we could without them.

Well, now, brother, we will say a few words about the immediate concerns of our journey. The arrangements for our reduced rates have all been satisfactory so far. We have had no trouble at all, so complete were your preparations for us.

When we arrived at Chicago, Sister Morson met us at the depot, and we went immediately to Bro. Ordway's. We spent the short time we had to wait very pleasantly there, and in two or three hours were on our way again.

The evening of the Sabbath we arrived at North Loup, Neb., and in a few minutes were driving swiftly away up among the bluffs to Aunt Lovina Green's. The next morning we went down for church services, and Elder Grandall would not be satisfied except I talked to the people. So I occupied about three quarters of an hour talking to that large and respectful congregation. In the afternoon I conducted the young people's prayer meeting. It was a very profitable time to us. The notice was given out at the morning service that the young people would give us a reception in the evening. The hour arrived and the house was full. The choir gave us some excellent music, and we were then informally introduced to all the friends, and had a pleasant social time. After this exercise the Elder called on me for remarks, and I remarked to the extent of some forty minutes. You can sympathize with us in the abundance of rest we got there. But, dear brother, it was a soul strengthening time for us. We are so much better for this visit with your dear people. May God bless them for their kindness to us and their deeds of Christian love.

I should also say that the young people had beautifully decorated the church. They had used evergreens lavishly in motto and other decorations. Also the Ladies' Missionary Society presented us with a quilt and some cash. Friends gave us some aid in person, too.

I must stop for this time, assuring you we have enjoyed the trip so far and feel like "pressing forward." Hoping God will bless you, with all the other dear ones at home, I am yours for the work.

CONTRIBUTED PARAGRAPHS.

BY H. W. C.

India needs to-day 4,000 missionaries to give one to 50,000 heathens.

The progress of Christianity in China is rapidly increasing. In 1853 there were 350 native converts; in 1863, 2,000; 1873, 8,000; 1883, 22,000; 1888, 30,000.

Ex Secretary Holcomb, of the American Legation at Peking, says that out of the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese Empire fully 300,000,000 spend less than \$1.50 a month for food.

It is said that the mirrors in the temple of Smyrna represented the fairest and most symmetrical objects with distorted and deformed images. Is it not so of the unregenerate or even unsanctified heart? How much of the distortion of truth is due to the imperfection of the reflecting surface? He who reflects as in a mirror the glory of the Lord must be in close spiritual fellowship with the Lord in order to be true to the glory he reflects. Francis Bacon said these are three rays—the radius directus, radius reflectus and radius refractus. How many rays are bent out of their true direction by the medium through which they are transmitted!—Missionary Review.

The London Missionary Chronicle says: "For the sake of the preservation and raising of the aboriginal natives, what class of men have equaled the missionaries in promoting a sanctified manhood and womanhood among savages and heathen?"

A discussion has lately been held in Madras before an audience of 2,500 persons, between the Hindus and the Mohammedans on the one side and the Christians on the other, concerning the Godhead of Christ.

The principal spokesman of the former was a learned Moslem. He concluded his argument by saying: "Although we cannot acknowledge that the Bible represents Christ as the Supreme Being, we must all concede that he is the best and holiest man that has ever lived, so good and holy that he can secure to all who put their trust in him the inheritance of eternal life." The force of this testimony, from such a man at such a time, must have been very great.—Missionary Review.

Two years ago three Moslem men asked permission to attend the evening services at one of the mission stations. They had become interested in Christianity by means of a Bible possessed by one of their number. They were cordially invited to attend all the meetings. They came regularly for three months. They appeared very attentive, and made occasional visits to the missionaries to talk about religion and to ask for explanation of Bible texts. When they ceased coming a native teacher met one of them, and asked him why he and his friends did not come to the meetings any more. He replied that they had been summoned before their sheikh and imprisoned for two weeks. Then they were required to give bonds for a large sum that they would never attend the meetings, never visit the missionaries at their homes, never talk on the Protestant religion with any one. This they promised faithfully to do. They were told to go and sin no more. "And remember," said the sheikh, "if you violate this agreement, I will collect these bonds, and you will be imprisoned for life." The men added, "They can prevent us from attending your meetings and from talking with you on religion, but they cannot stop us from thinking."

Woman's Work.

"If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it."

Communications for this Department should be addressed to the Secretary of the Woman's Board of the General Conference, Miss M. F. Bailey, Milton, Wis.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter from Dr. Swinney is dated some months back, yet, since it has but recently come into our hands, it is in one sense new, and not old, and because of its contents it is a pleasure to send you the greater portion of the letter.

SHANGHAI, March, 23, 1888.

My dear Miss Bailey,—Our hearts are quite warmed up by the interest we see among the women in the home land. All the letters have an increased spirit for the spread of the gospel among the heathen; and thus it should be, for if we live near the Saviour and realize something of his agony for the saving of souls, we cannot but partake in a measure of the same spirit. Yet really at the very best we do not begin to enter into the grandeur of the plan of salvation, nor will we ever do so fully until the happy time when we can lay aside all that cumbers us here, and as eager scholars can study this subject in the light of eternity. How our hearts burn within us here with the little we can understand or grasp of the Saviour's goodness, and how quickly we want others to enjoy his love and forgiveness, especially those who have never had the opportunity of hearing!

I think there is no activity in this world that gives more intense joy than living for others, if we do so from right principles, and not for show. Thus is verified the words of the Lord Jesus when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Can you wonder at the peace of soul one enjoys when following his will, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?" Believe me, there is more in this sentence than you can realize from a long study of it, without an experimental knowledge of the same. There must be many in the home land with scarcely a thought or care for missions, who are thus shut out from being partakers and partners in this joy.

We have had thus far a pleasant year in our work with much to encourage. The five who were baptized last summer and united with the church, have continued faithful to their profession. There are others who are waiting to put on Christ; it gives us great pleasure in seeing the heathen turning to the living God out of the darkness that has enshrouded them for ages.

We become much attached to the people, especially those who are constantly with us, forgetting many times, indeed, that they are Chinese. At first, of course, I felt they were far away from me, as though there was a great partition between us, but now the more I know them the nearer we seem together, in spirit, sympathy and worship. The work in the dispensary has ever the same strangeness in the extreme sufferings, with the anxiety of caring first for their souls. How strange to look right into the

eyes of people—intelligent on other subjects—and hear them say, "I never heard of God in heaven!" Yet such is my daily life, and I trust the prayers of Christians at home are certainly ascending for us, that the people may hear, understand the Word, and believe. You can well imagine that we have been intensely interested in the efforts of the Woman's Board this past winter; at the same time we are earnestly praying that wisdom from above may guide them in sending forth some one truly called of God. We need one in the schools very badly, but are willing to wait until the proper one can be found. It is very important who comes, as to her ability and power of adaptation to the work, but we leave that all with God, as he has this work of spreading the gospel more at heart than we ever can have. Unexpected letters are now and then coming to me from different quarters, in reference to enlargement in my department. So I see the Spirit is working in the hearts of the women to incite them to arise and do great things for the cause of him whom they love. I am so straightened sometimes that I am led to think seriously of the future, yet I cannot spread out in any way until the Board is ready to send me a helper, either a trained nurse or an associate (homeopathic) physician. This they cannot do until they have sent some one to take Mrs. Davis's work, and so I am waiting patiently. We are pleased that our number is to be increased this coming autumn. Though Mr. and Mrs. Randolph are strangers to us, yet we shall soon become acquainted and be brothers and sisters in the same work, I know.

You speak of the dark and bright sides in reference to foreign mission work. Truly there are two sides to the question, and if I may say so, both are in the extreme. To become personally acquainted with the darkness in a heathen land, to live in it and work right on in its midst, and that with kindred and home far away, is something more than mere words. Over against this is the joy of the presence of the Holy Spirit, to cheer and comfort; for to do the bidding of him whom we love is a pleasure, and has a blessing in it of itself.

We have many comforts here in Shanghai far more than those in the interior. We have the weekly prayer-meeting also on Mondays, of thirty, forty or more members. Would you not call that a real missionary meeting composed exclusively of living workers on the field? There is a fine circle of acquaintances and intimate friends among so many missionary families as are at present located in this place, the tie being strengthened by our oneness of interests. Besides, we have a Missionary Association that meets once a month in the evening around at the various missions, where, with the social part and the discussions of plans of work, we have a very pleasant and profitable time.

I would not like to depress any one because of the trials, and far be it from me to unduly encourage others; for we see so many coming out here, especially the very young, with earnest hearts, but who knowing little of the world soon become discouraged, grow sick and are sent home. I rather pray that each one sent out may be called of God, and find in his or her life real joy, and then all that will be joyous or pleasurable will be doubly increased in brightness.

APRIL 10th.

This letter has had so many interruptions that I fear the various parts will be quite disconnected. More than a week ago I took a boat trip into the country, as I so often long after the people in the crowded country places, who are not able to come down to Shanghai. We went on Thursday to Tsung Loh's house (the preacher's), and remained Friday, Sabbath, and Sunday, reaching home on Monday morning in time to open the dispensary. My assistant, office-boy and teacher went with me. The people came in large numbers for miles around, and on Friday I spent my time with them, while the others sold, or gave them tracts. On Sabbath day we had two services, Tsung Lah preaching; the service in the afternoon was one of the most wonderful I have seen in China. On Sunday morning the sick began to come long before I was up, and by two o'clock I had treated one hundred and five, and my teacher said he had sent away seventy whom I could not see for want of time, as we had to leave at 2 P. M., to come on the tide that day. The people want me to return again each month.

We owe our sisters in the home land many thanks for the two Christmas boxes. With earnest wishes for your health and strength in the good work, I remain your sister, E. F. SWINNEY.

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."

OPPORTUNITY IS DUTY.

BY REV. A. H. LEWIS, D. D.

Too many people define duty as something which must be done under compulsion. A better definition is: that which we are permitted to do for the love of right and righteousness. A still more important consideration is found in the fact that the privilege of doing brings the obligation to do. Real success turns upon the improvement of opportunity. Time is an essential element in opportunity. Many opportunities come but once; unused, they pass forever. Without comparing the present time with any previous period, it is not too much to say that the special opportunities waiting for improvement at the hands of Seventh-day Baptists are great. Many converging lines of opportunity have already centered upon the last quarter of this century. These have focused at many points during the present decade. Powerful influences are everywhere at work compelling attention to the Sabbath question. Herbert Spencer, who has been said and attempted, has been superficial and evasive. So far as the demands of the Sabbath are concerned, most men have sought more to evade than to examine. The issue has been held as trivial; many still hold it thus. False notions of "Christian liberty" have led to baseless lawlessness among Protestants as well as Romanists. Each year reveals more clearly the absolute necessity of a divinely ordained Sabbath. Men are coming to see the value of truth, by noting the ravages of error. The church is beginning to appreciate the necessity for sacred time, in contrast with the holidayism which has resulted through the widespread theories concerning the abrogation of sacred time under the Gospel dispensation. Thousands, even among Christians, have not yet reached the core of the question, and are still seeking to evade the demands of God's law, while they build easy theories for themselves.

Seventh-day Baptists, by inheritance, by training, and by profession, ought to be foremost in defending the law of God, and in exalting the claims of his Sabbath. The results of what they have done within the last ten years are visible everywhere. More candid investigation, more earnest thought, and a tendency toward conscientious regard for sacred time, have been awakened by the widespread influence of our publications. Isolated Sabbath keepers, true to duty have, in many instances, proven to be effectual light-bearers. The agitation, the discontent and the evils which have arisen in the path of the popular theories and practices, have developed the desire on the part of many for something better than the popular theories can furnish. Those who advocate sabbatic regard for Sunday are earnest in pleading for it upon divine authority. The great opportunity of the present is, therefore, the chance to contrast the solidity of Sinai and the fourth commandment with the sinking sand of human theories; to show the value of true Sabbatism, springing from the conscientious regard for the divine law, as opposed to the holidayism and irreligion which have always been closely allied with the "Continental Sunday." The issue involved in the Sabbath question is an issue between divine authority and human authority; between divine legislation and human enactments, changing with the centuries, and hopelessly weak because divorced from divine authority.

The specific work of Seventh-day Baptists, as represented in the American Sabbath Tract Society, ought to be enlarged in several directions during the current year. It will not be possible to occupy every field with the opportunities of the year will bring to us. It will be possible to take many steps in advance, if the people, appreciating the value of opportunity, accept it as the highest type of duty. It is not simply enlarged contributions of money which are demanded, though the contributions of last year were, in several quarters, notably meager. Added to these, and in some respects of greater value, there is needed enthusiastic devotion to the cause of Sabbath reform, not for Seventh-day Baptists' sake, but for the sake of truth and of the church at large. In the trial now going on, the authority of the Bible as the Word of God, and especially of the Decalogue as the law of God, is a direct issue. No-Sabbatism denies the authority of this law. Those who do not wholly deny it, do so modify and emasculate it as to make a practical denial. Seventh-day Baptists must therefore realize that the issue is more than denominational; and more than temporary.

Enthusiastic work, and persistent work, are equally demanded. Reforms pass through many stages, advancing step by step toward the ultimate good. Christian men cannot be brought to accept the law of God, and observe the Sabbath as taught therein, until much rubbish which has accumulated through the false teachings inherited from the Romish Church has been removed.

Among the collateral issues which have a direct bearing upon our work, are three which we may here specify without discussing at length. The efforts of the National W. C. T. U. have already opened a field large and inviting, which we must enter, and in which our efforts must be perseveringly continued. The National Reform movement presents an especially significant opportunity for contrasting the authority of the law of God as a power in the hearts of men, with the mistaken effort which seeks to enforce the divine law by civil enactments, and, indirectly, at least, to inaugurate a system of religious proscription against Sabbath-keepers. The temporary success, in certain localities, of the Romish Church in obtaining direct or indirect control of popular education, adds another opportunity through which the Seventh-day Baptists, of this century, may become worthy descendants of their denominational ancestors, who, during the reformation of the 16th century, and the dark centuries which preceded it, stood, not only as the defenders of God's law against the "authority of the church," but suffered in countless ways for the sake of their faith.

Whatever may have been the opportunities of the past, those of the present are grand in their extent, imperative in their demand, and worthy of far greater devotion than Seventh-day Baptists have yet attained.

THE CARBONIFEROUS SYSTEM AND THE SABBATH.

William Armstrong, endorsed by D. W. C. Huntington, attempts a "Refutation of Sabbatarianism" in a book published by the Methodists. To show the "absurdities" of Seventh-day Baptists, he labors to prove that the seams of coal found in his native parish in Scotland and elsewhere is positive contradiction that God created the world in six literal days and therefore the "Saturday Sabbath" theory is unscriptural.

He says: "To say that the coal measures, which are a mass of vegetable matter, with numerous fern leaves, as distinct as the day they were submerged, and a large amount of animal remains, were all formed and grew in less than one hundred hours, is absurd."

Referring to the lower seam of coal, the rocks between that and others up to the upper seam, he says: "Are we to believe that all this took place in three days of twenty-four hours? What amazing absurdity! If men teach such nonsense it will make plenty of infidels."

Now no student of the Bible sees how this question affects the fourth commandment, or destroys the theory of a definite seventh-day Sabbath from the creation to the present time. Whether creation days were long periods or days of twenty-four hours matters little in this controversy as long as we have the example of God's people and his commandment with respect to a weekly day of rest.

There are people, students of science, men of learning, who are simple enough to believe God able to set all this world in order as we find it in six days of twenty-four hours each. No Christian man will limit God's power, and we do not suppose Mr. Armstrong intends any such thing. But he has certainly set up a man of straw to knock down and then calls to the religious world to look and see how the "Sabbatarian theory falls flat."

No Seventh-day Baptist is "absurd" enough to pin his faith on a claim that all these coal beds "grew in less than one hundred hours." With present light we have no reason to doubt that coal is of vegetable origin, or composed of the substance of the ancient representatives of at least three orders of plants: ferns, lycopodiums and pines. Neither is there positive or probable evidence that the "carboniferous age" referred to covered vast periods of time before Adam.

How does Mr. Armstrong or any other man know that the rank and luxuriant vegetation which may have prevailed at some age and which grew and decayed upon land slightly raised above some sea, and that by subsidence, slow or fast, this layer sunk below the water, became covered with sand and mineral sediment; then by upheaval a land surface once more formed and so on acting with chemical changes until mineralized into coal—say, how does he know this could not take place from the time of creation until within a few years before Christ?

Will Mr. Armstrong tell us when coal was first used? History reveals the fact that nothing seems to have been known of it to the ancients. Possibly it may have been used by the ancient Britons, but no account of it has come down to us. The first positive use known was hundreds of years after Christ, during the Anglo-Saxon period. Here, then, are at least 4,000 years for its formation. We read not long ago of a mine that had been re-opened in Great Britain and the pine timbers which had been used a hundred years ago for supports, but which had been covered up since the mine was abandoned, had turned into coal. If this be true, what becomes of the theory that millions or even thousands of years are necessary for such a formation?

"What amazing absurdity" that men should assume knowledge beyond divine revelation or even science, and undertake to destroy the plain statement of God's Word regarding the Sabbath! It takes something more than a coal bed to change God's seventh-day Sabbath at the caprice of men and make it a mere sliding scale to suit the convenience of an apostate church. "To the law and to the testimony." H. D. CLARKE.

THE SABBATH OR NOTHING.

BY REV. A. H. LEWIS, D. D.

The *Christian Standard* of Cincinnati is giving much trouble with one of its correspondents, Rev. Mr. Howison, upon the Sabbath question. In a late issue it says:

"We are giving more attention to the Sabbath question than some may think necessary. This question is one of importance, owing to the fact that Sabbatarianism are seeking to fasten upon us the Sabbath of the Jews, which is the thing to do if the fourth commandment is binding upon man kind. As Mr. Howison is a Presbyterian minister of high standing as a scholar, we think it well to give him a full and candid hearing. The things considered in this discussion have a very direct relation to the church of Christ and the nation of the Jews, as being entirely different bodies, under different covenants and in different ages."

We are glad to note that the *Standard* sees the real state of the case, and is ready to admit that "If the fourth commandment is binding upon mankind," there is no logical alternative except to observe the Sabbath, as God commands. To this point the discussion of the Sabbath question is rapidly coming. The choice which confronts all obedient men is between such acceptance of the Sabbath, or the denial of the fourth commandment.

But Mr. Howison is not invulnerable, and in the same issue from which the above is clipped, the *Standard* places him in "Limbo large and wide," as is seen by the following: Mr. Howison had declared that "The moral element is the observance of one day in seven as a day of sacred rest. The positive element was simply the special day, one in seven, to be so observed."

To this the *Standard* very aptly says:

"Now there are no such two elements in the injunction. The only day in the case is a 'special day,' which was hallowed. The injunction is, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.' Apart from the command to observe this particular day there is no command in the case, moral or positive. The command to observe this particular day is not now binding, Mr. Howison himself being judge. The command to observe this particular day exhausts the fourth commandment. The first day of the week, the Lord's day, is another day—a New Testament day—and the obligation to keep it is not found in the fourth commandment, or in the Old Testament, and the New Testament knows nothing of a transfer of the Sabbath of the law, or of any other Sabbath, to the first day of the week."

MORE SABBATH-KEEPERS.

The following exceedingly interesting item has been sent to us by Mrs. Estelle V. Rogers, of Christ Church, New Zealand; for which she has our hearty thanks. How the witnesses for God's Sabbath are multiplying! Great and divine truths cannot be left without some one to testify on their behalf.

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

A correspondent of a contemporary writes: "On February 29th, during the passage from San Francisco to England, in the barque Charles Colworth, Captain Kitchen, we were fortunate in seeing Pitcairn Island, where are living most of the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. It was about dusk as we neared the island, and as we saw a light moving upon the waters, and soon after a beacon fire, the captain decided to heave to, and in a short time we observed a whale boat named the *Admiral* Drew coming alongside with a crew of twelve men. On their coming on board we saw men, who, in point of stature, would be a credit to the Guards Regiment at home. Their complexions are slightly dark,

and they speak excellent English. At the time of our calling there were 112 inhabitants, of whom about three fourths were women and children. They are well supplied with books, and have a school-house and church, in the latter of which is an organ, purchased with the money sent out by Her Majesty's some time since. They appear to be a very religious body of people, keeping Saturday as their Sabbath, and I believe they approach the Wesleyan doctrine nearer than any other. The island is only about two and a half miles long by one mile broad, most of it rising to a height of 1000 ft; but there are some fertile valleys in the centre, with good spring water. After remaining on board about three hours they descended to their boat, and sang six hymns and the National Anthem, the harmony at all times being very good. After exchanging three cheers they departed for the shore, and many of us even envied their quiet and peaceful existence."

Education.

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

"PRINCETON OF THE FUTURE."

At the opening of the Princeton College a few weeks since, President Patton spoke on this subject. He said:

"I like the phrase. I like the forward-looking attitude that it implies. I like the element of expectation that lies in this expression. We should not be doing a small work if we went on educating 400 men every year, if we gave them a good education. But the public would be disappointed. The friends of the college would say we had been standing still. I tell you plainly that I do not mean to have this college stand still if I can help it. Dr. McCosh, I believe, put his figures at 600—referring to the students—when he came here; and he realized his desire. I put mine at 1,000, and though I may never see so many on our catalogue, I shall work for that result. While I am opposed to needless change, and am prone to sympathize with the established order of things, I confess I feel the influence of the thought that Princeton College has been quietly getting ready to step into a larger life; and that the talk about the university idea, of which we hear so much, has beneath it a depth of sentiment that, in the near future, must produce marked visible results in the development of Princeton."

"Unless we mean to be an examining, and not a teaching, university—which, while I am here, we do not mean to be—our scheme for conferring the higher degrees will call for more adequate provision for post graduate instruction than we now have. It is the Princeton of the present, however, that we are to deal with; and it is manifest that we must enlarge our curriculum. This will involve a wider range of electives, and probably make necessary other changes in the curriculum. The revision of the schedule, with reference to the insertion of new electives, will engage the attention of the faculty during this session."

"The freshman class is large, upward of 150 have been admitted, and the question of lodgings is becoming very serious. All the college buildings are full, and it is becoming difficult to secure rooms in town. A new dormitory is, beyond everything else, the need of Princeton at this moment."

THE AGASSIZ SEASIDE ASSEMBLY.

At the May meeting of the New Jersey Assembly of the Agassiz Association, held at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., it was decided to hold a seaside assembly, open not only to members of the Agassiz Association generally, but to all persons interested in the study of natural science. A committee was appointed, with power to make all necessary arrangements. Asbury Park was selected as the place, and the week beginning with Aug. 6th, as the time for the meeting; and Educational Hall was secured for the purpose. Circulars were sent to all the chapters in New England and the Middle States, and also to many persons interested in scientific studies, who were not members of the Association. The assembly met on the day appointed, in Educational Hall, Asbury Park. The opening lecture was delivered by Harlan H. Ballard, president of the Agassiz Association, and it was a most inspiring introduction to a week of very successful and delightful work. The mornings of the remaining days of the week were devoted to field excursions in botany and entomology, the former under the guidance of the Rev. L. H. Lightship, and the latter under the Rev. G. D. Hulst, the State entomologist of New Jersey. Tuesday afternoon was devoted to the examination and analysis of plants, many of which, belonging to the "pine barrens," were quite new to most of those present. A paper upon the "Flora of New Jersey" was contributed by the Rev. L. H. Lightship of Woodbridge, N. J., the president of the New Jersey Assembly. On Wednesday afternoon a *conferenza* on "How to use the Microscope" was held by Prof. F. C. Van Dyck, of Rutgers College. Remarks upon the subject were also made by Prof. George Macloskey, of Princeton, who also exhibited a most convenient apparatus for the dissection of flowers and insects. In the evening a most interesting lecture upon diatoms was given by Prof. Samuel Lockwood, of Freehold, N. J., illustrated by

means of the stereopticon. Professor Lockwood has made these interesting microscopical plants the study of his lifetime, and consequently spoke from his own personal observations. His lecture was enjoyed by all; and the fact that his audience could see before them objects which are only visible by means of the microscope, magnified many thousand times,—we might almost say millions,—added very much to its interest. Thursday was an entomological day. The excursion in the morning was conducted by the Rev. G. D. Hulst, and the afternoon was devoted to the examination of insects collected, and to remarks by the same gentleman upon the collection, preservation, and classification of entomological specimens. In the evening a lecture upon seaweeds was given by Isaac Holden, of Bridgeport, Conn. This, like the lecture on diatoms, was made doubly interesting by means of the stereopticon. Mr. Holden also exhibited a large number of beautifully mounted specimens collected by him in the vicinity of his home at Bridgeport. On Friday afternoon, after the examination of the plants collected in the morning, a very instructive lecture was given by Prof. T. O'C. Sloane of the *Scientific American*, and author of "Home Experiments in Science," on "How to make Scientific Experiments with Simple Apparatus." This was illustrated by actual experiments in physics, made with very simple and inexpensive apparatus. It was a surprise to every one that so much could be accomplished, and so many experiments performed, at so trifling a cost.

The Seaside Assembly adjourned at the close of this lecture, every one present feeling that a very profitable week had been spent. The attendance was not so large as expected, but those who were present felt fully repaid for their coming. A universal desire was expressed that the assembly be held again next summer, and the committee of arrangements were requested to do what they could to accomplish this result. Should this be done, it is hoped that a large number of the chapters will take an active interest in the assembly. Rev. L. H. Lightship, Woodbridge, N. J., is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and as such he will be most happy to receive any suggestions that may be offered.—*Science*.

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."

SCENE IN AN OPIUM SHOP.

One who has never visited an opium shop can have no conception of the fatal fascination that holds its victims fast bound—mind, heart, soul, and conscience, all absolutely dead to every impulse but the insatiable, ever-increasing thirst for the damning poison. I entered one of these dens but once, but I can never forget the terrible sights and sounds of that "place of torment." The apartment was spacious and might have been pleasant but for its foul odors and still fouler scenes of unutterable woe—the foot prints of sin trodden deep in the furrows of those haggard faces and emaciated forms. On all four sides of the room were couches placed thickly against the walls, and others were scattered over the apartment wherever there was room for them. On each of these lay extended the wreck of what was once a man. Some few were old—all were hollow-eyed, with sunken cheeks and cadaverous countenances; many were clothed in rags, having probably smoked away their last dollar; while others were offering to pawn their only decent garment for an additional dose of the deadly drug. A decrepit old man raised himself as we entered, drew a long sigh, and then with a half-uttered imprecation on his own folly proceeded to refill his pipe. This he did by scraping off, with a five-inch steel needle, some opium from the lid of a tiny shell box, rolling the paste into a pill, and then, after heating it in the blaze of a lamp, depositing it within the small aperture of his pipe. Several short whiffs followed; then the smoker would remove the pipe from his mouth and lie back motionless; then replace the pipe, and with fast-glazing eyes blow the smoke slowly through his pallid nostrils. As the narcotic effect of the opium began to work he fell back on the couch in a state of silly stupefaction that was alike pitiable and disgusting. Another smoker, a mere youth, lay with face buried in his hands and as he lifted his head there was a look of despair such as I have seldom seen. Though so young, he was a complete wreck, with hollow eyes, sunken chest, and a nervous twitching in every muscle. I spoke to him and learned that six months before he had lost his whole patrimony by gambling, and came hither to quaff forgetfulness from these Lithian cups, hoping he said, to find death as well as oblivion. By far the larger proportion of the smokers were so entirely under the influence of the stupefying poison as to preclude any attempt at conversation, and we passed out from this moral pest-house sick at heart as we thought of these infatuated victims of self-indulgence and their starving families at home. This baneful habit, once formed, is seldom given up, and from three to five years' indulgence will utterly wreck the firmest constitution, the frame becoming daily more emaciated, the eyes more sunken, and the countenance more cadaverous, till the brain ceases to perform its functions, and death places its seal on the wasted life.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

people—intelligent on other subjects hear them say, "I never heard of heaven!" Yet such is my daily life, trust the prayers of Christians at certainly ascending for us, that we may hear, understand the Word, believe. You can well imagine that we are intensely interested in the efforts of the Woman's Board this past winter; at the same time we are earnestly praying that from above may guide them in sending some one truly called of God. We are in the schools very badly, but are to wait until the proper one can be

It is very important who comes, as ability and power of adaptation to the work we leave that all with God, as he is work of spreading the gospel more than we ever can have. Unexpected are now and then coming to me from quarters, in reference to enlarging my department. So I see the Spirit working in the hearts of the women to whom to arise and do great things for use of him whom they love. I am so oftened sometimes that I am led to seriously of the future, yet I cannot out in any way until the Board is to send me a helper, either a trained or an associate (homeopathic) physician. This they cannot do until they have some one to take Mrs. Davis's work, and am waiting patiently. We are pleased in number is to be increased this autumn. Though Mr. and Mrs. Phelps are strangers to us, yet we shall become acquainted and be brothers and in the same work, I know.

Speak of the dark and bright sides in face to foreign mission work. Truly are two sides to the question, and if I say so, both are in the extreme. To be personally acquainted with theees in a heathen land, to live in it and fight on in its midst, and that with and home far away, is something than mere words. Over against this is the presence of the Holy Spirit, for and comfort; for to do the bidding in whom we love is a pleasure, and has sing in it of itself.

have many comforts here in Shanghai more than those in the interior. We the weekly prayer-meeting also on days, of thirty, forty or more members. Did you not call that a real missionary composed exclusively of living persons on the field? There is a fine circle acquaintances and intimate friends among any missionary families as are at present in this place, the tie being strengthened by our oneness of interests. Besides, we have a Missionary Association that meets a month in the evening around at the us missions, where, with the social part the discussions of plans of work, we a very pleasant and profitable time.

would not like to depress any one of the trials, and far be it from me to encourage others; for we see so coming out here, especially the very, with earnest hearts, but who know the world soon become discouraged sick and are sent home. I pray that each one sent out may be of God, and find in his or her life real and then all that will be joyous orurable will be doubly increased inness.

APRIL 10th.

letter has had so many inter-ns that I fear the various parts quite disconnected. More than a ago I took a boat trip into the country, often long after the people in the ed country places, who are not able to down to Shanghai. We went on day to Tsung Lih's house (the er's), and remained Friday, Sabbath, unday, reaching home on Monday ng in time to open the dispensary. sistant, office-boy and teacher went e. The people came in large numbers es around, and on Friday I spent my ith them, while the others sold, or em tracts. On Sabbath day we had ervices, Tsung Lah preaching; the in the afternoon was one of the most ful I have seen in China. On Sun- rning the sick began to come long I was up, and by two o'clock I had one hundred and five, and my teacher had sent away seventy whom I could for want of time, as we had to leave M., to come on the tide that day. eople want me to return again each

we our sisters in the home-land many for the two Christmas boxes.

earnest wishes for your health and h in the good work. I remain your

E. F. SWINNEY.

The Sabbath Recorder

Alfred Centre, N. Y., Fifth-day, Oct. 18, 1888.

REV. L. A. PLATTS, D. D., Editor.
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All other communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the SABBATH RECORDER, Alfred Centre, Allegany county, N. Y.

TERMS: \$2 per year in advance.

Drafts, Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to E. P. SAUNDERS, AGENT.

"DEEP WRAPT in error is the human mind,
And human bliss is ever its cure.
Know we what if our eye remains behind?
Know we how long the pre-ent will endure?"

In our notice of the Yale Lectures on the Sunday-school, in our last issue, we omitted to give the price of the book, which is \$1.50.

HANNAH MORE quaintly said, "We have employment assigned us for every hour in life. When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; and in company, our tongues."

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church in Plain field, N. J., celebrated its 50th anniversary in February last, with appropriate exercises. The papers read on that occasion, together with the general proceedings, have been published in a neat little book, a copy of which has just come to our hand. It is an interesting and valuable historical document.

GENERAL GRANT once gave this laconic advice to a fellow-officer: "Find out what your enemy wants you to do, and then *don't* do it." That is not a bad thing to do in morals as well as in military matters. There can be but one better thing, and that is to find out what the good, and the true, and the pure requires of us, and then *do* it.

BROTHER THREEKELD, who was taken ill while on a visit in Rhode Island, has so far recovered as to be able to come to his family in Alfred. He now expects to be upon his field of labor at Crab Orchard, Ill., next Sabbath, October 20th. This will be welcome news to the brethren in Southern Illinois and Kentucky, as well as to all who are interested in the progress of the work on that promising field.

A CATHOLIC layman, writing in a recent number of the New York Independent, shows that though there are many Catholics in this country of different nationalities, it is only the Irish upon whom the church can rely for funds to build her fine churches, cathedrals, etc. This is suggestive of the waning power of the Pope over the persons and personal belongings of the people. The day will come, we believe, when the Irish, too, will throw off this bondage.

It is said that during the last six months most of the cities in New York, having a population of 15,000 or more, have organized branches of the Evangelical Alliance. A call has been issued for representatives of these branches and delegates, who may be appointed by meetings of clergymen and laymen in sections of the state where as yet there are no branches, to meet in convention at Syracuse, November 20-22, to study the methods and needs of the new movement inaugurated at the great Washington Conference last December, and to consider the formation of a permanent state organization. The call is signed by officers of the national and branch alliances, and by many leading clergymen in all sections of the state. It is expected that the meeting will be one of great interest and importance.

THE death of our beloved brother, Eld. Edmund Darrow, for so many years the faithful servant of the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Waterford, Conn., is announced. We have no further information concerning his sickness and death than that he died at his home in Waterford, on Sabbath, October 6th. This announcement following that of the death of Sister Gardner, companion of Brother Wardner, at Milton Junction, on the day previous, and the account of the departure of the life long companion of our venerable brother Andrus but a short time since, gives us a three-fold reminder that the homes of the faithful ones are being broken up, and the workers are going to their reward. May we all prove faithful to the end, which steadily draws nearer. It is a joy to know that when we shall have passed on, others will have come to our places, and so the work of the Lord will go grandly forward.

BRADFORD, PA.

There live in the city of Bradford, Pa., six or seven persons who keep the Sabbath. These persons hold membership in the First Alfred, Independence, and First Genesee Churches. They meet regularly on the Sabbath at a private house for the study of the Sabbath school lessons, but they have no preaching except when visited by some of our ministers.

Having a desire to visit these people, we arranged to spend the Sabbath, October 6th, with them. The day proved to be a very rainy one, and so all attempts at holding a public service were abandoned. But the usual Sabbath school exercises were held, after which we gave a short talk upon the theme, "God with us," taken from the promise of God to Joshua in the lesson for the day. There were eight persons present, all of whom participated in the service, which seemed to be much enjoyed by all. This little Sabbath school remembers the work of our Missionary and Tract Societies, having contributed about \$20.00 during the past year toward the support of the various objects represented by these societies. It was a real pleasure to us to spend this Sabbath hour with this faithful little band. May they be richly rewarded for the sacrifices which this faithfulness involves.

Being in this wonderful little city, we took occasion to visit some of the points of interest in and about it. As most people know, Bradford owes its existence as well as its present prosperity to the discovery and development of the immense oil deposits lying some 1,400 or 1,500 feet below the surface of the valley in which it is located. The Bradford belt was probably one of the richest finds in the history of this wonderful industry. Here begins that line of pipe by means of which millions of barrels of oil are conveyed annually from the field of production to the market of the world, without cart or car, and which represents one of the most relentless monopolies the country has ever known. "The United Pipe Line Company." The offices of this company constitute one of the finest buildings on Main street, and a little way out of the city is the first pump station on the line. Here four boilers of seventy-five horse-power each generate the steam by which two ponderous engines, each with an average capacity of 500 barrels an hour, drive the oil through six inch pipes to Olean, station No. 2, some thirty miles eastward, where it is stored in immense tanks; and from these, by means of another pumping apparatus, it is forced on to station No. 3, and so on, to the end of the line at Jersey City. The fuel used under the boilers, as elsewhere throughout the city, is natural gas. The power of this material, both for heating and for lighting, constitutes a continual surprise to the uninitiated. The engineer at the station, for example, informed us that by simply opening the valves of the supply pipes and letting the gas come to his furnaces with unrestrained force, he could in a few minutes, melt down his boilers and furnaces into one common molten mass. The lavish use which is everywhere made of it seems wasteful to one accustomed to the practice of that economy which strives to limit the consumption to actual needs. Many torches, indoors and out, are kept burning day and night, simply because it is easier to let them burn than to turn them off when not needed and then light them when again needed.

Another point of interest in this city of oil is the Oil Exchange, where fortunes are made and lost in an hour. Like all other exchanges, it exists mainly for the benefit of its members, its transactions seldom helping the product on from the producer to the consumer. On the particular occasion of our visit to the galleries, the scenes on the floor were remarkably quiet. Lots were offered at 95 cents with bids at 91 or 92. Occasionally small quantities were exchanged at prices varying somewhere between the offerings and the bids mentioned above. Beyond the simple curiosity to see the performances of which we had read so much, we had no great interest in the "puts" and "calls" of the "bulls" and "bears," and so having "seen the animals," we made our visit short.

But the visitor to Bradford will not have done himself justice if he fails to visit the great Kinzua Bridge. Accordingly, a small party of us took a train at 1 P. M., for that famous resort, whither we arrived after an hour's ride. The bridge is an iron structure thrown across the narrow valley, along the middle of which flows the Kinzua Creek. It is supported by twenty iron piers of varying heights according as they start from the bottom of the valley or from the sides of the

mountains forming the valley. It is 300 feet in height and nearly three quarters of a mile in length. To give us some idea of the height of the structure, our friend, Mr. Lyon, pointing to an oil derrick of the regulation height, said, "If you were to climb to the very top of that, you then would be about one quarter as high as the bridge."

To get the full benefit of the scenery from various points of view, we clambered down the sides of the mountain, into the valley below, then strolled up the creek, thence across the valley and up the opposite side. A view of the bridge from the valley at a sufficient distance from it to enable one to take in its entire length at a single glance, and without having to look so nearly straight upward, gives one the feeling that he is looking at a vast spider's web, so light and filmy does it seem. Having ascended the opposite side of the valley, we decided to walk across the bridge to the point of departure.

Before we had gone far, however, we obtained views of surrounding forest and valley which surpassed description. Far below us flowed the little stream, while stretching away on the right and on the left wound the beautiful valley, out of which run in various directions, numerous smaller valleys, and all dotted and flecked with dense forests of varying hue from the brightest green of the native pine to the most brilliant colors of the flaming maple. While we stood viewing the scene, the sun, which had been obscured by clouds, suddenly lighted it up with sheets of silver and gold which no painter's brush can ever portray. The scene must be seen to be appreciated. Nature and art have here combined to make this one of the finest sights in this country. To multitudes of people, a visit to Kinzua will be the event of a life-time.

Returning to Bradford, and speaking of its wonderful products, we must not forget to speak of the narrow gauge railroad system which is as truly a product of the one industry of the place as is the Oil Exchange or the "pipe line" system. Bradford lies in a valley, or rather in a sort of basin, formed by the junction or confluence of four or five different valleys radiating in as many different directions. To the east and north, over mountains a thousand feet in height, are the villages of Eldred, Olean, Cuba, Portville, and Wellsville. To furnish communication with these, and other points still farther away, is the object of this system of railroads. It is said that so inexpensive is the construction and operation of them that, during the first year and a half of their operation, the cost of construction and operation for that time was entirely met. But as was expected, the day of their great prosperity was limited to the "booming" period of the oil business in that belt. There is still, however, business sufficient to keep them in good condition. Their peculiarity consists in the ease with which they climb mountains and wind about at almost any conceivable angle necessary to avoid deep cuts or high bridges. One of the constructing engineers informed us that, starting out from Bradford, the road for seven or eight miles, ascends a regular grade of 132 feet per mile; and that, in laying out the road, they had only to set their instruments at the proper angle of elevation and then follow the conformation of the hillside in such a way as to give the desired regular ascent. The result is, as the reader can easily imagine, a winding route. The traveler will not have to exercise his imagination unduly to conceive himself following the trackless path of the eagle which sweeps round and round, circling above crag and tree top until he is lost to the sight of the dweller in the valley below. The view which one gets of village and forest, of mountain and valley, as he creeps up the hillside and circles around bold promontory or sweeps around the head of reentrant valley is an ever changing delight. A few miles on the top of the mountain through otherwise unbroken forests, and you come to a more gradual descent into the cultivated fields upon the opposite side of the mountains.

Again we run upward through the Richburg tract, passing through Bolivar and Allentown until we climb another hill and then drop down into the valley of the Genesee river at the village of Wellsville.

For a short trip, we do not know of one we could recommend in preference to this—one in which greater variety of scenery will be found in so short a space, and at so small an expense of money and time. Before you go to Europe or visit California or the White Mountains of New Hampshire, it will pay you to take the Bradford, Cuba and Eldred railroad at Wellsville, and visit Bradford and the famous Kinzua.

Communications.

WEST UNION, W. VA.

A number of Sabbath keepers in the different vicinities of West Union, feeling the importance of doing more for the cause of God, called a council to consider the propriety of organizing a Seventh day Baptist Church near here. In response to the call, on the 28th of September, 1888, with a number of the brethren and sisters here, the following persons: Elds. J. L. Huffman, Jas. B. Davis, H. P. Bardick, S. D. Davis, Dea. J. J. Lowther, Preston F. Randolph and Mrs. L. A. Ford, delegates from the Salem, Lost Creek, Greenbrier and Middle Island Churches, met in the school house on Rockrun, about two miles north east of West Union.

The council was called to order by Eld. S. D. Davis. The 1st Psalm was read and prayer was offered by Eld. H. P. Bardick. The council selected Eld. S. D. Davis Chairman, and F. P. Ford Secretary. Eld. H. P. Bardick explained the object of the meeting, and F. P. Ford gave a brief explanation of the location of those who asked for this council.

Eld. J. L. Huffman offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this council, that the interests of the cause of God would be best advanced by organizing a Seventh day Baptist Church in the vicinity of West Union, W. Va., and we now recommend the brethren and sisters living in this vicinity to proceed at once to organize such a church.

The resolution was adopted after remarks by a majority of those present, and to carry out its recommendation, a committee was appointed to draft articles of faith and covenant.

After prayer by Eld. Jas. B. Davis, the council adjourned, to meet the next Sabbath day at 10:30 A. M.

At the appointed hour Eld. H. P. Bardick preached. As this was his last sermon, before starting to his home in New York state, we were inclined to think that the Eld. had saved his best until the last.

Following the sermon, after the reading of articles of faith and covenant, Eld. S. D. Davis proceeded by asking all who were willing to sign the covenant and articles of faith and to join the organization, to come forward. Thirteen church members, and one who was baptized and received into the church the next day, went forward, formed a circle, and joined hands with Eld. S. D. Davis who held the Bible in hand. Thus we stood an unbroken band, joined to the Bible, while Eld. H. P. Bardick, in the center of the circle, solemnly led us to the throne of grace in consecrating prayer. Eld. J. L. Huffman delivered the charge and extended the hand of fellowship, with words of Christian welcome into the organization. Praise the Lord, O my soul! Thus may we live, thus may we be in the church triumphant, an unbroken band.

At 1 P. M., the Seventh-day Baptist Church of West Union elected its officers as follows: Jas. Ford, Moderator; Miss Kate Davis, Clerk; and S. P. Davis, Treasurer; and selected Festus P. Ford and Samuel L. Ford for its deacons.

After a short time spent in a speaking meeting, in which quite a number stood up as witnesses for God, and spoke words of comfort and cheer, and praising the Lord for his goodness, the deacons were ordained, with Eld. J. L. Huffman leading in the consecrating prayer and the laying on of hands, with Eld. S. D. Davis. The hand of welcome and the charge, explaining the duties of the deacons, both of the spiritual and of material things, was given by Eld. S. D. Davis. Then followed the warm hand-shaking and Christian greeting and singing praises unto the Lord.

After the adjournment the congregation repaired to the river, where the ordinance of baptism was administered to a humble, and happy candidate, praising the Lord. As she came up out of the water, she knelt at the water's edge and was received into the church. "Happy are they, who their Saviour obey." Two, by their request, though absent, were received as constituent members at the organization; and one young lady, who had been baptized, but had always observed the first day as Sabbath, came forward, saying she had made up her mind to join a Seventh day Baptist Church, and keep the Sabbath. She was received into the church in the usual manner. Thus there are seventeen members in the West Union Church, and more to follow. May the Lord hasten the time when all will come.

Eld. J. L. Huffman preached from the text, "Prove all things: Hold fast to that which is good," to an attentive congregation

in the M. E. church, in West Union, First-day evening. This closed one of the most precious series of meetings that some of us ever enjoyed.

Kind reader, will you remember this little, weak vine in your prayers, praying that it may grow, become strong in the Lord, and imitate the church of old at Rome, in that our faith may be spoken of through the whole world?

F. P. FORD Sec. of Council.

DEACON DANIEL LEWIS.

(A sketch of his life compiled from an article written by himself.)

BY A. A. LANGWORTHY.

Having been requested to prepare a concise narrative of some of the leading incidents of my past life, I have consented to do so.

I was the son of Daniel and Amy Lewis. My mother's maiden name was Amy Clark, daughter of Christopher Clark. My parents had six children, namely, Elizabeth, Martha, Hannah, Amy, Daniel and Christopher C. Their residence was in the town of Hopkinton, and state of Rhode Island, on a farm of their own, lying just west of a river known as Tomaquag, near the place formerly called Lewis Mills, in Tomaquag valley. At this place they lived ever after they had a family. They were both pious Christian people and members of a Seventh day Baptist Church. I was born May 23, 1778. I passed all my juvenile and the most of my youthful days in this home with my parents, and by them was taught the "fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom," and also the habits of industry, economy, and frugality together with the consequences which would follow from associating with bad company, and had I always strictly heeded this instruction it would have been better for me. When I arrived at the age of about eight or nine years, there was an extensive revival of religion took place in the town of Westerly, and also extended into the lower part of Hopkinton. My sister Hannah lived at that time where she had the privilege of attending these meetings, and came out in religion. After this when she was at home the young converts would come to my father's house, and I had the privilege of listening to their conversation on the subject. About this time I became impressed with the idea that I was a wicked boy and that there was an Allwise good Being who knew all about my condition. I was afraid of death. As a result of this feeling I well recollect that I tried to pray to God that he would take care of me. I remained in this frame of mind until a certain evening, when I was with the family in my father's keeping-room. They were around the fireside. I laid down on the foot of my mother's bed. My meditations while there I do not now recollect excepting that at the time there came such a sense of love, joy and grace, that it so filled my soul to overflowing that I spoke out audibly, these sensations seemed to come in that name, and said something about Jesus for all, so that the family heard and understood. My mother came to me and said, "Daniel do you know anything about Jesus?" I said to her, "Blessed be the name of Jesus." That time was a very memorable one to me and one never to be forgotten. However, from this I grew up from childhood to youth and manhood. I became rude and full of nonsense and hilarity. Yet, I had seasons of very solemn reflections on the subject of religion, but never dared to think I was a Christian. I passed through a number of reformations, but could not tell the experience which others did of a long and ponderous weight of guilt and then break out in unknown strains, and sing redeeming grace. One of these reformations alluded to occurred when I was about twenty or twenty-one years of age. I had engaged to work for the season in a family where there were quite a number of young people in high life, which I esteemed to be quite a privilege. Soon after this I was sent by my employer to Potter Hill, R. I., on business. While there I met with many of my young acquaintances. They appeared to be deeply engaged in seeking religion, and gave me a kind invitation to engage with them, and though I accepted this invitation kindly, yet I did not feel that I was ready to do so. As I was returning on my way homeward I came to a little stream of living water which ran direct across the road. What my thoughts had been previous to this, I could not remember, but the instant my eyes beheld that stream it seemed as if something said to me, "Salvation is just as free as that water." I did not hear a voice with my natural ear, but it was an impression which came to me so sudden and impressive that I could not account for it from any other source than the Holy Spirit. With serious impressions I

wended my way homeward, with old companions, who were lighted not having much farther opportunity connected with this revival and its fruits, these impressions soon faded, and I again became some-what vain, though at times I had seasons, and I finally formed a plan if I lived to be settled in life that I would try to get religion. At length I was favored to see then tried to forsake vanity and eat and sober life. Under trials, I was led to go to God, asking that he would become a Christian. About this time I was much impressed that it was my duty to become a Christian, and to me this seemed a surmountable cross, and one never, have strength to take condition of mind I continued, until finally my wife and I was informed by the physician to her assistance, that a critical one, and one from which not survive. These tidings of a thunder stroke. We had for a number of years and had many trials, yet my proud heart had prevented me from mind to her upon the subject which I felt condemned, for through my neglect in this matter be too late for her to be in a ration for death. Under these I then tried to give all up and to call upon him to upon us. And from this time I was able to bow my stubborn will follow on to know the Lord after this there were many duties in my mind that to me seemed importance, and which were a heavy cross; among which was the reading of the Scriptures and also the ordinances of the gospel, which I believed devolved upon every of Christ. And here upon family prayer, I wish to remain, I consider it to be a duty of great the life of a Christian, and so much neglected among profane people. Not that I think this I do believe that both my prayer is of great importance places. I make the above remark felt that I had no gift in this hence it was a great trial, but faculty was I had too proud a which needed to be humbled was to be brought about I did stand. But at length, one Sunday to meeting and listened to a discourse, after which I returned serious to know what my wife said. That evening, while I was about my mind became very deeply one of Watts' hymns came to me while meditating upon it, it my situation so plainly that I to go in where my wife was her, and started with a determination. As I stepped into the Bible lay at hand and my mind in this way, perhaps you had that before you attempt to do doing you may find something you strength and encourage me. I did so, not knowing it what I should find; but the 102d Psalm, a psalm which well to read, and the very Dr. Watts had composed this had been so running through. As I proceeded to read I was convinced that it was my duty myself before God at the throne call upon his name. This was so forcibly that I dared not so doing I should grieve the I then told my dear wife that in, and asked her to join with I then bowed down upon my God for the first time in any human being, and tried introduction to a prayer. By many words I became founded, and others may inquire how a proud heart circumstances, and especially thirty years of age. But the season to me, for I felt a desire so doing, and hence did not give up the snit I had upon then impressed that it was low Christ in the ordinance. I was finally led to my Sabbath meeting, and to see that should nothing arise to forbid that the next Sabbath offer myself for baptism and membership. The week following deep exercise in my mind

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BY A. A. LANGWORTHY.

ing been requested to prepare a concise of some of the leading incidents of life, I have consented to do so.

the son of Daniel and Amy Lewis. Her maiden name was Amy Clark, daughter of Christopher Clark. My parents had children, namely, Elizabeth, Martha, H. Amy, Daniel and Christopher. Our residence was in the town of Hopkinton, State of Rhode Island, on a farm of about 100 acres, lying just west of a river known as the Quag, near the place formerly called the Mills, in the town of Westerly. At this time they lived over after they had a family. They were both pious Christian people, members of a Seventh-day Baptist Church. I was born May 23, 1778. I passed my juvenile and the most of my youthful years in this home with my parents, and by the time I was taught the "fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom," and also the value of industry, economy, and frugality, and the consequences which would result from associating with bad company, and I always strictly heeded this instruction. It would have been better for me. When I was at the age of about eight or nine years, there was an extensive revival of religion in the town of Westerly, and I attended to the lower part of Hopkinton. My sister Hannah lived at that time she had the privilege of attending meetings, and came out in religion. This when she was at home the young people would come to my father's house, and had the privilege of listening to their sermons on the subject. About this time I was impressed with the idea that I was a bad boy and that there was an All-wise being who knew all about my condition, and I was afraid of death. As a result of this I well recollect that I tried to pray to God that he would take care of me. I recollect in this frame of mind until a certain day, when I was with the family in my sleeping-room. They were around me. I laid down on the foot of my father's bed. My meditations while there I do not recollect excepting that at the time there came such a sense of love, joy and that it so filled my soul to overflowing that I spoke out audibly, these sensations came to me in that name, and said something about Jesus for all, so that the family heard and understood. My mother came to me and said, "Daniel do you know anything about Jesus?" I said to her, "Blessed be the name of Jesus." That time was a very memorable one to me and one never to be forgotten. However, from this I grew up in childhood to youth and manhood. I was rude and full of nonsense and hilarity. Yet, I had seasons of very solemn reflection on the subject of religion, but never thought I was a Christian. I passed through a number of reformations, but could not get the experience which others did of a ponderous weight of guilt and then I was brought out in unknown strains, and sing the grace. One of these reformations which occurred when I was about twenty years of age. I had engaged in the season in a family where there were quite a number of young people in high school which I esteemed to be quite a privilege. After this I was sent by my employer to the Hill, R. I., on business. While I was there I met with many of my young associates. They appeared to be deeply engaged in seeking religion, and gave me an invitation to engage with them, and I accepted this invitation kindly, yet not feeling that I was ready to do so. On returning on my way homeward I came to a little stream of living water which ran across the road. What my thoughts were previous to this, I could not remember, but the instant my eyes beheld that it seemed as if something said to me, "This water is just as free as that water." I heard a voice with my natural ear, but not an impression which came to me so strong and impressive that I could not get it from any other source than the Spirit. With serious impressions I

wended my way homeward, where I met my old companions, who were light and gay, and not having much farther opportunities connected with this revival and the young converts, these impressions soon began to subside, and I again became somewhat light and vain, though at times I had serious impressions, and I finally formed a resolution that if I lived to be settled in life with a family that I would try to get religion and live it. At length I was favored to see this time, and I then tried to forsake vanity and live an honest and sober life. Under many very sober trials, I was led to go to God in secret prayer, asking that he would show me how to become a Christian. About this time I became impressed that it was my duty to pray in my family, but to me this seemed to be an insurmountable cross, and one which I should never have strength to take up. In this condition of mind I continued for some time, until finally my wife was taken sick and I was informed by the physician whom I called to her assistance, that her case was a critical one, and one from which she might not survive. These tidings came to me like a thunder stroke. We had lived together for a number of years and had passed through many trials, yet my proud and stubborn heart had prevented me from opening my mind to her upon the subject of religion for which I felt condemned, for I felt that through my neglect in this matter it might be too late for her to be in a state of preparation for death. Under these circumstances I then tried to give all up unto the Lord and to call upon him to have mercy upon us. And from this time I was enabled to bow my stubborn will and to follow on to know the Lord. Very soon after this there were many duties coming up in my mind that to me seemed to be of much importance, and which were attended with a heavy cross; among which were the reading of the Scriptures and family prayers, also the ordinances of the gospel which I believed devolved upon every true disciple of Christ. And here upon this duty of family prayer, I wish to remark that I consider it to be a duty of great importance to the life of a Christian, and one generally too much neglected among professors of religion. Not that I think this duty is all, but I do believe that both mental and vocal prayer is of great importance in their proper places. I make the above remark because I felt that I had no gift in this direction and hence it was a great trial, but the real difficulty was I had too proud a heart and one which needed to be humbled, and how this was to be brought about I did not understand. But at length, one Sabbath, I went to meeting and listened to a very stirring discourse, after which I returned home desirous to know what my whole duty was. That evening, while I was about my chores, my mind became very deeply engaged, and one of Watts's hymns came to my mind, and while meditating upon it, it seemed to tell my situation so plainly that I felt a desire to go in where my wife was and sing it to her, and started with a determination to do so. As I stepped into the room I saw my Bible lay at hand and my mind turned to it in this way, perhaps you had better read that before you attempt to sing, for by so doing you may find something that will give you strength and encouragement. Accordingly I did so, not knowing when I opened it what I should find; but it proved to be the 102d Psalm, a psalm which all would do well to read, and the very one upon which Dr. Watts had composed the hymn which had been so running through my mind. As I proceeded to read I became strongly convinced that it was my duty to humble myself before God at the throne of grace and call upon his name. This impression came so forcibly that I dared not neglect lest by so doing I should grieve the Holy Spirit. I then told my dear wife the situation I was in, and asked her to join with me in prayer. I then bowed down upon my knees before God for the first time in the presence of any human being, and tried to make an introduction to a prayer. Before I had said many words I became completely confounded, and others may imagine for themselves how a proud heart felt under such circumstances, and especially a man over thirty years of age. But this was not a lost season to me, for I felt a degree of peace in so doing, and hence did not feel disposed to give up the suit I had undertaken. I was then impressed that it was my duty to follow Christ in the ordinances of the gospel. I was finally led to mention this at a Sabbath meeting, and to say to the church that should nothing arise which seemed to forbid that the next Sabbath I should offer myself for baptism and church-membership. The week following was a time of deep exercise in my mind on many points,

among which was this duty of prayer in my family, and I finally decided that at the close of my weekly business it would be my duty to attend to it. This time came, and very unexpectedly to me we had the company of three friends to spend the night with us, neither of them professors of religion. This evening was mostly spent with very severe trials in my mind, as I called to mind my failure in my first attempt to pray in my family. One of our company was a young man of a very interesting character, a natural brother of my wife, and he was than preparing for a liberal education. However, notwithstanding this heavy burden which rested on my mind, I decided I would do my duty at all events. I then revealed my mind to the company, telling them my trials and telling them that with my present convictions I could not neglect the duty of prayer. There was not one who could strengthen my hands, for they were weak. I therefore bowed down in their midst and in a vocal voice tried to call on the name of the Lord, and to my deep humiliation, before I had made but few expressions, I became lost and confused. I still remained on my knees for some time with a realizing sense of my appearance and the remarks which might be made, but it seemed to me I felt a willingness to bear reproach for the cross of Christ. I at length rose from my knees and looked about me; some of the company were in one place, some in another, and some in tears, and a very solemn season we had. The next day was the Sabbath that I had pledged myself to make an offering to the church. I went to meeting accompanied by my brother-in-law, made my offering, was baptized and received into the church by the laying on of hands. Elder Matthew Stillman baptized me. His preaching was from these words, "Let your conversation be as cometh the gospel of Jesus Christ." I returned home feeling a degree of peace. In the evening which followed I felt under great obligations to bless God and give thanks to his name; accordingly I did so with a good degree of liberty. The next morning my brother-in-law left us for his home near Wickford. I exhorted him to try and get religion. In about four weeks he came again to see us. During this absence he had sought and found the Saviour, and become a member of a Baptist Church, and seemed to be happy in the Lord. He very soon became impressed that he had a public work to do, and sought my advice in the matter. He proceeded to prepare himself and went through college and then engaged as a teacher to relieve himself of some financial embarrassments, after which he intended to enter the ministry. About the close of the year his health took a rapid decline, his disease, which was quick consumption, preyed upon him like a consuming fire. My wife and myself visited him and were with him a number of days before he died. He seemed calm, but manifested a desire if it was the Lord's will to recover and preach the gospel, but was entirely submissive in the matter. The morning of his death his eyes became bright and expressive, he appeared calm and quiet, desiring prayer should be offered, he told me he thought he had but a little while to remain here. We soon discovered that death was doing its work. At intervals he was quiet and still. I sat by his bedside at one of those intervals. I heard his voice, he opened his eyes, with a heavenly smile upon his countenance and with his gaze fixed on something above, and uttered with an audible voice these words "Thrice glory to God and let all the people say glory to God, for I discover the mercy of God to be very great." He seemed to be in great ecstasy of joy; his voice soon faded so he could not utter words audibly. He very soon warmly clasped my hand in his, holding it until the silver cord was broken and his happy spirit took its flight. I thought at that time I would have been glad for all the infidels in this world to have witnessed that scene, for it was a powerful demonstration of the power of Christ's religion on the human soul under the trying circumstances. Since that time through the mercy of God I have lived hard on to four-score years, have passed through many scenes, parted with many dear friends that have preceded me to the spirit world, leaving me the blessed assurance that my loss was their gain; that they had fought the good fight of faith, and received the unfading crown of glory in the spirit world above. These, with many other things, are a stimulus to me to press onward toward the mark of the high prize which lieth at the end of the Christian race. Though unworthy myself, I would recommend this blessed religion to all mankind, for it is offered without money or price. It is not like those things which perish in using, but as a lamp

that burneth, a light that shineth more and more to those that follow on to know the Lord.

Mr. Daniel Lewis was baptized Feb. 13, 1813, and united with the First Seventh-day Baptist Church at Hopkinton. He was ordained to the office of deacon-by said church, in August, 1819. He died March 29, 1861. Truly it may be said of him, "Though dead he yet speaketh." And his works do follow him."

THE BIBLE IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL AND FAMILY.

BY REV. R. W. HARLOW.

(Pastor of the Congregational Church of Muscotah, Kan.)

Read at the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Atchison County, Kansas, Sunday School Association, held in the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Nortonville, September 26 and 27, 1888.

Two divine institutions, co-eval with man, are the family and the church. Both are designed and adapted to promote the greatest good, and the most extensive usefulness of the race on earth, and to fit it for a future and higher condition. These institutions are based upon the nature of man, and his relations to his fellows, and to his Creator.

The family is the first, and the most natural, and it is the only divinely appointed method for the multiplication of the human species, and to give direction and tone to the physical, intellectual, and religious life.

The church is a family on a larger scale, with Christ as its Head, and it exists for the mutual cultivation and development of the spiritual faculties, and to bring the man entire into harmony with the divine will. It may be said that the church is partly supplementary to the family work; by bringing together "in the unity of the faith," the different families for united effort, and for the employment of various agencies and methods not practicable to be used by a single family. Not only are these institutions founded upon the natural and spiritual organizations of man, as means adapted to secure certain ends; but they are of God's appointment and command; and they are to be inviolably maintained and perpetuated.

The Sabbath-school, although not a divine institution as such, has, nevertheless, the divine sanction, both in its origin and continuance. The Sabbath-school is not the church. It is auxiliary to the church. It is the child of the church—the nursery—the primary school from which it is expected the children and youth will graduate into the church, and that too, without losing their connection with the school. It should never be regarded as independent of the church. Very seldom is there a flourishing Sabbath-school where no church is, or at least, members of some contiguous church, to look after and foster it. The Sabbath school is for the inculcation of spiritual truth; primarily, those truths, essential to salvation and growth in grace, teaching and learning how to be come active, intelligent, and useful Christians. The most effective helps in this direction should be systematically and persistently used. Of course, notes, commentaries, and lesson leaves, of various kinds, may reasonably be brought into requisition. But the great desideratum, the one thing desired and needed above any and all others, is the Bible, God's Word. This is emphatically, and always to be, the Sabbath school text book. The almost innumerable variety of so called aids, lights, and illustrations, many of which are invaluable for the purpose intended, are only secondary and subordinate to the Bible. Nothing whatever must be allowed to take its place on vital topics. The great truths which we need to know, are found in this book and in none other, unless borrowed from it. It is God's great text-book, the statute-book for the world. The most important question possible for man to ask, "What shall I do to be saved?" "How may I best subserve my own eternal interests, and those around me, and thus bring the greatest honor to my Creator?" Outside the Bible, there is, there can be, no correct answer. All the lesson leaves, and notes, and commentaries ever published, together with the combined wisdom of saints on earth and in heaven, and of angels, from the lowest to the one nearest God, can never improve or make plainer the Bible answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Opinions, hypotheses, hobbies in the school, must never be allowed to take the place of a "Thus saith the Lord." Let the only hobby be, "Repent of sin," "Believe on Christ," "Lead a new life." The Bible, from its alpha to its omega, points heavenward; and, that too, more infallibly than does the needle to the pole; for no power or influence on earth or from hell can ever make it avert a hair's breadth. The Bible must be studied. Its teaching should be as familiar as is the alphabet. Its truths should be engraven on

the memory, and written on the heart; more, received into the heart.

There is a lamentable ignorance of the Bible. A little boy on being asked what was his favorite text, replied, "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." This ignorance is not confined to the children. A great Sabbath school man, in an address to teachers, to encourage them to meet together for mutual improvement, enforced his remarks with, "As the good book says, 'Birds of a feather should flock together.'" How greatly encouraged from such a consideration they were, is not known. It is only this very season, that a reporter of the *Springfield Union*, Springfield, Mass., in his report of a camp-meeting, said, "At 2 o'clock, Rev. Dr. Chadbourn, Presiding Elder of the Boston district, preached an eloquent sermon from Rom. 15: 20, 'Where sins multiply, great sins abound.'" If this is the latest Revised Version, may God save us from any more.

Again, the Bible should be the family textbook. It would be well to have a copy in each room. A frequent sight of it would do no harm, while it might be a constant reminder of its teachings and claims, and so render us more respectful to its Author, and more loving and kind toward each other. Each member of the family ought to possess a Bible. A good one, well bound, good sized print, with references, and the name of its owner upon the outside. Then, of course, there should be the family Bible, containing the family ancestry, of both parents, as far back as is known; and also, the name, date of birth, and the baptism, marriage, and death as they occur. These should be written in a clear, legible hand, and with ink that will not fade—one of the writing fluids. It will be both pleasant and instructive to the children and grandchildren, and perhaps the great grandchildren, at their occasional family reunions, to look over the old records.

Then, there should be a family reading of the Bible once every day. And each should read from his or her own Bible; unless, it may be, that the father and mother—the united head of the family, should occasionally, together read from the "Old Family Bible." And then all kneeling with the clasped hands of each holding their respective Bibles, while the father, or the mother, should there be no father, lead in the family prayer, and closing with the "Lord's prayer" in unison. In future years, it may be after many years, even long after those fond parents have been carefully laid away to rest until the resurrection morn, while the grass and flowers grow upon their graves, and those children are scattered far apart, it may be that amid the sorrows of life, their hearts will turn to the yet dear scenes of the old homestead,—the happy days of childhood and home, when brothers and sisters, they mingled together around the old hearth stone. And dearest and most precious of all, will be those that cluster around and are associated with the "Old Family Bible." And how the clouds will part, the storm cease, and the calm of the bright sunshine come, when from the depths of their hearts they unite in singing:

"How painfully pleading the fond recollection
Of youthful questions and innocent joys,
When blessed with parental advice and protection,
Surrounded with my wife and peace from on high;
I still view the chairs of my father and mother.
The seats of their offspring ranged on each hand,
And that best of books, which excels every other,
The family Bible which lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand."

"That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day, and for safety through night;
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the hearts of a family band,
Half raised up from earth to the rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand."

"Ye scenes of tranquility—long have we parted;
My hopes almost gone—my parents no more:
In sorrow and sadness I roam broke-hearted,
And was der unknown on a far distant shore;
Yet how can I dub a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his beautiful hand?
Then let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand."

At a recent meeting of the W. C. T. U., of Ashaway and Potter Hill, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, the W. C. T. U., of the State of Rhode Island, in Convention held in Providence, did, on September 20, 1888, against the earnest prayer and protest of our most faithful workers, adopt the following resolution:

Resolved, That we sympathize with any party which makes its dominant issue the suppression of the liquor traffic; declaring its belief in Almighty

God as the source of all power in government; defends the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath; recognizes equal suffrage and equal wages for women; demands the abolition of polygamy; and condemns every marriage and divorce which tends to remove sectional differences, to promote national unity and insure the best welfare of our land; and that we follow the example of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union and lend our influence to the National Prohibition Party as long as it remains true to the declaration of its platform.

WHEREAS, in our opinion, the adoption of the above resolution has destroyed our influence in the community in which we are laboring as a local union; and

WHEREAS, It defends the sanctity of the so-called Christian Sabbath in opposition to God's Sabbath—the Sabbath of the fourth commandment—held sacred by the majority of our members, thus taking a step toward the union of church and state, which history shows has ever been attended with evil to both; and,

WHEREAS, in our opinion, the W. C. T. U. has ignored the source of its own strength by lending its influence to the National Prohibition Party; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the W. C. T. U. of Ashaway and Potter Hill, do sever all connection with the State and National Union.

Resolved, That we instruct our treasurer to turn over to the treasurer of the Ashaway Free Library, all money remaining in our treasury after paying debts to present date, September 25, 1888.

Resolved, That the Secretary of our Union be instructed to send a copy of the preamble and resolutions to the Secretary of the State Union, also to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

Resolved, That when this Union adjourns it adjourns sine die.

Condensed News.

Domestic.

The Secretary of the Treasury purchased, October 10th, \$4,139,500 in bonds.

It is believed in Chicago, that Hutchinson is trying to corner December wheat. He is buying corn through his brokers, and has taken a large amount of freight room.

Leonard Grover, the actor and playwright, has been in Ludlow Street jail, New York, a week. His wife sued him for separate maintenance and won the suit, but the money has not been paid.

Yellow fever nurses at Camp Perry desire to return to their homes in New Orleans, but the officials of Mississippi and Louisiana will not allow them to enter those states.

Articles of incorporation to the Union Pacific, Lincoln & Colorado Railway were filed at Denver, Col., Oct. 6th, with a capital of \$17,500,000. The road is to run direct from Lincoln, Neb., to Denver.

Cadet William B. Rochester, Jr., son of the paymaster general of the army, has been dismissed from the military academy on account of impaired vision. There are now three vacancies in the list of cadets at large.

In a fierce wind at Mandan, Dak., the whole town turned out to fight prairie fire one day last week. News of its approach came an hour before the fire itself and fire breaks were skillfully built 200 feet wide. In all directions the farmers were fighting fire.

The Virginia Exposition, the first ever held in that state, has been formally opened. Mrs. Lee, wife of the Governor, started the machinery in motion by plucking a rose from a bouquet to which were attached electrical wires. Fully 20,000 people were in attendance.

At Rockford, Ill., Oct. 10th, the grand jury returned seventy indictments against twenty-three Rockford saloon keepers who have been openly selling liquor since the no license law went into effect. It is stated that one of the jurors kept the latter posted on their proceedings, and many of them left the city.

Foreign.

The report is confirmed that cholera prevails in the Philippine Islands.

A rich petroleum well, has been discovered at Anderson in Cheshire, England.

Continuous heavy rain storms and snow are reported in various parts of Germany. Further floods are feared.

Le Temps states that the Italian consul at Tunis has instructed the directors of the Italian schools there to refuse admission to the French inspectors.

James Dunn, aged eighty, evicted from Captain Singleton's estate at Lonsay, Ireland, died recently in a barn to which his friends had removed him. He had been ejected from his house and placed in the road.

General Goodenough, who inspected and reported upon the defenses of Malta, is now on his way to Halifax under orders from the war office to make a thorough inspection of the fortifications of Halifax.

Mr. Rathbone, the United States consul-general at Paris, has notified American citizens in France that they may make oath at American consulates to the facts required by the decree relating to foreigners intending to reside in France.

The town of Tlacoluis, in Hidalgo, has been completely destroyed by floods. Over five hundred families have taken refuge in the mountains. Many houses have been buried in the sand, so that the owners are unable to find a vestige of them.

The French Prime Minister, Floquet, declares that he will resign if the project for the revision of the constitution is rejected or has to be adopted by a majority secured by a coalition. He further declares that he will only accept the vote of a republican majority adopting the project.

Home News.

Rhode Island.

ASHAWAY.

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Miscellany.

FOG AROUND THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

"This is a lovely place, grandpa!" exclaimed Allan, as he climbed up the ladder secured to the fog-signal tower.

"And I have been wanting to have you here, Allan! In with you!" said the keeper of the light-house.

The tower of the fog-signal was constructed of iron and painted red. It was a huge, flaring cylinder, and from its roof projected a pair of tall pipes.

"What's this place, grandpa?" asked Allan, who had eyes and ears open, and to help these, he was ready to open his mouth and ask questions.

"This is the first floor. It's a kind of storeroom. Here, down here," and, as he spoke, he kicked an iron cover in the floor.

"Oh—oh—oh!" exclaimed Allan. "If this isn't the nicest kitchen in the world!"

It did look cosy, and the whiff of warm air that greeted Allan at the top of the stairway, was fragrant with the odor of apple pies Grandpa Dawes had been cooking.

"A stove!" said Allan, looking eagerly about him. "A table! A cooking clock, and don't the tick sound natural!

"And a cupboard to take things out of! Try that!" said Grandpa Dawes, opening the closet door, and handing Allan a big piece of pie.

"Dear old grandpa, for having a memory as long as that!"

"Now, Allan, if you think you've got strength enough from that pie to do a little more climbing, we will go up stairs."

Allan was ready for anything that might be suggested, and the keeper and his guest mounted a second stairway.

"This is my room. Bed, you see, chair, wardrobe, stand, everything comfortable. Now we will go higher," said the keeper.

The next room was like grandpa's. "Here, my assistant, Mark Jones, stays. He has a vacation until to-morrow afternoon.

"O grandpa, I should like to help you first rate."

"Well, I never saw a boy yet that couldn't help, and help a lot if he really wanted to. I will call you my assistant."

"Assistant keeper, Allan Dawes, in this light house at District No. 1, New England, U. S. A.," said Allan.

"Thank you, thank you," and with a proud step he began to mount the next stairway.

"A boat? Yes, and it held two men. 'Can't be grandpa's boat,' thought Allan.

"Yes, it is grandpa. He must have gone to that upset boat and brought off a man," concluded Allan.

"I see," replied the assistant keeper, striding round the lantern, and looking off through the big panes upon the wide sea flecked with the white sails of passing vessels.

"The lamp, grandpa—"

"Is inside this big glass lens you see in the centre here. The lens is shaped like a small cask, and you can see it is mostly made up of what we call prisms, three cornered pieces of glass, and these gather up all the rays of light from the lamp in the centre, that would otherwise scatter in all directions.

"Let me finish," said Mr. Stuart, laughing. "The light-house tender is up in the harbor, and I thought I would row off here in a boat and see how the keeper was getting along, and—I was upset, or my boat was, and I think I can safely say the keeper is doing splendidly."

"And it was your bell that guided us here," added grandpa, turning to Allan. "I wondered what you would do."

"I have got the engine fire ready, grandpa."

"You have? Well done!" said the inspector. "I must say a good word for you, too."

In a few minutes the big fog signal trumpets were going energetically, shrieking over the lonely, misty sea. "Toot-t-t! Toot-t-t! Toot-t-t!"—Golden Rule.

That night, Allan had a very sound, restful sleep in the assistant-keeper's room. Before retiring, Grandpa Dawes read one of the beautiful Psalms so full of trust, and then he knelt in prayer, and it seemed to Allan as if the blessed wings of God's fatherly care were stretched just above the light-house tower, and could not a boy sleep sweetly under them?

The next morning Allan awoke early. "Wher's grandpa?" he asked himself when he descended into the kitchen only to find it empty. "Perhaps he is up in the lantern."

Yes, the keeper was in the lantern, waiting for the sun to rise. The moment it thrust one burning tip above the glassy sea, the keeper turned and extinguished his lamp. So the ball of fire rolled off from the light-house tower and was on the horizon fine again.

"I wish, grandpa, you could tell me about the fog signal," said Allan.

"I will do so. Our light-houses are visited by inspectors to see if everything is right, and I am expecting ours to-day, and soon as I have brushed out my rooms, I will show you the signal."

When Allan and the keeper went into the signal tower, the keeper explained that the idea was to compress the air and then send it through the tall trumpets reaching up out of the roof. The air in its passage drove through a reed box, grandpa said, "and that makes the music."

"Oh, don't I wish I could hear it!" exclaimed Allan.

"Perhaps you may. The sun came up bright, but I see it is foggy now out on the water. This is a hot air engine, not steam," said grandpa, patting the machinery, "and I build my fire in here."

He pointed out the place for the fire, and said, "I kindle up here, heat the air which drives my engine, and that compresses the air in a tank, and that goes shrieking out of that fog trumpet above."

"Oh, don't I wish I could hear it!" "Dare say you may. It is getting more and more misty. When the fog hides the trees over on that point of land I set my signal a going. See here! Who is that?"

Grandpa was looking out of the window when he said this, but he now hurried down to the door, and there had a better outlook. Allan followed him. What was the matter with that boat out on a reef stretching to the north of the light house?

"Allan!" said grandpa, excitedly, "there's trouble out there. I must go out in my boat. You look after things?"

"Yes, sir," said the assistant keeper, proudly. "Oh, go, grandpa! Help that man!"

Grandpa hurried down the ladder, sprang into his boat, moored at the base of the signal tower, and pushed off into the sea. Allan went back to the engine-room and looked out of the window.

"There goes grandpa! Oh, I hope he will get that man! Dear me, how lonely it seems here!" exclaimed Allan. The assistant keeper felt also that a sudden weight of responsibility was resting upon his shoulders.

"I hope the inspector grandpa spoke of won't come now, when the fog is thickening and grandpa is not here to start the signal."

"Where's grandpa? Fog swallowed him up?" wondered Allan. "And, oh, dear, if the mist isn't eating up the trees on that point! What can I do? People who don't know how it is will say grandpa didn't do his duty, if they don't hear the fog signal. I can get his fire ready."

Yes, he could start the fire in the furnace and have the engine ready for duty when grandpa returned. And what did he see on a shelf? A big hand bell!

"I can take that and ring it and somebody may hear it," thought Allan, hurrying to the door of the signal tower. "Yes, somebody may be bothered out on the water and hear the bell and it will tell them where they are."

There he stood ringing his bell. The cold, gray fog advanced nearer and nearer, scowling away, as if saying, "What is that by up to?"

And what was it that Allan finally saw moving slowly out of the fog?

"A boat? Yes, and it held two men. 'Can't be grandpa's boat,' thought Allan.

"Yes, it is grandpa. He must have gone to that upset boat and brought off a man," concluded Allan.

He was right, and grandpa soon climbed the ladder, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as "Mr. Stuart."

"Your boy?" asked Mr. Stuart.

"My grandson," said the keeper; "and Allan, Mr. Stuart is our light-house inspector. He generally comes in a vessel that visits and supplies the light-houses and—"

"Let me finish," said Mr. Stuart, laughing. "The light-house tender is up in the harbor, and I thought I would row off here in a boat and see how the keeper was getting along, and—I was upset, or my boat was, and I think I can safely say the keeper is doing splendidly."

"And it was your bell that guided us here," added grandpa, turning to Allan. "I wondered what you would do."

"I have got the engine fire ready, grandpa."

"You have? Well done!" said the inspector. "I must say a good word for you, too."

In a few minutes the big fog signal trumpets were going energetically, shrieking over the lonely, misty sea. "Toot-t-t! Toot-t-t! Toot-t-t!"—Golden Rule.

London does not remain unchanged, old and seemingly changeless as she is. Every little while some relic of her former glory or shame gives way to new features, handsome, perhaps, but with all their history to make.

The latest relic of the past to disappear is

the quaint old building which once served John Bunyan as a preaching place. It stood in Lambeth Road, opposite St. Mary's Church, and originally was, doubtless, one of the famous hostleries that dotted the neighborhood of old London.

In the courtyard of this old inn "Lambeth Fayre" was held; and the immediate neighborhood has associations of much historical interest. No doubt the old building stood there in 1641, when the London apprentices attacked Lambeth Palace opposite and tried to capture Archbishop Laud.

Close to this old building, too, Mary of Modena, Queen of James II., rested in 1688, when she fled from the palace on the other side of the river, disguised as an Italian washerwoman, with her infant son in her arms.

During a long period the upper room of this old building was a Nonconformist meeting place, and in comparatively recent years it was the scene of much useful and unselfish labor.

For many years this old "meeting room" contained the pulpit of John Bunyan. This pulpit had been removed from the old Nonconformist meeting house in Zoff Street, Southwark, where Bunyan used to go when he visited London, and where he was allowed to deliver his discourses, by favor of his friend, Dr. Thomas Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, to whom the old Southwark house belonged. It is not known what has become of this old pulpit.

Mr. Watts, of Messrs. Doulton and Watts, founded here a ragged school, which was frequently taught by Mr. W. R. Selway, now a prominent member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, of London. Here Mrs. Carlisle, the founder of the "Band of Hope" movement, taught a class of children, and the room might almost be called the birthplace of the temperance movement on the Surrey side of the Thames as it was the scene of the labors of Meredith, Howlett, and other pioneers of teetotalism. John Mounford, one of the most zealous followers of the Rev. Rowland Hill, held together a congregation in this old building until his death at an advanced age. Recently the old building was a coffee shop, and a five tavern will be erected on the site.—Buffalo Express.

TOMMY'S SUNFLOWERS.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

Molly and Polly were twins, eight years old, and Tommy was only four.

Just now the twins were very busy over a package of flower seeds which Aunt Emily had sent them. There were papers labeled "candytuft," "mignonette," "sweet alyssum," and many other names that called to mind lovely flowers.

"Can I have some seeds?" asked Tommy, laying a chubby hand on a packet marked "Verbena."

"No, you can't have any," said Polly. "No, you can't," echoed Molly; "and don't bother. We're going to divide them."

"Please give me just a few seeds," said Tommy, sweetly. "I want some flowers, too."

"Oh! you are too little," said Molly. "You couldn't take care of them, if you had them, and there are only just enough to fill our bed."

"Besides, you haven't any place to plant them," said Polly.

"Mamma will give me a place,—I know she will," urged Tommy.

"Well, you can't have any of these," said Polly. "I wish you were not such a tease, Tommy. Dewell; we can't take any comfort, you always want just what we have."

Tommy turned away, with a disappointed look on his gentle face. Then his eye spied a little yellow packet under the table. He picked it up. He might have put it in his pocket and walked off with it; the girls would never have been the wiser,—for they were mildly disputing over their seeds.

But Tommy was an honest little boy; so he held up the paper, saying: "Here is one you dropped."

Molly took it, and read, "*Helianthus Argophyllus*,"—what's that? Oh! it is sunflower seed; Aunt Emily has written it here. I don't see what she sent it for. I don't want any sunflowers,—do you, Polly? I think they are horrid."

Of course, Polly did not want anything unless Molly wanted it too, so she said: "Let's give them to Tommy."

"Well, let's," said Molly. "Here, Tommy!" she called. "You may have these seeds."

Tommy came back slowly, and looked doubtfully at the little packet held out to him.

"Are they very horrid?" he asked. Molly's face grew red.

"Why, no; of course, they are not," she answered.

"You said they were," returned Tommy, looking straight at Molly with his honest brown eyes.

"Well, I didn't mean that," Molly said, with a little laugh. "Only I don't like them so well as I do some things; that is all."

"Are they little bits of flowers?" he asked. The twins laughed.

"No, Tommy; they are nice, large, yellow flowers," they said.

"Then I shall not think they are horrid," said Tommy, gravely. "I shall like them. Thank you very much! And the little boy trotted off.

"Oh! he may like them," Molly said; "he won't know any better. Come, Polly, do hurry up and divide those pansy seeds; you are awfully slow."

Mamma looked over the little packet very carefully. At first she grew grave and sorrowful.

"Is this all the girls gave you?" she asked.

Then Tommy told the whole story in his sweet, frank way, without a word of complaint because more seeds had not been granted him.

Mamma well knew that the twins were apt to impose upon Tommy, and he was so generous and trustful that he never once guessed when they were selfish or defrauded him from his rights. But mamma saw it all, and this was what made the grieved look come when Tommy showed her the paper of sunflower seeds.

"I think you will have some beautiful flowers from these seeds," mamma said at last, turning over the leaves of a seed catalogue, and comparing a name there with the name on Tommy's packet. "Yes, I am sure you will like them very much; it is not the common sunflower, but a much prettier sort. We will plant them in front of those dark evergreens in the back part of the lawn; we will have a big clump of them, and you shall see how beautiful they will be."

Tommy's eyes danced with joy. "I'll run and tell Molly and Polly," he said; "they will be so glad."

"No, I wouldn't tell the girls just yet," said mamma, drawing her little boy close, and kissing his happy face. "Suppose we don't say anything about it, but wait until the flowers blossom, and let it be a surprise. How will that do?"

"Oh! I think that will be very nice," said Tommy.

So the sunflower seeds went into the ground in front of the great evergreens, and the seeds sprouted, and the sturdy little plants showed themselves not afraid of wind, or rain, or sunshine; and they grew so fast that they were soon as tall as Tommy himself.

As for the twins' garden, it did not thrive well. The hot sun dried up the pansies, when Polly forgot to water them. The cut worms destroyed nearly all the sweet peas, the verbenas did not come up, and the morning glories turned out to be a pale purple instead of the brilliant blue and pink beauties that Molly had hoped for. Altogether the little garden seemed to be a failure, and it was so overrun with weeds that the few flowers which survived their other enemies had a hard struggle for life.

But Tommy's chubby hands kept his precious sunflowers free from weeds; and when it was dry he would patiently carry water in the little watering pot, and give every root as much as it could drink. In the early summer they began to blossom; and how beautiful they were! The leaves of the plants were very handsome, being covered with a gray down, which made them look like silver; the flowers were small, with broad, golden petals and a jet black centre. The tall pyramids of bloom were very striking, with the dark evergreens for a background, and everybody admired them. Strangers even stopped to inquire about them; and Tommy gave away many flowers, happy to bestow pleasure whenever he could.

One day some gentlemen and ladies were visiting at the house, and Tommy invited the company to go out on the lawn and take a nearer view of his beloved plants. As Tommy fluttered about among the flowers, plucking a pretty blossom here and there, and beaming with delight at the praise of a gentleman who congratulated him on his success as a little gardener, Polly spoke up:

"They were ours to begin with. Aunt Emily sent us the seeds, and we gave them to Tommy. We didn't keep any for ourselves."

"You were very generous little girls, I am sure," said the gentleman, smiling down at her.

"No; they were not generous," said the twins' mamma, very quietly. "They supposed these were the common sunflowers, which they did not like, and so they gave them to Tommy."

Then she went on talking of something else, quite as if there had been no explanation; and they all laughed and talked as they had laughed and talked before. Only Molly and Polly crept away with very red faces, and they wished they had given Tommy something else besides sunflowers.—S. S. Times.

THE HONEST OLD SOUL.

We think we are moving along at a rapid rate in this steam generation of ours. But we do not know just what the gait is until we meet some honest old soul from the settlements, who has not had an opportunity of keeping abreast of the times. It is his innocence that amuses, but we are too prone to laugh at his ignorance. There is something else in it—a study showing progression. I met one of these old men the other day in a bank. He had some business to transact there. He faltered on the lintel of the door, and asked if "this" was the Illinois Savings and Trust Company. He was informed that it was. He glanced at the floor and saw in the doorway a foot-mat of rubber, on which was the name of the bank.

"They ain't doin' as much bizness as they was," said the old man. "When I fust done bizness with 'em they had the sign over the door. Now they've got it on the floor."

The old man was instructed on the foot-mat progress.

"Then this ben't the sign, but a mat to wipe your boots on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that beats me. I reckon when I go back and tell Samantha about this she'll go off into hysterics and say I've left the Prohibition party agin."

We walked in and looked about the room. The wainscoting of the handsome room is of polished marble, and the floor is of tiling. The old man looked around and asked:

"Anybody dead?"

"No."

"Looks like a graveyard. So much marble everywhere. I didn't know but what it was a new fangled tombstone, a kind of family buryin' ground right down town, you know. I've heern a good deal told about Chicago men bein' mighty busy. I thought maybe they died here and the people alive was too busy to take the dead out to the grave yard."

This was explained to him by the visitor who had been acting as guide.

"What's them brass things on the bottom of the counter?" he asked.

"Those are foot-rests."

"What!"

"Foot-rests. Rails upon which the customer puts one of his feet, as a sort of rest, when he is attending to business."

"Wher's the chairs?"

"They have none. They have these foot-rests so that a man can rest without sitting down."

"Rests while he is standing up?"

"Yes, sir."

"On one foot?"

"Yes; first one foot and then the other."

"Like an old goose like got down on the farm."

"It is quite an idea."

"I thought you said it was a foot rest?"

"Well, same thing—foot rest."

"Well, that beats me. I don't think I'll say anything about that when I get home. They'd never believe it in the world."

"You ought to go behind there and see the lock on the safe. It is a nice piece of work. It is fine as a watch, in fact it runs like one. When the man closes the vault in the afternoon he can't get it open himself until the clock-work runs a certain number of hours."

The old man looked over his glasses. The veins in his temple stood out from the surface. "Don't ask me to look at anything of that sort," he said, "I don't believe it. I wouldn't believe it if I seed it. You've treated me all right, stranger, and I ain't got nothin' agin you, but I don't want you to tell me any more. I seed the sign on the door mat I see the foot rests on the counter, where a man rests on one foot while he is transactin' his business. Mebbe I can tell Samantha about that, and by her smellin' my breath mebbe she may believe me. But she wouldn't live with me, stranger, if I was to tell her that clock yarn. I guess I'll git the money on this check, standin' on one foot while I do, and then I must be shovin' up the creek."—Chicago Mail.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers, why then is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour, the fragrance of the lilies, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn.

I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite, proves infinity.—Victor Hugo.

It was a maxim of Lord Bacon, that when it was necessary to economize, it was better to look after petty savings than to descend to petty gettings. The loose cash which many persons throw away uselessly, and worse, would form a basis of fortune and independence for life. These wasters are their own worst enemies, though generally found among the ranks of those who rail at the injustice of "the world." But if a man will not be his own friend, how can he expect that others will? Orderly men of moderate means have always something left in their pockets to help others, whereas your prodigal and careless fellows who spend all never find an opportunity for helping anybody.—Samuel Smiles.

A HEART LENS.

BY MAUDE RITTEN.

Lulu Page had rushed in shaking the bright drops from laughing light-heartedly.

"Did you ever see such a pent shower? Came pelting a blue sky, and drove me right to tree. Oh!"—with a sudden "I beg your pardon. I hadn't Simpkins; so dark you know from outside." And Lulu willow chair not far from the her mamma sat talking w Simpkins.

"What a dreadful big gir cherry trees," the widow thinking severely, but she girl pleasantly enough, and Mrs. Page, to take up the dr tional thread.

"Well, that's just how the Mrs. Page. The doctors car into the case at all. She's ju o'bones, a lyn, there day in. She don't eat more'n a bird, can't even turn in the bed o days."

"Poor little thing! Poor Mrs. Page interrupted sympathy the widow went on; "The in Englewood three months, time that child hasn't been She nearly dies of loneliness don't know anybody to speak get out to get acquainted. always with the sick girl, th doin' the work, and the fathe mechanic."

"How old is the little girl?"

"Thirteen, they say; but little, wasted thing, with her blue eyes, she don't look a da

"Thirteen! Just Lulu's a living such a life, Lulu—sh room for three months, su time, and with nothing to m make one day different from a

"Well, now, you know it Mrs. Simpkins said hastily, twice a week in the aftern Brooks once, and we take tur ing a good book my father left of the lives of the earlier saint a patient little saint herself, a book was kind o'fittin'."

And here a burst of sunshi room, as though to hunt on little saint and crown her wit caught up the book she ha cherished copy of "Little hastened out to her haunt a tree, where, high upon an im she spent many fleeing hours some sort of a big bright b gleaming cherries.

If ever there lived a happ fun loving girl, that girl w said, "A tom boy, you know," he said, "but so sweet, and lov that you don't mind her pr And now this happy "tom bo lazily against her cherry chair tory to another dip into that ful of stories. She read a and then bang! went the le and a petulant "Oh, dear!" lips.

"Why need I try to make able because that poor little, asked irrelevantly, but the seem to know, and the saucy erately pecking the finest of only twitched its head from a scolded at her.

"The lives of the earlie claimed the girl, her words indignantly that the cat bird away. "I shouldn't try to die outright. The monoton if the sickness didn't. Not a round, or play tennis, or ri oh, good gracious, it would "Poor little thing! I sho thankful I've never been si sight of a sick room—dim camphory places, with row bottles—nasty things!—and boxes. I always want to yell keep from smothering. saints! How enlightening t an aching, shut in girl just der how she'd like "Little change?" and here Lulu twi comfortably, and reached a limb for a bunch of the t She didn't eat them even th a brown study for several it's no use arguing from all could do it in the world! people, in soft slippers, to d the sick room." Then she with decision, and thought th matter.

What opened her Bible th beautiful twenty fifth chapu and why did she toss about hour afterward, instead of g sleep as was her comfo

"Sick, and ye visited me words rang and rang in her solemn and dreadful they to bear it longer, she bo middle of the floor and l minutes later Mamma Page, stopped in surprise at her c way.

"Not asleep yet, Lulu? mean?"

Lulu rushed toward her i "There!" with a resound to bed, water mine. It o of wanting match, that sa I'm going to pat on red aj

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. Oct. 20. Stones of Memorial. Josh. 4: 10-24. Oct. 27. The Fall of Jericho. Josh. 5: 20-29. Nov. 3. Defeat at Ai. Josh. 7: 1-12. Nov. 10. Caleb's Inheritance. Josh. 14: 6-15. Nov. 17. Helping One Another. Josh. 21: 43-45; 22: 1-9. Nov. 24. The Covenant Renewed. Josh. 24: 19-28. Dec. 1. Israel Under Judges. Judges 9: 11-23. Dec. 8. Gideon's Army. Judges 7: 1-8. Dec. 15. Deeds of Samson. Judges 16: 21-31. Dec. 22. Ruth's Choice. Ruth 1: 16-22. Dec. 29. Review Service.

LESSON IV.—THE FALL OF JERICHO.

FROM THE HELPING HAND.

For Sabbath-day, October 27, 1888.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.—Joshua 6: 1-16.

1. Now Jericho was straitly shut up because of the children of Israel: none went out, and none came in. 2. And the Lord said unto Joshua, See I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valour. 3. And ye shall compass the city, all ye men of war, go round about the city once. Thus shall ye do six days. 4. And seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns; and the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow with their trumpets. 5. And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout, and the wall of the city shall fall down flat, and the people shall ascend up every man straight before him. 6. And Joshua the son of Nun called the priests, and said unto them, Take up the ark of the covenant, and let seven priests bear seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the Lord. 7. And he said unto the people, Pass on, and compass the city, and let him that is armed pass on before the ark of the Lord. 8. And it came to pass, when Joshua had spoken unto the people, that the seven priests bearing the seven trumpets of rams' horns passed on before the Lord, and blew with the trumpets; and the ark of the covenant of the Lord followed them. 9. And the armed men went before the priests that blew with the trumpets, and the rearward came after the ark, the priests going on, and blowing with the trumpets. 10. And Joshua had commanded the people, saying, Ye shall not shout, nor make any noise with your voice, neither shall ye say a word, until the day that I bid you shout; then shall ye shout. 11. So the ark of the Lord compassed the city, going about once; and they came into the camp, and lodged in the camp. 12. And Joshua rose early in the morning, and the priests took up the ark of the Lord. 13. And seven priests bearing seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the Lord went on continually, and blew with the trumpets; and the armed men went before them; but the rearward came after the ark of the Lord, the priests going on, and blowing with the trumpets. 14. And the second day they compassed the city once, and returned into the camp. So they did six days. 15. And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they rose early about the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times; only on that day they compassed the city seven times. 16. And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days. Heb. 11: 30.

INTRODUCTION.

In the fifth chapter are narrated some of the events that transpired while encamped at Gilgal, probably occupying two or three weeks. They were resting, observing certain rites commanded them, and getting ready for the siege of Jericho, which was also called "The City of Palms," from its being situated in the edge of a forest of large palm trees. Jericho was not a very large city, but was surrounded by a thick and strong wall. It was a wealthy and very important city. Indeed, "the most important city in the valley of the Jordan."

OUTLINE.

- I. The doomed city shut up. v. 1. II. Directions for the siege. v. 2-7. III. The orders obeyed. v. 8-15. IV. The city captured. v. 16. PLACES.—Gilgal and Jericho. PERSONS.—The Lord, Joshua, the king of Jericho, mighty men of valor and priests. TIME.—B. C. 1451. Not more than two, or three weeks after the last lesson. HELPFUL SCRIPTURES.—Josh. 5, Ex. 15: 1-18, Heb. 11: 30, Eph. 6: 10-17.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

V. 1. "Straitly shut up." Closely, securely shut up. The people were in great fear of the Israelites for whom such miracles were performed, vs. 2-7. "And the Lord." In chap. 6: 15, he is called "captain of the Lord's host." "I have given." God's gift. No other power could give it; especially in that way. No ground for vanity or boasting on the part of the instruments used. "And you shall compass the city." Here is a test of their obedience and faith. To mere human wisdom the course prescribed would have seemed absurd. Human reason would have rebelled. Had Ingersoll instead of Joshua been in command he would have refused to obey, and would have lost the city as he will probably lose his own soul. Seven trumpets of rams' horns. Or, according to Bush, seven trumpets of the jubilee, i. e., such trumpets as were blown in the year of jubilee. Trumpets of joy, of victory. "The wall of the city shall fall down flat." Not the entire wall in all its length necessarily, for we see that Rahab's house had not been disturbed (v. 23), and that was on the wall. Enough of the wall fell to give the Israelites access to the city probably on all sides. v. 6. "And Joshua called the priests," etc. Notice the prompt unquestioning obedience, notwithstanding the strange, and to human wisdom, unmeasurable procedure. v. 7. "Compass the city." Go around it. v. 8. "Pass on before the Lord," i. e., before the ark of the Lord, (vs. 4, 6, 7.) v. 9. "Rearward." The rear guard, a part of the forces following the main body of the army, gathering up the feeble or straggling ones and protecting the rear of the army from the assaults of the enemy. v. 10. "Ye shall not shout." This was not an ordinary siege or battle. God was the leader. They therefore were to preserve a solemn, reverent silence. v. 11. "So the ark of the Lord compassed

the city." A most strange and comical sight to those within and on the walls! Such an unwelcome mode of assault must have appeared childish to them; and their sense of security must have increased as the six days' siege passed and nothing apparently accomplished. "Wicked men think God is just when he is preparing for their judgment."—Bishop Hooker, v. 15. "On that day they compassed the city seven times." Of course the Sabbath must have occurred during this siege. But this was no ordinary work of man. It was for the display of the divine power and glory; and therefore, work that was appropriate even on the Sabbath. v. 6. "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city." Now the time had come for the voice of the people to be heard. The people obeyed thus evincing their faith. See Heb. 11: 30. CENTRAL TRUTH.—Faith and obedience in God's service are sure conditions of victory.

DOCTRINES.—1. God's special providences in behalf of his people. 2. God's ways are often mysterious, and to human minds incomprehensible. 3. Rewards and punishments, though seemingly slow in coming, are sure to overtake the righteous and the wicked respectively.

DUTIES.—1. To believe in God's providence. 2. To promptly obey his commands. 3. Never to be dismayed at apparent obstacles in the way of duty.

MARRIED.

In Brookfield, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1888, by Rev. J. M. Todd, Mr. Lewis S. SIMONS, of Bridge-water, and Miss MARY D. CONVIS, of Sangerfield. In Brookfield, N. Y., evening of Oct. 1, 1888, by Rev. J. M. Todd, Mr. Lewis C. TUTTLE, of Columbus, and Mrs. ALMIRA CLARK, of Brookfield. In Brookfield, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1888, by Rev. J. M. Todd, Mr. OSCAR D. CHANDALL and Miss ESTHER M. BURTON, both of Columbus. At the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. J. A. Jordan, in Little Geneva, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1888, by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, Mr. WALTER S. ALLEN and Miss JULIA WILBER, both of Little Geneva.

DIED.

In Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y., August 31, 1888, of typhoid fever, PERRY E. son of Clark J. and Mary E. Watson, and grandson of E. F. Stelle, aged 4 years, 6 months and 13 days. A bright jewel for the diadem of Jesus. In Independence, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1888, of cholera infantum, infant daughter of D. E. and Alice Livermore. Funeral services were held at the house of the parents. "You shall see her, and I know her, and love her, When your feet touch the sands of the bright golden shore, You shall fold her again to your bosom, And your wand'ring and partings be o'er." "For the love that your Heavenly Father Would have you bestow on the dear one below, Shall not fail of its own in the heavens, When to the bright mansions you go." H. D. C.

Mrs. LOUISA D. HARRIS, wife of Lawrence Harris, died of apoplexy at her home in Shiloh, N. J., Oct. 9, 1888, in the 70th year of her age. She had been in usual health up to the morning of her death. Having been called to prepare for breakfast, which was nearly ready, she immediately arose, and began her dressing, apparently as well as ever. A few moments later she was attacked with apoplexy, and falling hands quickly assisted her to the bed and did all that loving hearts could devise to shield her from the fatal stroke. But it was all in vain. No human power could stay the hand of death. In just three hours from the first attack she breathed her last. She was a consistent member of the Sabbath Church. And although the call to the burial-land came so suddenly, she was prepared to go. She had felt for some time that her stay on earth was short. A faithful husband, three sons and five daughters, with a large circle of grand-children were left to mourn their loss. A large company of friends followed her remains to the last resting place, and her pastor spoke from the texts: "There is but a step between me and death." 1 Sam. 20: 3, and "Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not. Luke 12: 40. T. L. G.

At Farina, Ill., October 1, 1888, of typhoid fever, FAY, son of Dr. Arnold C. and Carrie R. Davis, aged 15 years, 3 months and 7 days. He was a bright and promising boy, and a general favorite among his acquaintances. He was a constant attendant at our Sabbath-school and one of our church members. For some time before his illness he was quite regular in attendance upon our weekly prayer meetings. The funeral was held in our church on Sabbath, Oct. 6th. C. A. B.

At Buffalo Gap, Dak., Oct. 1, 1888, ABEL D. BOND, in the 67th year of his age. His death was sudden and unexpected, from disease of the heart. He had continued work during the day on his farm as usual, until the day he died, when he fell to the ground in his own door-yard and was dead in a moment. The subject of this notice was born at Lost Creek, W. Va. At the age of 10 years he was baptized and united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church; that place, and the ministerial labors of Eld. Joel Green. In 1844 he settled at Milton, Wis., and united with the church there, where he has remained a member, I think until death. The last twenty years of his life he has spent mostly in the far West. He has lived the life of a consistent Christian, and has commanded the esteem and most profound respect of all who knew him. His remains were sent to Duquoin, Iowa, for interment. He leaves a wife and two sons and their families, and a host of friends to mourn their loss. E. J. B.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, God in his infinite kindness and mercy has seen fit to remove from our earth our esteemed friend and brother C. W. SMITH. Resolved, That we the members of the Orophlian Lyceum at this time and in this place desire to express our deep sympathy for the members of his family and especially for his wife upon whom this blow falls with mighty force. Resolved, That the glowing of his brilliant prospects his life has not been without influence to his colleagues and friends, and will long be remembered as ever compassionate and kind. And be it further Resolved, That we extend to his son, Lydia Wood, worth, our sincere compassion inasmuch as he, for whom she so tenderly cared during his young manhood, has been called from life's toils and conflicts to the home of the just. Resolved, That we request the publication of these resolutions in both the SABBATH RECORDER and Alfred Sun. O. J. DAVIS, R. C. WOODS, F. M. CHANDALL, Com.

THE PASTOR AND HIS YOUNG PEOPLE.

It is a platitude to say that no part of the pastor's work is so hopeful as his work for the young. It is so because an overstatement to say that the only hopeful part of his work is for the young. It is not so generally accepted, perhaps, that no part of his labor is so easy and pleasant, and no part of his flock so docile. Some pastors seem to regard their young people as a drove of unruly colts, with much promise for the future, but few capabilities for present service; colts frisky and unreliable, who must be coaxed with the salt of an entertainment, or cajoled with the salt of oyster suppers, and kept strictly within their fenced pasture. The colts, similar, doubtless, is good in some particulars, but it may easily be overworked. The pastor should be the leader. There is a great difference between a leader and a commander. The pastor who remains in his study or who breathes only the rarified air of metaphysical theology may possibly command, but he cannot lead. The leader should be with the young people in their meetings, in their amusements, at their societies, on their picnics. Only as he keeps near them can he go before them to any purpose. He might as well, if out of sight, be behind as before. He should set them at work, and see that they are kept at work for the Master. In this most difficult task he is very greatly aided by some wise form of organization. In fact, we fail to see how by any other means this part of the pastoral office can be exercised. In a word, the pastor should be the pastor, the shepherd, not only of the church as a whole, but of the particular parts of the church known as the Sabbath school, the Society of Christian Endeavor, and the mission circle. Assuming this pastoral relation which is rightfully his, he will be delighted and possibly surprised to see how loyal, and devoted, and how easily guided are these same young people. A word to the young people. Remember that while the minister is pastor of the church he is your pastor. It is not likely that he will be arbitrary or tyrannical, but even if he should be, there is but one course open to you, and that is, while he is your pastor to render him the honor and the manly deference which belong to the office, and to support him right loyally. We thank God for the new and more affectionate relations into which the Society of Christian Endeavor in thousands of churches is bringing pastor and young people, and we regard this as one of the highest missions of the society.—Golden Rule.

Work has been begun by the Wheeling & Harrisburg Railway Company, on the union railroad bridge over the Ohio River, at the north end of the city of Wheeling, W. Va., and also in East Wheeling, on the terminal steam, to reach all the roads centering there. The bridge will be 2,100 feet long with double track. The channel span is 535 feet, the heaviest double span in the United States. It is expected that the bridge will be completed by January 1, 1890. The terminals include a tunnel 100 feet long, and a bridge on Wheeling Creek, and will cost several million dollars.

IRVING SAUNDERS expects to be at his Friendship studio from Oct. 18th to 24th inclusive.

A Good Business for Ladies.

Short-hand and type writing offers better pay and more pleasant work for ladies than any other occupation. It is peculiarly suited to their capabilities. More applications are being received for competent stenographers at Bryant & Stratton's Short-hand School, Buffalo, N. Y., than can be filled. It is the best place to learn. Write for particulars.

BEQUESTS TO TRACT SOCIETY.

The generous purpose of some persons to aid in the work of this Society, by gifts of money or other property, after their death, is sometimes defeated by some technical defect in the instrument by which the gift is intended to be made. It is necessary for this purpose that both the Society and the property, if other than cash, shall be accurately described. A will made in the state of New York less than sixty days before the death of the testator is void as to societies formed under New York laws. For the convenience of any who may desire a form for this purpose, the following is suggested: FORM OF BEQUEST. I give, devise and bequeath to the American Sabbath Tract Society, a body corporate and politic under the general laws of the state of New York, the sum ofdollars, (or the following described property to wit,) to be applied to the uses and purposes of said Society, and under its direction and control forever.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Otsego, Lincoln, DeRuyter, Cuyler Hill and Scott Churches will be held with the Cuyler Hill Church, Oct. 26th to 28th. The following order has been arranged: Evening before the Sabbath, Preaching by Rev. F. O. Burdick. Sabbath morning, Sermon by Rev. P. R. Burdick. Afternoon Prayer and Conference meeting. Evening, Preaching by Rev. P. R. Burdick. Sunday morning, Sermon by Rev. F. O. Burdick. Afternoon, Sermon by Rev. L. R. Swinney. Dinner will be served at the church both days, so that all may stay to the second service. L. R. S. AGENTS WANTED in each Association to sell Dr. A. H. Lewis's new book: "A Critical History of Sunday Legislation, from A. D. 321 to 1888." Terms to agents will be given, on inquiry, by E. P. Saunders, Agt., Alfred Centre, N. Y.

YEARLY MEETING.—The Seventh day Baptist Churches of Southern Illinois will hold their annual meeting with the Stone Fort Church, commencing Nov. 9, 1888, at 11 o'clock A. M. Eld. M. B. Kelly will preach the introductory discourse; Eld. F. F. Johnson, alternate. The programme is not fully made out, but it is expected that during the meeting Eld. C. A. Burdick will present a paper on the "Evils of intemperance, and the most effectual means of meeting them." It is also arranged that Eld. C. W. Threlkeld will present one on "The influences leading our young people into evil habits at home and abroad, and how to avoid them." All are cordially and earnestly invited to come. R. LEWIS, Clerk.

ELDER J. W. MORTON will visit the Church of Pleasant Grove, Flandreau, Dak., when a three-days' meeting will be held, commencing Sixth-day, at 10 o'clock, Oct. 19th. A special invitation is extended to the Seventh day Baptist Churches of Southern Dakota. A cordial welcome will be accorded to any and all that will give us the encouragement of their presence. W. N. BURDICK, Clerk.

THE Hornellsville Seventh day Baptist Church holds regular services in the Hall of the Royal Templars, over the Boston Store (Nast Brothers); entrance between the Boston Store and that of M. A. Tuttle, on Main Street, every Sabbath, at 10:30 o'clock A. M. The Sabbath school follows the preaching service. Sabbath-keepers spending the Sabbath in Hornellsville are especially invited to attend. All strangers will be most cordially welcomed.

THE New York Seventh-day Baptist Church holds regular Sabbath services in Room No. 3, Y. M. C. A. Building, corner 4th Avenue and 23d St.; entrance on 23d St. (Tak-elevator.) Meeting for Bible Study at 10:30 A. M., followed by the regular preaching services. Strangers are cordially welcomed, and any friends in the city over the Sabbath are especially invited to attend the service.

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

H. P. BURDICK wishes his correspondents to address him at Alfred, Allegany Co., N. Y.

BRO. J. P. LANDOW requests his correspondents to address him as follows, until further notice: A. J. Pick, 4 Ullica Copernicus, Lemberg, Galizien, fur. J. P. Landow.

REV. A. LAWRENCE has removed from Charlemont, Mass., to Berlin, N. Y. Persons desiring to correspond with him will please address him at the latter place.

LEGAL. THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, to all persons interested in the estate of George C. Sherman, assigned to Daniel A. Smith for the benefit of creditors, send greeting. You and each of you are hereby cited and required personally to be and appear at a term of the county court for the county of Allegany, to be held in the Chamber of the Allegany county Judge, in the village of Wellsville, N. Y., on the 9th day of November, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., there and then to show cause why a final settlement of the accounts of Daniel A. Smith, assignee of the above named George C. Sherman, insolvent debtor, should not be had, and if no cause be shown, then to attend the final settlement of the assignee's accounts. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto caused the seal of the said county court to be hereunto affixed. Witness: Hon. Clarence A. Farum, Allegany County Judge, this 21st day of September, 1888. W. E. SMITH, Clerk.

DOLSON & CURTIS, Assignee's Attorneys.

FOR SALE. A 140 acres dairy farm for sale, situated 3/4 miles west of Alfred Centre, in the town of Alfred. For terms and further particulars address W. H. Church, Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y.

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The Sabbath Recorder, PUBLISHED WEEKLY. THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY. —AS— ALFRED CENTRE ALLEGANY CO., N. Y.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. For year in advance \$3 00 Papers to foreign countries will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage. No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY. VOL. XLIV.—NO. 48.

The Sabbath Recorder. Entered as second-class mail office at Alfred Centre, N. Y.

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THE PESTILENCE THAT WALKETH IN DARKNESS. BY REV. D. E. MAXSON.

Preached at Hartsville, N. Y., requested for publication in the DEER, by the congregation.

"He that dwelleth in the second high, shall abide under the shadow thereof; thou shalt not be afraid for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that wasteth, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday: As surely as God rules in and operates intelligently their existence. All the ongoings of God for ends of intelligent beings vastly transcend the physical plagues, sweeping tornado destruction of human life that all?

May they not have a huge use, which sufficiently explain them? May they not be the divine procedure in the movement upon humanity with the final character as human race?

Whether we shall be able and satisfactory answer to have raised or not, it seems that the vast place that silence fill in human history to allow the thought to significant of some end in the divine providence of their vastness. And it is end I shall pursue the day.

By pestilence is meant disease, that sweeps over and often over whole death and desolation in it. Whole communities silence before some invisible roar of cannon, no lead columns, no heroic exploits, for loud-mouthed death and burial, and away, helpless and pining the gods to spare antries, parents offering to appease, what they anger of the gods. So incidents of pestilence history, except as it she anger at the scene too pass on with averted face, makes no parade of the less significant incidents.