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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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For the SABBATH RECORDER.

ROADS.

The old vocabulary says, that "Roads are portions of land
Furnishing communication between city and town, for man."
They run in many directions, like threads of a spider's web,
Over rugged mountains wild, or by the valley's brooklet bed.

They are found before stately mansions and near the woodman's hut,
Throughout the busy city, or in the shaded hillside cut;
We've found them long and short, roads broad and narrow, crooked and straight;
We've found them paved with nice hewn stone, and some with the old toll-gate.

And we've trod them all in the "march of time," and know what borders each,
And have gathered valued lessons there, that were within our reach.
We've wearied our feet on pavements, and cushioned them in the sand;
We've been retarded by miry clay, walked firmly on the land.

But the road I never can forget was narrow and so steep,
After I passed the babbling brook, where the knotty willows sweep;
There were huge boulders, right and left, standing, poised, ready to fall;
I stepped, never so carefully, for no one could hear me call.

Many briars tried to hold me with their strong and thorny grasp,
But I pressed me on, so light at heart, toward hands I hoped to clasp,
As I gained upon the road, trees met and held their friendly hands,
And made an emerald bower, a way with verdant, leafy strands.

The banks grew rich, with mossy depths, with fern and flower bespangled,
And violets raised their faces through, though closely matted, tangled.
And I saw, beyond, my father's cot, and I saw the open door,
And I forgot the rough and stony road that I had tried before.

And I will ne'er forget the welcome, "Come in, my child, come in,"
There, other loved ones clustered round, asking where I had been.
It was strange, how soon I rested, the rough road was with the past,
And they loosed the dusty sandals from my weary feet at last.

There's for each one a life road, and the guide board says, "To the right,"
We shall find it narrow, difficult, and mountains of awful height;
Stones and boulders will block our way, 'twill ne'er be free from brier,
And we shall stumble in the way, and long to get up higher.

As we near the summit we shall see our heavenly Father's house,
And all our fears and discomfiture seem nought but worthless dross.
We'll catch the perfume of the flowers that will never, never fade,
And forget our many trials that our erring feet have made.

There we shall find the choicest welcome, "Come unto me and rest,"
Shall gladly lay our burdens down, at the feet of Him, The Blessed;
And, then, we'll take our harp and crown of gold and rest—no more to roam,
Saying, "The best of all the roads was the one that brought us home."
E. C. W.

WE desire to publish the balance of the contributions to the Chinese Burial Fund next week. Two-thirds of the amount needed have now been contributed. About \$40 more will be needed. Please send in at once.

OUR Saviour's prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," should be often and honestly repeated. But every one should remember that such a prayer cannot be honestly or hopefully offered unless the petitioner has fully resolved to do his best to keep away from temptation.

THE question concerning the successor of the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, as pastor of the London Tabernacle, was settled, March 21st, by the election of the worthy son of the great preacher, Rev. Thomas Spurgeon. Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, received 649 votes, and Mr. Spurgeon 2,027.

THE term "present truth," is often used, especially by our Adventist friends, in a way somewhat significant of their own peculiar interpretation of the Scriptures. But there is another phrase, at least of equal importance, and should be kept constantly in mind by every person, and that is "present duty." We do not so much need a prophet's vision to reveal to us future events as we do an ever present sense of *present duty*. Or, as Carlyle aptly says, "Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

THE diamond is precious as a gem, and of great value in commerce. But none of us would like to be a diamond. It has no growth. It always remains the same. Even charcoal, which is of the same essential nature, carbon, is really more useful than the diamond. But the human soul is better represented by the seed which has in it the possibility of growth, development, expansion. The diamond is lustrous, beautiful. The seed has the germ of life, and that life may be indefinitely propagated. The holy Christian life is myriad-seeded. Its possibilities are incalculable.

BURDEN bearing is one of the true Christian's inheritances. We remember having heard an aged Christian express fears that he was not a true disciple because he had been so signally favored; and had so few burdens to bear. But we are told to "Bear ye one another's burdens." If we have not heavy crosses of our own to bear we have so much the more strength left to help our brethren. No one needs to be long without a load to carry who is willing to help

others. Open your eyes, brother, or sister; right by your side, perhaps your nearest neighbor is staggering under the weight of poverty, sickness, some heart-grief. Can you not take a little of this burden upon your own shoulder, and be the happier for it?

IT is true, as Bro. Whitford says in his Missionary Department, that our churches are canvassed several times over for money to carry on our benevolent operations. But it is also a fact that as a people we are only giving an average of about ten cents a week, per member, for all our benevolent work. It is also true, according to the best estimates we are able to obtain, that if, as a people, we would give one-tenth of our income we should realize three times the amount now raised annually. Now let us not take too much satisfaction in the fact that we may be doing better than some others so long as we are so far below the scriptural standard. A few among us are giving a tenth, and even more. Why should not all take great pleasure in making this part of Christian work more effectual?

GOVERNOR TILLMAN has thus far been victorious in quelling the rebellious spirits, inspired by their love for ardent spirits, in South Carolina. What the final outcome of the State Dispensary system will be cannot now be safely predicted. We do not believe in the Governor's pet plan for the suppression of the liquor traffic; but we do admire his decision and courage in promptly dealing with the malcontents. There is temporary peace, at least, though there is still a very bitter feeling against the Governor and his supporters. The militia have been disbanded and sent home. The Governor has been very mild and conciliatory in his attitude toward the officers and men of the State Guards who refused to obey orders. Such a mutinous spirit is exceedingly dangerous, and is not usually treated as a light offense.

DEATH OF DR. NATHAN WARDNER.

Again we are called to chronicle the departure of one of our noble Christian workers. A telegram received the 6th inst. announced the sudden death of Rev. Nathan Wardner, D. D., at his home in Milton Junction, Wis. This news will be received with feelings of sadness throughout our denomination and among a large circle of friends. Brother Wardner was born April 12, 1820, thus lacking only six days of completing his 74th year. He had retained his mental and physical vigor to a good degree, and his sudden departure will come as a great shock upon all his friends. His funeral services were announced for Tuesday forenoon of this week.

Probably particulars will be received before the next week's issue, and a suitable obituary will be prepared in due time. As the old soldiers are falling we are anxiously looking for those who are to fill up the depleted ranks.

TACT is defined as peculiar skill or faculty; nice perception; ready power of appreciating and doing what is required by circumstances. The word is of Latin origin and signifies, to touch. We often hear the phrase, "keeping in touch," which has something of the same meaning as the definition given above. Keeping in touch with men, enterprises, literature, reforms, is keeping in sympathy, harmony, intelligent activity walking side by side. Men without tact rarely succeed in public service or in anything that requires the handling and control of men. Some people pride themselves on being "blunt," "outspoken," "rough." They often offend by their harsh and unkind ways, and then say, by way of excuse, "that is my nature. I always say just what I mean." But there is no need either of saying or meaning what will needlessly offend. People of tact can say what needs be said so that it will impress, convince, reclaim, save; while the same things said without tact will seem untimely, discourteous, repulsive and fail to convince and save. Tact is the natural outworking of good judgment, good common sense. Its absence indicates serious defects in anyone who would be a leader of men, a reformer, a philanthropist. Tact, like courtesy, charity, and every other virtue, may be, and should be, cultivated. Lyman Abbott says, "Good manners include tact, courtesy." He also says, "The first thing for one to do who wishes to develop a courteous habit, is to develop good feeling and good sense." This finds expression in the Greek original rendered in our English Bible, "Be courteous;" which literally means, "Be friendly minded."

THE GOSPEL IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The following clipping is sent by Bro. Hills, of Attalla, Ala., with request for publication. It shows the need of educational facilities in the South and the possibilities of grand results from well-directed efforts. Bro. Hills says, "My faith is so constructed that I believe Mrs. Hills' school might be developed into such an one as herein described, if we had money for backing. She began with eleven pupils and now has thirty-three. More want to come but for lack of room she cannot take them. We call her school the youngest of Seventh-day Baptist schools":

There is probably no class of people in the United States who enjoy fewer of the advantages of civilization than the poor mountain whites and "Crackers" of some of our Southern States. Philanthropic effort and gospel crusade alike seem to have overlooked them, and while the energies of Christian churches and other organizations are striving for the evangelization of almost every other section of the country, this particular class has been greatly neglected.

Some years ago, Louis Reinhardt, a pioneer settler in the mountains of Georgia, resolved to attempt the education of his own family. He saw other little ones growing up to manhood and womanhood in ignorance. He began to teach a few young people in a little two-room school and soon other families living on the mountains, hearing of his experiment, begged the privilege of sending their children to be taught. At first there were only seven scholars; but in an amazingly short time, the experiment begun by Reinhardt attained such proportions that the large number of pupils could no longer be taught by a single teacher unaided, so the best available help was secured. The little school has since then branched out to the dimensions of a great institution and now three hundred students are under the educational care of a regular faculty, whose members initiate them into the mysteries of moral and mental science, English literature, Latin and Greek, book-keeping, art, physical culture and all the departments to be found in an ordinary collegiate institution.

Naturally, the experiment and its success have aroused the interest and attention of the entire State, and many of the leading men and women of Georgia have given it their warmest commendation and support. The Georgia Legislature has chartered the school to do

regular collegiate work, and it now gives every promise of becoming a great educational and Christianizing influence. Mr. Reinhardt's daughter recently deeded to the college some valuable grounds, and plans have been made for the erection of new buildings. An effort is also being made to raise a fund which will enable the institution still further to extend its operations. It is, at the present time, the only college in eleven counties. The ladies of the State have responded to the appeal for aid, and Governor Northen, who is warmly interested in the work, has given it his strongest commendation, as an agency that promises well for the future of that part of the South.

Besides the educational aspect of the work, the Reinhardt College is exercising a marked religious influence upon a very large section of country, which has hitherto enjoyed very few religious privileges. Many of its students are studying for the ministry and hope some time in the near future to devote themselves to the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ throughout their native State. The "Crackers" of Georgia are people who have been known in the past as exceedingly illiterate and unspiritual, and any work that will bring them within the scope of religious teaching deserves to be commended and sustained. Any of our readers who may feel an interest in this particular work, can address Prof. C. E. Pattillo, President, Walesca, Ga.

To show how very necessary such a work as this is in Georgia, it may be explained that of 604,971 children of six years and upward, in the State, 114,577 cannot read or write, and 19,701 have never been to school. There are thousands of adults and many more thousands of children, who are as ignorant of the gospel as of books, and the influence of moral and intellectual training on the rising generation is one whose value cannot be estimated.

TWO PRINTERS.

BY HENRY M. MAXSON.

In the city of Philadelphia, a few weeks ago, was buried a printer who was one of the notable men of the day, Geo. W. Childs. He was notable not so much for his wealth as for his personal character which his wealth brought into notice. No part of his accumulation represented extortion or oppression, an unfair use of the extremities of others, or trading upon the weaknesses of human nature. The increasing profit of his business was not accompanied by a decreasing return to his employees, but was the legitimate return of wise planning, carried out with honesty and justice. His wealth, when acquired, was generously used in a thousand ways to benefit those through whom it was gained, and the world of which he was a part.

But it was Mr. Child's whole career, rather than his last days, that is of interest to me since it is so excellent an example of that which is not uncommon in our American life, a high purpose formed in early years and followed steadfastly and earnestly until the highest rewards have been attained. When a mere lad, with no resources and but little education, Mr. Childs formed the purpose of owning the *Public Ledger*, in whose building he was a humble worker. Perseverance, energy, and wise management brought their reward and twenty years afterward he bought the paper and putting into it his own sturdy character made it a most profitable property.

Four years more than a century ago there was laid to rest in the graveyard of Christ church, in the same city, another printer whose life was a still more remarkable example of what almost superhuman power there is in "I will" steadfastly followed. Apprenticed to a trade at the age of twelve, with but two brief years schooling, Franklin lived to be "the most eminent journalist, philosopher, diplomatist and statesman of his time." At the age of seventeen he entered Philadelphia with little more than a dollar in his pocket; a few months ago the city of Boston from a fund left the city

by his will, devoted nearly \$400,000 to the erection of a trade school.

How could boys from such unpromising conditions with so little education rise to such eminence? Simply by self-education and preparation to use opportunities for self-advancement when they should present themselves. That Franklin placed a high estimate on education, his whole life shows in his acts and his writings, while his autobiography shows most earnest, persistent and systematic efforts continued for many years, to supply the education which he had no opportunity to get in the schools.

The key to all is found in his "School of Morals," which he formed for his own development. He divided the moral virtues into thirteen classes, temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquility, chastity, humility, and arranged them in tabular form with a place opposite each for a record each day. Sitting down at night he called himself rigidly to account, recording his failures by a dot opposite the virtue neglected. His aim was to watch himself closely with one particular virtue in mind until the space opposite that virtue showed a clean record for a week, then to take up another virtue, striving to keep the record of the first also clean. He found, poor fellow, much erasing necessary to clean his record at the end of the week; so much, indeed, that he says the paper was soon worn out and he prepared some ivory tablets that were more easily erased. For greater definiteness he briefly defined each duty, "Resolution, Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve." "Industry, Lose no time; be always employed; in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions." "Moderation, Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries, so much as you think they deserve." "Humility, Imitate Jesus and Socrates." To make success sure he inscribed on his little book a quotation from the Bible and a prayer to God for assistance.

This course of self-training Franklin diligently followed for years, going through it at first four times a year, then a little later once a year and finally one course in several years. Even after he ceased the systematic pursuit of the course the book was constantly with him as a silent monitor.

Is it any wonder that with such a training his biographer should speak of him as one who "Never spoke a word too soon, nor a word too late, nor a word too much, nor failed to speak the right word at the right season, and who filled high public offices and performed their duties with a fidelity which has made his public services not only illustrious, but of the highest type of its kind, who founded institutions of great public utility and who successfully managed his own private affairs?"

Franklin's "School for Morals" is not an infallible prescription for the production of great men, since few boys can furnish the elements of character that Franklin had, for its application; but unquestionably, such careful daily discipline has immeasurable possibilities for any one with strength of will to resolutely continue it.

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.

FIRST recognize what is true; we shall then discern what is false, and properly never till then.—*Carlyle*.

SALEM COLLEGE.

BY PRESIDENT T. L. GARDINER.

"I had no idea you had such a school as that; I supposed it was some small school, with a younger class of students than is indicated by this picture." These are, substantially, the words of a friend to whom we were showing a photograph of Salem College, with over one hundred of her students standing in the foreground. The size of the school, the mature age of the students, the thorough and advanced courses of study, all seemed to be a matter of surprise to this friend. This was very natural, for he had had little opportunity to know the facts. It is altogether probable that many who have heard of Salem College do not yet realize the magnitude of this work, nor understand its importance to our cause and the cause of humanity in West Virginia. A few facts in regard to what is being done, and in respect to the *personnel* of our school, may, therefore, be helpful to some who are interested in the work of Seventh-day Baptists.

The spring term is now well under way, with an enrollment of 136 students, and others yet to come. The students who have been out teaching are with us again, and our ranks are fuller than ever before. There is about an equal number of gentlemen and ladies, and their ages range from 15 to 36 years; the average age for the entire company is 20 years. An expression taken this morning in chapel revealed the fact that 35 of those present have had experience as teachers in public schools, and that more than 80 of them had reached the age of 18 years, and upwards. The morning was rainy, and the attendance rather light, otherwise these numbers would be considerably larger.

The school has outgrown the college building, so that we are obliged to have two recitation rooms outside; one for music, and one for regular classes every school hour. And even after this relief our class-rooms are literally jammed when the largest classes are in.

Eight teachers are kept busy in this work, and all except the art teacher are heavily burdened. The teachers in the Business and Telegraph Departments receive the income from their departments as their pay, and are full of work. The Music Department also pays its way, and keeps the teacher crowded with work every hour of the day until dark, drilling her students in the fine culture of the musical art.

A slight reference to our courses of study will reveal the fact that Salem College is doing no mere primary work. Our Normal Course is superior to any in the State outside of the State University, and has a teacher of eighteen years' experience, a graduate of the Normal School at its head. He has good classes in Higher Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Zoology, Natural Philosophy, Pedagogy, and Psychology. The assistant in this department is doing thorough work in United States and General History, Physiology, Geography, and Greek-Anabasis.

The very largest classes in the school are in Civil Government and Higher English. The higher Latin classes are doing excellent work in Cæsar and Ovid, and last term Logic and Chemistry classes made good records, the latter as good as could be without apparatus. There are large and enthusiastic classes in Physical Geography, Elements of Rhetoric, Science of Rhetoric, English Literature, and Political Economy. Last year a large Botany class did thorough work, and one term of the present year the Astronomy class did its work.

I have been thus particular in enumerating these higher studies, omitting the lower ones, in order to show the RECORDER readers something of the line of work that is being done in West Virginia by the aid of their contributions; and also to give them some conception of the age and rank of the young people who are being fitted for useful lives.

The hearty responses to our pleas for a library brought us many books and pamphlets, so that we now have upwards of 750 volumes, and not less than 250 pamphlets and magazines. The greater portion of these came from Plainfield and Alfred, while still others are promised us, but have not yet arrived. The students are using these books faithfully. The young people of Leonardsville gave us \$15 toward apparatus.

But this sketch would not be complete without mentioning the two able Lyceums that render weekly programmes, equal to any college societies I ever knew; and also the students' prayer-meeting that assembles in chapel every Friday afternoon, at the ringing of the 4 o'clock bell, where teachers and students spend an hour in social worship. This has proved to be a great blessing to all.

Oh! friends, who can estimate the good results that are sure to come, from the work you are helping to support, among the young people of West Virginia. And there is such a host of them! They go out from us by scores, to become teachers in the districts among the hills of the "mountain State," where the culture they have received becomes potent in molding the child-life of a hundred neighborhoods.

Wherever the influence of Salem College goes; there you can see good results already. And this good work has only just begun. It would be the height of folly to let it stop now. Indeed, it would be going back upon all we have ever done in this field, and would give a death blow to our cause here, from which it could never recover, if we allow this work to fail for want of funds. It needs only a glance to convince the most casual observer, that this is the one work most needed in this country. Not one in ten of these young people could have the advantage of higher education, if they were deprived of the opportunities offered by Salem College. In my next article, I will tell you what it seems to me must be done, in order that Salem may live to do her good work in days to come.

APRIL 5, 1894.

PRESIDENT MAIN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Delivered on Alumni Day, June 21, 1893.

(An Abstract.)

First of all, let grateful and honorable mention be made of the laborers of other years.

By the indomitable and inspiring energy of the first President, Wm. C. Kenyon, and the help of his worthy fellow-workers, good foundations were laid.

To-day I bring, to add to yours, my tribute of honor to the loyalty and devotion of President Allen to this institution, at the head of which he so long and so recently stood; and here record my profound respect for his extensive learning, and my grateful appreciation of his good will, so cordially expressed.

The late Thos. R. Williams, Professor of Theology, and many others, too, toiled here long and faithfully for the cause of Christian education; and we have entered into their labors.

As is natural and right, I may differ from these workers, in some things, as to the best

ways and means of taking up and carrying forward the interests they have left to your hands and mine; but my deep respect for their self-sacrificing labors shall remain.

THE LOCATION OF ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

The location, among these grand hills, is one beautiful for situation, as the Creator made it.

It is healthful, as the Maker appointed it for our inheritance; and we have only to regard his wise and righteous laws.

The community is prosperous, to a high degree. There may not be great riches; but prosperity is the reputation you covet and deserve.

They who can speak with authority say that we are in the midst of great riches in the things of science. A wealth of geological and mineralogical facts is a part of our possessions.

The school is in the midst of a large and widespread population; our chief constituents are intelligent, industrious, common people.

And we are between the enterprising conservatism of the East, and the conservative enterprise of the older West, and ought to catch the spirit of both.

A FEW LESSONS FROM HISTORY.

The work of Alfred University for the world is the gift of self-devoted toil in the face of many difficulties and obstacles.

It has always been and should continue to be a school especially for the poorer and the great middle class; and every tendency and temptation to extravagance in expenditure ought to be carefully guarded against.

One purpose of the school has been to be found in the front rank of reform movements; and it has seen many a day of real greatness and glory, as it has stood bravely for liberty and equality.

But the world has been moving forward—moving fast. And it behooves us to be wide awake to the fact that men and institutions are wanted that can bring something to pass which shall prove equal to the progressing world's increasing demands.

FOR OUR WORK IN THE YEARS TO COME.

The school should be thoroughly *Christian* in spirit, aim and work. God is our Maker, to be worshipped and loved forever; Jesus Christ is the Redeemer and King of men; the Infinite Spirit is leading our spirits on unto the realization of highest possible ends; and the Bible is the Book of books.

Men in every age, by an inward impulse, have been seeking after God; but in the Bible alone is to be found a true conception of Him as the personal and holy Creator, Father, Ruler, Saviour and Judge of men.

The Bible is rich in history, literature, eloquence, art, poetry, philosophy, sociology, politics, economics, ethics and religion.

As men whose lives were filled with human experiences worthy of the world's study, the men of the Bible are unsurpassed: Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Elijah, David, the author of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, Job, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Nehemiah, Peter, John, Paul and Jesus.

Although this school might have most learned professors, a large endowment, and costly equipments, if God and the Bible be left out it could not but be a magnificent failure.

If we are to do our work well in the years to come we must possess and offer a steadily rising grade of *scholarship*. Every purpose, all plans, our achieved results, must be as thorough-going and scholarly in character as is possible.

It is not our mission simply to prepare young

men and women to "make a living;" but to send them forth as enthusiastic seekers and loyal servants of truth, guided and inspired by highest ends and ideals.

Whether we have regard to best practical results, high aims, or every reasonable ambition for growth, and whatever be the name of the school, many believe that its success in the future depends upon its becoming, in an ever increasing degree, a good college. As such it can lift up the many in academic work and prepare the few for advanced, graduate study; and around a good college here there is a wide and unoccupied field.

But, to this end, we must require better and better preparation; maintain a growing standard of excellence of instruction; confer degrees only for actual work; and, perhaps, be a university, to a limited degree.

Greatly increased equipments are necessary if we are to keep pace with progressive methods and advancing knowledge. Intelligent men and women realize that they must seize upon improved methods, machinery and tools, or be left behind in the eager race.

Owing to the peculiar position of our people in the world's work, this school ought to be denominational in name and character, in the controlling management, in leading purposes and in support.

This is reasonable and right. Special ends are reached by means of special kinds and conditions of directing and shaping forces. Educational, religious, all life, obeying inherent laws, takes unto itself substance in fitting forms.

Denominationalism means an intelligent, broad-minded loyalty to one's own understanding of the divine nature and purpose. A denominational school is one whose special end is to provide for its own the means of the best and most appropriate possible physical, mental, moral and religious culture.

This does not involve either sectarianism or proselytism, but an endeavor to spread an intellectual feast so good and bountiful that all who will may come and secure their soul's growth toward perfected manhood and womanhood. Trees of many kinds grow on the campus, in the same soil, and beneath the same sky; so in this school, recognizing the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, shall Christians of many names find common grounds of fellowship and common sources of development.

The school should also be considered denominational and general, as opposed to local, in the spirit and aim of its official management. On the other hand, when we ask our people for their support and patronage, they ought not to feel that we are seeking aid for our, but for our and their enterprise and interests.

Under some form of organization we ought to have a theological school for under-graduate and graduate work, even though that work should be supplemented by a year or two in one of the great universities of our land, with their superior advantages.

According to a universal law of ideals and ends, there are individual, family, community, national, and denominational modes of apprehending, stating and using truth and fact. This is not only consistent with, but essential to enthusiasm, efficiency, and growth.

Our students for the ministry need not only the best possible instruction in the great and fundamental facts of Christian philosophy, history, doctrine, and practice, but also in questions relating to our own history and doctrine,

our justification for denominational existence, and our part of the world's work. These essential elements in the education of our ministry, our teachers, and, indeed, of all our young people, will not be taught in other schools.

Then there is another advantage of great value that cannot be easily described or stated, but can be felt, namely, that of going forth to the work of life in the power of a fellowship known only to those who have stood side by side in their hopeful and purposeful student days.

APPEALS.

To the Trustees.

Marvellously perfected machinery and improved methods are among the glories of our progressive age. Educational institutions can ill afford to be much behind the times in respect to these things.

Good equipments and skilled labor, of all kinds, are in the market; but they are worth and they cost money.

By an almost inexorable law, money comes most to a known, living, moving, progressive enterprise; to broad and generous undertakings that vindicate their claims in the accomplishment of great and practical ends.

We need students. Ambitious young men and women will seek the best possible opportunities within their reach; and the friends and supporters of this school are well able to offer students far more than the equivalent of their time and money.

To the Faculty.

The best of equipments would be of but little value unless used by skillful hands.

We do not have such opportunities for self-improvement and growth as teachers in largely endowed institutions, with their fewer hours of class-room work. All the more, therefore, must we strive to do our work unitedly, enthusiastically, wisely and well.

To the Alumni.

At the commencement here two years ago, when I listened to the earnest words of old students who, after many years of successful work, came back to make tender and grateful mention of their obligations to Alfred University, my soul was stirred; and I felt that any Alma Mater might well be proud of such children.

Very much of whatever progress and success may yet come to "old Alfred" depends on you, members of the Alumni Association; and to you we must look for encouragement, inspiration, counsel, and all possible help.

To Students, Present and Prospective.

On our part, we as trustees and faculty, are under obligations to seek to offer you a good and growing school, with a positive, aggressive, progressive influence on the side of broad, thorough and elevating culture.

But good students and a loyal Alumni are an essential element in a good school. We need, far more than you may realize, your faithful and hearty co-operation while here. And when you go forth to sterner duties, extend far and wide the school's good name, by being living epistles, known and read to the honor of your Alma Mater.

To this Community.

This school is not really your debtor. True, it has cost you money and care; but it has paid its way in material and spiritual things.

To-day we ask, as a just and reasonable request, that your attitude towards it be increasingly broad and liberal; that you who can, con-

tribute yet more of your money in an investment paying both in things seen and things eternal; that you make Alfred Centre, the home of Alfred University, one of the most beautiful, healthful, and attractive spots on this beautiful earth; and that you give to us your unceasing co-operation in efforts to maintain a high standard for all thoughts, words and actions so that *everything* may tend to elevation.

Students have no time, no money, no strength of body, no surplus of mental vigor, for anything but real work or real recreation. Any persons, therefore, who tempt our students to habitually late hours, questionable amusements and evil habits; to lower standards for what is true, beautiful and good in manners and morals; or to any departure from a high ideal of manhood and womanhood, are not the true friends of student or school. They are working against, not for or with us.

To Friends from other Communities.

Be patient, give us time, and we will try to meet all reasonable expectations and demands honestly and earnestly.

Speak a generous, hopeful, helpful word now and then. Good words and ill ones, too, may bring forth thirty, sixty, or an hundred fold.

Invest some of your money in a cause as enduring as it is rich in blessings for mankind,—the cause of Christian education.

Send your sons and daughters to Alfred; and we will endeavor to sacredly care for their bodily, intellectual, moral and spiritual development.

For All.

The centuries bring down to us all a message from the life of Nehemiah, one of the world's greatest leaders of men. Work; work prayerfully; work unitedly, breaking joints in the rising wall; work watchfully; work, armored in the truth; work self-sacrificingly; work, trusting in God who will fight our battles for us.

Amid the inspirations of this day, then, let us pledge ourselves to a strong pull, the load is heavy; to a long pull, it may go forward slowly, as we shall think; to a pull altogether, for in union there is strength.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts in March, 1894.

| | |
|--|----------|
| Church, Leonardville, N. Y., \$9 87, \$7 14..... | \$ 17 01 |
| " Adams Centre, N. Y..... | 9 96 |
| " Plainfield, N. J..... | 61 64 |
| " Shiloh, N. J..... | 25 14 |
| " v. esterly, R. L., \$48 98, \$50..... | 98 98 |
| " Nortonville, Kaa..... | 20 42 |
| " Nile, N. Y..... | 4 64 |
| " Chicago, Ill..... | 3 00 |
| " " P. P..... | 4 50 |
| F. J. Bakker, Rotterdam, Holland..... | 2 00 |
| Cash..... | 10 00 |
| Frank Green, Brooklyn, N. Y..... | 2 00 |
| Mrs. Emeline Rogers, New London, Conn..... | 1 00 |
| A Friend..... | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Joshua Maxson, Waterford, Conn..... | 1 00 |
| E. C. Chipman, Niantic, B. I..... | 3 00 |
| W. H. Crandall, Petersburg, N. Y..... | 2 00 |
| Mrs. S. Carpenter, Stephantown, N. Y..... | 1 00 |
| F. J. Greene, Berlin Centre, N. Y..... | 50 |
| Wm. P. Greene and wife, Berlin Centre, N. Y..... | 1 00 |
| O. S. Lanphier, " " Quilt..... | 1 00 |
| Mrs. R. E. Lanphier, " " "..... | 3 00 |
| Mrs. Porter, Lanphier, Berlin, N. Y..... | 70 |
| Horatio Greene, " " "..... | 1 00 |
| D. K. Greene, " " "..... | 1 00 |
| C. F. Greene, " " "..... | 2 00 |
| Cash..... | 2 10 |
| R. W. Greene and wife, Berlin, N. Y..... | 5 00 |
| Mrs. T. E. Greenman, " " "..... | 1 00 |
| Fred M. Greene, " " "..... | 1 00 |
| Arthur E. Greene, " " L. M. self..... | 25 00 |
| A. J. Horton, Adams Centre, N. Y..... | 5 00 |
| O. DeGrass Greene, " " L. M. Mrs. G. E. Britton..... | 30 50 |
| Andrew J. Greene, " " "..... | 5 90 |
| Cash..... | 50 |
| Sale Booklets, S. D. Davis..... | 1 00 |
| Bequest, Maria L. Potter..... | 350 00 |
| M. H. Van Horn, Lost Creek, W. Va..... | 2 50 |
| Y. P. S. C. E., " " "..... | 7 40 |
| Phineas A. Shaw, Alfred Centre, N. Y., L. M. self..... | 25 00 |
| Mrs. C. C. Livermore, Andover, N. Y..... | 50 |
| Sabbath-school, Plainfield, N. J..... | 26 52 |
| A Friend, Hope Valley, B. I..... | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Wm. Kingsbury, Rushord, N. Y..... | 7 50 |
| R. J. S. Rogers, Montrose, Pa..... | 1 00 |
| Ladies' Evangelical Society, Alfred, N. Y..... | 2 08 |
| Mrs. J. P. Mosher, Alfred Centre, N. Y., on L. M..... | 10 00 |
| Employee Publishing House, Alfred Centre, N. Y..... | 10 00 |
| | \$788 69 |

SPECIAL FUND.

| | |
|---|----------|
| A. E. Main, Alfred Centre, N. Y..... | 5 00 |
| F. E. Peterson, New Market, N. J..... | 10 00 |
| Dr. H. A. Place, Ceres, N. Y..... | 5 00 |
| Mrs. L. A. Palmiter, Alfred Centre, N. Y..... | 5 00 |
| | \$ 25 00 |

E. & O. E.

J. F. HUBBARD, Treas.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 1, 1894

MISSIONS.

WE rejoice to hear of a gracious revival in the Hammond Church, La., under the labors of Bro. C. W. Threlkeld.

IN a communication from Pastor Hurley, of the North Loup Church, Neb., we are glad to learn of earnest evangelistic work performed by him, aided by the young people of his church, in the neighboring places about him and at Calamus and vicinity. Let other pastors do likewise.

BRO. H. H. HINMAN writes from Marion, Kansas, that he has been holding meetings in that place for two weeks or more, and considerable interest has been manifested. He baptized one young woman, who joined the Marion Seventh-day Baptist Church. He goes next to Emporia, Kansas.

WHEN one learns how much our churches have been canvassed for money he will be convinced that our people are patient, willing, and liberal givers. (1) They are canvassed for the pastor's salary and the running expenses of the church. (2) They are canvassed by the Ladies' Benevolent Societies for the amount they have to raise. (3) The Christian Endeavor Society solicits funds to meet the demands upon them. (4) They are canvassed for the weekly envelope system of giving to the Missionary and Tract Societies. (5) They are canvassed for our tract and publishing interests. (6) Then there are special calls for church building, and other needs. (7) There are, beside all these, liberal special gifts by people in the churches for various purposes. To know how much a church gives during the year for the Lord's work one must add up all these contributions. It will prove that our people respond liberally to the various calls for money.

THE demands for evangelistic work are more than the Committee can supply. Not long ago we suggested that pastors attempt the work themselves, and if they need help call in brother pastors to their aid. It is quite evident that the Committee on Evangelistic Work should be able to employ and have under their control evangelists and singers who can give their whole time for the year to that work. Unless this can be done the supply will be inadequate. There are no more needy and fruitful fields for such work than the small and feeble churches. They should have this work to encourage, strengthen, and build them up. Some of these churches are open doors for enlargement, and by the blessing of God can be made very much stronger in every way, and in some cases self-supporting by evangelization. In many of these churches it is a question of existence. They are growing weaker in numbers and resources, and are becoming greatly discouraged. They should be saved to us. The only hope of saving some of them is in earnest and successful evangelistic effort among them. Many of them should have that effort soon. They need this work a great deal more than our large churches, for it is a matter of life and death to not a few of them. The large and well-cared for churches many times need and should have evangelistic labor to keep them strong and make them great sources of help to the weak and less favored ones. We could not have missionary and evangelistic labor performed if we did not have the large and strong churches

to willingly furnish the means. Let us do all we can to keep them strong, but we must not neglect the small churches. One of the best ways of holding our own and extending our borders is to strengthen and enlarge these churches by evangelistic work.

Most of the work done thus far has been one by one or by twos. Bro. E. B. Saunders went alone to Nile, Richburg, and Little Genesee, N. Y. He was aided a few days by Bro. George Shaw, of Alfred University. He also went alone to West Hallock, Ill. Bro. L. C. Randolph went to the help of Bro. T. J. Van-Horn, in Southern Illinois; Bro. C. W. Threlkeld to the aid of Pastor G. W. Lewis, at Hammond, La., and Bro. E. H. Socwell to work with Bro. L. F. Skaggs, in Missouri. We expected to have Bro. J. L. Huffman to work three months among the small churches in the Central Association, but the good revival work in West Virginia prevented. He may be able yet to labor in that section before the year closes. Only at Westerly, R. I., for a special reason has there been evangelistic work done by fours, or sixes, and the reasons and results have warranted the effort in that way.

THE Richburg Church has called Bro. M. G. Stillman to be their pastor the ensuing year. This church is smaller than it was and has to struggle hard to maintain itself. It does something in helping on our denominational work. We received a hearty welcome and had an attentive and appreciative congregation. They hope to increase their contribution this year for the societies. There are but a few Seventh-day Baptist families left at Shingle House, Pa., where Bro. G. P. Kenyon labors. He is pastor of this church and the church at Main Settlement. Both are small and feeble churches and feel that they cannot do more than to support their pastor and keep up an existence. The Shingle House Church is greatly burdened by a heavy debt on their meeting-house. Wish some good brother who has the means and a willing heart would lift the debt for them for they are not able to do it. We were assured that our visit to these two churches was a source of encouragement and strength to them. In Hebron township, Potter county, Pa., there are two Seventh-day Baptist churches,—the First Hebron and the Hebron Centre. The two churches number about 90 resident and some 45 non-resident members and are about five miles apart. They have not had a pastor for eight years, but have maintained a Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting, and Sabbath services now and then. They have a Christian Endeavor Society which is doing excellent work for Christ and the Church. Bro. G. P. Kenyon is preaching at the First Hebron Church every two weeks, on Sunday night. What the two churches need and should have is a settled pastor. They have a good number of young people, and also children that will soon be young people, who need a pastor's care and help as well as the older people. We spent four days with them and preached four times. Measures will soon be taken we believe to call a pastor and raise the means in part, if not wholly, for his support. To hold the fort and enlarge their borders is just the thing for them to do. The First Hebron Church, while without a pastor, built them, in 1889, a nice church building and there is no debt on it. They deserve commendation for their progressive spirit and energy. It is with regret that we cannot visit Scio, Hartsville, and Hornellsville on this trip in the Western Association, for duties connected with the next

Board Meeting call us home, but we hope to be with them some other time. O. U. W.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY MRS. MARY M. COX.

Over the river the streets are of gold;
Over the river we never grow old.
The rose never fades from the cheeks of the fair,
The frost of time never silvers the hair.
The luster ne'er fades from eyes so bright
And they need no sun, God himself is their light.

Over the river are mansions most fair;
Over the river our loved ones are there.
And soon we shall reach that beautiful shore
And see them and clasp their hands once more.
For all the weary of earth there is room
And Jesus is calling for each one to come.

Over the river no tears dim the eyes;
Over the river no storm clouds arise;
No tempests e'er sweep o'er the glittering strand
No death ever enters that beautiful land.
No sorrows e'er come, no sickness, no pain,
But rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plain.

Over the river the day's ever bright;
Over the river there cometh no night.
In that beautiful land is the city of God,
Its streets by glorified beings are trod.
Jesus calleth all the heavy-laden to come
And find sweetest rest in that beautiful home.

—Sunshine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

As I am one of the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER I am always glad to have it come, and to hear from the different persons and places. Sometimes we are made to rejoice with those that rejoice, sometimes to weep with those that weep. We are always glad to hear of the good work that has been done in other places; and especially in Westerly, my native town. May some of these showers of his blessings fall on us here. We are glad that the young men and young women are taking hold of the good work; yes, and even the young children, for "of such is the kingdom of God." Children, although you are young, you can be his lambs; he saves you and will care for you if you give your young hearts to him in childhood. You do not know it all in childhood any more than we did; and we do not now nor shall we until we pass over into that happy land where sorrow is not known. Children, you will learn every day that God is good, and that "his mercy endureth forever," if you will trust him. You may make many mistakes, but do not be discouraged, trust him, hold fast to his hand. It is only one step at a time. Older ones falter and sometimes lose that hope which they once had, because they have failed to trust him. Take the first step, the next will be easier. I know there are many dangers all the way, but watch and pray, for "as a father pitieth his children so God pitieth those that love him," even if they do sometimes well nigh fall. The Bible says that "not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; are we not of much more value than many sparrows?" X.

DODGE CENTRE, Minn., April 2, 1894.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Otselic, Lincklaen, DeRuyter, Cuyler and Scott churches will hold its next session with the Otselic Church, April 28-29, for which the following programme has been prepared:

SABBATH-DAY.

10.30 A. M. Sermon by B. F. Rogers, followed by short session of Sabbath-school.

2 P. M. Sermon by Mrs. Perie R. Burdick, followed by conference.

7.30 P. M. Sermon by O. S. Mills.

SUNDAY.

10 A. M. Business session.

11 A. M. Sermon by L. R. Swinney.

Sunday evening to be provided for.

We hope for a large attendance. Come prepared to give and receive.

COM.

WOMAN'S WORK.

SECURITY.

Nothing but good can come to me,
Because my heart is stayed on thee.
Lord, thou hast given a strong, uprising faith
That soars and sings above each dear delight;
This deep and settled faith that soothes all pain
With steadfast peace and healing infinite;
Since I have stayed my heart on thee,
Nothing but good can come to me.
—Elizabeth Cheney.

"IF GOD SHALL GUIDE."

Tired and worn a mother sat
At the close of a weary day,
Rocking her babe, which she clasped to her breast
And soothed in a mother's way.
And ever and oft this song she sang—
Her voice on the clear air tenderly rang—
"God, guide my boy with his strong, sure arm,
Then he's forever secure from harm!"

I thought as I heard her singing there,
There in a soft twilight—
"How strong her faith that the One above
Will keep her boy aright!"
"No matter what trouble the years may bear—
No matter what colors the sky may wear,
If God shall guide with his strong, sure arm,
My boy is forever secure from harm!"

Truer words have never been sung
Than the words of this mother's song:
The child she has given in faith to God
Can never entirely go wrong.
For she knows, tho' his feet may sometimes stray,
They will surely return some day, some day—
If God shall guide with his strong, sure arm,
Her boy is forever secure from harm!

—Anonymous.

HER OFFERING.

The lock was out of order, so it was a long, cold minute before the door could be opened. Even though she lived in one room and a closet, Miss Randilla Banks felt a glad sense of home-coming every time she conquered that unruly lock.

She lit her lamp and looked about her. On the floor lay an envelope that somebody had slipped under the door. Miss Banks picked it up and tried to guess what it contained before she lit her oil stove and put her supper on to cook. How frugal was that supper they can guess who, after a hard day's work, have cooked lonely suppers over an oil stove.

Miss Banks sat down to wait for the cooking and examined the envelope. It contained a stirring appeal for the cause of home missions, and the statement that the treasury was empty. Also a little envelope to contain Miss Banks' thank-offering to be given at the praise meeting on Sabbath night. It was then Saturday evening.

Miss Banks was a seamstress; but for the last three years repeated attacks of rheumatism and grip had left her little strength for work. The last sick spell had eaten up her small bank account; now she lived from hand to mouth. She was a tall spare woman, with old age thinning and whitening her hair. Some people made unkind remarks about her homely appearance.

Yes, my heroine was poor and homely and old, but to Him who looketh on the heart she was rich, beautiful and immortal. Poor and homely and old; yet her taste in giving was royal. She would like to pour gold into the Lord's treasury; she would like to heap diamonds and rubies at the feet of Him who had been her stay and comfort through long years of poverty and sorrow.

After supper Miss Banks laid her week's earnings on the table. The money was in small change; one-tenth of it she put by itself as the Lord's share—it would just pay her pew rent. No thank-offering could come out of that. The remainder she separated into little piles; so much for room rent, so much for coal, and the rest for food. A very small amount of food would it purchase; but Miss Banks knew to a cent's worth how much food she would be obliged to eat during the coming week. From her food money she took a bright dime. Could she give that?

As she asked herself the question she heard an ominous click, and a long crack went half way down the lamy chimney. It might last

another week, but likely not. Then she must have a bar of soap; she had forgotten that. No, Randilla Banks could not afford even a ten-cent thank-offering. Neither could she afford strength for a "good cry," though five or six tears did roll down her fallow cheeks, for she knew the importance of home mission work, and sighed as she thought of the empty treasury; but what could she do to help the work of her beloved church?

Nothing apparently, nothing but to go to her Bible, to her chapter, the fifty-fourth of Isaiah. How Miss Banks wished that the words "old maid" might have been put in the Bible, at least once! There was plenty of comfort for widows, she thought, but that did not belong to her. So she hunted for promises for the desolate and solitary.

Then this solitary soul turned to the Psalms in search of something suited to one who was too poor to give even a dime thank-offering.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee"—and sustain even the burden of his work, she thought: "Thou tellest my wanderings; put thou my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?" One of Miss Banks' tears had fallen on the thank-offering envelope. There it lay a little damp spot just where she would have been glad to write \$10. Would God accept that salty tear for a thank-offering? Then Miss Banks thought of the "golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of the saints." Like a whisper from the Holy Spirit came the words: "I have surely seen the affliction of my people in Egypt, and have heard their cry, for I know their sorrows. And I am come down to deliver them."

Surely God might do something to deliver his church in answer to her "cry." Unmindful of her rheumatism she got down on her knees, and I wish every other member of the church could have heard her prayer.

That Saturday evening, in another house on another street, in a cosy room, sat another woman, alone. She, too, held in her hand a thank-offering envelope, the counterpart of the one Miss Banks had found awaiting her. It was still empty, though the other hand held an open pocket-book whose contents had evidently just been examined, and consisted of two silver quarters and a dime, beside two twenty dollar bills.

"I must remember to ask Fred for a dollar or two. Of course, I suppose I could put in this change and let it go at that, but I shouldn't like any one to know that I had given so little.

"I know just what I shall do with these two bills," mused their complacent owner, as she spread them out in her lap. "This one will buy me a new fall jacket—the new cape collars are so handsome, it is sure to be ever so much more becoming to me than the one I bought last fall. Dear me, what a shame that styles change so often! I really never wore that jacket a dozen times; but I do like to have my clothes modern.

"The other bill," continued the speaker, soliloquizing, "will buy the hat I admired at Madame Dupre's opening. I know that I have always said that it was a shame to put so much money into a hat, but that is a beauty, and I mean to indulge for this once."

So saying, the envelope and money were slipped into this fortunate woman's purse and the whole matter forgotten as a telegram came saying "Fred" had been called out of the city and would not be home before Monday. As she made ready for church the next evening she suddenly bethought herself of the thank-offering, and with a half guilty flush of mortification that the offering was to be so little, she hastily placed the silver pieces in the envelope and sealed the end, slipping both into her pocket-book with the comforting thought, "Oh, well! no one will know the difference, for there is no way of identifying the gifts as no names are used. I forgot to select a text, but never mind, it will have to go as it is. It is rather a shabby gift for a thank-offering, I am afraid, but I'll make it up next time."

It had been decided by those having the matter in charge that the collection should be taken up from one aisle at a time, and after the envelopes thus gathered had been opened, the texts read, and the money put in the receptacle

awaiting it, there should be a hymn and responsive reading while the envelopes from the contributors in the next aisle were being gathered up.

Miss Banks sat in the second aisle—there were but three—and it chanced that her envelope was the last to be opened of those gathered in that section. The minister opened it to find it quite empty save from a bit of paper from which he read: "It grieved me to think that no coin of mine could be counted among other offerings to-night, and I was tempted to bitterness of soul because of this, when the thought came that I could make an offering of prayer. Falling upon my knees I asked that it might be the happy privilege of some one else to make a double offering because to me has been denied the privilege to give at all. That I might not dishonor God by unworthy doubts, that he would answer my prayer, I have chosen for my text, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

There was a little silence after the pastor sat down; many who had given even liberally remembered suddenly that there had been no odor of prayer about their gift. It was but a moment that the silence lasted, but it was long enough for the arrow of conviction, shot from a shaft in God's own hand, to pierce the heart of one who sat at the end of the aisle down which the collectors were now coming. With fingers trembling with eagerness she tore open the end of an envelope she held in her hand, shook out the dime and two quarters which it held and tucked in their place two twenty dollar bills, while she hastily penciled the words, "To go with the envelope which held the prayer, if God will accept it from one who was selfishly tempted to give a few coins of little value instead." None in the congregation knew who had made the offering, but as the pastor unrolled the bills and read the lines that accompanied them, and then with tender emotion asked for a blessing on the two who had thus made a special heart-offering, tears stood in the eyes of more than one, but into two hearts had stolen the peace which God grants to those who seek to do his will.—A. B., in *Woman's Missionary Magazine*.

MY VERY BEST.

It is by no means uncommon to hear women say, regarding house-keeping, "I do it from compulsion, not from choice." Ah! that is where a vital mistake is made. Such a declaration is unworthy a daughter of the King. It is a libel on the dignity of truth, earnest labor, and makes a hardship of what otherwise might become a pleasure as well as a necessity. If the busy wife and mother could only realize that the house wherein she performs the work allotted to her by the divine Master is her kingdom, the home of her husband and children, her best earthly treasures, the love she bears them would glorify even the most commonplace work. It is related of Mrs. Garfield that one summer, being compelled to make bread for her family, a labor which to her was exceedingly irksome, she determined that if it were really a duty she would make it a pleasure to herself and family as well, by making perfect bread. She succeeded admirably, and instead of the duty becoming a drudgery it became a real delight, and she was as proud of her triumph as if she had gained a victory in the great world of art. She had her reward not only in the praises of husband and children, but also in the consciousness of having done her very best in the work assigned her.

I once heard a little boy say, "I do not want to grow up, because I will be obliged to leave this happy home."

"What makes it so happy?" I inquired.

"Because she is here," he said, nodding in the direction of his mother.

Think of such reward, dear friend, and count it no drudgery, but a blessed privilege, to make your home so pleasant and attractive that your husband and children will think no place in the whole wide world half so delightful.

The work which appears to some as if it made them only insignificant plodders, is often just the work needed to make home pleasant and comfortable for the dwelling therein; and if

the mother, wife or daughter, whose work is apportioned there, should neglect it to seek something more congenial, how disastrous would the results prove! We all have our place in the world, our work to do, and no matter how insignificant this work may seem, it is our duty to do it, and do it as perfectly as possible.

In other countries over the seas, beautiful mosaic paintings are made of tiny pieces of various colored glass or marble. Each piece is small and insignificant looking in itself, yet when all are put in their proper places they make a lovely picture, which lasts for ages to give pleasure to all beholders and reflect praise on the master artist who wrought it out. So God makes a great picture out of seemingly insignificant materials, by placing one just in the right place, by giving each one just the proper work to do.

Sometimes people think they are in the wrong place, and long to be in a different one. They are sure there is other work which they are better fitted for, or at least which they would rather do. Sometimes the busy mother, tired with so much household care and the tending of the little ones, envies the woman of leisure, and thinks if she were not tied down so closely at home she could do some good in helping others. She does not realize that in making a happy home for her family she is doing a great work, a work appointed by the loving Father—a work that in the end shall be approved by the King of kings, who day by day is treasuring up the loving words she speaks, the kind acts she performs, the songs of cheer she sings—treasuring them up against that great day when earth's battles all won, earth's struggles all ended, the worries and trials of the laborer shall be exchanged for the rest and delight of the victor; when the toils of earth shall be exchanged for the crown of heaven.—*Selected.*

THE TAPER AND THE LIGHTHOUSE.

We measure ourselves against our tasks, and never think that God, whose tools we ought to be, is the one to be measured against our tasks. In such times of discouragement let us remember this beautiful little story, by Rev. D. Mac-
kæe:

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

"Where are you going?" said the taper.

"Away high up," said the man; "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the little taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," said the man. "For we stand here at the entrance to a harbor, and some ship far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for our light even now."

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper, "it is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me."

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse,—for this was a lighthouse they were in,—he took the little taper and with it he lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them. And soon they were burning steady and clear, throwing a great strong beam of light across the sea.

By this time the lighthouse man had blown out the little taper, and laid it aside. But it had done its work. Though its light had been so small it had been the means of kindling the great lights in the top of the lighthouse, and these were now shining over the sea, so that ships, far out, knew by them where they were, and were guided safely into the harbor.—*Golden Rule.*

WHEN the devil fishes he knows that there is no time lost by being careful about his bait.—*Ram's Horn.*

How many people there are who are always ready to play "first fiddle" who won't touch a string when somebody else is to do it.—*Selected.*

THE HIDDEN PATTERN.

BY MARJORIE MOORE.

I stood in the noisy chamber,
By the side of the busy loom,
While the whirl of the flying shuttle
Went echoing through the room;
And I wondered with growing wonder,
As the beautiful fabric grew,
How the skillful hand of the weaver
Could fashion it all so true.

For the curious threads ran criss-cross,
With seemingly no design,
And my untaught eye could gather
No meaning in curve or line;
When suddenly glancing upward,
Behold! the pattern hung,
And the maker's thought into being
With each throw of the shuttle sprung.

While the days of our years glide onward,
We must weave at the loom of life,
Sometimes in the peace of patience,
Sometimes in the strength of strife;
And the deeds of our daily doing,
The truths which we truly believe,
The love, and the loss, and the longing,
Are threads in the web that we weave.

The might of our task overwhelms us,
We are faulty and lacking in skill,
But each turn of the mystical shuttle
Works out the Designer's own will;
For through the glad glow of the morning,
And in the heart-hush of the night,
We are weaving the wonderful tissue
By a pattern that's out of our sight.

—*Christian Inquirer.*

AN OPEN LETTER TO AN OLD SCHOOL-MATE.

Dear Friend:—Your letter which was the bearer of such pleasant tidings reached me in due season. I had already been informed by our mutual friend, Mr. H—, that you had embraced the Sabbath. From a full heart I exclaimed, "Praise the Lord," yet I cannot say I was surprised, for I knew your attention had been called to the question and I trusted to your discerning mind to see the truth and to your willing heart to obey it.

You say, you are in a dilemma, that you can not join a sect, and having broken loose from your old associations you are unable to see what course to pursue. I think I understand your difficulty. At one time I felt as you do about joining a sect, and did not unite with the Seventh-day Baptists for nearly three years after I embraced the Sabbath. The question gave me great perplexity. I saw I could accomplish little, if anything, standing alone, and yet I thought I could not join a sect. I don't know as I shall be able to help you any, but thought I would give you the conclusions I finally reached.

Like you I do not believe it was the original plan that the church should be split up into different denominations. I believe the true church of any locality to be a Seventh-day Baptist Church, that is, an organized body of immersed believers who keep the only divinely appointed Sabbath. I would not be particular to call such a church a Seventh-day Baptist Church, but as matters stand at the present day it is a necessity to distinguish it from other similar organizations.

The primitive churches were such churches, and if the Bible had been strictly followed, such would be the churches of the present time, and there would be no need of saying, the Seventh-day Baptist Church, for every one would understand what was meant when a church was spoken of. But if certain ones prefer to keep Sunday instead of the Sabbath, and to sprinkle instead of immerse, and form themselves into organizations which they call churches, who is responsible for it? Surely not those who adhere to the Bible rule. And would the latter hasten on the day when the disciples of our Lord shall all be one by withdrawing from the true church?

I cannot see how we shall be able to dispense

with church organization. If we do, how are we going to receive members into the church or discipline disorderly walkers. There is a great deal of flowery talk about the invisible, intangible, spiritual church, to which, all believers belong, that sounds very poetical, but I am often reminded when listening to it of what my father used to say in his quaint way, that some people would spiritualize a matter until they spiritualized the truth all out of it. Whatever may be the glories of this invisible, intangible, spiritual church, I am satisfied that while we remain on this terrestrial sphere in bodies of flesh we shall need a church that is visible and tangible. Suppose when I came to Milton Junction to live I had refused to unite with the Seventh-day Baptist Church because I did not believe in sects and by advocating my views, had succeeded in winning a dozen more to the same faith thus inducing them to sever their connection with the church, and we had banded ourselves together refusing to take a name, but calling ourselves "The Lord's people." How much better off would we have been? Would we not have been a Seventh-day Baptist Church still, with the only real difference between us and the other one that we met in different houses of worship? And would we not have weakened our efficiency by dividing our forces instead of presenting a solid front to the enemy? It seems that way to me and that the only thing gained would have been another sect.

I, too, cherish the memory of my school-days, and those early associations are still very dear. More than a score of years have passed away since then. What marvelous changes they have wrought. Many a hard battle has been fought, but the grace of God triumphs to-day. You and I little thought at that time that we should ever be numbered with those few despised Sab-
batarians.

I hope you will see your way clear to join hands with us. It would afford me great pleasure to know you were handing out the bread of life to our people.

Yours in the cause of Christ,

MRS. N. WARDNER.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

"The best story I ever heard," said John Thomas to the corridor man at the Laclede, "is vouched for by Capt. Rivers of the Ft. Worth & Denver Railroad. A Russian Hebrew came to this country and established a dry goods and notion business. He was so successful that he sent for his younger brother and started to educate him in the business. The boy was slower to learn the ways of the world than his brother had been, and the latter sometimes grew impatient. One day he said:

"Now, schust vait und see how I do. Dere vas a lady."

"The lady asked to see some silk, which was shown, a piece at \$2 a yard.

"But I saw some just like it a few days ago for a dollar and a half," she said.

"I dond doubt id, madam, but dot vas some days ago. I vas selling dese goods at dot brice until yesterday, ven we got word dot all de silk-vorms in China vas dead, und dot goods vill cost us more as \$2 now."

The lady was satisfied and purchased the silk.

"Now you see how dot vas done. Dere vas a lady now; you vait on her," he said to his brother.

The young lady entered and asked for tape. The young man was all attention and the desired article was speedily produced.

"How much?" the lady asked.

"Ten cents a yard."

"Why, I saw some for eight cents."

"I dond doub id, madam, but dot vas some time ago. Shust to-day ve heard dot all de tape-vorms vas dead, and dere would be no more tape less as dwenty cents a yard."

THE TRUE PLACE OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

BY GEORGE A. GATES, LL. D.
President of Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.
(Concluded.)

I ran across an amusing fact in Goettingen three years ago. Some young Englishmen studying there rented a bit of land and fixed it up for some tennis courts. The authorities of the University thought it would be a good scheme to get the German students into that kind of work, so they bought a little plot near the University, and arranged it for tennis. But the German students did not take to it with much enthusiasm, and soon abandoned it entirely. It was then taken possession of by the English residents, and the courts, though still owned by the University, are now popularly known as Der Englanderplatz.

If athletics do not furnish a vent for the tremendous physical pressure of youth, either one of two things is quite likely to happen; outlet will be found in some sort of sensuality, which at its best may not go beyond rollicking conviviality, but at its worst goes very much elsewhere; or a suppression of enthusiasm of activity is pretty certain to react in some sort of morbidness. In short, natural, orthodox activity suppressed exacts certain revenge. The reason for it is not malignant, but beneficent.

For these reasons, then, may it fairly be judged that college athletics of some kind are a necessity. There must be physical exercise, legitimate excitement, the recreation of true sport, the prevention of or substitute for something worse.

Third, *If necessary then of course the true place of college athletics is a permanent one.* From this it at once follows that any thought or talk on the question of whether they shall be suppressed or continued, is pure waste. It is worse than that, for the reason that it diverts energy from profitable use, which use lies in the direction of

(1) The regulation of athletics, that they be kept from excess and erroneous directions. In some colleges athletics need to be encouraged, in others somewhat held in check. Like most of the problems of human life the only solution is in the application of the plainest common-sense. There is not now and never is likely to be possible a complete and final statement of where the lines should be drawn. It is a problem which must be wrought at without ever a possibility of its being wrought out. New conditions will constantly arise which will make the problem largely new.

(2) There is need now in our American colleges of stalwart action that college athletics be kept free from vice, chiefly gambling. Faculty action cannot wholly stop it, though a stiff policy might and does help a good deal. The best help of all, as has been abundantly shown by experience, comes from the students themselves. Here we face the same problem which is presented everywhere, how to get the best elements to the front.

(3) Athletics must be guarded against professionalism. Anything which commands large popular interest is certain to drift in this direction. Mammon worship seizes on anything. Wherever money is to be made the worshippers of this idol will go. There is just now to be noticed in American college circles, indeed in England too, a strong and increasing sentiment against professionalism in college athletics. Hearty co-operation of faculty and students can very easily put a stop to it. Some rules have recently been passed by both Harvard and Yale which go a long way in the right direction. It

is perfectly certain that the sentiment of the best students (which is the same thing as saying the majority of students) is entirely with college authorities in the desire to have done with professionalism.

(4) Athletics must be inspired with right and wholesome ideals. This is no easy task, and it is, like the others, perpetual. There are likely always to be falls, but there is no reason why there should not be the same number of gettings up again. If the best element in faculties and students will unite, it is quite possible to restrain any unworthy tendencies toward antagonisms. It is perfectly possible to cultivate glorying in one's own victory rather than in the opponent's defeat. It will not do to say that that is a distinction without a difference. It is a very broad distinction, and the difference is *toto coelo*. There is no reason why athletic contests between colleges and universities should not be used to cultivate hospitality and generous feeling between rivals. There is no reason why these meetings of representatives of neighboring institutions of higher learning should not be used to promote genuine Christian, human brotherhood.

Another incidental good in college athletics is, that institutions where the students are interested in athletics are mostly free from the petty pranks which used to be considered an essential part of college life. Such things come to be looked upon as too boyish for sensible fellows. Not to see that athletics have a good influence in this direction is to be blind to a very patent fact. Then, too, the whole body of young men have constantly before them the object lesson that late and irregular hours of sleep, intoxicants and narcotics in any form are fatal to the best bodily development. Athletics furnish most helpful stimulus to a general use of the gymnasium by all students.

Any view of such a subject would be sadly incomplete if it failed to include recognition of the higher elements than physical, which are cultivated by college athletics at their best. The sentiment is often quoted that was expressed by an English general, to the effect that many a battle resulting in British glory has been won by the officers when they were boys at Eton, Harrow and Rugby. There is in college athletics splendid training in courage, fearlessness, instantaneous and unquestioning obedience to constituted authority, constantly flinging oneself without reserve into the piece of work on hand, the absolute sacrifice of self that a larger self may be found in the good of the whole. These are high moral and spiritual qualities, and no one competent in the subject is ignorant of the fact that college athletics contribute to their development. The spirit of such influence is not confined to the athletes. It filters through all the student body.

THE PREACHER AND THE TRUTH.

BY REV. MARTIN SYNDALL.

A friend and former class-mate, now the successful pastor of a Western church, after an evening "school-house meeting" upon being asked why he made his sermons so short said: "I do not preach long sermons because I feel responsible for every minute which I occupy while standing before an audience." There certainly is a great responsibility connected with preaching the gospel. The preacher should be a "man of God;" a truth seeker, a truth finder and a truth preacher. He should, as stated in court-room words, "speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." When a young man just entering the gos-

pel ministry sits with palpitating heart before the man who is to preach the ordination sermon, he invariably expects to hear announced the short but weighty text, "Preach the Word." This Philip did when, as he expounded the Scripture to the Eunuch, he "preached unto him Jesus." Of course there are other questions which the Christian minister may discuss besides those which might be placed under the theme, "The World's Redeemer." But all questions which are presented to the people, whether they be "saints or sinners," should point to him who said concerning himself, "I am . . . the truth."

That men may be able to preach with earnestness and convicting power, they must believe that their belief is founded on Scripture; hence must be *open to the truth*. The query has often presented itself, how can a minister urge men to ask for, seek, and find the truth, and then live according to it, who, having been convinced of a certain truth—that the seventh day is the Sabbath, for instance—does not accept it. Dr. Arthur S. Hoyt, in *Homiletic Review* for April, p. 293, asks, "Shall we not have the spirit of thoroughness that pushes every word to its root and relation, compelling it to yield its utmost suggestion? Shall we not be willing to subject every opinion to the test of the whitest light?"

May we not ask, are men who observe the first day of the week willing to study the word Sabbath under light of the first question; to examine Sunday as the Sabbath under light of the second?

Again from Dr. Hoyt's pen comes the great hearted desire, "Oh for the spirit of a Pauline ambition, not counting itself to have attained, but ever with unveiled face welcoming the truth from every source, expecting larger visions of truth." If this were the spirit of all who keep the first day would there not soon be a sudden returning unto the Lord's Sabbath?

Nearly all the civilized world believe in the "Word of Truth," hence those especially who are considered its advocates should not try to convert a part of truth into untruth. Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon, speaking of men who believe in the scientific theories concerning the earth's formation, but who disagree concerning many points in the same, gave the following illustration: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?" asks the court clerk of the jury as they come in after having spent the whole night in deliberating. If the jury say, "Yes, we have agreed," the verdict is recorded; but suppose one of the jurymen says, "I think the man was guilty of murder," and another, "of manslaughter in the second degree," etc., the judge would say, "Go back to your room . . . and agree on something; that is no verdict."

The illustration was also used to demonstrate the union in belief of all Christians who agree that Christ is the Saviour of the world, and the Bible as the inspired Word of God. Let us apply the same illustration to those who keep God's Sabbath and to those who oppose it. One First-day keeping friend says he keeps Sunday because Christ arose on that day. Another because God requires one-seventh part of the week, but it makes no difference which day. And several others have other reasons. With those who keep God's Sabbath it is quite different. We are all agreed that God "rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." Gen. 2:2, 3. Also Ex. 20:8-11.

Christ said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Oh that the world may soon know and accept the truth in regard to the Sabbath of Jehovah, then shall we be free from a Roman Catholic institution which was made by men's hands and as such must come to nought.

WAITING FOR THE ANGELS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Waiting through days of fever,
Waiting through nights of pain,
For the waft of wings at the portal,
For the sound of songs immortal,
And the breaking of life's long chain.

There is little to do for our dear one—
Only to watch and pray—
As the tide is outward drifting,
As the gates of heaven are lifting,
And its gleam is on her way.

The tasks that so often taxed her,
The children she held so dear,
The strain of the coming and going,
The stress of the mending and sewing,
The burden of many a year,

Trouble her now no longer,
She is past the fret and care;
On her brow is the angel's token,
The look of a peace unbroken,
She was never before so fair.

You see she is waiting the angels,
And we—we are standing apart.
For us there are loss and sorrow;
For her is the endless morrow,
And the reaping-time of the heart.

--Harper's Bazaar.

FAITH AMID DARKNESS.

The life of faith has other trials besides those which spring from the cross of duty. It is generally easy to distinguish the right paths from the wrong, but there are hours when the divine dealings are dark, and when it is ours to trust God even in darkness. "What I do ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter," is frequently the only word of comfort we can grasp, and our duty then is to wait for light.

The relationship in which God stands to humanity as its ruler and guide, and his actings as a Father toward the children whom he would educate, might lead us to expect that there would be many things done by him which we fail to understand at the time. The general who has planned the campaign fully comprehends the bearings of the different moves by which he has determined to gain a certain advantage. To the master-mind the marches and the counter-marches, the advances and the retreats, are all necessary for the purpose in view. But they may, for awhile, prove inexplicable to the common soldier. He does not rebel on that account. He is content to be ignorant, because he has confidence in his commander. In like manner, when we think of God as having his great design which is being wrought out in the history of the church, it should not appear strange that there should occur periods and incidents that for awhile confound our own expectations. And if we are children also of the great Father we need not wonder if in his training many things have to be determined for us in spite of our own wishes and of the value of which we may remain long in ignorance.

There are some on whom stroke follows stroke, and from whose heart the burden of grief, disappointment, and care, is never for a moment lightened. It seems hard that while others enjoy summer brightness their sky is always curtained with gloom; while others have health they have pain and weakness; while others prosper, yet, struggle as they may, adversity is their inevitable doom. So have we seen happy homes strangely visited by sorrows so very hard as to have been the last we would have expected from the hand of a loving Father; the one who could the least be spared suddenly struck down, and with him the stay shattered of the vision of a good not yet realized. The picture is most pathetic. Nothing can be

more self-forgetful and noble. But if it was wholly unselfish and occupied with promises the fulfillment of which they were not to receive during their life as strangers and pilgrims, it was also a faith which saved them from the temptations that assailed them, and elevated their natures and made their lives saintly and brave. We have no right to impose upon the words of Scripture any artificial meaning, or to twist them into harmony with some comparatively modern system of theology, as when we try to fit on the Pauline doctrine of justification to the experiences of the patriarchs, or to the martyrs who died under the Maccabees.

But if our Lord explains to us how there must be many of his dealings which we know not now, he gives us the assurance that we shall know hereafter. This often holds true even in this life. We can now see the meaning of Abraham's life and the carrying of Joseph into Egypt. We can now perceive the reason of the destruction of Jerusalem and the removal of the temple. The darkest hour in the history of the disciples has proved the brightest for the world. And what has occurred in the history of the world finds illustration in the narrower sphere of personal or domestic life. As the aged Jacob knew before he died why God had taken Joseph and Benjamin from him, and as the sisters of Bethany knew the deeper blessing for themselves and the world which came from the death of their brother, so we also learn after a time how sorrows that once appeared almost ruthless have been the source of benefits we had never dreamed of before. The rending of the fleshly veil has perhaps opened the Holy of holies. The blow which clothed the mother with the widow's mourning may have struck the spark of a new life in the son or daughter. The disappointment and failure of earthly hopes may have been accompanied by an education in principle infinitely more valuable than any gift of fortune. The sufferer is sometimes spared to recognize these good ends of trial; but there are often sorrows which we never understand on earth; there are Jobs on whom no day of brightness dawns, and families to whom the ways of God appear dark to the very end.

There is, however, a day coming, our Lord assures us, when all these problems will be solved. And we know what the conclusion of them all will be, for we read that when all God's judgments have been explained the great song of the redeemed will be one of gladness and praise. "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy; for all nations shall come and worship thee."—*Sunday at Home.*

HERE AND THERE.

The compact of the Mayflower was signed on the lid of Elder Brewer's chest on Nov. 21, 1620.

There are two mountains in lower California that are estimated to contain 1,000,000 tons of pure alum.

Men attending the pans in salt works are never known to have cholera, small-pox, scarlet fever or influenza.

The currency of the Argentine Republic consists altogether of paper notes, ranging in value from 1 cent to \$100.

Wood choppers say that the sun's rays deaden the heat of brush fires and sometimes extinguish the flames entirely.

An ordinary elephant produces 120 pounds of ivory. Two exhibition tusks in London weigh 162 and 173 pounds respectively.

Richard McGriff, of Deerfield, and John McGriff, of Geneva, Ind., claim to be the oldest pair of twins in the country. They are in their 90th year.

The Chinese alligator, which has long been supposed to be extinct, has been discovered, and specimens of it sent to the royal zoological gardens at London. Marco Polo, in describing the specimen, says that its gall was a specific for the cure of hydrophobia.

WHAT BRINGS PEACE.

A doctor who was once visiting a Christian patient had himself long been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God; the Spirit had convinced him of his sin and need, and he longed to possess "that peace which the world cannot give." On this occasion, addressing himself to the one, he said:

"I want you to tell me just what it is—this believing and getting happiness, faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing, that brings peace."

His patient replied: "Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing, and I have put my case in your hands; I am trusting to you. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus."

This reply greatly awakened the doctor's surprise, and a new light broke in upon his soul.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed: "simply trusting in the Lord Jesus! I see it as I never did before. He has done the work. Yes, Jesus said on the cross, 'It is finished,' and 'whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

From that sick bed the doctor went a happy man, rejoicing that his sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb.—*Christian Worker.*

NO COUNTERFEIT INFIDELS.

"Did you ever see a counterfeit bank-note?"
"Yes."
"Why was it counterfeited?"
"Because the genuine note was worth counterfeiting."
"Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?"
"No."
"Why not?"
"Because it was not worth counterfeiting."
"Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?"
"Yes."
"Why was he counterfeited?"
"Because he was worth counterfeiting."
"Was he to blame for the counterfeit?"
"Of course not."
"Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?"
"Why, no."
"Why not?"
"Ahem!"
We pass the above catechism along.

HOME NEWS.

New York.

ANDOVER.—This church was organized in 1871, the membership being composed principally of persons who were members of the Independence and Alfred churches. The growth of the church has been slow but steady, numbering now eighty members. It has never been able to give full support to a pastor, but has always enjoyed the labors of an efficient ministry. Dr. Lewis, Dr. Williams, Eld. Jared Kenyon, Eld. Joshua Clarke, and during their school days at Alfred, W. D. Williams, T. L. Gardner, E. A. Witter, and E. H. Socwell are among those who have labored here. L. A. Platts has just engaged to serve the church for a year.

With other churches in the village, the church has enjoyed the work of an evangelist during the latter part of the winter, as the result of which many have been converted. Several are awaiting baptism at the first opportunity. A preliminary organization of a young people's society has been effected, and a full organization is expected very soon. Last Sabbath we followed to the grave the remains of one of our most devoted members, Sister John Beebe, sister of Eld. H. P. Burdick, Eld. Jared Kenyon preaching the sermon. L. A. P.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

"THE CATHEDRAL."

When James Russell Lowell wrote his poem called "The Cathedral," the American people were not sufficiently educated to appreciate its worth and beauty. Since then, the Americans have traveled, read and lived, until now "The Cathedral" is prized by lovers of good literature above most poems of its kind in the English language.

The fault of the poem is the occasional defect in meter, and the semi-occasional lapse into prosaic expression. It is full of lines, however, that are exquisitely musical, and the thoughts expressed throughout the poem are so beautiful that in studying it, one loses sight of the rythmical irregularities.

As in one of Bach's figures, so in "The Cathedral," one thought appears and reappears through the whole poem, first in one voice and then in another. It is this, —that once only in our lives comes to us the same experience, the same thought, the same joy or the same sorrow. Others may come which seem to be their counter part but in them there lacks the intensity of that first experience.

Mr. Lowell has called his poem "The Cathedral," but one almost wonders why he did so, for there is little reference made to the building, which is the Romanist Cathedral at Chartres. The author has simply made his visit there the source of inspiration in writing the poem.

Mr. Lowell was essentially a Westerner. His character was Gothic, and as a Goth he proclaims himself. Let me quote from "The Cathedral":

"I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth.
Your blood is mine, ye architects of dream,
Builders of aspirations incomplete . . .
No Grecian drop
Rebukes these veins that leap with kindred thrill
After long exile to the mother tongue."

To him the Gothic architecture as shown in the Chartres Cathedral is more beautiful than the Grecian. He says:

"The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
The one thing finished in this hasty world.
* * * * *

But oh! this other, this that never ends,
Still climbing, having fancy still to climb,
As full of morals half divined as life.
Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise
Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
Heavy as nightmare, airy light as fern,
Imaginations very self in stone."

Nevertheless, as Mr. Lowell traveled abroad, he grew into deep sympathy with the long ages of culture that are manifested in the art and architecture of the old world.

Another passage tells us something of his poetic nature:

"I thank benignant nature most for this,
A force of sympathy, or call it lack
Of character firm planted loosing me
From the pent chamber of habitual self,
To dwell enlarged in alien modes of thought,
Haply distasteful, wholesomer for that,
And through imagination to possess
As they were mine, the lives of other men."

Whatever opinions one may have that differ from those expressed in "The Cathedral," it must be acknowledged by all that the poem is delightfully written, intensely interesting in its vigorous philosophy, and a rich treasure house of thought to the lover of poetry.

MARY A. LEWIS.

THE darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.—*Horace Greeley.*

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

I wish that our Christian Endeavor Societies would continue to report items of news and interest to the "Mirror" column of the RECORDER. I am sure some of our societies have had additions to their membership, and changes from associate to the active roll. This will be especially the case in societies where revivals have been held. Will they report such items of interest. Some of the societies are doubtless holding appointments of some kinds aside from their regular meetings. Will such societies please report their work. I would be glad to write personally to the societies if I had time. Will your Secretaries take time to write us through the "Mirror." If you are doing something tell us what, and if not, tell us why. A very heavy, draining rain storm has entirely broken up the revival meeting to-night in Ashaway, the first time such a thing has occurred wherever I have been this winter. The interest is increasing, many come forward every night. The great mass of people are giving the movement their support. The State election is not helping to consecrate the minds of people just now, but to-day settles the contest. The same amount of time and energy put into gospel work in Rhode Island as has been put into the fall campaign would bring kindly feelings and a blessing to all; we should all be the winning party then. "Let us so run that we all may win." We may in the gospel race, and all obtain the crown incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Pray for this community.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

—THE Endeavor Society at New Auburn, Minn., is enjoying an increased attendance at the prayer-meetings within the last few months, although several of our members are away teaching or attending school. Two active members and one associate have been added to the roll. Mr. Alva VanHorn, of Welton, Iowa, has been with us the greater part of the winter and has been a help to us in our work. On the evening of the 17th we gave an entertainment, which added to the treasury between six and seven dollars. Nearly all the members have signed the pledge cards for this year, and we contribute also to the New Mizpah Mission, quarterly. Pray for this little band that their strength may be increased.

SEC'Y.

—THE Social Committee of the Stone Fort Christian Endeavor provided a literary programme, which was very successfully carried out the evening after the Sabbath; March 17th. All the parts were creditably performed. The house was packed full and some could not gain admittance. This society is doing excellent work.

—THE Christian Endeavor Society which "the boys" assisted in organizing at Bethel last August, is a great strength to the little church here, creating a strong sentiment in its favor among the people of the neighborhood. Some of the members of this Society will be heard from.

—A UNION Society of Christian Endeavor was organized at the old Seventh-day Baptist church, two and one half miles east of Villa Ridge Station, on Sunday night, Feb. 25th. This society starts off with excellent material so far as experience in Christian Endeavor work is concerned. The surrounding neighborhood is considerably above the average of intelligence for a country place.

—THE meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society at the Mount Pleasant school-house on Sabbath night, March 11th, was a very encouraging one. No society organized in Southern Illinois, started with more flattering prospects numerically, and none has been harder to sustain. The discouragements have been many, but enough have stood faithfully at their post to keep up the interest, and we feel confident that the society will live and do great good. Nearly every active member gave a cheering testimony at the meeting referred to.

THE Lord never takes away a silver blessing without intending to confer on us a golden gain.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AUNT ZANIE'S PRAYER.

BY MISS MARY G. BURDETTE.

Did you ever hear of Lucy Henry? We knew of her first as a little girl in one of Miss Jackson's Industrial Schools for colored children in Richmond. Well, Lucy grew to womanhood, with a good education received at Harts-horn Memorial Institute, and a practical knowledge of Christian work learned as a pupil and helper of Miss Jackson. By and by she was employed by the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society; and shortly after there appeared on the scene Rev. J. J. Coles, a missionary from Africa, and he said: "That's the woman, and that's the work needed in Africa," and he married Lucy and took her back with him. Nobly they toiled together, for the people in the land of their fathers, their hearts burdened with the vastness of the field and the scarcity of laborers. In a few years, in the providence of God, Mrs. Coles returned to the United States to plead for reinforcements. She went from state to state and from church to church among the colored people of the South, and in course of time she came to Houston, Tex., and in the Shiloh church, told the thrilling story of Africa's need.

* * *

"Come in," said Miss Peck, the missionary, in response to a knock at her door the following morning.

The door opened and revealed a neat little brown-faced woman, in clean calico gown and long gingham apron, her head wrapped in a plaid cotton bandana. The face wore a troubled expression, so unusual that the missionary exclaimed:

"Why, Aunt Zanie, what's the matter? Come in."

"No, honey, I hasn't time to come in; just stopped a minute to ask you to pray to de Lord, dat he show me how to do mo' fo' Africa."

The missionary grasped the situation. Aunt Zanie was poor. On her arm hung the implements by which she earned a living for herself and a little grandchild, a wooden pail in which she carried scrubbing brush and cloths. She was noted for honesty, thrift, piety and generosity. Never was a good cause presented and a collection taken, but what Aunt Zanie, with quick step and beaming face, was ready with her offering. Everybody who knew her wondered how she could give so much.

"Oh, Aunt Zanie! don't be troubled! The dear Lord knows what you can give and he does not wish you to grieve because you cannot do more. I am sure you give enough."

"Sister Peck, I didn't come dis mo'nin' to have you tell me I do 'nuff; I jes come to ask you to pray to de Lo'd dat he show me how I can give mo'."

"Well, well, Aunt Zanie, I will; and if there's any way, I'm sure the Lord will make it plain to you."

The little woman turned and went on her way to her daily toil. Several days passed and again Aunt Zanie appeared at the door of the missionary home. This time with beaming face to say, "Good mo'nin' Sister Peck. I's come to tell you the Lo'd done answer prayer."

"How, Aunt Zanie?"

"Well, Sister Peck, I jest went about all dese days with a heavy heart a praying to de Lo'd to show me how to do something mo' fo' Africa. But 'pears like he dunno no way, fo' not a bit of answer did he give me. But last night I came home from my wo'k, and I jes' set my ole bucket on de flo', and I kneeled down by a cha'r and I poured out my heart to de Lo'd, and I said, 'O Lo'd, isn't der no way I can do somethin' mo' fo' Africa?' For a long time I prayed, then I stopped, and everything was jest as still!—and I heard a voice speak right to my heart—"ZANIE, CHILD, LAY DOWN THAT PIPE."

Aunt Zanie had learned to smoke that pipe when she was a little slave girl, lighting the pipe for her mistress, and now she had passed her three-score years, and for a long, long time it had been her one personal indulgence, her

one luxury. Is there any wonder that the missionary asked,

"Aunt Zanie, do you think you can?"

"If de Lo'd say so?" was the wondering response.

"Yes, Aunt Zanie; if the Lord says so, he will enable you."

Again the blessed little woman was gone, and again days went by, until one morning she came to the missionary, and laying twenty-five cents in her hand, exclaimed joyfully, "Here, Sister Peck, here's Aunt Zanie's first 'bacco money or Africa."

The days have grown into years since we gazed upon that bit of silver in Miss Peck's hand and heard her tell this story, but from then until now, Aunt Zanie's tobacco money has been conscientiously and joyously devoted to the nobler purpose of sending gospel light into dark places.

Reader, do you hear the repeated calls for help? Are you doing all you can to relieve the needy? Have you a pipe? Some carnal pleasure? Some cherished indulgence? Can you give it up? and let the Lord use the money it costs? Will you?

Do you pray, dare you pray, as did Aunt Zanie, with honest purpose to obey, "Lord, show me how to give more?" Then wait upon him as she did, with strong pleadings for the answer, and "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

When Christians thus pray and thus give, then will the treasury overflow, sowers and reapers be multiplied, deserts blossom, parched ground become a pool and thirsty land springs of water. How does the sacrifice compare with the bloom? Will you lay down your pipe?—*Standard.*

A BOY WHO IS SUCCEEDING.

Every boy wishes to succeed, but few men are able to look back upon a successful life. Why some boys are promoted more rapidly than some others is suggested by this story, the writer of which is unknown to us:

"A new boy came into our office to-day," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the first thing he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will change your mind about him."

"Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "but I don't think so."

Three days later the business man said to his wife: "About that boy you remember I mentioned three or four days ago. Well, he is the best boy that ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?"

"In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began work he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished, he came to me and said: 'Mr. H., I have finished all that work. Now what can I do?'"

"I was greatly surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him, until he came into my room with the question, 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man."—*Harper's Young People.*

"IF I WERE A BOY."

If I were a boy I should keep my own secrets, except as I revealed them to my father and mother for the sake of securing their advice; I should never speak a word to anyone who might be worried by it, and speak kind words of others, even of enemies, in their absence. I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights, or stories in my memory and imagination, and no foul words on my tongue, give no smiles, but give the rather black frowns and prompt and

fierce reproof, to any comrade who dared, in my presence, to utter a filthy speech. I should want to say, as the pure-minded and noble Dr. Geo. H. Whitney, president of Hackettstown (N. J.) College, can say: "I have never pronounced a word which I ought not to speak in the presence of the purest woman in the world."

I should treat my little folks kindly, and not tease them, show respect to servants, be tender toward the unfortunate—and all this I should strive to do for the sake of being a comfort to people, a joy to my parents, a help to the next century, and in the seventh decade of it should hope to be a wise and cheerful old man, who learned, when he was a boy, to govern himself, to be firm in right willing, and to keep up the terraces in God's garden on the hillside.—*Dr. J. H. Vincent.*

BABY OR BOY.

The youngest in our household
Is Sammy, six years old;
His cheeks are reddest roses;
His hair is purest gold.

We often call him "baby,"
And "darling," "dear," and "pet,"
And if he hadn't stopped us
We'd call him these names yet.

One evening when his papa
Was sitting all alone,
The little fellow sought him
And made his wishes known.

"I want to tell you something,"
He said, with serious eyes:
"I wish we had a baby,"
To papa's great surprise.

"Well, I declare!" said papa;
"What makes you wish so, dear?"
And little Sammy answered,
In accents calm and clear—

"I'm tired of being 'darling,'
And 'dear' I don't enjoy.
I wish we had a baby,
So I could be a boy."

—*Susan B. Best.*

TWO BROTHERS.

Two small boys signaled a street car, and when it stopped it was noticed that one boy was lame. With much solicitude the other boy helped the cripple aboard the car, and after telling the conductor to go ahead returned to the sidewalk. The lame boy braced himself up in his seat, so that he could look out of the car window, and the other passengers observed that at intervals the little fellow would wave his hand and smile. Following the direction of his glances the passengers saw the other boy running along the sidewalk, straining every muscle to keep up with the car. The passengers watched this pantomime in silence for a few blocks, and then a gentleman asked the lame boy who the other boy was. "My brother," was the prompt reply. "Why doesn't he ride with you in the car?" was the next question. "'Cause he hasn't any money," answered the lame boy sorrowfully. The little runner was speedily invited into the car, and the sympathetic questioner not only paid his fare, but gave each boy a quarter besides.—*Golden Days.*

THAT BEAUTIFUL CITY.

Two little waifs stood near one of the main entrances to the World's Fair, and with startled eyes and small mouths open wide with wonder watched the surging crowds. They were hand in hand, little, slim, dirty hands, and every feature bespoke want and misery; the bleak autumn winds swept down the street and seemed to chill the shivering children as they stood there all desolate, among that great, hurrying, happy throng. A big policeman noticed them and asked what they wanted there. The elder one raised his large pleading eyes to him and said:

"A boy told us that this was the 'great White City,' and we want to go in."

"You have no money to go in there, child," the officer said. "What do you want in there?"

The little four-year-old girl nudged the boy and whispered, "You tell, Jimmie."

"No, you tell."
Then as she twisted her slender fingers over

and over each other nervously and looked down she said:

"Ma's dead, and she must be in there. She said she was going to that beautiful city, and that me and Jimmie must go there, too, and we have walked so far. Oh, please, sir, won't you let us in?"

Then with a pitying heart the kind policeman told them of that far-off city where their mother had gone, and as he saw the look of hopeless despair spread over the little faces, he turned to brush away a tear that stole down his bronze cheek, and softly said: "Yes, children, you may go in."—*The Ram's Horn.*

HOW HIS CHILD LED HIM.

BY JULIA BILLINGS.

Several years ago my brother was in Springfield one cheerless day, with about half an hour on his hands before train time. Strolling along near the depot, he noticed a tidy restaurant, and went in for lunch. A bright boy came to take his order, and as soon as he brought it sat down to his lessons. A respectable man, evidently the proprietor, was seated near the fire, with a disabled foot propped up in a chair. When my brother had finished his meal, he approached him, saying:

"You have a bright boy to wait on your customers."

"Yes, indeed," said the man, with parental pride, "I couldn't hire so good a boy as that; he is my son, and was the means of my opening this place instead of keeping a saloon, which was the way I got my living for some years; and I'll tell you how it was. He came from school one day heavy-hearted, and when I asked him what was the matter he began to cry, but couldn't speak. After I had urged him, he said that in recess some of the boys asked each other what their fathers did. One said his father was a plumber; another, that his was a carpenter; and when they came to my boy, who said his father kept a saloon, one of them said, 'That's the meanest kind of business.' And I could see they all felt the same way. That made me feel awfully ashamed; so, father, if you will only give up the saloon, I'll do anything I can to help you.' With that he threw his arms around my neck, and, sobbing, begged me to give it up. Well, the end of it was I sold out. I don't make so much money as I did selling liquors, but it goes farther, and we have a happy home; my wife can help along, because decent people come here for their meals, but before I did not like to have her around, there was so much low talk. My boy has been as good as his word. I couldn't ask for a better son."

My brother thanked the man for his confidence, and after giving his hearty approval went his way.—*The Little Christian.*

HE KNEW.

Everybody who has made a study of boy nature will see the point of this story:

Many years ago a minister visiting a London ragged school, asked:

"How many bad boys does it take to make a good one?"

A little fellow immediately replied:

"One, sir, if you treat him well."

That lad is now a teacher in the same school, and very busy putting his theory into practice, and with excellent results.

BREATHE clear air from morning to-night, and from night to morning again, and you will be rewarded with a lightness of spirit that the chemist is powerless to bestow. Eat clean food, food that is not greasy, nor spicy, nor hard of digestion, and you will be nourished and made strong by the only genuine blood purifier in the market. Bathe in clean water every day, and note the elevating and tranquilizing effect it has on the mind. Think clean thoughts, and the body as well as the soul will seem to be mate-fellow with the angels.—*Family Doctor.*

A HEAD properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1894.

SECOND QUARTER.

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| March 31. Jacob's Prevailing Prayer..... | Gen. 32 : 9-12, 24-30. |
| April 7. Discord in Jacob's Family..... | Gen. 7 : 3 : 1-11. |
| April 14. Joseph Sold into Egypt..... | Gen. 37 : 23-36. |
| April 21. Joseph Ruler in Egypt..... | Gen. 41 : 35-48. |
| April 28. Joseph Forgiving His Brethren..... | Gen. 45 : 1-15. |
| May 5. Joseph's Last Days..... | Gen. 50 : 14-26. |
| May 12. Israel in Egypt..... | Ex. 1 : 1-14. |
| May 19. The Childhood of Moses..... | Ex. 2 : 1-10. |
| May 26. Mo-es Sent as a Deliverer..... | Ex. 3 : 10-20. |
| June 2. The Passover Instituted..... | Ex. 12 : 1-14. |
| June 9. Passage of the Red Sea..... | Ex. 14 : 19-29. |
| June 16. The Woes of the Drunkard..... | Prov. 23 : 29-35. |
| June 23. Review..... | |

LESSON IV.—JOSEPH RULER IN EGYPT.

For Sabbath day, April 21, 1894.

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 41 : 38-48.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Them that honor me I will honor. 1 Sam. 2 : 30.

GENERAL STATEMENT.—If Joseph's own dreams brought him trouble, his interpretation of others got him out again. But what a long time of discipline and anxious waiting! When he told his father and brethren his dreams he was but seventeen. When he became a ruler in Egypt he was thirty. Then several years more passed before his brethren came into Egypt to buy corn. Over twenty years to wait for the fulfillment of his dreams of greatness. For the connecting links read the Home Readings, also for the song of the Lord lifting up the lowly, and the way of the righteous.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

JOSEPH'S EXALTATION. 38. "Pharaoh said." Responding to the advice of Joseph. "Can we find such a one." One so competent to carry out these plans? "The spirit of God is." One in whom a divine spirit dwells. Such an one will surely attend wisely to all details. 39. "God hath showed thee." By some divine revelation, or extra spiritual discernment, Joseph had honored God before Pharaoh, now God leads the king to honor him. "Discreet." Intelligent, having understanding. Righteousness gives character, and true character will receive due notice. 40. "Over my house." Palace, and over all Pharaoh's officers and ministers. A slave-prisoner is at once promoted to the second position in the kingdom. "According unto thy word." As thy wisdom decides so shall it be done in my kingdom. "Only in the throne." Pharaoh is still supreme authority and at any time could revoke his decree, as suddenly as Joseph was exalted could he be humbled should he fail to satisfy the king. God, however, was ordering this matter. 41. "Set over all the land of Egypt." And as Egypt was the greatest empire of the day and the seat of influence and power in the world, Joseph was to be virtually the Saviour and dictator of the world. 42. "Took off his ring." The signet ring of authority. This ring pressed upon the wax or clay, or whatever was used, gave validity to the documents sent out from the royal palace. All nations and even petty officers in our own day use seals to give authenticity. "Vestures of fine linen." Imported from other countries. Ezek. 27 : 7. Worn by priests and one of peculiar form exclusively for the rank of king. "A gold chain." Another badge of office. 43. "The second chariot." Next to Pharaoh. The first used only by the king himself. "They cried before him." The heralds that went before. Similar to the cry, "Vive le roi" in modern times. 44. "I am Pharaoh." I give thee this authority. My will is law, I delegate it to thee. Loyalty to Pharaoh is now tested by obedience to Joseph. 45. "Zephnath paaneah." "Zafnt-p-anch." "Zaf" means bread, "nt" of, "p" the, "anch" life. Thus Joseph seems appropriately named "The-bread-of-life." "Asenath." Favorite of Neith, the Egyptian Minerva. This was a distinguished Egyptian honor, and intermarriage with caste. This now settled the social position of the exalted foreigner. The power and patronage of the chief priest was very great. "Priest of On." Belonging to the Sun. At the seat of sun worship. Even Abraham once married an Egyptian, Hagar. "Joseph went out." To begin at once his great work.

JOSEPH'S WISE ECONOMY. 46. "When he stood." Joseph was thirty years old when admitted to the presence of Pharaoh and obtained his confidence. At the same age Jesus began his public ministry. "From the

presence of Pharaoh." Useful men do not stay in court and constantly remain in palaces. He "went throughout all the land." Surveyed the conditions and resources, gave personal attention to details of work. He goes out to employ his time for humanity's protection. 47. "Brought forth by handfuls." By handfuls compared with the previous yield. Of this plenteous yield no doubt more than a half or three-fifths were stored up, or sold to the government at a low price. As many as three crops of wheat and barley have been gathered in a single year on the rich banks of the Nile. 48. "Gathered up . . . laid up." All the food he intended to gather without taking advantage of prevailing necessities. Our government officers ought to take lessons of Joseph, and practice economy not to increase wealth but for the establishment of State and national institutions which uplift humanity, relieve suffering, and consolidate the nation. Our best storehouse is where moth and rust corrupt not.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

(For week beginning April 15th.)

THE FUTURE. What and how to provide for it. Matt. 25 : 31-46.

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory." Yes, when he shall come. But that may be in the far distant future. "My Lord delayeth his coming." Nevertheless, the picture and the prophecy is a sure indication of a coming time when all of us shall stand before the Great Judge. The "literal Son of man, in his literal person at his literal coming to a literal judgment," is a solemn warning to make necessary preparation for it. Think of the separation, final, eternal, of the good or justified from the bad or unjustified! What provisions may be made for that certain future? No works of merit before God, it is true, yet works, nevertheless, pleasing to God, that shall have full reward. Only faith in a crucified and risen Saviour will save, yet something remains to be done evidencing that faith. The scripture verses show the Christian's unconscious goodness, which is the highest form. There are recognized duties, and voluntary acts of self-forgetful love. The acts are certainly possible to Christian Endeavorers, and express a Christian spirit. These acts are not simply an outlay of money, but a sacrifice of comfort, rest, strength, and time. He who clothes the naked may by it show his liberal and loving spirit; he who visits the sick his self-sacrifice. Acts of kindness presuppose faith in Christ, which "purifies the heart and works by love." This in the spirit and name of Jesus becomes "pure religion" when faith and love inspire it. This may be a necessary provision for the future. We will need a suitable character in the future. "Character and faith are measured by the works they produce."

REFERENCES from James 4 and 5, Luke 9. Prov. 27, 1 Thess. 5, and Matt. 7.

—It is not merely to make us happy that God pours out upon us his blessings. It is that we may become the more useful. The apostles were prepared for better service after being especially privileged among the believers. When a plant receives light and life it makes itself useful by sending forth blossoms and fruit. When a diamond receives light it reflects it. Whatever God blesses is to become a blessing. That is why Abraham was blessed, why Jacob was blessed, and it is why you are blessed and privileged, dear teacher.

—SAYS Ben Johnson, "Good men are the stars—the planets—of the age wherein they live, and illustrate the times. . . . Abel is an example of innocency; Enoch, of purity; Noah, of trust in God's mercies; Abraham, of faith." In this age are needed stars of every magnitude, and shall not the Sabbath School send them forth equipped for service? What a sublime work for the primary teacher!

—It was Cecil who said, "In studying the Word of God digest it under these two heads: Either as removing some obstructions that keep God and thee asunder, or as simply some uniting power to bring God and thee together." If in each class during the study of each lesson pupils shall be more closely united with the Saviour, and obstructions between them removed, then shall the teacher feel and know that his effort is not a failure.

• AT a prayer-meeting which I attended a few evenings ago, a good old man in humble life prayed: "O Lord, may we not only be justified and sanctified, but may we be missionaryed as well." I felt I could have shouted "Amen" to that petition, and I thought it was a sign of hope for that church, as it is for any church, where such prayers are sincerely offered.

FROM THE FIELD.

Coming south from Utica we enter the Unadilla Valley in the region of Bridgewater and Unadilla Forks, and find in this picturesque and fertile valley the Leonardsville and West Edmeston churches, presided over by two of our younger, or youngest, preachers, Revs. J. A. Platts and Martin Sindall, in whose pleasant families I have had my abode for two weeks.

The two most striking features at the Leonardsville Church were the grand musical program and magnificent fern and floral display, both of which, we were told, were but an average of what they were used to having, and for perseverance in both of which their energetic chorister, Abert Whitford, is largely responsible. By gathering large quantities of ferns in the autumn and keeping in a cool place, they are able to make fine decorative exhibits the winter through. The preaching, too, we suppose is on the same grand scale (when the desk is not occupied by some outsider), as the pastor seems to have a reputation as a popular pulpit speaker. The pastor took the pledges of the people on the weekly plan at the beginning of the year, and they reach, I think, nearly \$275. Twelve new subscribers were secured for the RECORDER.

West Edmeston, like many other places, is a very "promising" field (i. e., many "promise" that they will do something, but refuse to pledge), and yet their pledges for the coming year are some sixty per cent larger than their contributions the preceding year. This church has suffered by removals and death, but their pastor is working earnestly for their upbuilding, in which I trust he may have the co-operation of the people and be graciously blessed. I preached five times while in this place with some encouraging results.

This is a beautiful valley, especially so it must be in summer, and some good people it has given to the world. We heard of one good man who rejoiced so much before his death in his large family of children and grandchildren, not one of whom, he said, used profane language, tobacco, or liquor. Blessed, indeed, is the man who has his quiver full of such.

God's plan for every one of his children seems to be that they should, like their divine Master, give something of themselves to the world; it may be a family of well-trained sons and daughters; it may be their own genius, or service, or fortune. Anyway, he who gave himself would have all of his give something in return. And yet many men's lives are shut up to themselves—as the young preacher said the other day when his wife showed him the pod on the "shepherd's purse," "It is most as tight as some people's pocket books."

A prayer-meeting man recently parried off a social worker's intended reproof in a way that is worthy of a wider hearing.

He was in attendance, contrary to his custom, upon some social entertainment by the ladies. She asked him how it happened that he was there, what he came for, etc.

He said: "Do you really want to know?" He was almost ashamed to tell; but to tell the truth, he came to see how many women would be out such a night to an entertainment, that could never get to prayer-meeting. The story is good, but would ordinarily apply better against the men than the women.

Nature has left one strange mark near West Edmeston; it is a deep cave or cellar perhaps between 20 and 30 feet, 8 or 10 rods square at the surface and sloping to the bottom, coming nearly to a point. It would be a grand place

for a natural coliseum; for seats on the steep-sloping banks, but too narrow place in the pit for the gladiators.

Friday evening, the 30th ult., occurred one of the grandest aurora boreal displays it was ever our fortune to witness. The electric hosts flew on the wings of light, from all points of the compass to the central station on the zenith, where the grand council seemed to have their quarters. In their swift passage the clouds shimmered as they moved back and forth, left and right, flanking and counter-flanking in their mysterious movements onward and upward. Now it came in white light, then in red, till the whole eastern sky seemed like the effulgent dawn of morn. What if it were the day of His coming! The whole world might see him! The thought did not frighten me, but joyfully I thought, could I fly to his presence!

G. M. COTTRELL.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 6, 1894.

The English are descended from filibustering pirates and inherit covetousness for other peoples' lands. The Yankee comes from the same stock but his love of conquest has found ample scope in subduing his own territory. Not so the English, whose little island affords too narrow a field for the roving and masterful spirit transmitted from seafaring and plundering ancestors. England is always acquiring territory in Asia, Africa, America and the Isles of the Sea. Just now she is pushing her nose into Central American affairs, which, like the nose of a camel thrust into the tent is likely to be followed by the fore feet if not by the whole body. And she is sniffing around Hawaii. This is believed to be the secret of the recent sudden dispatch to Hawaiian waters, by the Cleveland administration, of a discreet and energetic naval officer.

It is difficult to understand how Mr. Cleveland could object to the restoration of the ex-Queen by the indirect aid and countenance of English or Japanese war vessels. He could not consistently object to the righting of a "great wrong." But the Queen is too uncertain and discredited a character, and English designs do not include her restoration. She therefore, favor's annexation to this country in the hope of a \$20,000 a year pension. But a protectorate implied by taking possession of the harbor heretofore tendered us, will be as far as this Administration is likely to go.

The Monroe Doctrine seems a dead letter. They have lately acquired possession of an Island near the Nicaraguan coast and are undoubtedly planning another Gibraltar somewhere near the mouth of the Nicaraguan Canal. This with Halifax, Bermuda, San Lucia, and Vancouver, gives her a fortified position in front of every door of the United States except the back door to Hawaii. Why is it necessary for Britain to surround us with forts, telegraph and cable lines, and a subsidized transcontinental railway? An American cannot go North, or go East or South, or go West, but that the first thing he sees is the English flag waving over English guns pointed at his country—pointed at the United States, for in this part of the world there is no other target for them. Says a recent writer, "Bermuda, a little coral reef 12 miles long and 4 or 5 miles wide, is stronger than Gibraltar. It is a standing threat to us. It guards no English property, but threatens all our Atlantic seaports, from Savannah, Ga., to

Portland, Me. It is a standing menace. We should take it.

"There is off Panama an Island which commands that isthmian transit which we are bound by treaty to defend against all the world. Some years ago, in 1846, we offered Columbia a big price for it. The English interfered and prevented the purchase, and now she has watering and coaling stations right there. We have none from San Francisco to Valparaiso.

"This last descent upon the Honduras coast is a dangerous threat to the interests of the United States, and especially to those involved in the Nicaraguan Canal scheme, and seems to call for emphatic action upon our part. It is a contemptuous disregard of our vaunted Monroe Doctrine. Now, if ever, is the time for us to assert it with emphasis." CAPITAL.

"CONSCIENCELESS" SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

A correspondent from the North-west asks us to "write up" conscienceless Seventh-day Baptists, of whom he thinks there are altogether too many within the circle of his acquaintance. A "conscienceless" Seventh-day Baptist is a contradiction in the fullest sense. To keep the Sabbath, either acceptably in the sight of God, or actually, in the currents of every-day life—all of which run the other way—demands a genuine and well-enlightened conscience, modeled according to the Word of God. One who keeps up the form of being a Seventh-day Baptist without any conscience, is not likely to prove an aid to the cause of truth and righteousness. This is equally true in reference to all questions of right and obedience. Outward obedience, in which the heart is not, can never be "well-pleasing unto God," nor advantageous to men. So far as the Sabbath question is concerned, the popular creed has eliminated conscience and made the question one of convenience. Seventh-day Baptists feel the influence of this popular drift, and need to recall and cherish in their hearts these words:

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord (obeying the law of God), forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Conscience grows in God's presence. Keep close to him and obedience will be made easy and gladsome. A. H. LEWIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

The 50th volume of the RECORDER is now being published, and the 1st volume of the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* also. I am taking both, and like them so well I would like to ask you a question.

If there are any extra copies of either or both of the above papers so that a whole volume of them can be had, would it not be a good plan to bind the copies of the RECORDER in a cloth binding at the end of the year, and also the copies of the *Outlook*, and offer them for sale, so the Publishing House could make something out of the sale of them, and I think there are those who are taking them who would be glad to buy them and make some one a present of such a bound book. I am keeping all of mine and expect to have them bound at the expiration of the volume, of each paper. In the RECORDER of Feb. 22d, on page 122, was a piece entitled, "Loyalty to our Publications," which has made the subject come to my mind for several times.

In the RECORDER of March 15th, on page

169, Bro. A. E. W. speaks of letting a Methodist brother read the tract, "Roman Catholics and the Sabbath, or Sunday Observance non-Protestant," and the reader sat up until late several nights reading the Bible references. That made me think of the difference between that Methodist and a Methodist that I loaned the copy of the same tract to, here in my neighborhood. When she returned the tract I asked her how she liked it, she said she would not read it all through, for she got so put out with it. She thought the man, whoever he was, that got it up had better spend his time in going around and trying to convert souls to Christ, than writing such things as that. I told her he did not get up the tract himself, but published what the Roman Catholics had published in their own paper. But she seemed to believe it was all wrong, she believed in letting everyone keep whatever day they wanted to. I am praying for her daily, and believe in the old saying, "The darkest hour is just before day," as it was so in my case. I was taught to keep Sunday, and did so until I was forty-six years old, then through the influence of a good brother I was led to read the Bible more carefully, and "Search the Scriptures" for myself, and I found no Bible for keeping the first day of the week; as I wanted to be a consistent Christian I felt I could not do so unless I lived up to all the light God gave me; so I had to accept the Sabbath and I have had a good deal of consolation in so doing. But I will close, as I did not expect when I commenced to write as much as I have. From your brother in Christ.

ENOCH COLTON.

ADAMS CENTRE, N. Y.

WOMAN'S PRACTICAL ARGUMENT.

"What brings you here, Mary?" said Truesdell to his wife, as she entered the liquor shop.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek and resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

She took up the glass of spirits which the shop-keeper had just poured out for her husband.

"Surely you are not going to drink?" said Tom, in huge astonishment.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and surely I have sorrows to forget."

"Woman, woman, you are not going to give that stuff to the children!" cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire and bed, and food and clothing. Drink; you see how much good it does your father?"

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him to break an evil habit and keep a newly-formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Truesdell is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram-shop.—*Selected.*

It is not enough to have great qualities; we should also have the management of them.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

CAREFUL weighing has shown that an ordinary bee not loaded, weighs 1-5,000 of a pound, but that when loaded with honey he is nearly three times as heavy, weighing 1-1,800 of a pound.

DEATH FROM FALLING UPWARDS.—An extraordinary danger to which the deep-sea fish are liable is pointed out in a very vivid manner, according to *Knowledge*, in a new book by Dr. Hickson. At the great depths at which these animals live the pressure is enormous—about two and a half tons on the square inch at a depth of 2,500 fathoms. It sometimes happens that in the excitement of chasing a prospective meal the unwary fish rises too high above his usual sphere of life, when the gases in the swimming-bladder expand, and he is driven by his increasing buoyancy rapidly to the surface. If he has not gone too far when consciousness of his danger grows greater than his eagerness for prey, the muscles of the body may be able to counteract this, but above this limit he will continue to float upward, the swimming bladder getting more and more inflated as the unfortunate creature rises. Death by internal rupture results by this upward fall, and thus it happens that deep-sea fish are at times found dead and floating on the ocean surface, having tumbled up from the abyss.

COTTON-SEED OIL RUBBER.—Any drying vegetable oil, states Mr. C. B. Warrand, can be converted into a material resembling caoutchouc by oxidation, and linseed oil, oxidized by boiling with dilute nitric acid, has been long employed in the manufacture of surgical instruments, linoleum or oil cloth, and other products. The oil rubber can be readily vulcanized by chloride of sulphur dissolved in benzine or carbon disulphide. Cottonseed oil has yielded an even more successful substitute for rubber, but as this is not a drying oil, different means for its oxidation must be employed. It is first freed from its stearine, of which it contains 30 to 34 per cent. The refined oil of commerce has undergone further treatment, which prevents oxidation and thickening, and attempts to produce rubber from this will always fail. A secret process for making cottonseed oil rubber was brought to America by an English inventor some five or six years ago. It was sold for a considerable sum, has since become the property of the rubber trust, and is now employed in at least fifteen or sixteen rubber factories in the United States alone for obtaining a rubber substitute—costing about seven cents a pound—for admixture with the genuine rubber. But the proportion added is limited to about fifteen per cent, as more causes deterioration in the quality of the finished goods.

FROM THE WEST HALLOCK SABBATH SCHOOL.

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of God's providence, our esteemed friend and Christian sister, Mrs. Nettie L. Vars, has been removed by death from her family, kindred, and friends, from the church and from the Sabbath-school, in which she was an active member and efficient co-worker; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Seventh-day Baptist Sabbath School of West Hallock, Ill., hereby express our sincere appreciation of her many excellencies of heart and life of her conscientious devotion to truth and duty in every relation of life, and of her active interest and usefulness in the Sabbath-school as one among its most honored and trusted teachers.

Resolved, That while, with others, we bow our heads, in sorrow, and mourn the loss of a faithful Christian worker and a beloved member of our Sabbath-school, we can but bear testimony to the confident assurance we feel that this sad change which brings to us the sense of great loss, is to her, the Master's call to rest from her labors on earth and enter into the mansions which he has prepared for his faithful and believing children.

Resolved, That we tender to her bereaved husband, family, and friends, our sincere sympathy in this their time of trial and affliction; and while we would commend them to the gracious favor of Him who knows better than any earthly friend how to comfort and bless those who mourn, we will, to this end, pray that his grace may be found sufficient for them in every time of need.

In behalf of the Sabbath-school,

S. BURDICK,
MAGGIE HAKES, } Com.
A. B. CROUCH, }

USE preserves the steel which the rust of idleness rots.

Literary Notes.

The *Preacher's Magazine* for April, edited by the Revs. Mark Guy Pearce and Arthur E. Gregory, is at hand. The leading sermon is entitled, "Guidance and Glory," and is by President H.G. C. Moule. Dr. Geo. G. Findlay writes on "Faith and Duty," and the Rev. Mark Guy Pearce on "The Vision of God," being one of the chapters of his excellent series of articles, entitled "Moses: His Life and its Lessons." It is published monthly at 15 cents per copy, or \$1.50 per year. Wilbur B. Ketchum, Publisher, 2 Cooper Union, New York.

W. D. Howells will begin the account of his First Visit to New England in the *May Harper's*. This trip was undertaken when he was a young newspaper writer in Columbus, Ohio, and in the course of it he met most of the men who, thirty-five years ago, made Boston the literary centre of America.

The last of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson's stories will appear in the *June Harper's Magazine*. Its title is "The Waitress," and its scene, like that of all her latest work, is in Italy.

"They call it wedlock, but it should be called padlock." The phrase is a good one, and is to be ascribed to Mrs. Bramhall, of New York City, who has written for Messrs. Harper & Brothers "The Wee Ones of Japan," the very brightest book about babies and mothers that has appeared for a long time. Light-hearted, sweet-tempered little Japanese wives are said to be united to their husbands in "padlock," so absolute is their submission.

THE POWER OF A LOOK.

A girl who strongly objected to attending Sabbath School became, all at once, much attached to it. Being asked the reason, she said: "We've got a new teacher, and the first day she took our class she did not speak cross or scold me when I behaved badly, like the other one did, but she looked right into my eyes in such a sad way that it made me cry. Since then I have tried hard to do right, and now I love my Sabbath-school."

Wanted.

A young man of 30 with a fair education in English and German, correct in figures, wishes to find employment in an office or the like, among our Seventh-day people. Can furnish best references. Reply to this personal may be given through the RECORDER office.

Wanted.

A Seventh-day Baptist young man wishes a situation, or an acre or two of land to work on shares. Has spent several years in raising and selling vegetables and small fruits. Can furnish best of references. Immediate correspondence desired. Address, "Willing to Work," care Hope Publishing Co., 56, 5th avenue, Chicago, Ill.

For Sale.

To settle the estate of Rev. James Bailey, deceased, the home occupied by him in Milton, Wis., is offered for sale. It is a splendidly built Queen Ann cottage, large, roomy, finely finished and in perfect repair. It is offered at a great sacrifice. Every room in the house is comfortably furnished, and carpets, bed-room set, and heavy furniture is offered for a mere trifle of its cost. For terms apply to E. S. Bailey, 3034 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

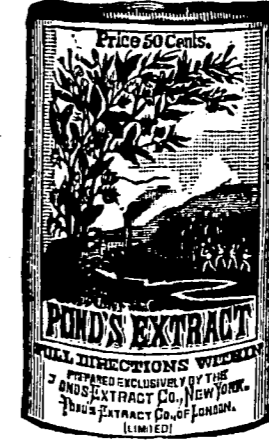
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REV. A. P. ASHURST, Quitman, Georgia, is an independent Seventh-day Baptist missionary. He would be glad to correspond with any interested in the dissemination of Bible truth in Georgia.

A BUREAU of Information, designed to be a medium of communication between Seventh-day Baptists needing workmen or women and those seeking employment has its head-quarters at the RECORDER Office, Alfred Centre, New York. Address Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, with stamp enclosed if reply is desired.

FRIENDS and patrons of the American Sabbath Tract Society visiting New York City, are invited to call at the Society's headquarters, Room 100, Bible House. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Special appointment made if desired. Elevator, 8th St. entrance.

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THE Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Church holds regular Sabbath services in the lecture room of the Methodist Church Block, corner of Clark and Washington Streets at 3.00 P. M., Sabbath-school at 2 P. M. The Mission Sabbath-school meets at 1.45 P. M. at No. 461 South Union Street. Strangers are always welcome, and brethren from a distance are cordially invited to meet with us. Pastor's addresses: L. C. Randolph, 6124 Wharton Ave.

THE First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services in the Boy's Prayer-meeting Room, on the 4th floor, near the elevator, Y. M. C. A. Building, corner 4th Avenue and 23d St.; entrance on 23d St. 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. Pastor's address, Rev. J. G. Burdick, New Mizpah, 86 Barrow St.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, Tract Depository, Book Exchange, and Editorial Rooms of *Sabbath Outlook*. "Select Libraries," and Bible-school books a specialty. We can furnish single books at retail price, post paid. Write for further information. Address, Room 100, Bible House, New York City.

ALL persons contributing funds for the New Mizpah Reading Rooms for seamen will please notice that Mrs. W. L. Russell is now Treasurer. Please address her at 101 West 93d street, New York City.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS in Providence, R. I., hold regular service every Sabbath, in Room 5, at No. 98 Weybosset street, Bible-school at 2 o'clock, P. M., followed by preaching or praise service at 3 o'clock. All strangers will be welcome and Sabbath-keepers having occasion to remain in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend.

WESTERN OFFICE of the AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY. All the publications of the Society on sale; Sabbath Reform and Religious Liberty literature supplied; books and musical instruments furnished at cheapest rates. Visitors welcomed and correspondence invited. Room 11, 2d floor M. E. Church Block, S. E. Corner of Clark and Washington streets, Chicago.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath. GEORGE SHAW, Pastor. ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y.

COUNCIL REPORTS.—Copies of the minutes and reports of the Seventh-day Baptist Council, held in Chicago, Oct. 22-23, 1890, bound in fine cloth, can be had, postage free, by sending 75 cts. to this office. They are on sale no where else. No Seventh-day Baptist minister's library is complete without it. A copy should be in every home. Address John P. Mosher, Ag't, Alfred Centre N. Y.

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CONDENSED NEWS.

At Amagansett, L. I., anchored tight and fast with heavy lines from the shore, is the carcass of a fifty-foot Right whale. The capture of the whale has been the cause of general rejoicing, and its harpooning was accompanied by many stirring incidents.

It is understood that the British and American governments are working in concert with reference to Behring Sea, and that the bill read a second time in the House of Commons on Thursday, April 5th, like the bill passed at Washington, is satisfactory to both, and also to both sides of the House.

England's navy is to be improved this year and thirteen new warships are to be constructed. The sum of £17,366,100 is to be expended on the naval department. That is a vast amount, and shows that the international naval parade of 1893, as well as other stirring events of the year, wake England up to the fact that she no longer rules the wave.

The adherents of the ex Queen have been quiet since the departure of the last mail from Honolulu, March 31st, but those who have inside sources of information declare that this inactivity is ominous. They say that Liliokalani will never give up her idea of restoration to the throne, and that even now, when she is supposed to have abandoned all hope, she has perfected plans which may yet restore her to her old place.

A fierce fire started in Boston on April 7th, in the large lumber yards and dry-houses in East Street, East Cambridge, owned by Holt & Bugbee. The property, with wharves, covers an area of about three acres, flanked on two sides by the tracks of the Lowell Railroad. The flames gained great headway before the arrival of the firemen. The fire is believed to have originated in the large steam dry-room near the centre of the property. It is reported that the blaze was started by a spark from a workman's pipe dropping into the dry dust.

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CARR—PALMER.—At the residence of the bride's parents in Milton Junction, Wis., March 28, 1894, by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, Mr. Fred M. Carr, of Milton, and Miss Etta M. Palmer, of Milton Junction.

DIED.

SHORT obituary notices are inserted free of charge. Notices exceeding twenty lines will be charged at the rate of ten cents per line for each line in excess of twenty.

BATES.—In Watson, N. Y., March 23, 1894, of dropsy, Mrs. Ann Bates, in the 71st year of her age.

She was born in Longford county, Ireland, and came to America when she was eighteen years of age. She was a member of the Episcopal Church. She lived a consistent Christian life, and died the Christian's peaceful death. The funeral was held at her late residence and was attended by a large concourse of people. She was a good friend and a great admirer of Eld. Reed near whom she lived for many years. A sermon was preached by the writer from Job 16:22. It was evident that she was loved by those who knew her. U. M. B.

CHURCH.—In Canochet, R. I., March 24, 1894, Miss Susan Stillman Church, in her 76th year.

Deceased was a lady of eminent piety and was respected and loved by all her acquaintances. She united by letter with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Rockville, Dec. 3, 1881. She maintained her Christian walk with the church, deeply interested in all its affairs, as well as all denominational matters. Services conducted by her pastor. A. M. L.

WENTZ.—At Garwin, Iowa, March 28, 1894, Captain George H. Wentz, aged 80 years, 1 month and 17 days. J. T. D.

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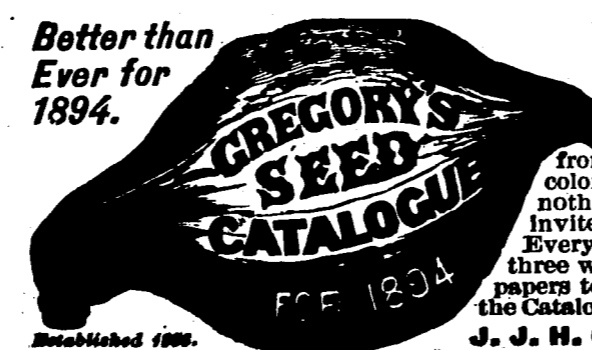
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