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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home, and grateful song.

Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

Now, the spirit conflict riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

REMEMBER that God measures men not by their genius, or great learning, or vast wealth, or commanding influence; but by their likeness to Him in whose image man was created. If this likeness to God is lost and not restored, all else will count for naught. God-likeness is the only real success, and this the humblest person may attain.

ONE of the principal evidences of personal fitness for heaven is an ever present desire to save others from sin and its consequences. In the proportion that this spirit is wanting is there evident unfitness for the kingdom. Religion is essentially unselfish. A pious man once said, "Show me the man who would go to heaven alone, and I will show you one who will never be admitted there himself."

THE *Catholic Mirror* makes special mention of the fact that a Catholic priest, Father O'Calligan, preached in the Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, Sunday evening, April 1st. It says: "The occasion was a memorable one, being the first cordial recognition Harvard has ever given a Catholic priest." The priest graduated from Harvard in the class of '88. The extract from this sermon, as given in the *Catholic Mirror*, is certainly able. He treats the theme, "Rationalism," with a masterly hand. It is stated that "President Eliot, the faculty, hundreds of students and many outside people filled the chapel to overflowing." While this event is mentioned as noteworthy, and to the credit of Harvard, from the Catholic point of

view, we would be pleased to know whether a Catholic University would fully reciprocate the courtesy and give a Protestant clergyman as cordial a reception and hearing. Why not?

THE Methodist Episcopal Conference recently held in Brooklyn and New York adopted the following memorial to the Constitutional Convention of this State, which occurs in May:

No law shall be passed respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. Nor shall the State, or any county, city, town, village, or other civil division, use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation or otherwise, or authorize either to be used for the purpose of founding, maintaining or aiding, by appropriation, payment of services, expenses, or in any other manner, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking, which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control.

The *Christian Inquirer* quotes it and assures its readers that "the Baptists of the State will unanimously approve of such an article." The SABBATH RECORDER desires most heartily to endorse this proposition, which only reasserts the long-cherished doctrine of religious liberty, and guards against any enactment by State authority by which the religious convictions and rights of any of its people should be disregarded. Now let the *Christian Statesman*, the organ of the American Sabbath Union, and advocate of Sunday legislation, cease its opposition to the principles enunciated in the above action, and guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States, and lend its influence also to this most just and righteous measure.

THE NEW TREATY WITH CHINA.

The proposed new treaty with China is regarded, by those who have carefully studied it, as fair and greatly to the credit of our government, as well as that of China. The vexed question of Chinese immigration, according to the new treaty, is to be settled by mutual conference and agreement of the two governments, the only honorable way of disposing of so grave a question. In 1888 a treaty was formulated by the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard and the Chinese minister, but, because of a misunderstanding, the Chinese Emperor failed to ratify it, and our government was not in a mood for further conference. In time our bad and arbitrary Geary Law followed.

The new treaty places us back as we were in 1888, and by mutual agreement prohibits the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States for a period of ten years. It stipulates that the Chinese in the United States "shall have for the protection of their persons and property all rights that are given by the laws of the United States to citizens of the most favored nations, excepting the right to become naturalized citizens." In all of our unfair discrimination against the Chinese, the patience and magnanimity of the officials of that "heathen" nation have been in marked contrast with our treatment of them. But in the treaty now pro-

posed and which will probably be established, there is a just recognition of "reciprocity," or a mutual establishment of equal privileges between the two nations. Precisely the same restrictions that are placed on the Chinese who come to this country shall be required of all American citizens residing in China.

While the new treaty may not be altogether as liberal and indiscriminating as some would like to have it, still, in view of the great race difficulties which exist, if we can arrive at such a peaceful solution of the troublesome problem as may be mutually satisfactory there will be great gain. These relations must be reciprocal or they will be neither honorable nor righteous. We have always deemed the Geary Law of 1892 the most unfortunate and dishonorable act of the Harrison administration.

[From L. C. Randolph.]

WHATEVER faith one might have in the execution of criminals as means of grace toward educating the public, would stand a chance of being shaken by the funeral of the Chicago murderer, Higgins. Long before the hour of his execution the streets about the jail were thronged. When the body was taken to a Catholic church for funeral rites, the scenes were disgraceful. Men and women—some of the latter with children in their arms—struggled wildly to get near the coffin, mercilessly elbowing one another and climbing up on chairs. A passage way for the procession could be secured only by the clubs of the police. That which stimulates and feeds a curiosity so morbid and unhuman can hardly—in so far—be a blessing. The best way to drive out the tiger and hyena from human breasts is not by fighting them; but by letting them starve.

WHAT reply would you give to a young man when he asked who God is? That would depend on whether the young man was trying to be smart or was honestly seeking to "know wisdom."

In the first case, it might be a kindness to give him a fall,—perhaps let him alone. Argument is not often the best medicine for the "big head."

But, if the question were an honest one. There are two eternal things in the universe, matter and soul. Matter may change its shape, its form, its place, its internal composition; but it is matter still. The coal may burn and vanish in smoke and ashes. The particles have simply assumed new combinations. They can never be more or less than what they were before. They can never be anything but matter, and they can never be destroyed.

The same is true of soul. It may change its place, its form, its connections, but its nature is ever the same. It can never be anything else but soul. It can never cease to exist. It is eternal and unchangeable.

Who is God? God is the great soul from which your soul and mine sprang. Love, loyalty, consecration, justice, self-abnegation, are

some of the distinguishing qualities of the soul. They are of God. Who is God? Well, a noble man reminds me of him. And when you get all the noble traits of noble men brought together in one man, and multiplied by infinity, you have a picture which will help you to see him.

IN DARKEST LANDS.

BY REV. S. S. POWELL.

In reading Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," we can imagine how the great forest must have seemed to the explorers when in it and when encamped at night. Around their camp fire there was a degree of cheer and comfort, but the consciousness of the vastness of the great forest around them, for miles and miles extending away in unbroken barbarism, must have been sometimes oppressive in the extreme. So is it morally and religiously in darkest Africa and darkest Asia as well. Dr. H. C. Mabie indeed wrote a book, "In Brightest Asia," but the communities that he describes are as but small oases in a desert of overwhelming distances. Morally Asia is an exceedingly dark continent, and every land where Christianity in some form has not penetrated is exceedingly darkened by wickedness and superstition. In these the darkest lands of earth the imaginations of men's hearts is only evil continually.

Not very long ago Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the author of a number of books of travel, gave an address in Exeter Hall, London, which has been widely circulated and has attracted marked attention. Mrs. Bishop had completed a tour of travel from Japan to Asia Minor, passing through India, Central Asia, Persia, and Arabia. She avoided, in all these lands, European settlements, but saw the people as they were, in their houses and completely under the influence of their own civilization and religious systems. The result of such close acquaintance was to convert the traveler from an attitude of criticism and partial hostility to the work of foreign missions to that of earnest advocacy. Her address is full of pleading in behalf of the wretched nations that she visited, and her words are enough to put many of us to shame that we have done so little for the overwhelming multitudes of the perishing in heathen lands.

She says that Christians have a very inadequate notion of the actual state of heathenism, even after having heard many missionary addresses. "Missionaries come home and refrain from shocking audiences by recitals of the awful sins of the heathen and Moslem world. When traveling in Asia, it struck me very much how little we heard, how little we know, as to how sin is enthroned, and deified and worshipped. There is sin and shame everywhere." She affirms that Mohammedanism is corrupt to the very core. She found Persia especially so. In the most solemn manner she declares that there is scarcely a single thing that makes for righteousness in the life of the un-Christianized nations. She lived in zenanas and harems, and from bitter experience relates that the lives of the women secluded in them is cursed by the worst passions of human nature, jealousy, envy, murderous hate, intrigue. Mrs. Bishop won her way through all these countries by means of the physician's art, and she says that "in some countries I have hardly ever been in a woman's house or near a woman's tent without being asked for drugs with which to disfigure the favorite wife, to take away her life, or to take away the life of the wife's favorite son."

What are we doing to subvert the false systems that make such morals and miseries possible? Let us ever bear our own China mission at Shanghai on our hearts, and pray that God may enlarge the work of our hands in behalf of the darkest regions of the earth.

AN HOUR BENEATH THE SEA.

The Lights of the Deep Sea.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

It is a somewhat singular fact that the simplest animals, those which are apparently the most insignificant, in many instances produce the most remarkable effects upon the human mind. A herd of elephants, or a school of whales, are impressive and excite the wonder of the looker-on, but there are little creatures in the ocean, scarcely visible to the naked eye, which when collected in schools, in imagination transport the observer to a veritable land of enchantment, where gems seem to grow on trees, emitting scintillations of light of the most vivid hues and intense brilliancy.

One night in the Gulf of Mexico we were drifting along over the shallow lagoon that made up the floor of the atoll, when one of the party dived from the boat and swam away beneath the surface. We were waiting for the moon to rise, and it was very dark, but the moment the swimmer entered the water a sea of flame seemed to have opened to swallow him. Waves of vivid yellow lashed each other, curling this way and that, and his body appeared surrounded by fire, each motion of his hands and arms creating new exhibitions of luminosity.

Taking up a cup of water, when unmolested it was apparently devoid of animal life, but when disturbed innumerable little objects, about as large as a pin head, gave out a brilliant yellow light, and we saw one of the most important lamps of the ocean, the little animal known as noctiluca. It has been my good fortune to observe these animals in many seas, and it can be said that different species emit different colors.

The warm waters of the tropics are not the only localities for these brilliant displays. I have told the time at night on the north coast by dashing my hand through the water, holding the watch-face within a few inches of the light so produced; and by filling a globe with noctiluca and keeping the water continually stirred light sufficient for reading can be produced. Von Bibra is said to have written a description of the Pyrosoma by its own light; and another naturalist read by the light emitted by a peculiar phosphorescent shark. The little animal mentioned, the noctiluca, is one of the most familiar of all phosphorescent animals and suggests that the ocean, so dark and gloomy at night and at great depths by day, is not the dismal realm we might suppose, but has its lights and living lamps, making it a region whose wonders exceed the creations of the most vivid imagination. In brief, the abyssal as well as the upper regions of the ocean have a system of illumination, the lights, lamps, call them what you will, being living animals of many kinds.

One of the most striking displays I ever witnessed was in the Pacific. Standing on a wharf I was watching the movements of fishes outlined in fire against the water. The little bay was filled with flying fishes which were dashing to and fro, making their shapes in luminous trains a marvelous spectacle. Deep in the water I fancied I saw other lights, and suddenly one so bright and large that it might have been the reflection of the moon. Watching I discovered that these lights were appearing and re-appear-

ing with some regularity all over the bottom. In shoal water they could be plainly seen, and placing myself near the surface, I sat in full enjoyment of the scene.

The light would suddenly appear out of intense darkness; at first as small as a pea, of a delicate blue, increasing in size and changing to yellow, until a spot almost as large as a tea-plate, glowing with a pale but distinct yellow light which went out with the suddenness of a flash light. In fact these lights, coming and going, called to mind a mimic light-house at the bottom of the sea.

Curious to learn what could produce so brilliant a display, I watched until finally one of the bright spots rose to the surface and then quickly descended. Again it rose, illumining the surrounding water with its glories, and this time I caught it in my hand—simply a very insignificant little worm, scarcely two inches in length, yet possessing powers of illumination almost beyond description. The entire shoreline in this locality I later found was tunneled by these living lights.

The worms are among the most brilliant light-givers. In some, as the little Chaetopterus, a brilliant light is emitted from the feet, while still another seat of light is found between the segments. The light is a rich bluish purple that surrounds the creature with a brilliant aureola. The worm Polycirrus emits a pale bluish light, and many worms which rise from their holes at night are among the most beautiful of the lamps of the sea. The greatest depths of the ocean are not definitely known, but may be considered as between five and six miles. The regions near the surface and at the bottom are inhabited, while the intermediate portion is supposed to be devoid of life.

Nearly every group of animals may be said to contribute lights to the ocean depths, and upon a dark night the voyager upon almost any sea can form a very definite idea of their beauty and variety. Near the surface float innumerable jelly-fishes, almost invisible during the daytime, their crystal like forms poising like bells of delicate glass, and at night gleaming with a mysterious light that is heatless and cannot be explained. Some of the jelly fishes have long trains or masses of tentacles, and sometimes present the appearance of mimic comets darting through the sky.

In drifting over the water on a dark night, peering down into the depths, one can imagine that here is a submarine counterpart of the heavens, and that the constellations and other phenomena are all depicted against the marine sky. Great disks of jelly, gleaming with faint yellow light, appear like moons; others with long tails are the comets, while the nebulae is represented by aggregations of minute forms. Action seems in many cases the cause of illumination, as touch them, run the hand through water containing certain animals, and it appears at once to kindle into flame.

Among the surface-light givers are many fishes, as the little lamp fish Scopelus, which has a brilliant light upon its head and others dotted along its under surface. One of the gar-fishes bears a light upon the lobe of its tail, while the great sunfish Mola has been seen like a gigantic moon in the ocean outlined against the night in its own light. Some of the squids dash by brilliantly luminous, and the crest of every wave blazes with mysterious light.

At the bottom of the deep sea, where darkness reigns all the time and the temperature is almost freezing, nearly every animal is a light-bearer. The fishes are the most remarkable.

The pressure here is so great that glass is powdered, and wood crushed out of all semblance to itself; and that delicate animals can exist here would seem an impossibility. The explanation is that most of these forms are adapted to their surroundings. Their bones are cellular and porous, and can be compared to great sponges.

Nearly all the deep sea fishes are carnivorous, and a continual warfare is kept on, one preying upon the other. In some, as Beryx, the fins are luminous, in others the entire form glows with a rich light. The Echiostoma, a fish found in water 2,150 fathoms deep, is provided with luminous spots arranged about the eyes which undoubtedly supply them with sufficient light for all its purposes. Sternoptyx is luminous over its entire surface, and thus becomes an attractive object to various predaceous forms, while Stomias, a ferocious snakelike creature armed with fanglike teeth, is furnished with rows of light which surround the fish like an aureola. In a fish known to science as Malacosteus, the lights are found upon the head, one emitting a golden, the other a greenish tint—a veritable system of signals implanted in the velvet black-hued skin.

That these lights are of some use to their possessors there can be but little doubt. Some are signals; others lures, others again serve as warning—all having their purpose in the economy of nature. It remained for Dr. Bennett, a distinguished English naturalist, to make use of a fish as a lamp. Discovering a luminous shark he placed it in a glass globe and was able to read by the green light it produced. He describes its appearance surrounded by the strange aureola as by far the most remarkable sight he had ever witnessed. Could we descend to the floor of the deep sea we should find it at various portions carpeted, as it were, with luminous forms. Here the starfishes emit light, those entangled and lifted in dredges often being luminous over the entire surface—stars in all that the term implies.

The most remarkable light-giver of the deep sea is the Umbellularia. Imagine a cornfield on a dark night, when even the stars are hidden beneath the clouds, each tangle of beard illumined as though by an electric light. Imagine the tips waving gently to and fro, the lights crossing and passing each other, while above and through the mass moved other lights. Imagine all this, and some idea can be formed of the umbellularia forest as it exists beneath the deep sea.

The animal resembles to some extent a bunch of lillies growing upon a long stalk, and is found several miles from the surface. It is related to the seapens, several of which are luminous. The polyps which compose it are of two kinds.

Ascending nearer the surface we find in Southern seas one of the most brilliant light-givers, the Pyrosoma, previously referred to, which is an aggregation of animals, being hollow and columnal in form, open at the end. The animals composing it take in water which they eject into the interior, and the combined streams rushing from the open end forces the entire colony slowly through the water. The light of many of these forms is most intense and beautiful, in some blue, in others green. A French writer caused a globe to be suspended in his cabin in which he placed five or six pyrosomae, and at night he improvised a novel chandelier that emitted light sufficient for all purposes.

These animals are generally found in schools or large companies, and often when the sea is

rough and breaking they convert the upper area into a blaze of light. Vessels sailing through them seem to be plowing through liquid fire, the light curling around the bow of the vessel forming a weird and striking spectacle. Sometimes the light of these animals is seen from a distance, and resembles a cloud of haze of luminous matter resting upon the surface. The beauty of these columns of light cannot be imagined, but at times they resemble metal at white heat scintillating with lines of green, yellow and blue. Sometimes they attain extraordinary size, one observed by Moseley, the naturalist, being four feet in length and five or six inches in diameter.

PASADENA, Cal.

REV. N. WARDNER.

BY REV. GEO. W. BURDICK.

Rev. Nathan Wardner, son of Deacon Phillip and Polly Wardner, natives of Vermont, was born in Wheatland, Monroe Co., N. Y., April 12, 1820. He was the youngest of nine children. His mother died when he was two and a half years old, and he was brought up by a stepmother, who, like his own mother, was a Christian woman. At the age of nineteen he was baptized into the fellowship of the First-day Baptist Church of Andover, N. Y., of which church his father was deacon.

Leaving home in June, 1841, about three months after having attained his majority, he started out to get an education with the view of entering the ministry of the Baptist Church. He soon after entered Alfred Academy, where he continued his studies most of the time until the autumn of 1846. When he left home he had but eighteen cents in money, and was poorly clad. He had to depend solely upon his own labor for his support while in school, which made the practice of economy a necessity. He early manifested those traits of character which were the earnest of the success which all the way through life, attended his labors, viz., integrity, industry, economy, courage, perseverance.

While a student at Alfred he came to believe in the Seventh-day Sabbath, and began the observance of that day. In September, 1846, he was called to the Foreign Mission Field by the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society. At a missionary meeting held in Alfred, Oct. 6, 1846, at which time Rev. N. V. Hull preached a missionary sermon, he was married to Olive Brown Forbes, by Rev. Chauncy Wardner, who still lives at North Hector, N. Y.

December 31, 1846, at Plainfield, N. J., he was ordained to the gospel ministry, and he and his wife, together with Eld. Solomon Carpenter and wife, were set apart to the China Mission, for which field of labor they sailed Jan. 5, 1847, from New York. They returned from China to this country in 1857.

He has occupied the pastorate of the following named churches, entering upon his labor with each as indicated by the dates given: Second Alfred, 1858; Westerly, 1866; West Hallowell, Ill., 1868; Milton Junction, 1877; Utica, Wis., 1892. From 1875 to 1877 he engaged in missionary and Sabbath Reform work in Scotland, under the employment of the American Sabbath Tract Society. From 1890 to 1892 he did not serve as pastor.

He was from the beginning an earnest advocate of Sabbath truth, and a logical writer in defense of the perpetuity of the Law of God. He was among the ablest defenders of the principles of the denomination which he loved. October 5, 1888, the companion with whom

he had lived forty-two years was removed by death. December 4, 1889, he was married to Miss Mattie Harvey, who remains to mourn her great loss, which is the greater as she is an invalid, and much needs the care which he could best give.

In the latter years he has ripened rapidly in spiritual tenderness and sociability. He had been in usual health so far as any one had observed, and the community was greatly shocked when, on the morning of April 6th, he was suddenly called from a life of toil to an eternity of rest. The funeral services were held in the church at Milton Junction, April 10th. The pulpit and platform were tastefully draped, and the floral offerings many and choice. The services, which were impressive, were in the following order:

Singing, Choir.

Scripture reading by Rev. O. U. Whitford, who had come from Westerly, R. I., to attend the funeral.

Singing, Male Quartet.

Prayer, Rev. E. A. Witter, Albion.

Singing, Choir.

Biographical sketch and address on the Christian Character of Eld. Wardner, by Pastor Geo. W. Burdick.

Short Sermon, from 2 Tim. 4:7, and address on Elder Wardner's Relation to Mission Work, Rev. O. U. Whitford.

Singing, Quartette.

Address, Relation of Elder Wardner to Educational, Sabbath Reform, and Publishing Interests, Rev. Wm. C. Whitford, of Milton College.

Address, Eld. Wardner as a Pastor, Rev. E. M. Dunn, of Milton.

Singing, Choir.

OBITUARY.

Died at Milton Junction, Wis., April 5, 1894, Mrs. S. Melissa C. Rogers, the wife of Deacon Lester T. Rogers, of that place. She had been gradually failing for the past ten months and passed away suddenly from heart failure. She was born in DeRuyter, N. Y., and at her death was sixty-nine years old, lacking twenty days. Her father was Deacon Pardon Coon and her mother Esther Walker Coon. She was the eleventh of twelve children, all of whom, but Artemas, of DeRuyter, and Leonard, of Nile, N. Y., are deceased.

She united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of DeRuyter, in her girlhood, and transferred her name to the Rock River Seventh-day Baptist Church, in the town of Milton, Wis., in 1856, when this church was organized. Here she retained her membership until her death. She was married to Deacon Rogers April 8, 1854, just forty years prior to the day of her funeral. There were born to her three children, Delana F., who resides with her father, Dr. Benedict W., who lives in Oakland, Cal., and Elizabeth A., who died ten years since, Feb. 16, 1884.

After making their home in DeRuyter about a year and a half, subsequent to marriage, the family settled on a farm in the town of Milton, where they resided ten years, and then moved to Milton Junction, their place of living to the present time. Mrs. Rogers attended DeRuyter Institute in her youth; was blessed with a large number of relatives; was a most amiable woman and a consistent Christian; and was greatly beloved by a wide circle of friends, as was attested by the very large congregation at the funeral services, which were conducted by Pres. W. C. Whitford, her pastor, who was assisted by Rev. J. T. Davis, of Chicago, and Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, pastor of the Milton Junction Seventh-day Baptist Church.

"My sword shall be bathed in heaven."—The Christian's sword is of heavenly temper.

STEALING.

BY THE REV. WM. C. DALAND.

There are a great many ways of stealing besides putting your hand into somebody's pocket and abstracting his wealth. It is not often, to be sure, that we are betrayed into this open method. It is too coarse and brutal a way to be attractive to a refined nature. If we are tempted to commit this sin we generally try some more indirect and sinuous method. Or rather, since we seldom steal deliberately and with malice aforethought, we generally simply fall into this attenuated sort of wrong-doing without knowing it. And then we take from our fellows what is theirs so that they do not feel it or perceive it. This kind of stealing has a cloak of honesty about it and is much more respectable.

But it is not of out and out robbery that I wish now to speak, nor yet of the more subtle dishonesty in dealing or trickery in business, but rather of some other ways in which we are apt to steal from our friends and neighbors. Time is said to be money. That is a figure of speech which contains much truth. But time is more than money; it is a condition under which all that is good in the world must be done. So, therefore, it is many times of more value than millions of money. Therefore it should not be stolen. When you drop in on your busy friend just because you have nothing else to do, and bore him with your troubles and your ailments, your grievances, and your wrongs, the story of the things you accomplished years ago, and the way so-and-so ill-used you then, you are perhaps stealing his precious time—time that he may be wishing to employ in doing something of value to the world. Because you have nothing to do, do not fancy that others are in the same delightful state. Do not steal your friend's time.

Reputation is not very much, it may be, and yet we have been told by the wisest of men that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Let us then be cautious how we steal our neighbor's good name. In order to do this it is not necessary to invent a lie about him and maliciously circulate the same. It may be done in an easier way. An insinuation, a tone of the voice, a significant look or a gesture in reply to something, may be a theft. How easy it is to color what we hear about one, to accentuate some unimportant and insignificant detail in a way so as to make it speak volumes of falsehood and convey to another an impression wholly evil of some one whom we know to be upright and pure. And the wrong done is terrible, the loss of reputation irreparable. Do not steal your friend's good name.

Character is the foundation of all good in life. It is the product of what is within and what is without, of self and circumstance. In the struggle of life after purity and holiness, we owe it to aid one another by every influence we can give toward the ideal of a perfect character. How little we realize the influence of a light word, a hasty utterance, whose full meaning we would utterly repudiate. And yet that hasty word, that lightly spoken opinion, may strike some ear and find lodgment in some heart that is in the midst of an awful struggle of doubt, of skepticism, or that is on the verge of a moral precipice. Such a person needs help. By our hasty words, our ill-considered actions, we may take from him the last remnant of his faith in God or man. Can we afford to be guilty of this? Let us beware how we steal away his faith. By our doing of those

things which we in our inmost souls feel are questionable, and yet which we feel we are in strictness at liberty to do, we may take from our weak companion the treasure of a good conscience. We may be indirectly the cause of his downfall. Let us be careful in this. Do not steal your friend's character. If he is trying to do right, and if his religion is helping him to this, and you have no faith in the religion he professes, do not speak against it to him. Do not rob him of that which may be to him his spiritual support and a moral "necessary of life." It is the same as stealing the bread of the poor. Do not do it.

SHALL SALEM COLLEGE LIVE?

In my last article the readers of the RECORDER learned something of the magnitude of the work. It has assumed proportions entirely beyond the most sanguine hopes of its founders. Little did they think when they erected the commodious building with six class-rooms, a janitor's room, and a large chapel hall, that in four years' time the building would be entirely inadequate; and that they would be obliged to go outside for the regular class recitation rooms. But such is the case; and the indications are that we shall need more room rather than less, if the school runs upon the present plan another year. The school is growing in favor far and near; and is coming to be regarded by those who have tried other schools, as the best place for young men and women to fit themselves for the work of teachers. Hence, every spring term is crowded, and the fall and winter terms are growing larger each year. Again, Salem College is coming to be regarded more and more, as the rallying point of our people in West Virginia. And it is clear that failure now would be accepted by all other people as a disgraceful hauling down of our colors; and would have among our people all of the discouraging and crushing effects of overwhelming defeat.

It would be a stunning death-blow to the Seventh-day Baptist cause here, from which, I fear, they would never rally. For a whole generation we have been expending money and labor in West Virginia in a mission work that has been preparing the way for this school. Every step taken thus far in this field has been leading us right up to Salem College. It could not well have been established earlier, for the people as a whole had not reached the point where the need of its culture was sufficiently felt. But now we need no more than the proof before our eyes, to see how all-important this interest is in their estimation.

This now is the crucial point and time for us; and our next step will be decisive as to our growth and influence in West Virginia. Let Salem College die now, and twenty years hence will find us down among the fossils. Build it up, and the next generation will find our people among the foremost leaders of this promising State.

The College was established just in the "nick of time." There is a general awakening all along the line, in favor of higher education and more thorough culture. And for us to lose a single year now will put us from the front ranks to the rear. *This must not be!* We cannot afford to stop now. This I believe will be the verdict of every one who reads these lines.

But kind friends, good wishes alone cannot save Salem College. If prayers and good wishes were enough I know full well that there would be no need of my writing these lines.

There are a few stern facts staring us in the face that you will need to know in order to understand the situation. "Facts are stubborn things." This is a very consoling truth when facts are in our favor; but when the stubborn facts are arrayed against us the situation becomes serious. I therefore entreat you to look with me for a few moments at the facts that trouble us, and see if you cannot help us to plan and execute so as to bring relief.—We have prayed and trusted, planned and helped, sacrificed and labored until now we have reached a point where it seems that the only thing we can do is to lift up our voice and call for help.

First. There is a debt upon the building of \$1,625. When, by heroic effort the people of West Virginia built the college, at the cost of \$6,000, this debt was incurred. It was partly covered by subscriptions, but like all other subscriptions, this one was subject to a discount from the failure of some to fulfill their pledges. For four years we have carried these notes, and one of them for \$600 is now due.

Second. Two years ago, after the brave effort at home and abroad was made, that paid off some \$1,500 of debt for current expenses in one season, *we were then* obliged to start into this year's work \$300 behind; and the year's work added to this debt was \$600. Effort was then made during last summer vacation to secure contributions enough to pay all. But the hard times seemed to make it impossible at that time, and we were obliged to turn again to our work at the opening of this school year with a deficiency amounting to \$500. During the present year we have had to hire \$400 more, and by the close of the year our entire debt for running expenses will amount to about \$1,000. Of course this may be reduced some by those who have promised to do something this year, but have not named any definite sum.

Third. When Conference was at Salem the friends made a five-year subscription amounting, after the first year, to \$500 per year. This subscription has been our main stay for four years. But now death has made inroads upon the subscribers until we can count upon only \$200 for the year to come. Even if those who subscribed for five years should decide to continue another five years, then the death of one dear brother, whose subscription made almost one-half of all the money, the last payment of which is due this summer, will leave us so much short, in years to come. Thus you see how great is our distress, and how urgent is our need.

Our board has planned as economically as men could; and we are now fixed so that we can run another year for at least \$400 less money than during the two years past. The great wonder is that men have been able to run such a school for so little money, and incur so small a debt. This could never have been accomplished if the greatest spirit of harmony had not prevailed among all of the managers, wherein both faculty and trustees saw eye to eye, and all joined together heartily in self-sacrificing effort to make things go.

The leaders among these men are on all of these notes, and responsible for the debts; and it would be out of the question for them to assume much more burden in this line; and unless some provision can be made to lift these debts and secure some more income, it is difficult to see how they can possibly plan for another year. Once again I ask: "What can be done for Salem College?"

THEO. L. GARDINER.

APRIL 10, 1894.

MISSIONS.

HYMN.

Sung at the Garfield Memorial Service in London, Sept. 26, 1881, under the direction of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the angels bear on high
Many a strayed and wounded lamb,
Peacefully at last to lie
In the breast of Abraham.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving him to sleep in trust,
Till the Resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Amen.

ARE you embodying the truths of God into your life and character? As the life principle of an oak will make an oak tree and not a maple, so the pure and holy thoughts and truths of God crystalized into character will make one God-like. If the life of Christ is in a man it will mold him into Christ-likeness. Would you be a free man indeed, then seek and know the truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ embody them into your life and you will be free, noble and good.

SABBATH, April 7th, was a day of great rejoicing in the Pawcatuck Church, Westerly, R. I. Before the communion Pastor Daland received into the church by consecrating prayer and the right hand of fellowship, forty-four persons. Few of them joined by letter, the remainder were lately baptized, having been converted in the evangelistic effort in Westerly, conducted by Brethren Saunders and Randolph. Several of the other churches in the village have been equally blessed by the meetings.

WHILE writing this we are on the fast mail train of the New York Central Railroad en route to Milton Junction, Wis., called by telegram to conduct the funeral services of Dr. Nathan Wardner. Have not learned the particulars of his death. A strong man and a beloved fellow worker, in the gospel has fallen and will be greatly missed. Upon whom will the mantles of the able and faithful ministers we have lost by death within the last two years, fall? We trust there are those coming into the ministry among us who will wear them worthily in the grand work of saving men from the dominion and ruin of sin, and in leading them into the attainments of Christian manhood.

WHAT a small proportion of the members of our churches attend the regularly appointed prayer-meeting. Why is it so? There are many reasons given for staying away. Some are good reasons, but many are worthless, and show the lack of the true appreciation of the worth of the prayer-meeting in spiritual growth. We are not called by the spirit into the kingdom of Christ to be barely saved, but to grow in grace and make an abundant entrance into heaven. Would it not be for your advantage, my brother, in making that entrance for you to attend the prayer-meeting? Again can you not be a help to your pastor in that meeting, and also help others into higher life? Try it.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO FORGAVE HIS ENEMY.

In Greenland, when one man had killed another, the nearest relative of the murdered man might avenge his death. Once a boy saw his own father killed before his eyes. He was then but thirteen years of age, and was considered too young to avenge himself. He was therefore obliged to flee; but revenge was in his heart. Fifteen years passed by. He had grown into a fine young man, and one day set out on the long journey of his return to his native place. He did not expect to reach it for a week. What was his object? To kill the man who had killed his father.

When he arrived at his old home he could find no lodging but in the house of the missionaries, and, though he would have preferred living with his countrymen, he accepted their invitation. Every one knew why he had come, and his enemy knew too. The missionaries did not talk to him about the wickedness of the deed he was going to commit, but they were very kind to him, and invited him to family prayer. One morning he went to one of the missionaries and said, "I wish you would read to me some more of that Book which tells about Jesus; I wish I could read it myself." The missionary read him the account of the crucifixion. When he had finished, he said: "I do love Jesus; I would do anything for Jesus. How kind of him to die for me."

Missionary—Are you sure you would do anything for Jesus?

Young Man—Oh yes! I would do anything for Jesus. Tell me what I can do.

Missionary—This Book says, "Thou shalt do no murder."

Young Man—Oh, but that man killed my father and drove me from a happy home.

Missionary—Jesus says, "If ye love me keep my commandments." This is one of them.

Young Man—Oh, I do love Jesus; but—but—I must, I—

Missionary—Be calm, dear young man; go out and think about it. Then come and tell me about it.

He went out. When he came back he said, "I cannot decide; one moment I will, the next I will not. Oh; help me to decide." The missionary replied, "When you will, it is your own wicked heart trying to gain the victory; and when you will not, it is the Spirit of God striving in you." The result was he gave up the murderous intention which had been encouraged for years. The young Greenlander sent a message to his enemy, inviting him to come and meet him as a friend. He came, but with treachery in his heart. He gave the young man an invitation to visit him on the other side of the river, and treated him with kindness; but on returning to his boat he discovered a hole in the bottom, made by that very man. He speedily stopped it up, and on raising his eyes saw his defeated enemy burning with wrath, for he had gone up to a high rock to see his victim drown. Preserved from destruction, the young man exclaimed, "I forgive you, for Jesus has forgiven me.—Book and its Missions, 1856.

"SEIZE upon truth where'er it's found,
Among your friend, among your foes,
On Christian or on heathen ground,
The flower's divine where'er it grows—
Neglect the prickles and assume the rose."

CRYING OUT AFTER GOD.

One of the most pathetic instances of the yearning of the human being for the divine is that related by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota.

"Some years ago," he said, "an Indian stood at my door, and as I opened it, he knelt at my feet. Of course I bade him not to kneel. He said:

"My father, I knelt only because my heart is warm to a man who pitied the red man. I am a wild man. My home is five hundred miles from here. I knew that all the Indians east of the Mississippi had perished, and I never looked into the faces of my children that my heart was not sad. My father had told me of the Great Spirit, and I have often gone out into the woods and tried to talk with him."

"Then he said so sadly, as he looked into my face:

"You don't know what I mean. You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand and could not take hold of anything. And I heard one day that you had brought to the red man a wonderful story of the Son of the Great Spirit."

"That man sat as a child, and he heard anew of the love of Jesus. And when we met again he said, as he laid his hand on his heart:

"It is not dark; it laughs all the while."—Gospel in all Lands.

THE POWER OF CHRIST.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me and I in him the same beareth much fruit; for apart from me ye can do nothing." John 15:5. R. V.

When I was a student at Princeton, Prof. Henry had so constructed a huge bar of iron, bent into the form of a horseshoe, that it used to hang suspended from another iron bar above it. Not only did it hang there, but it upheld four thousand pounds' weight attached to it. That horseshoe magnet was not welded or glued to the metal above it; but through the iron wire coiled around it there ran a subtle current of electricity from a galvanic battery. Stop the flow of that current one instant, and the horseshoe dropped. So does all the lifting power of a Christian come from the currents of spiritual influence which flow into his heart from the living Jesus. The strength of the Almighty one enters into the believer. If his connection with Christ is cut off, in an instant he becomes as weak as any other man.—T. L. Cuyler.

A CHRISTIAN must be a missionary. There is no option or release in this holy war. God's message to the church is not a call for volunteers, but an order to soldiers to march. The grand army of the world's evangelization is always to be on the war footing. Each Christian must go or find a substitute. "Go ye into all the world." Leave no spot unvisited; press every sod with the sandal of peace; sail every sea; ford every stream; climb every mountain; traverse every valley; brave the fiercest heat of the equator; defy the circumpolar snows; let nothing stop you or turn you aside until every soul sitting in darkness and death shall have seen the great Light of the world.—Gospel in All Lands.

THERE never was a grander time to preach the gospel than now. The world is in a state of unrest, and the nations are reeling under heavy burdens. It is a good time to call on all men to come into the kingdom of God. The gospel of reconciliation is the need of the hour. That gospel is broad in its character and as wide as the human race in its scope. Any man who preaches the necessity of reconciliation with God can stand on its platform. We believe it is this gospel that is the power of God unto salvation.—Christian Secretary.

IN Shanghai, a city of four hundred thousand, not less than one thousand Chinese are found in the churches of the twelve missions; "but a far larger number, converted here, have returned to distant homes to be each one a center of light."

WOMAN'S WORK.

A THOUGHT.

BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

God sent a winged thought
Into my soul one day,
And bade me send it out
Again, with unabated ray
Of burnished beauty, silver bright,
And wings unshorn of might.

God has great store of such
White thoughts, swift, buoyant things.
And when He wills they touch
Us with the wafture of their wings.
They touch us on their gleaming way—
Their wings forbid their stay.

Onward their blessed flight!
To other hearts they bear
Their beauty and their light.
Heaven's rapture and its radiant air
Breathe round us, when God sends them down
That day we wear a crown!

—The Congregationalist.

OUR Associational Secretaries have been requested to ask the churches for a *collection* on Children's Day, by which we can furnish kindergarten supplies to Dr. Swinney, for the instruction and amusement of the convalescent children in her care in the hospital. She has expressed an earnest wish for this help in her work, and let us respect her good judgment and provide the way to furnish the aid by generous contributions. Let the request be known to the children and let them understand that it is a beautiful way in which they can help to care for the little children in the far-away land, and there will be no failure in carrying out the plan.

Let not Dr. Swinney ask in vain. Let not the secretaries be slighted who make known her request. Let not the children miss this chance to minister to the needy ones, their own, though distant, little friends, and let the parents and friends also contribute heartily. Please send the funds collected to our Board treasurer, Miss Elizabeth A. Steer, Milton, Wis. May God bless the gifts and the givers.

MRS. ALBERT WHITFORD,
Cor. Sec'y Woman's Board.

HEART TALKERS.

A noted writer has said that "letters are the only true heart talkers." We make use of the wonderful art of letter writing to convey to our friends the feelings we entertain for them, but do we often enough make use of it to cheer the hearts of the faithful toilers at the outposts and isolated stations on the great fields of Christian endeavor? Do we often enough let them know, by warm personal letters, the interest we feel in their work, the importance we attach to it?

Very many of these toilers stand comparatively alone, environed by opposing influences which are difficult to meet and overcome. Often are they heart-sick and weary, and ready to yield to discouragement but for the eternal promises of God. Trusting in him they toil on, striving to let their light shine out into the darkness of sin, ignorance and unbelief, and save those about them from their destroying power. How much easier would their work become, how much more heart and hope could they put into it, were they oftener assured by warm sympathetic letters that friends far distant were really interested in it and praying for its success. It is difficult to understand the obstacles which lie in the way of progressive measures, of advance movements on distant fields; indeed, try as we may, we cannot fully comprehend them. We come nearest to it,

however, when by personal correspondence the difficulties are laid before us by those who feel their pressure.

Dear sisters, can we not become more generally "heart talkers" to those who occupy the outposts and isolated stations? Is not this a part of our work? Can we not in this way help to uphold the hands and strengthen the hearts of those who are meeting and battling with the foes of righteousness on the fields of conflict, while we are permitted to abide in peaceful homes surrounded by all the pleasant associations of Christian society and church privileges? Shall we not try in thought and feeling to put ourselves in their places, that so we may the better understand their need and the difficulties which attend their work and be able to help in overcoming them? Often in conversation we hear people express their interest in this or that line of work and their sympathy for those engaged in it, but how shall they know of individual interest and sympathy except by written communications? While the feeling is warm in the heart send it flying to them on the wings of an epistle. Do not wait till it grows cold or is supplanted by another, but now, while you can put life and energy and hope into your words which shall enkindle anew the fires of faith in discouraged hearts. Let them know that you recognize the importance of their work, that you have faith in it, that you expect fruit from it because it is God's work and they are laborers together with him. If there is any doubt as to whether such letters will be thankfully received you have only to try the experiment and all doubt will vanish.

Some years since a little experience came to the writer which demonstrated the value placed upon such epistles by those receiving them and strengthened the purpose to continue the work. There was to be a yearly meeting of our people on the Western frontier. We at the East with our better facilities for travel, can hardly appreciate, unless we have had like experiences, the great obstacles to be overcome in order to make such a meeting successful in new rural districts of the West. Thinking of these things, and of the discouragements which must of necessity attend the effort, and feeling an earnest desire that God's blessing might come to them in rich, compensating measure, the thought came, why not write and express the desire, the prayer for their spiritual refreshing and encouragement to new devotion and more earnest labor in the Master's vineyard? The letter was written and sent on its way with the thought that it would at least do no harm, if it did no good. The result was a happy one and proved to the writer that if the kind thoughts of our people were more frequently expressed to those not so favorably situated the two-fold blessing would follow.

MRS. C. M. LEWIS.

HEART WARMERS.

BY MRS. SARA B. HOWLAND.

My neighbor has sent me the daintiest little tray, with a new kind of cake, on her best hand painted plate, covered with a drawn-work napkin. There is a bunch of rosebuds on the tray and a tiny "cocked hat" note; and I shall eat the cake, and put the roses in my belt, and the note in my pocket, and have a warm feeling in my heart all day.

There is another neighbor who has prettier plates and napkins and makes delicious cake, but she never thinks to send me any. I suppose it is because she knows that I make good things myself, and she thinks I do not care. But I do. That "sun-shine cake" tasted better than anything I knew how to make, and the flowers

seemed sweeter than any of those that grow in my own *patio*, and, though I knew she loved me, it made the happy tears come to have her "say it again."

I wonder why we don't oftener say that we love each other, we staid, middle-aged people, I mean. Of course, we speak from the heart's depths in the great crises of life, when we first find that we love each other or when some sickness or sorrow comes, but these times are often very far apart, and every-day love is so sweet and satisfying.

There are plenty of friends to sympathize when you have a broken arm or a typhoid fever, but what an unspeakable comfort it is when the friend drops in at the close of a busy day who sees that you are all tired out and that your burned finger, that you haven't had time to tie up, is aching miserably and that the "world is a wale." You know she won't tell that you weren't "self-reliant" for a few minutes, and you do enjoy having her tuck you up on the lounge for a little rest while she smooths out the wrinkle with tender touch and ties up your finger and "kisses the place to make it well." Some people think that only babies like these things, but big ones often need them far more. Isn't it pathetic where Mrs. Whitney makes one of her strong, self-reliant people say that, when she gets to heaven, the thing she wants most is to be "babied" a little while, and does it not hint of a truth that we are too apt to forget in this matter-of-fact world?

What is the part of our friend's letter that we like best, that makes us like to carry it about in our pocket and give it a loving pat, now and then, as we are about our work? It is not where she tells about her visit to the fair, or the funny speeches of the children, or the new summer dresses, or the last books she has read, though you heartily enjoy her bright way of putting things. It is where she says, "I have been thinking all day how dear you are to me, and I want you to know that I love you with all my heart, and that I thank my heavenly Father for such a sweet, true friend." May be she thinks you are better than you really are, you know that well enough, but it is *you* she loves, and if she thinks you are good you will try not to disappoint her.

We know that many a letter signed only "yours truly," comes from a heart overflowing with repressed affection, and that it is not always those who say most that feel most, but is it not true that if we would train our lips to say and our pens to write the loving words that come into our hearts, and that we crush back for fear of being gushing, it would make many another heart warm for days together?

I think we are often mistaken in our treatment of invalids in failing to express our real sympathy, under the mistaken idea that we are helping them to "bear up." All the sick people like to have Mrs. Lovewell come in when they are sick, and I have always wondered why, for she is not especially lively, yet she knows how to cheer up the gloomiest invalids in town. I asked her the other day how she does it, and she smiled and said, "The other day I went to see a dear friend, confined to the house for weeks with a torturing neuralgia. Her mother and sisters are perfectly devoted to her, and have racked their brains to relieve the pain, but they are so afraid she will 'lose control of herself'. As I went in her sister said, 'O, Alice has had such a hard night—never slept a moment! Do see if you can cheer her up, but don't say anything about her sickness, or she will give way.' So I went in and another sister was there and told all the funny things she could think of, and still Alice turned her head wearily on her pillow and laughed without a particle of merriment. I was so glad when her sister was called out and left me free to run over to the bed and take her in my arms and say, 'My darling, the pain is very hard to bear, isn't it? I know just how you are suffering, and am so sorry.' Then I let her cry five minutes, and kissed away the tears, and when her sister came back the cloud was gone and the pain was easier to bear, because somebody knew just how she felt."

We can't all do just like Mrs. Lovewell, for she has had such long practice in loving that it comes right from the heart when she does a thing like that. But we all have ways

of showing our sympathy, if we would only let ourselves do it, and I do believe that many sick people are all worn out with being "cheerful" and "bearing up," and that it would be a real relief to let them have a good cry sometimes in the arms of somebody who understands.

A young mother was standing by the coffin of her baby girl when a neighbor came in to comfort her. She stood a moment looking at the tiny figure, and then said, "My dear, you don't know what sorrow is. I have lost my husband and a beautiful grown daughter, and that is real sorrow." True enough, but was that the time to say it to the heart-broken mother, whose first taste of sorrow seemed so bitter? Far better to do as did another lady, a perfect stranger who heard of the baby's death, and came in and took the mother in her arms, and said, "I know just how hard it is. I lost my own first little baby too, and your baby was so lovely." She did not mention then that her home had been many times desolated; she only thought of comforting the one who felt in that hour that all her own life had gone out with that of her baby.

We hear much of the need of tact to say the right word or do the right thing, but it is real sympathy that is the heart-warmer, love that, with a fine instinct higher than tact, will see and know and understand the true way to reach the hearts of those who need us. Try it, everybody. Let the loving thought find expression in a word, a look, a letter. Let the generous impulse remain unchecked; let your eye be practiced in reading troubled faces, and the Lord will give you more and more of his own blessed sunshine.—*The Congregationalist.*

WOMAN'S BOARD.

Receipts in March, 1894.

Evangelical Society, Alfred Centre, N. Y., Miss Burdick's salary	\$25 00
Julia A. Powers, New Lisbon, Can., Miss Burdick's salary \$10, Dr. Swinney's salary \$10	20 00
Irene Van Horn, Boulder, Colo., Miss Burdick's salary	1 00
Myrtle Van Horn, " Dr. Swinney's salary	1 00
E. J. Van Horn, " Board Expenses	1 10
Ladies' Missionary Society, Edelstein, Ill., Board Expenses \$1 68, Dr. Swinney's salary \$2 50	4 18
Woman's Missionary Aid Society, Brookfield, N. Y., Tract Society \$10 00, Missionary Society \$10 00	20 00
Woman's Missionary Aid Society, Brookfield, N. Y., Board Expenses, 15 cts, Miss Palmbour \$3 00	3 15
Woman's Benevolent Society, Leonardsville, N. Y., Tract Society \$30, Missionary Society \$15	45 00
Woman's Benevolent Society, Leonardsville, N. Y., Miss Burdick's salary \$15, Mizpah, \$10	25 00
	\$145 48
E. & O. E.	ELIZABETH A. STEER.
MILTON, Wis., April 8, 1894.	

A SERMON.

BY SENEX.

"LET HIM THAT IS FILTHY BE FILTHY STILL."

It is said that this text is the only one that goes to support the use of tobacco. Whether this is true or untrue this deponent saith not. One thing is true, this text implies a fixed condition, that is, that a person can become so filthy, morally and physically, that no washing can make him clean.

In vice as well as virtue there is a constant tendency to become fixed. There is a line beyond which there is no retracing, no change for the better. The tobacco habit is not only a very filthy habit, but it is a very injurious one. Chewing is said to be the least injurious and least offensive to others. It is a crime to poison the stream from which others use the water. Why is it worse to poison the water we drink than the air we breath? What is more disgusting than an old "chewing expert, with the devil's wild land mapped out in tobacco juice on the bosom of his shirt." Railroad managers, it seems, consider tobacco users unfit to associate with refined people, and have put on their roads an extra coach for them called "the smoker."

Nicotine is a deadly poison. One drop put into a snake's mouth will kill it in one minute. Two drops placed on a dog's tongue will kill it in three minutes. We have seen it tried on a snake. It works directly on the nerves. It

has a tendency to benumb the brain. The nerves become weak and unsteady. The mind in sympathy with the nerves is also weak and unsteady, and frequently unfits one for business. Six young men were appointed cadets to the military school in this State. On examination it was found that only one was fit for the responsible position; five of them had been in the habit of smoking cigars and cigarettes so long that their nervous systems were so shattered that they were unfit for the service.

It is a well-known fact that the early use of tobacco prevents a normal development of the system. The use of tobacco causes a variety of diseases, such as cancer, heart disease, dropsy, bronchitis; and it is a disease of itself sometimes, and cannot be thrown off any more than the fever or consumption. Could our young men and boys see what this habit leads to as a direct result, they would shun it as they would a viper.

It is not strange that so many of our boys get into the habit of using tobacco, when we consider the influences around them. There is something in every boy that inspires him to be a man; hence he readily follows the example set by his seniors. Using tobacco is so common that it is almost impossible for parents to keep their children from its influence. But what is worse still is that some parents practice the vile habit before their own children. Those who furnish the poisonous stuff are just as much to blame as those who use it. It is lamentable that so many, even those who bear the Christian name, members of the church, who must be aware of the evils of the tobacco curse, furnish it for their neighbors and their children. They really tempt the young to use tobacco by displaying it before them. Look at the attractive pictures posted up to call attention to the fact that they have it on sale. Their plea is, "If I do not sell it others will." Well, if you do not steal horses some others will. Why do not you? I had rather you would steal one of my horses than lead my boys into the tobacco habit. One of the most deplorable objects I ever saw was an old confirmed smoker. He was a minister of the gospel. I called to see him one morning, and some of the family told me that I would have to wait for the old gentleman to smoke, for he was not strong enough or able to do business until he had had his smoke. After awhile I was conducted to his room. I thought it was strong enough for me, sure. He could not fire his pipe himself, his nerves were so unsteady. I know another old smoker who cannot do without his pipe, and some one has to fire it for him; and not long ago he dropped the fire from his pipe and set the house on fire and spoiled a carpet, and burned a large hole in the floor, quite a common experience with the vile habit.

Many are trying to break the habit. It costs a severe struggle, but it can be done. Others do not try, and do not desire to. Of them it must be said, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." "He that is filthy let him be filthy still."

CLEANING A STRAW HAT.

The real Italian Leghorn straw may be cleaned with a nailbrush and Castile soapsuds, writes Emma M. Hooper in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. Rusty black hats may be renovated with the liquid dressing or polish sold for ladies' shoes. White or yellow hats may be bleached by washing them in clear water and placing them in a box with burning sulphur, the fumes of which uniting with the water form the acid which bleaches.

NEW YORK'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The sixth Constitutional Convention since New York became an independent commonwealth will begin its sessions in Albany on the second Tuesday of May. A body of this character, dealing with fundamental principles of government, and ordaining permanent regulations for its conduct, possesses a significance that does not attach to the proceedings of merely legislative assemblies, over which the constitution is sovereign, itself the highest expression of the sovereignty of the people. A brief review of what New York has accomplished through such agencies will be pertinent, as preliminary to describing the *personnel* and indicating the scope of the coming convention. Written constitutions are peculiarly an American development, evolved in all the States during the Revolution, and being, as has been well said, "the connecting links between the previous organic law of the colonies and the subsequent organic law of the Federal Union. They grew out of the colonial constitutions, and they furnished the chief materials from which that latter instrument was derived." The first constitution of New York was framed by the Fourth Provincial Congress, in 1777. In it the fourteen existing counties, with the exception of Richmond, were represented. It met in Kingston, July 9, 1776, with Peter R. Livingston, who was succeeded March 6, 1777, by Abraham Ten Broeck, as president. It assumed the name of the Convention of Representatives of the State of New York, and, after ratifying the Declaration of Independence, appointed a committee of thirteen members, of which John Jay was chairman, to formulate the organic law. This committee, whose deliberations were impeded by the military operations, reported the proposed constitution, March 12, 1777, and the convention adopted it substantially as presented. It went into effect immediately, without submission to the people. Indeed, Massachusetts was the only one of the original thirteen States which in the first instance referred its constitution to the popular suffrage. Such reference is now imperative in all the States, as also is the antecedent expression of the popular will for holding a convention.

TAKING CARE OF AN ENEMY'S HAY.

A college professor once related the following facts to his class in order to show the power of kindness in effecting a change in the disposition and conduct of our enemies toward us: There were two farmers who lived near neighbors, and whose farms lay side by side. One of these farmers was a pious, good man, of gentle, inoffensive character. The character of the other was just the reverse. His temper was like tinder, taking fire at every spark that came in his way. He hated his pious neighbor; but more, probably, on account of his piety than anything else. He was vexing and tormenting the good man, quarrelling about mere trifles, as much as one can quarrel who has no one to quarrel with him.

One summer he had mowed down a good deal of grass, and had gone away from home, leaving it out in the field to dry. But while he was absent there came up a storm of rain. While the clouds were gathering the pious man saw the exposed condition of his neighbor's hay, and it struck him that there was now a fine chance to show a good man's revenge—that is, to return good for evil. So he took with him his hired men, and got his neighbor's hay all safely into the barn. What was the result?

When the quarrelsome man came home, expecting to see his hay all soaked by the rain, and found it had been taken care of by the man he had so much injured, it cut him to the very core. From that hour the evil spirit was cast out of him. No more abuse did he give the good man after that; but he became as obliging and kind to his pious neighbor as the latter had been to him.—*The Epworth Herald.*

If THE traffic in ardent spirits is immoral, then of necessity are the laws which authorize the traffic immoral. And if the laws are immoral, then we must be immoral if we do not will test against them.—*Gerritt Smith.*

WOMAN'S PROPER SPHERE.

BY REV. O. S. MILLS.

In these days when women are rapidly coming to the front and taking places beside their brothers in religious work, in society, and in politics,—and often even competing with them for positions, it is well if we ask, What is woman's proper sphere? and what is the meaning of such Scripture as 1 Cor. 14: 34, 35, and 1 Tim. 2: 11, 12? "Let the women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but let them be in subjection, as also saith the law. And if they would learn anything let them ask their own husbands at home; for it is shameful for a woman to speak in the church." "Let a woman learn in quietness with all subjection. But I permit not a woman to teach, nor to have dominion over a man, but to be in quietness."

These words were especially adapted to those for whom they were first written. There is an underlying principle and such circumstances as give occasion for its enunciation. A change of circumstances may modify the application of the principle. Without doubt, in the time of Paul, woman occupied a place in religious services and in society far below that of her brother. But was this the ideal place? Was it where God would have her in all ages?

If we hold that woman's rights, duties and privileges are not co-extensive with man's, morally, we will probably say, "The whole matter seems to be based upon God's curse upon Eve." "Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee." But if we carefully consider the penalty of sin for both man and woman, we shall see that it is death, spiritual death, primarily. "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." "The wages of sin is death."

After the fall, in addition to the death penalty, God said to the man, "... cursed is the ground for thy sake; ... thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; ... in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." "Unto the woman he said, ... thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee." That is, one of the results of sin shall be her subordination to her husband. Righteousness shall give way to selfishness, physical strength and adaptation to warfare. The wife will be degraded to the place of a slave. Adam's selfishness was already manifest. He says, "The woman gave me and I did eat." This same shameful plea is still set up.

Now since God has said to man, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," etc., is it wrong for man to use all the powers of body and mind to overcome these embarrassments? Is it wicked to harness the beasts and the forces of nature to do this work, and thus save man's face from sweating? If I succeed in freeing my garden from all germs of weeds, shall some sister come along and, fearing lest I restore it to Edenic productiveness, say, "You are coming out from under the curse. It is all wrong. You must allow some thorns, thistles, etc., to grow in your garden?" Or since God has said to woman, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall reign over thee," is it wrong for her to use all her God-given powers to free herself from this result of sin? As our sisters come forward to take places with us as teachers, preachers, and leaders in society and state, being equally well qualified, shall we say, "Stop! you are getting out of your proper place?"

God, in his pity, love, and mercy, has provided a way of escape from the death penalty,

and urges all to avail themselves of it; and is it not most reasonable to assume that he has placed within reach of all his children all necessary means of escape from every ill effect of sin? These means are found in Christian civilization, which is converting the earth into the Garden of Eden, and the kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of our Lord.

It is not Christianity, but heathenism, that yokes the wife with the ox to draw the plow while the man carries the whip. Christ taught that in his kingdom perfected there is no distinction of male and female. What then could Paul mean by such language as is recorded in 1 Cor. 14: 34, 35, etc? I believe he was looking at things as they were, and giving sound instruction in view of the circumstances. The state of morals and woman's position in society, especially at Corinth, were such that she could not, at once, be restored to her normal place with man, although both were pardoned of all their sins. This, as well as other forms of slavery, should be left for the further development of the spirit of the gospel. Peace and good order were preferable to strife and confusion.

It seems evident that the prohibition of woman's speaking in public, etc. (cf. ch. 11:5), was not an unchangeable, divine decree, but rather the decree of sinful society and untoward circumstances. Paul spoke of what was, rather than of what ought to be. This interpretation is most consistent with the teaching and practice of the apostles under other circumstances.

Let us hail with gladness woman's elevation to a place of equality with man, as a token of the approaching millennium; for when that blessed time shall come woman's sphere will be co-extensive with man's.

A PLEA FOR A TENT.

This time I want to speak about "that tent." I get many letters of inquiry about the needs and practicability of a tent to use in my work, called out by what I said in a recent RECORDER article. I want to say to all who have manifested so much interest in this matter and all who feel an interest who have not expressed it, that that tent is a positive necessity to the best interest and welfare of the work in the South. Now my brothers and sisters and well-wishers don't spend valuable time in "wishing we had it," and "you have my sympathy and best wishes," and "we ought to be willing to sacrifice for truth's sake," and "I wish some of our rich people would become interested and furnish and support a tent," etc. All this "sympathy" and "interest" makes one feel that he has friends who think of him in his hard struggles under great disadvantages, and I thank you for it, but that never will get the tent and support it. It will take money for that. Don't wait for the rich people to do it, and complain if they do not; but do as Eld. H. Hull and some others have done, pledge \$5 or more to the Board, not to me, for this object. I have confidence in the Board and believe that if you will pledge them sufficient money they will send a tent into the South. If you can not give \$5 give \$1. If you can give \$100 or more they will not be offended.

Some want it proven to them, without a shadow of a doubt in their minds that it is a practicable measure, then they will be willing to aid in the work. How can it be proven to you if it is never tried, and how can it be tried if all wait in that way? Don't wait, and when it is tried, if it fails say "I told you so," or if it succeeds then put in something after others

have done the "hard lifting," for sake of getting honors.

If I had sufficient money we would have a tent just as soon as mails and express could get my order and money to the dealers and railroads could bring it to the field. Then all "could wait" until it was demonstrated whether it is, or is not, practicable. But I have not the money. If we as individuals would all get out of the practice of waiting for the success or failure of others in Christian effort, and for "some of our rich people" to do such things, the cause would prosper. When opportunities present themselves for helping the cause of the Lord we should each help it along as God has prospered us with means to do with. Then the cause of truth would not suffer so sorely at our hands as it now does. As far as waiting for the "able" to do, is concerned, we are all "able" to do our part, and that, and nothing less is our duty. Our Boards are short of funds nearly or quite all the time because we are so negligent in duty and our eyes and hearts closed against opportunities.

Brothers and sisters, Christian Endeavor Societies, Ladies' Aid Societies, Sabbath-schools, Churches. Let us all do a little and *the tent will come*, and all lines of work will prosper. At your very earliest convenience send your money and pledges for the tent to the Missionary Board. This is the Lord's work for which I plead. Fraternaly,

GEO. W. HILLS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BERLIN, N. Y., April 6, 1894.

Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

Dear Brother:—The following little poem was found in Sister Callie G. Green's Bible after her death. It is a very precious memento to her loved ones, so beautifully illustrating her faith and the fearlessness with which she met the change. Will you kindly give it space as a memorial to her in the RECORDER?

G. H. F. R.

QUESTIONINGS.

BY ETHEL EVELETH.

When I near the sunset gates
Of the land immortal,
Where the sentry grimly waits
At the open portal,
Shall I tremble then with fear,
At the "mystery" so near?

When with fainting heart I tread
Death's dark vale of shadows,
Just beyond whose borders dread,
Shine elysian meadows,
Will the glory beam from far
On my path, a beacon star?

When before my faltering feet
Flows the silent river,
Where are partings ne'er to meet
Meetings ne'er to sever,
Will the angels bear me o'er,
Safely to the further shore?

Well I know the mystery
Ever more remaineth;
Nothing mortal eyes can see
To that land pertaineth,
Death alone the veil can rend,
And the past and future blend.

Yet, why should my spirit fear
The "Unknown" to enter,
When its brightest hopes, e'en here,
'Round that strange world center,
When the King of Glory hath
Trode, himself, the shadowy path?

When shall end life's troubled dream,
Christ will still uphold me;
When I near the chilling stream,
His dear arms enfold me,
Christ will meet me at the door
Of the strange forevermore.

Then no more, with fearful heart,
Will I wander sadly,
Bidding every doubt depart,
Will my spirit gladly
Follow still the homeward way,
Through the darkness unto day.

TRACT BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, April 8, 1894, at 2.15 P. M.

President Charles Potter in the chair.

Members present: Chas. Potter, I. D. Titsworth, J. F. Hubbard, F. E. Peterson, Wm. M. Stillman, A. H. Lewis, J. G. Burdick, Stephen Babcock, C. C. Chipman, J. D. Spicer, Corliss F. Randolph, H. V. Dunham, E. R. Pope, H. M. Maxson, D. E. Titsworth, and A. L. Titsworth.

Visitors, H. H. Baker.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. F. E. Peterson. Minutes of last meeting were read.

Correspondence was received from the Field Secretary, embodying his report for the fourth month of service.

Correspondence from I. J. Ordway, stating that the Depository had been located at his home, 51 South Carpenter St., was received.

Correspondence from J. P. Mosher concerning delinquent subscribers to the RECORDER was received, and on motion action concerning the same was deferred to the next meeting.

Correspondence from M. Harry concerning the publication of his tract, entitled "Why has not God blessed Sabbath-keeping Christians More?" On motion an edition of 2,000 was ordered printed.

By vote another edition of 10,000 of the Catholic Tract, and 5,000 of "Why I am a Seventh-day Baptist," was ordered printed.

The report of the New York Office for February and March was received.

Treasurer reported bills due, \$607 63. Bills were ordered paid.

The proposed sale of a lot in Daytona, Fla., donated by D. D. Rogers, was referred to the Treasurer, with power.

On motion the Secretary was requested to extend to Bro. E. P. Clarke, of Milton, the thanks of the Board for his services in connection with the sale of the Orrin Vincent property.

Time was given to an informal discussion of our general publishing interests.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, *Rec. Sec.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13, 1894.

The recent Minnesota Democratic address boldly assails as protectionists and traitors, Democratic Senators Brice, Hill, Murphy, McPherson, Smith, Gorman, Gibson, Camden, Caffrey, White, Morgan, and Pugh. Probably the authors of that surprising paper are a little hot and discriminate, but not entirely without provocation. The Senators named represent States which want protection for particular industries, and some of them probably feel obliged to meet the wishes of their constituents. If Senators Miller and Walcott refuse to oppose silver and commit political suicide, why should Hill and Murphy hang themselves to please Minnesota Democrats? History seldom repeats itself, but it looks as though Senator Hill might repeat the role of Stephen A. Douglas. Were Cleveland not so sincerely a free trader, he would probably divide his party and send one wing to join the Republicans, possibly under some new name. His views of silver and of the currency, shared by a minority of his party, are essentially Republican, while a minority of the latter party agree with Democratic theories. If the money question were the sole one, political

endosmosis would occur and parties would arrange themselves on new lines. But Democrats who agree with the Republican views of silver and allied matters are strongly opposed to the protection theory, so that old lines are maintained, notwithstanding the opposition of views upon silver and currency within each party.

Senator Hill knows that naked free trade cannot carry New York. His political future depends upon his State. He is ambitious. He has heretofore gone as far as any prominent Democrat in favoring protection ideas. The Mugwumps and his special Democratic opponent of New York are free traders. The logic of the situation urges him to oppose the Cleveland-Wilson Tariff Bill. As Douglas was forced by the free soil sentiment of his State to assume an attitude of independence and opposition to the Southern leaders of his party, so is Hill crowded toward a similar position, and it will be but a repetition of history, if to save himself in New York, he refuses the lead of free traders. And though there seems to be no silver Republican having the power and opportunity to do a like damage to his party, yet the silver question itself, apart from any Presidential aspiration, threatens the Republican ascendancy in more than one State.

Forty unemployed men in one body arrived last week at the capital from the far West, as free freight, and were fed by the police and lodged in the police stations. It seems now certain that they will be followed by hundreds if not thousands. Coxey will not bring much of an army over the Alleghanies and through the mud, but his ranks may be more rapidly recruited this side of the mountains as the weather gets warmer. And besides, squads of men having no very close connection, but acting under the same general impulse are liable to center at Washington. What will be done with them nobody knows. They cannot all be lodged in the police stations, neither can they find work, and to feed or transport them would be a strange thing for a strict constructionist and anti-paternal Congress to do. Washington has its own poor and unemployed, and has just raised \$50,000 by private subscription for them, and Congress refused to permit the District Commissioners to anticipate District revenues and set laborers at work on the streets.

CAPITOL.

THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

The Elmira Reformatory is an institution of which the State has reason to be proud. Much good has been accomplished there by Mr. Brockway. It is the one bright spot in the penal system of New York. It has been pointed to as an object lesson of what can be done for the reform of criminals. The State prisons of New York are survivals of the Dark Ages. They disgrace our civilization. In their lack of wholesome discipline, in their neglect of ordinary sanitation, in their barbarous uncleanness, they are mediæval breeders of criminals. Elmira has been a protest against them and the system underlying them, and Mr. Brockway has been its moving and controlling spirit. No greater harm can be done to the State than by a swift and unjust condemnation of the reformatory and its superintendent.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A MINISTER'S farewell. "Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-by. I don't think God loves this church very much, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me because you have not paid my salary; your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary."

MEMORY SELECTIONS.

Do not make life hard to any.—*Emerson.*

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.—*Cicero.*

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.—*Pope.*

Heaven is not gained by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—*J. G. Holland.*

Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.—*Horace Mann.*

Look not mournfully into the Past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow.*

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the stone
In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on,
Till the low rippled murmurs along the shore run,
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun.

—*Whittier.*

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag, and keep step to the music of the Union.—*Rufus Choate.*

The surest, as the shortest, way to make yourself beloved and honored is to be indeed the very man you wish to appear.—*Socrates.*

Let us have faith that right makes might, and, in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*Lincoln.*

Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb;
Duty is the path that all may tread.

—*Lewis Morris.*

Love is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good.—*Petrarch.*

Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—*Chalmers.*

TWO STRINGS.

It is related that an honest peasant surprised an infidel one day, who was jeering at him for believing the Bible, by the reply:

"We country people like two strings to our bow."

"What do you mean?" inquired the infidel.

"Only this," rejoined the good man, "that believing the Bible and acting upon it, is like having two strings to one's bow; for if it is not true I shall be a better man for living to it, and so it will be for my good in this life—that is one string to my bow. And, if it should be true it will be better for me in the next life—that is another string, and a pretty strong one it is."

Was he not right?—*Morning Star.*

ARE YOUR EYES ON JESUS?

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." In passing through a field it is difficult to pursue a straight course unless the eye is fixed upon some immovable object, toward which the person is moving. Persons lost on the prairies, having no land-marks, frequently wander in a circle for hours and sometimes for days without making any definite progress. If one moves toward some object, keeping that only in view, he will be very likely to make a straight path.

Christ is the mark for every Christian. Set your eyes on him and allow nothing else to attract your attention. If you do this you will make a straight path.—*The Firebrand.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

DON'T be blue. A person who has the blues is like a piece of smoked glass. If you touch them the blues rub off and smirch you.

BE cheerful; cultivate cheerfulness. Cheerfulness is a hardy plant and will grow in most any soil, and yet it needs care to ensure the best growth. Let it receive sunshine, an occasional shower, and proper attention, and it will flourish vigorously. It has a great tendency to spread like a strawberry plant, sending forth branches, it takes root in new soil and forms anew, independent centers of life.

If you do not feel cheerful, and yet want to have the feeling here is a recipe. Try it for one week and see how it works. Act as you think you would act if you were cheerful. Say the things that you think you would say if you were cheerful. This is the basis of one of the stories told by Sam Jones in reference to a man who wanted to be a Christian. The story is well known and need not be repeated, but here is another to the same purpose. A boy was troubled with sore eyes. The treatment prescribed by the doctor was this: Tip the head back, pour a few drops of a certain liquid into the corner of the eye. Open and shut the eye a number of times in order to spread the liquid over the entire eye. It was a very painful process. It hurt dreadfully. The boy shrank from the operation. After a few days he made up his mind that he was going to learn to enjoy it. So when he poured the liquid into his eyes he would laugh and say, "Now, that is nice, it feels real well, I enjoy it, it's lots of fun," and after a time he came in reality to enjoy the treatment. In other words, we learn to like many things which at first were even offensive; for example, most of us had to learn to like celery, tomatoes, coffee, olives, bread, and so forth, things which may be really useful to us, to say nothing of harmful things, like beer or tobacco. In the same way we can learn to be cheerful if we really set about it. So with other feelings and traits of character. Another incident: A man had ceased to love his wife and his home. He was really sorry, so he said, but he could not help it. A friend suggested a plan, the basis of which was the same as this recipe for cheerfulness. The friend said: "You go to your home this evening and act as you think you would act if you loved your wife; treat her as you think you would treat her if you loved her; say the things you think you would say if you loved her." The man did so and within ten days told his friend that his wife was the sweetest, dearest woman in the world.

NOTES ON THE WHITE CITY.

Doubtless, all of you who visited the Columbian Exposition this past year have some experiences of your own, and, no doubt, you received some impressions that you will not forget all your life time.

Curious to find out their first impressions of the big Exposition, I would sometimes ask visitors when they came home at night, what they thought of the Fair, and they would most always answer: "It's immense," or "What a crowd of people," "Got into a perfect jam," or "I am just dead tired." Hardly any one would give me an idea of their real impressions.

The first evening that I was on the grounds I had the pleasure of seeing the illumination from a ride around the lagoon. The incandes-

cent fairy lights that illuminated the Wooded Island, the lights about the Court of Honor, and the music, especially the singing by the Apollo Club, and indeed the grandeur of the whole thing made an impression on my mind which I will never forget. I have been thankful since, that I did not go through the Midway Plaisance that evening, or I might have come away with a different impression. One evening towards the end of the summer, I had occasion to walk through the Midway about 10 P. M. Every body was out in full force—the natives from the Dahomian, Algerian, Chinese villages, from the Streets in Cairo, from the South Sea Islands, were marching up and down Midway, with their various musical instruments, making a conglomeration of sounds difficult to describe. One afternoon I went with some friends to visit the Cliff Dwellers. Although everything in the exhibit interested me very much, the one thing that impressed me most was the view from the top of the cliff. It was just before one of the worst electric storms of the season. The atmosphere must have been unusually clear, for we were able to see Michigan City across the end of the lake, a distance of over thirty miles. I never saw a more beautiful sight. Mr Smith, the gentleman in charge, remarked that it was the first time he had ever been able to see objects across the lake. A unique impression was received one day when I, through the courtesy of a friend, was a guest within the closed doors of that august body, the Board of Lady Managers. There could be nothing more attractive than the manner in which Mrs. Potter Palmer, the president, presided over that great body of women. Her ease and grace, and the winning way with which she recognized each member who took the floor, were altogether charming, while her parliamentary knowledge was a complete surprise. The deliberations, while full of interest to all, were marked by a dignity and ease that were most impressive. Many notable women were present, and among those pointed out to me were Mrs. Beecher Hooker, Mrs. John Logan, Mrs. French Sheldon, Susan B. Anthony, and others. I also remember seeing Miss Yandell, the sculptor, and Miss Hayden, the architect. Although I was interested in all of the woman's work at the Fair, the skill displayed by each of these young women greatly interested me. Neither of them is over twenty-two years of age, and each has acquired great reputation in her line of work. Miss Hayden, the young architect, is a Boston girl, and a graduate of the Institute of Technology in that city. She has always devoted much time to study, and she won the highest praise from the architects with whom she was associated in making the drawings of the Woman's Building.

Miss Yandell is from Louisville, Kentucky, and is already associated with some of the greatest sculptors of the country. Among her works of art at the Fair, were the figures on the great stone carytides that supported the roof garden of the Woman's Building. She also had several pieces of statuary in the Art Building; and the Daniel Boone statue in front of the Kentucky Building was designed by her. I look back now with the greatest of pleasures upon the wonderful exhibits of the Art Gallery, and of all the various exhibits the most lasting impressions will be those received from the beautiful paintings and sculpture displayed in the endless galleries of the Art Building. Impressions effect people differently. I remember seeing one day a lady who, bent on seeing everything, was walking through the Art Building with mouth

open and eyes staring at the picture-covered walls, when suddenly she stepped up to a guard with that oft repeated question—"What building is this, anyhow?" "Madam," replied the guard with unmoved countenance, "This is the Krupp Gun Exhibit." And the madam accepted this explanation in good faith, and walked away. A day or so after the close of the Exposition, I went over to the grounds to finish up the Art Gallery. Even then the work of packing up was progressing at a very rapid rate. All the buildings except the Art Building were deserted and one could see the sign "closed" most everywhere. The beautiful paved streets, which only the day before had been traversed by thousands of visitors, were being cut up by heavy express wagons and railroad tracks were being laid across that beautiful Court of Honor. As I was resting by the lake shore on one of the vacant benches, I could not help noticing the dreariness and desolation of that beautiful White City, which had been at its height of glory only a day or two before. Although it seemed fitting that the beauty of this wonderful White City should vanish quickly, yet I was deeply impressed with a feeling of sadness and of loneliness, for I felt that I would never be able to see anything like it again.

MABEL CURTIS.

HYDE PARK, Ill.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

I conclude the human heart is very much the same as when Christ was teaching in person among men. Some will take exceptions to either what is taught or what is not taught, or to the manner of doing it. "Is it lawful for us to give tribute unto Cæsar or no?" If you are determined to know and teach nothing but Christ and him crucified, some one says you are a coward, or you would hold up Christ as they see him in some particular branch of reform. Whatever is short of this is compromise. Men while riding a hobby and turning cranks to grind their own axes imagine they are reformers. They first assail teachers and ministers in the name of conscience and then dare them. I know of many grand men who have had a weak or morbid conscience or judgment in this matter who have been dared by threats of lack of support or opposition, and finally induced to turn aside, take up some special line of work, study, or discourse which, when carried beyond what was practical for the time and place, has finally resulted in side-tracking them, and ending largely their future usefulness. Satan wants us to fight each other and not him; wherever men get to doing this, saying unkind things of each other, his kingdom grows, his spirit comes to rule in the hearts and decisions of men, young and old. They become wrecked parents, and friends lay it at some one else's door, the pastor, the neighbors' sons, the pool room or the saloon. Sad that we have such influences against us, but it is no new thing. We have known which of these forces are against us from the morning of our creation, and should prepare to meet them in the spirit of the Master. Evils will only be put down as parents teach their children something better. The school, the Christian Endeavor, the church will never alone save our young. Finding fault, or even the ballot box, will never save us. Christ said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." Then can we agree on holding up Christ.

E. B. SAUNDERS

—THE Welton Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has been holding a missionary meeting once a month, consisting of music, readings, essays and recitations on the subject of Missions. The time of this meeting has recently been changed from Sabbath to Sunday night in order not to conflict with the regular weekly Endeavor prayer-meeting. One interesting feature of a late session was an impromptu missionary question box. This was arranged to fill a vacancy on the programme, and quite a number of new thoughts were gleaned from the questions and answers. Rev. E. H. Socwell has been giving a series of lectures on a trip to Egypt, under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society, which have been very interesting and instructive. S. L.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE YANKEE BOY'S JACK-KNIFE.

The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns when he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
And, in the education of the lad,
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.
Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle and his shingle dart,
His alder pop-gun, and his hickory rod,
His cornstalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-leaf trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His windmill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel that turns upon a pin;
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship "beams-end upon the floor,"
Full rigged, with raking masts and timbers staunch,
And waiting near the washtub for a launch.
Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any gimcrack, musical or mute,
A plow, a coach, an organ, or a flute;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating dock,
Or lead forth beauty from a marble block;
Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four.
Make it, said I? Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing and the machine to make it.
And when the thing is made, whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea,
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or on the land to roll, revolve or slide;
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether it be a piston or a spring,
Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed will surely come to pass;
For when his hand's upon it you may know,
That there's no go in it and he'll make it go.

—Selected

SHOW YOUR COLORS.

I was riding on the train through the eastern section of North Carolina. Nothing can be flatter than that portion of the country, unless it be the religious experience of some people. The rain was pouring down faster, and faster, and for a person so inclined, not a better day and place for the blues could be found. Looking out of the car window brought nothing more interesting to view than pine trees, bony mules, and razor-back hogs. Groups of men, white and black, gathered at each station to see the train arrive and depart. Each passenger that entered brought in more damp moisture and blues.

Two men at last came in and took the seat in front of me. Shortly after, one of them took a bottle from his pocket, pulled the cork, and handed the bottle to his companion. He took a drink, and the smell of liquor filled the car. Then the first one took a drink, and back and forth the bottle passed, until at last it was empty and they were full. Then one of them commenced swearing, and such blasphemy I never heard in my life. It made the very air blue—women shrank back, while the heads of men were uplifted to see where the stream of profanity came from. It went on for sometime, until I began talking to myself. I always did like to talk to a sensible man.

"Henry, that man belongs to the devil."
"There is no doubt about that," I replied.

"He is not ashamed of it."
"Not a bit ashamed."
"Whom do you belong to?"
"I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ."
"Are you glad or sorry?"
"I am glad—very glad."
"Who in the car knows that man belongs to the devil?"
"Everybody knows that, for he has not kept it a secret."
"Who in the car knows you belong to the Lord Jesus?"
"Why, no one knows it, for you see I am a stranger around here."
"Are you willing they should know whom you belong to?"
"Yes. I am willing."
"Very well, will you let them know it?"
I thought a moment and then said: "By the help of my Master, I will."

Then straightening up and taking a good breath, I began singing in a voice that could be heard by all in the car.

Before I had finished the first verse and chorus the passengers had crowded down around me, and the blasphemer had turned round and looked at me with a face resembling a thunder cloud. As I finished the chorus, he said: "What are you doing?"

"I am singing," I replied.
"Well," said he, "any fool can understand that."

"I am glad you understood it."
"What are you singing?"
"I am singing the religion of the Lord Jesus."

"Well, you quit."
"Quit what?"
"Quit singing your religion on the cars."

"I guess not," I replied, "I don't belong to the Quit family; my name is Mead. For the last half hour you have been standing by your master; now for the next half hour I am going to stand up for my Master."

"Who is my master?"
"The devil is your master—while Christ is mine. I am as proud of my master as you are of yours. Now I am going to have my turn, if the passengers don't object."

A chorus of voices cried out: "Sing on, stranger, we like that."

I sang on, and as the next verse was finished the blasphemer turned his face away, and I saw nothing of him after that but the back of his head, and that was the handsomest part of him. He left the train soon after, and I'm glad to say I've never seen him since. Song after song followed, and I soon had other voices to help me. When the song service ended, an old man came to me, put out his hand, and said: "Sir, I owe you thanks and a confession."

"Thanks for what?"
"Thanks for rebuking that blasphemer."
"Don't thank me for that, but give thanks to my Master. I try to stand up for him wherever I am. What about the confession?"

"I am in my eighty-third year. I have been a preacher of the gospel for over sixty years. When I heard that man swearing so I wanted to rebuke him. I rose from my seat two or three times to do so, but my courage failed. I have not much longer to live but never again will I refuse to show my colors anywhere.—Rev. C. H. Mead.

THE young clergyman had consented at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was accustomed to go to the Bridewell Sunday morning and preach to the prisoners. "My friends," said the embarrassed young man as he rose up and faced the assembled ruffians and vagrants, "it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here this morning."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A TEACHER in one of the public schools was drilling the children in music. "What does it mean when you see the letter 'f' over a bar or staff?" she asked. "Forte," answered one of the pupils. "And what does the character 'ff' mean?" There was a short period of deep thoughtfulness on the part of the children, and then one of them shouted triumphantly "Eighty!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

ONE of the innumerable stories about Bishop Phillips Brooks is that one day, being absorbed with work, he instructed his servant not to admit visitors, but while these orders were being enforced the bishop happened to show himself at the front door, where he recognized an old classmate. The visitor was taken in cordially, much to the chagrin of the servant, who afterward remonstrated with his master at being treated so. "Why," said the servant, "you told me that you would be so busy that you wouldn't see the Angel Gabriel if he called." "Yes," answered the bishop, "I did say that and I meant it. But there's all the difference in the world between Gabriel and my friend. I'm bound to see Gabriel anyway in the next world, but as there is some doubt about my seeing this man there it was only right that I should see him here when he took the trouble to call upon me."

A MINISTER in a prominent New England city was called upon not long ago by a brother clergyman from an adjacent village, who was invited to stay to dinner. When the meal was nearly through, the conversation drifted to a comparison of the relative advantages of a rural and a city pastorate. The brother from the outlying districts contrasted the salaries paid and the opportunities enjoyed in the one with the other, implying that the city pastor was far more highly favored. "But," said his host, "you have in the country a good many things which I have not. You receive donations and I suppose you get a good deal from your farm." "O, yes," was the reply, "we've had nice fresh vegetables and fruit and milk and cream for our table all summer long." "I don't see, then," remonstrated the city pastor, "but that you men in the country live just as well as we who receive larger salaries." "We live better," was the impulsive and emphatic reply. The host concluded it was about time to leave the table.

A SCIENTIFIC gentleman, supposed to be Professor Huxley, was sitting at dinner beside a lady who, in impassioned tone, asked him whether he did not think it a serious thing that Mr. Jones, the vicar, should have adopted the eastward position in administering the sacrament. His response was: "My dear lady, I am told by Sir John Herschel that to drop a pea at the end of every mile of a voyage on a limitless ocean to the distance of the nearest fixed star would require a fleet of 10,000 ships, each of 600 tons burden, all starting with a full cargo of peas. Now, do you really suppose that the maker of the fixed stars considers this new position of Mr. Jones a serious thing?"

A MATTER OF DOUBT.—He was in a sad plight when they brought him into the house, shaking from an involuntary ice-water bath in the skating pond.

"Johnny!" exclaimed his mother aghast.
"Where have you been?"
The boy was silent,
"Why don't you answer?"
"C-cause, m-mother, I can't exactly say."
"Why not?"
"C-cause, I d-dunno whether I've b-been skatin' or s-swimmin'."—*Washington Star.*

WHEN a boy I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page which I read I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed; but I compelled myself to comply with the plan, until now after I have read a book through once I can almost recite it from beginning to end. It is a very simple habit to form in early life, and it is invaluable as a means of making our reading serve the best purpose.—*Lord Macculay.*

"HOW SAD is clerical intolerance," sighed a worthy dissenting lady. "Do you know the clergyman in my parish actually objects to bury us!" "Come to me, then, I shall be too happy to bury you all," was the reply, sometimes attributed to Sydney Smith, sometimes to another clerical wit.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1894.

SECOND QUARTER.

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 : 38-48.
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.	Moses 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 V.—JOSEPH FORGIVING HIS BRETHREN.

For Sabbath day, April 28, 1894.

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 45 : 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. Luke 17 : 3.

GENERAL STATEMENT.—The ten brethren up in Canaan were having a worse lot than was Joseph as a slave and prisoner. He indeed suffered the disgrace of false accusation; a chain of iron; the ingratitude of those he had helped; the trials of faith; homesickness; mental and physical anguish; but the ten had before them the memory of a great crime; the distress of a heart-broken father, the ghost of Joseph always present in their consciences; reproaches passed upon each other; and at last a great trial in going to and returning from Egypt. Nothing can be worse than a remorseful conscience.

The years of plenty in Egypt have ended and dreadful famine has come. In the second year Jacob finds it necessary to send to Egypt for grain. For connecting links between last lesson and this, see Home Readings and context. We are now to study the sweet, forgiving, Christ-like character of Joseph in the making of himself known to his brethren.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

JOSEPH MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN. 1. "Could not refrain himself." Could not keep from giving way to his feelings after the confession and right disposition of his brothers. "Them that stood by." Egyptian attendants. "Cause every man to go out." This would keep the Egyptians from knowing the sins of his brethren, and also permit a private and warm-hearted revelation of himself. It was a matter of delicacy. 2. "Wept aloud." The impulse of a generous, forgiving nature. "Pharaoh heard." Possibly the weeping, at any rate, heard of the coming of his brethren. 3. "Joseph said." No longer through an interpreter. He had been to them Zaphnath-paaneah; now he is their brother Joseph. "Doth my father yet live?" Showing where his thoughts chiefly went. A question of love. "Could not answer." Because of their trouble, and knowing that they were in his power. What if he now treated them as they had treated him? 4. "Come near to me." In fear they may have been shrinking back. It is the invitation of love and assurance. "I am Joseph . . . whom ye sold." In tender charity he calls up their crime so as to identify himself and then show:

GOD'S OVERRULING PROVIDENCE. 5. "Be not grieved." He does not begin to talk of forgiving them, but shows his forgiveness by entreating them now, while conscience upbraids them, to forgive themselves. "Nor angry." It is difficult to forgive one's self. A Christian is prone to dwell upon his past follies. "God did send me." A strange way to send. It was not necessary to do this evil for such a purpose, but God overruled it for good. Man may do wickedly and will suffer for his wickedness, but God can make it aid in carrying out his purpose. 6. "Earing." Once used to signify ploughing. Rev. Ver. has "ploughing." 7. "God sent me." God often works by contraries; the envy and contention of brethren threatened the ruin of families, yet, in this instance they prove the occasion of preserving Jacob's family.—Matthew Henry. "To preserve you a posterity." The famine would weaken, perhaps destroy, many races. The Hebrews were thus saved "by a great deliverance." A divine interference on Israel's behalf. 8. "Not you . . . but God." The sin was none the less great on their part. They did not send him hither to be a preserver of life, but to be a slave. God sent him to be a ruler and a saviour. It would have been pre-

sumption had the brethren said, "Good will come out of making Joseph a slave or taking his life, let us do it." Good did come through them but not by their will. "A father." One who cares for another like a father.

JOSEPH PROVIDING FOR HIS PEOPLE. 9. "Haste ye." He would shorten the days of his father's sorrow. He too yearned after him. "Lord of all Egypt." No vanity here, only an assurance that his son Joseph was able to save and nourish him. "Come down to me." An invitation extended before conferring with Pharaoh. It showed his power, or else was the outburst of overflowing affection. 10. "Land of Goshen." North-eastern Egypt, rich in pastures and possibly quite unsettled. "Near unto me." And yet their nearest place to Palestine. "All that thou hast." The region would be large enough for all and yet not crowd upon the Egyptians. It would be, too, where least opposition would be met. 11. "Nourish thee." Like a true Israelite taught to be hospitable. He values his high position mainly as an opportunity to help his own people, the chosen of God. "Thy household." Sons, daughter, servants, and perhaps many dependents. 12. "Your eyes see." So you can assure my father of the safety of the undertaking. "Eyes of my brother Benjamin." Jacob would believe the testimony of Benjamin. 13. "Tell . . . of all my glory." As in verse 9. What a comfort it would be to his father after years of mourning. It would, too, be easier for his brethren to confess to their father the wrong they had done him and their brother Joseph. "Ye shall haste." There is something of necessary command in his instructions. What a fulfillment of his dreams! 14. "He fell . . . and wept." Benjamin was the only full brother. Strong characters have tender feelings. Who would be a Stoic? 15. "Kissed all his brethren." Even Simeon, the ringleader in the crime against him. Can we thus love our murderers? "After that his brethren talked." They are forgiven, assured of protection, filled with hope. Now they can tell him all about their father, their home, and past events of interest to Joseph. Thus we commune with God when forgiven and justified.

A LEADING THOUGHT.—"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good"

ADDED THOUGHTS.—Before benefits are conferred it is well to test somewhat the beneficiary. Joseph knew his brethren and labored for their good before they knew him. Christ seeks us, knows our wants, and moves toward reconciliation before we know or seek him. Though we have wronged Christ, he is not ashamed to call us brethren. Heb. 2 : 11. We should treat with delicacy those who have injured us.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

(For week beginning April 22d.)

GOD'S CARE FOR HIS OWN. Psa. 103 : 1-22.

The great and good David, according to the Syriac title, writes of God's care and the praise due him for the same in his declining years. Standing by the "golden milestone of life," he bore glad testimony to the divine faithfulness. He said "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

We must not forget that if we are God's dear children he will care for us, and this does not mean that we are to indulge in light-minded carelessness, or improvidence. The body must be cared for, and so the home. True Christian care impels both to prayer and to labor. One source of avarice is the too common fear lest we suffer lack of necessary things, and in the undue anxiety to provide against this contingency. This sin should be cut up at the roots, and cares cast upon God who promises all needed things to such as do well, obey his holy law and trust him.

In God we live and move and have our being. He watches over us at night and defends us during the day. Our necessities and tastes are consulted, God plans for us better than fathers plan for children. If, then, we breathe God's pure air, eat food from his larder, wear the garments he provides, sleep under his watchful eye, and live in his sheltering care, how gladly and devoutly shall we say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

REFERENCES.—I will be with thee, Isa. 43 : 1-7. Whom shall I fear? Psa. 27 : 1, 5, 10, 13, 14. God's mercies, Isa. 63 : 7-9; 65 : 13, 14, 22-24. Confidence in God's grace. Psa. 23.

—THE Sabbath-school editor is now at work on the Third Quarter's Lessons and selects the following beautiful thoughts for teachers and scholars this week:

—THERE is no fit search after truth which does not first of all begin to live the truth which is known.—Bushnell.

—WHEN any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.—Johnson.

—GOD made thee of choice his own, and of his own to serve him.—Milton.

—THE faith of God's elect wears constancy as its crown.—Spurgeon.

—IF you persist in putting your eyes out or in barring God's daylight out, there is no help for you; you must die in the dark.—Cuyler.

—LITTLE hopes make life little; great hopes make a great life.—Lewis.

—THE purple thunder clouds which gather around a sinful path may dim, indeed, but they cannot wholly obliterate, the rainbow which spans their gloom.—Farrar.

—IF heaven be the world toward which we are journeying, holiness will be the way in which we shall walk day by day; for if we do not love and cherish the spirit of heaven here, we shall never enter heaven itself hereafter.—Payson.

—ALL teachers, be ye silent, and all creatures, hold your peace, but speak, Lord, speak thou only unto me. For the nigher one is to himself, and the less he wandereth abroad, the more easily he conceiveth, and the more excellent things, because he taketh the light of his understanding from above.—Thomas a Kempis.

—WE know not exactly how low the last degree of obedience is which will bring a man to heaven, but this we are quite sure of, that he who aims no higher will be sure to fall short even of that, and that he who goes farthest beyond it will be most blessed.—Keble.

—COMMUNION with God is kept up by the word and by prayer. In the word, God speaks to us; in prayer, we speak to him.—Henry.

HOME NEWS.

Wisconsin.

MILTON.—After a two days' storm the blue sky reappears. No gardens have yet been made, yet I think we can begin about our usual time, the middle of this month. One week ago to-day I was in the central part of Nebraska, and the high winds made me homesick; but when I returned I thought our weather was no better than theirs.

The attendance at this spring term of the college is lighter than usual, owing to the unfavorable times. There will be a change.

We enjoyed a blessed communion season last Sabbath—the audience room nearly full; seven were welcomed by the right hand of fellowship, one was received for baptism on confession of faith; more are expected.

The funeral services of our dear brother, Elder Wardner, were held yesterday at Milton Junction. It was intended to be a memorial service, in which George W. Burdick was to speak of him as a member of the church, of which Bro. Burdick is pastor; O. U. Whitford was to have given a narrative of his labors as a missionary; Pres. Whitford was to speak of his interest in educational matters and in the Sabbath Reform cause, and E. M. Dunn of his labors as pastor in the several churches where he had served as pastor. The programme was in the main carried out. Brother Wardner was highly esteemed in all this neighborhood. He died beautifully, no ache, nor pain, nor lingering suffering,—in the midst of family devotions he just fell asleep in Jesus. The clock had run vigorously, had kept excellent time; it had been the regulator for many another clock, but all at once it stopped and refused to run any longer. Who will go next?

E. M. D.

Iowa.

WELTON.—A few weeks ago indications pointed toward an early spring, but snow and cold weather since then have hindered farmers in

their spring's work very much. Oats are mostly sown and some are plowing for corn.

Last Sabbath we were permitted to assemble at the baptismal waters where three of our young people put on Christ in this beautiful ordinance. Our prayer is that others will soon follow. Pastor E. H. Socwell has recently returned from Missouri where he was assisting Eld. Skaggs in holding meetings for two weeks. He reports an enjoyable and profitable time. Eld. J. T. Davis spent a few days at Welton last week, but being sick most of the time was unable to visit friends as he would have been pleased to do.

Our Legislators have seen fit to retain our State Prohibitory law and give us in addition a mullet tax law. We now, virtually, have a system of license under an absolutely prohibitory law. What next? Verily we know not till we have tried the paradoxical combination.

We were shocked and filled with sadness today at hearing of the sudden death of Rev. N. Wardner. An accurate thinker, an able preacher, a truly good man has fallen. One by one our aged heroes are leaving us; may God prepare us younger ones to carry on the work they so much loved, and to which they dedicated their lives. *

APRIL 9, 1894.

Iowa.

GARWIN.—Since Eld. Hinman left us we have been favored with a visit from Eld. J. T. Davis, who conducted a series of meetings in which a great amount of interest was manifested. Since so many families have moved away our congregations are quite small, yet we have no thought of giving up our regular meetings. A few weeks ago Eld. J. T. Davis returned, called back by the illness of his mother, so we were again favored with a few good discourses, for which we feel very thankful. He also aided in making arrangements to secure another pastor. And we hope before long to have regular preaching services.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Some one has wittily said that a better thing than presence of mind in danger is "absence of body." But we cannot always be absent from danger, and fortunate indeed is any one whose friends are present in body when he is in danger and needs help.

I once knew a lady who screamed and wrung her hands when a girl was burning to death before her eyes, and made no effort to put out the flames.

Here is an account of two boys, who, by presence of mind and rare good sense, saved the life of their father:

In Maine, lately, these two boys went out to the woods with their father to see him cut down trees. Through a mistake in calculating how a tree he was cutting would fall, the father was caught and pinned to the ground, the tree lying across his body.

At the fearful sight, the boys did not lose their presence of mind, but set to work with energy to save their father. Some boys would have exhausted their strength in vain efforts to remove the tree; others would have run and screamed for help, and meantime the father would have died. The boys did neither of these things. They commenced digging a hole immediately under their father, and in a very short time released him from his awful situation. Their coolness and wisdom were the means of saving his life.

THE good which a man doth is both the work of God and the work of man—of God, as being the author, in giving grace; of man, as being the actor, in using grace.

ETIQUETTE OF THE TABLE.

The daintiest way to eat an orange is from a fork; that is, the skin and its coarse white lining are pared off with a sharp fruit knife, the orange is stuck on a fork, and is eaten exactly as one would an apple, writes Ruth Ashmore in her "Side Talks with Girls," in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Cheese may be taken between the fingers, or it may be put on a bit of bread with a knife, and eaten on that, but a fork is not used with it. Artichokes are, of course, eaten with the fingers, each leaf being dipped in the dressing.

All pastry is eaten from a fork, and it is an insult to the cook to touch it with a knife. In fact, your knife has no use except for cutting or buttering something, and when it is resting it should be laid sideways on your plate. Every vegetable can be eaten with a fork, the uses of a spoon being limited to a few desserts and for your coffee or teacup, and there its place is to repose in the saucer. Bouillon is drank from the cups in which it is served; when it is jellied it is eaten with a dessert spoon. Nothing excuses the chasing of a small particle of something to eat around your plate to polish it up. The old idea that one must eat everything that is given to one, no longer exists, and the result is that children are not made gluttons. In drinking remember to hold your goblet or your glass by the stem, and not by the bowl. While watermelon is eaten with a fork, cantaloupe has served with it a dessert spoon. As it is customary, nowadays, to have the salt served in open saltcellars, it may be mentioned that in helping one's self the salt should be put near the outer edge of one's plate. In leaving the table it is not necessary to fold your napkin; instead, just as you rise lay it on the table.

NORTH DOES NOT MEAN COLD.

North latitude in the Atlantic States means cold and many there cannot realize that north in California does not mean the same thing. Hence it is difficult for them to understand why it is that Butte county, which is 450 miles north of San Diego, has just as warm a climate as that extreme southern part of the State. We will not try to explain the reasons, but the simple facts are that the climate of one county is as warm as the other, and this can be seen from the government records of temperature and from the productiveness of the two counties. These are simple proofs and far more satisfactory ones to the most people than learned deductions from topography and climatology of the country. The orange, lemon, fig, grape and similar fruits thrive in as great perfection in Butte as they do in San Diego. Those who are interested in the reasons for the same can find ample room for study, but for the ordinary reader the figures of climate given by the government and the fruits and flowers that flourish in the two sections are all the evidence that is required. Seeing is believing, and we invite the skeptical to come and see.—*Oroville (Cal.) Register*.

LET us hold on no matter what we are required to contend against; and let us rest assured that at length Christ will come to us with such strengthening influence that we shall rise to something nobler than without our struggles we could ever have attained. Let us, then, toil on. It is but a little while at the longest, and no contrary wind can last forever.

THE man who has in him the elements of a worker for Christ will find a field or make one. Paul, when a prisoner, made converts in Cæsar's household.

MY principal method for defeating heresy is by establishing truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now, if I can fill it first with wheat I shall defy his attempts.

UNCONQUORED.

However strong and skilled art thou, my foe
However fierce is thy relentless hate;
Though firm thy hand, and sure thy aim, and straight
Thy poisoned arrows leave the bended bow
To pierce the target of my heart—ah! know
I am the master yet of my own fate.
Thou canst not rob me of my chief estate,
Though fortune, fame and friends, yea, love shall go
Not to the dust shall my true self be hurled,
Nor shall I meet thy worst assaults dismayed.
When all things in the balance are well weighed
There is but one great danger in the world.
Thou canst not force my soul to wish thee ill—
There only lies the evil that can kill.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in *Harper's Weekly*.

THE WINE MERCHANT.

A wine merchant, who had made a fortune by his business, sold it just when his son had reached an age when he could have stepped into his father's place.

A friend said in surprise, "Is it true that you have sold your business?"

"Quite true."

"I thought," said his friend, "you would have put your son into it."

"No; I have sold it mainly to keep my son out of it."

"Why so?"

"I don't wish him exposed to so much temptation."

"But," said his friend, you have been all your life in it yourself, and have always kept straight."

The merchant looked at his friend for a few seconds in silence, and then said, with a serious look:

"I have kept straight, Mr. D., in spite of temptations that would have carried me to the bad long ago, if I had not stood firmly against them. It was desperate work. I sometimes wonder that I got through; and I tell you frankly, I would never put into that business any one I cared for. I wouldn't expose my boy to the same temptations—no, not for all the money twice over, that I have made."—*Selected*.

ANY WOMEN IN CONGRESS?

The following conversation is reported to have lately occurred in Washington, D. C.:

"John," she said, after some silence.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Men say that women talk a great deal, don't they?"

"I believe they do."

"And they also think it proper to make jokes about her alleged difficulty in making up her mind?"

"Yes."

"John."

"Well, dear?"

"Are there any women in Congress?"

"N-no."

"And yet, just look at it!"

OH, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve, till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give him some day, if you could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do.—*Phillips Brooks*.

HERE is a bit of "prohibition" which is of the right kind, and evidently put in the right place. It is one of the by-laws of a newly-organized church among the Zulus: "No member shall be permitted to drink the white man's grog."—*The Presbyterian*.

TEMPERANCE.

A DRUNKARD'S WIFE'S SECRET.

"I'll tell you my secret," said a heart broken wife;
"It's the shame of my children, the load of my life:
My husband, so kind, so gentle, and good,
Takes more of strong drink than a prudent man should

"He's a hard-working man as any you find,
And when he doesn't drink he's patient and kind;
He gives me his wages and stays home to rest,
And makes us all happy, contented, and blest."

"But husband will drink, I'm sorry to say,
And then from his home he wanders away;
Comes in late nights when the family's abed,
And fills the whole house with terror and dread.

"I never before of my sorrows have spoken,
And would not speak now, but my heart is nigh broken;
I've come to my pastor, but not to complain,
But only some counsel and comfort to gain."

Poor woman! her secret is sadly well known!
Alas! on the street it is publicly shown;
As plainly 'tis seen in the wife's pallid face
As in the debauch and drunkard's disgrace.

'Tis the old story told, forever retold,
As vividly new, as terribly old—
How the devil of drink, when he enters the home,
Puts out its candle and shrouds all in gloom.

O mothers and sisters and sweethearts, arise!
Take in the drink-curse with your pitying eyes!
By the might of your love, your tears, and your faith,
O save our dear homes from the blight of this death.

—Joel Swartz, D. D., in *National Temperance Advocate*.

—The *Ram's Horn* is of the opinion that "the man who built his house on the sand was a wise man in comparison with the one who thinks that moderate drinking won't hurt him."

—HERE is Archbishop John Ireland's arraignment of the drink evil: "The great cause of social crime is drink; the great cause of poverty is drink. When I hear of a family broken up and ask the cause—drink. If I go to the gallows and ask its victim the cause, the answer—drink. Then I ask myself, in perfect wonderment, Why do not men put a stop to this thing?"

—WINE will take away the wits, but not the thirst. The one thing that wine promises to do it fails to do. Wine can no more satisfy the thirst than can salt water. In either case the more one drinks the more one wants to drink. "Wine is a mocker." There are more quarrels to the teaspoonful in a glass of strong drink than in any other liquid. A quart of whisky will set a whole neighborhood in a row. Fighting men and scolding women, and ill-natured persons of all sorts, are brought into action by a brandy-bottle or a rum-kettle. You can hear the sounds of strong drink doing its work in shouts and curses, while you are passing the houses of those who are having "a good time" with the help of strong drink.—H. Clay Trumbull, D. D.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The National Educational Association of U. S. A., with Hon. A. G. Lane, Supt. Public Schools, Chicago, President; Hon. J. M. Greenwood, Supt. Public Schools, Kansas City, Treasurer; Hon. Irwin Shepard, President State Normal School, Winona, Minn., Secretary, and Hon. N. A. Calkins, Asst. Supt. Public Schools, New York, Chairman of Board of Trustees; will hold its 1894 meeting at Asbury Park, N. J., July 6th to 13th, inclusive.

Asbury Park is one of the most beautiful seaside resorts on the Atlantic Coast, about 40 miles from New York City and two hours' ride from Philadelphia. It has most spacious and magnificent hotel accommodation, and all members of the Association will be granted half-rates at hotels on presentation of their Membership Certificates, during the meeting.

The Trunk Line Railway Association, including all Eastern railways, has granted a half-rate, plus \$2 00, N. E. A. membership fee, from all points in the territory of the Association, (except from points within one hundred miles from Asbury Park, where a cheap summer excursion rate is available). The tickets will be good to return until Sept. 1st, if deposited with the railway joint agent at Asbury Park during the meeting.

The Western roads have all been asked to grant the same rates and are now acting through other associations on the question, and without doubt will make the same rate as the Trunk Line Association. There will be the very finest facilities for sea bathing, boat riding and coast-wise excursions, on the ocean, as well as the most quiet retreat.

The local committee are planning to make the teacher's visit at Asbury Park one of the most pleasant events of their lives. The programme of the Association meeting will be made up of addresses and lectures by men and women of national renown as educators and orators.

For Official Bulletin, containing full information and official programme regarding hotel and railway rates and routes, and for further particulars, address,

S. SHERIN,

Sec'y Local Executive Committee, Asbury Park, N. J.

HOW TO DRAW A WILL.

The wisdom of having the will drawn while in health, when the nervous and morbid fears engendered by illness are absent, and the person making it is able to order a clear and reasonable distribution of her property, should appeal to every one, writes Mrs. Hamilton Mott in an article entitled "Making a Will" in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*.

The fear that the attorney's fee will be exorbitant, or even that it will be large, should be neither excuse nor reason for delay. All professional work is done on the basis described in the old saw:

"When you find a fat goose pluck it clean,
And let the fat goose fry the lean."

And legal charges are regulated not only by the amount of work done, but by the ability of the client to pay.

Go to any reliable attorney and tell him that you wish to have your will drawn, and that you can only afford to pay a certain sum for a fee. If he has reason to believe that you have stated your pecuniary position truthfully he will become your adviser no matter how small his recompense is to be. Determine in advance exactly what you wish done with your estate; make careful memoranda of all the points, the full names of all who will appear in the document, and of anything else which may seem to you as of importance. Take this data with you to the lawyer; tell him clearly what you wish done. Answer with out questioning whatever he may ask you; avoid irrelevant remarks, and then leave him to prepare the document, after making an appointment to return with your witnesses for signatures, etc.

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.

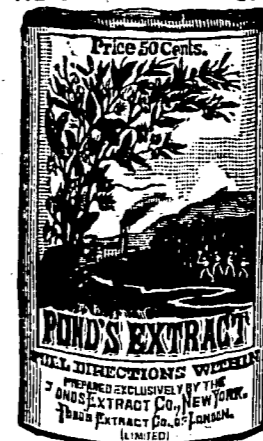
To settle the estate of Rev. James Bailey, deceased, the home occupied by him in Milton, Wis., is offered for sale. It is a splendidly built Queen Ann cottage, large, roomy, finely finished and in perfect repair. It is offered at a great sacrifice. Every room in the house is comfortably furnished, and 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.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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.

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 address: 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. 51 South Carpenter street, 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 nowhere 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.

The steamship LaGascogne, which sailed for Havre from New York Saturday, took out \$2,700,000 in gold, and the Umbria \$700,000.

Buenos Ayres dispatch says: "The cabinet crisis in Rio Janeiro is still far from settlement. The whole cabinet will probably be rearranged, although not all the old ministers will retire."

Prime Minister Riaz Pacha tendered the resignations of himself and the other members of the Egyptian Cabinet to the Khedive April 14th. This action is due to a lack of harmony between the Khedive and the Minister.

The farmers of England, France, Germany, Austria and Poland are greatly worried by the dry weather which prevails in those countries. The drouth has not been broken in more than five weeks.

A serious railroad accident took place at Silver Brook, near Hazelton, April 15th. A Pennsylvania railroad freight train ran into a Lehigh Valley express train killing one man and injuring many others.

Belated reports from the interior of the State, under date of April 14th, show that the snow drifts from the storms have so blocked the roads that travelers have to pass through fields. In one town it is reported there are drifts eight feet deep.

The Behring Sea difficulty, of which much was made recently in London in some dispatches from America, is not there believed to be a difficulty. It had been discussed in the House of Commons, and the Attorney-General has explained that between the American and English bills for giving effect to the arbitration there is, in his opinion, no important difference.

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Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

IRVING SAUNDERS expects to be at his Alfred Studio April 29th and 30th. Any desiring sittings please make appointments with Dr. Saunders.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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MARRIED

BOND—WILLIS.—At the residence of Mr. F. A. Bush, Weston, W. Va., April 10, 1894; by Rev. W. L. Burdick, Mr. Charles E. Bond and Miss Belle Ellis, both of Weston, W. Va.

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.

ALVORD.—In Andover, April 4, 1894, of scarlet fever, Carrie Helen, daughter of G. W. and Carrie Alvord, aged 5 years, 9 months and 4 days.

She was a lovely child, and looked beautiful as she lay in her beautiful casket lined with lovely flowers, fit emblems of her innocence. Her funeral was held at the home of her parents, April 5, 1894.

BEEBE.—At Spring Mills, N. Y., April 5, 1894, of paralysis, Lovina A., wife John Beebe, deceased, in the 69th year of her age.

After the death of her husband, which occurred March 3, 1894, she went to stay with her son, Ransom D. Beebe, but as it proved, she went to die at his home, and to be tenderly cared for by him and his wife. Sister Beebe made a profession of faith in Christ in youth, but to what church she united we are not informed, but since living in the vicinity of Andover, she has been one of the faithful members of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of that place. All who knew her loved her for her goodness of heart and faithfulness in doing her work in her family, in the church, and for the cause of her Master. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." She has left two sons, one brother, Eld. H. P. Furdick, and other relatives. Her funeral was very largely attended at Andover, April 7th, E. d. Platts and Eld. Lach assisting.

ROGERS.—At Milton Junction, Wis., April 5, 1894, of heart failure, Mrs. S. Melissa C. Rogers, wife of Deacon Lester T. Rogers, in the 69th year of her age.

THE TRUSTFUL BIRDS.

In the Master's teachings, he, for the most part, dealt with the common people; and it is surprising how often he illustrated his teachings by the familiar examples and incidents of their everyday life. Once, warning his hearers against any undue anxiety for their temporal wants, he used the incident which was so graphically pictured in the trustfulness of the birds. When we look at them, how contented and happy they seem. They have no anxiety about their wants. They neither sow nor reap, nor do they gather into barns. In great numbers they fill the air. They fill it with their music as the light of the morning breaks upon a new world; and as the sun is going down they send forth their notes of praise and thanksgiving without a murmur. They are regularly fed from the hands of God. He sees that their necessities are supplied. How few of them die from hunger!

And yet ye are of more value than they, said the Saviour to his disciples; and so he says to all of us. Our lives are of more importance than theirs. We are immortal, and they are not. We are in God's moral image, and they are not. If he will feed them in such abundance, he will care for you. Tired and weary one, look up with confidence to the God of the birds, and remember that he who cares for them has pledged himself to care for you. This does not teach us that we are to be spend-thrifts and squanderers, either of our time or our means; but, having done all we can to supply our wants, we are to trust God that we shall, if his children, be provided for.—Sel.

Farms For the Millions.

The marvelous development of the States of Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming, within the last few years has attracted attention in all parts of the world. It is not necessary, however, to search far for the cause of this wonderful growth, for this entire region, which is penetrated by the North-Western Line, teems with golden opportunities for enterprising farmers, mechanics and laborers who desire to better their condition. Here are lands which combine all varieties of soil, climate and physical feature that render them most desirable for agriculture or commerce. Rich rolling prairies, capable of raising the finest quality of farm products in luxurious abundance, can still be secured at low prices and upon most liberal terms, and in many cases good productive farms can be purchased for scarcely more than the yearly rental many eastern farmers are compelled to pay. Reaching the principal cities and towns and the richest and most productive farming districts of this favored region The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) offers its patrons the advantages of ready markets, unexcelled train service, perfect equipment and all the comforts and conveniences known to strictly first-class railway travel. Maps, time tables and general information can be obtained of ticket agents of connecting lines, or by addressing W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

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EAST. 10.42 a. m. No. 6, daily, accommodation for Hornellville. No. 8, daily, solid Vestibule train, for Hornellville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, New York and Boston, connections for Philadelphia and Washington, also connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions. Stops at Wellsville 11.06 a. m. No. 14, daily, for Hornellville. Addison, Corning, Elmira, Waverly, Owego, Binghamton and New York. Stops at Wellsville 1.17 p. m. 7.12 p. m. No. 18, daily, accommodation for Hornellville, connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions. No. 12, daily, for Hornellville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, Boston and New York, through Pullman sleepers. Stops at Wellsville 7.00 p. m. No. 10, daily, New York special stopping at Hornellville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, arrive at New York 7.50 a. m. Pullman Vestibule sleepers. Stops at Wellsville 9.28 p. m. Further information may be obtained from Erie agents or from

H. T. JAEGER, Gen. Ag't P. D., 177 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. D. I. ROBERTS, Gen. Pass'r Agt., New York City.



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