

The Sabbath Recorder.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y.

Vol. L No. 22.
Whole Number 2571. }

FIFTH-DAY, MAY 31, 1894

Terms:
\$2 00 in Advance.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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JOSEPH'S TOMB.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

In the fertile valley of Shechem,
Where Ebal's shadow falls,
And Gerizim (mount of blessing)
Looks down o'er rocky walls.
Hemmed in by the cloud-capped mountains,
'Neath ever-changing skies,
Alone in that valley of beauty
The tomb of Joseph lies.

He fell in the land of Egypt,
And centuries passed by,
While in faith his bones were resting
Beneath that alien sky.
He said, "Ye shall surely bear me
Out to that goodly land
Which was promised to our fathers—
Led by God's mighty hand."

But the freighted years rolled onward,
And through their music crept
The bitterest plaint of sorrow,
The voice of them that wept.
For "the new king knew not Joseph,"
Nor the people whom he fed,
And through cruel persecutions
Their path to freedom led.

In the hurry of swift departure,
And through their devious way,
Over sea or the trackless desert,
They bore the coffined clay,
Till they reached the land of promise,
With fertile fields of green,
Where they made in that lonely valley
The grave which faith had seen.

We, too, have a land of promise,
A land so fair and bright,
In visions of wondrous beauty
It flashes on our sight.
And ever, as on we journey,
Faith points that heavenly way,
Where death and its gloomy shadows
Are lost in endless day.

"If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that hour well spent.

"But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face,
No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost."

THERE is the greatest possible amount of comfort to be derived from the reflection that wicked men cannot defeat the purposes of God. He is supreme and his plans will ultimately prevail. He works by human instrumentalities among men in our world, and whatever temporary hindrances occur, the ultimate design will be realized. Just as certainly as the Saviour defeated the enemy in the great temptations in the wilderness, he will also be the vic-

tor in all subsequent encounters. This world will yet be conquered in the interests of Christ's kingdom.

DEATH is no respecter of persons. This trite statement finds frequent verification in our families, in societies, and among those famous for wealth or station. Of those who have recently passed from earth to the spirit land are several of considerable note. The late Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, was seventy years of age. He was a soldier in the Mexican war, and held a commission as Major-general in the Confederate army. He was once Governor of his State and had been in the United States Senate for over ten years.

THE late Senator Vance, of North Carolina, was about sixty-four years of age. He had been in public life for more than forty years. He served his State as Representative in Congress twice before the war. He was in the Confederate army the first year of the war and then withdrew from the army to accept the office of Governor of his State. He was chosen for a second term in 1864, and for the third time in 1876. For the past fifteen years he has filled his place as United States Senator.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD was one of our nation's most distinguished lawyers. The service which has rendered him most eminent as a jurist, and yet which from its nature did not bring him very conspicuously before the masses, was his life-long devotion to the work of a reform in legal practice. This, of course, is a work which the profession itself will best understand and appreciate, but which is said to have very bountiful fruitage.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, another eminent American lawyer, after a long and varied public life, died recently, in his eighty-second year. He was an eminent writer of history, American law and political science.

WHETHER Universalists are to be classified among evangelical denominations, or not, is a question receiving some attention of late. After a somewhat careful consideration of the religious tenets of Universalists, Dr. H. K. Carroll, of New York, announces his opinion that they are properly evangelical. The *Christian Advocate* dissents from this view. We once attended a large union mass meeting held by Universalists and Unitarians. Each of these bodies had able representative speakers. The first speaker explained how it happened that two bodies, holding such opposite views respecting the nature of Christ, could be united in holding a religious meeting. He said the doctrine of the ultimate salvation of the human race formed the basis of the union. Universalists believe that there is sufficient divinity and power in Christ to save all men and therefore all men will be saved; while the Unitarians believe there is enough divinity in man to

save himself, and therefore none will be lost. The remarkable absence of Scriptural authority as proof of the correctness of their positions was very noticeable.

Since that time, which was several years ago, there has been a very marked divergence in the teachings of these two bodies. Universalists, apparently, have drawn nearer orthodox holdings, while Unitarians have gone farther away into the mists of rationalism. The whole superstructure of the orthodox Christian faith rests upon the doctrine of the divine-human nature of Christ, and no religious teachers assert this doctrine with greater emphasis than do the Universalists. No other class of religious teachers so rob Christ of his essential divinity as do the Unitarians. Hence the difference between these two religious bodies is about as wide as it can be, while the difference between the teachings of Universalists and those who are usually reckoned as evangelical bodies is found mainly in the purpose and scope of the provisions made, through Christ, for the salvation of the human race.

It would be difficult to find more terse and comprehensive statements of the evangelical doctrine of the nature of Christ than the Universalists set forth, a few of which we quote as given by Dr. Carroll; the first is taken from an article in *Schaff-Herzog*:

Universalism holds as to the nature of Christ that it is identical with God's; as to his relationship, that it is that of a son; as to his office, that it is mediatorial. His existence, as declared in the proem of John's gospel, has been from the beginning. Having the same nature as God, and being actuated by the same spirit, he is literally "God manifest in the flesh." He is the Son of God in the highest sense.—President E. H. Capen, of Tufts College.

An editorial in a recent issue of *The Universalist* endorses the following statement as sound Universalist doctrine:

God is love personified;
Christ is love incarnate.
But love incarnate is God
Incarnate, for God is love.

One more quotation from the same paper, in an article by Dr. William Tucker, says:

Take away the miracles of Christ and the claims of divinity he made in connection with them, and we can give no rational explanation of the conduct of Christ, the faith of his disciples, the charges made by his enemies, or the action of the multitude that followed him.

So far the Universalists, as shown by some of their most representative men, are in accord with evangelical churches. To us their doctrine of the atonement, as making the salvation of all men certain, seems to be a sentiment unauthorized by the Word of God upon which we rely for our guidance. But we regard their position as far less harmful than that of the Unitarians, whose fundamental doctrine aims a death blow at evangelical Christianity.

AFFLICTION is a school of virtue; it corrects and interrupts the confidence of sinning.

AH! what a wondrous thing it is to note how many wheels of toil one thought, one word, can set in motion.

SOUTH-EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

The South-Eastern Association convened with the church at Roanoke, W. Va., Fifth-day, May 17, 1894. Bro. Samuel Bond was Moderator, and performed his duties with ability and affectiveness.

The introductory sermon was preached by D. C. Lippencott, a student in Salem College, in the absence of Pres. T. L. Gardiner, who was unable to be present at the opening session.

From the first an excellent spirit prevailed; a spirit of devotion and Christian fellowship marked all the sessions, but the culmination was in the most valuable meeting of Sabbath afternoon, in which a large number bore testimony to the value of the Christian's faith. Besides collections for Tract and Missionary Societies, there was a special fund raised for Salem College, amounting to \$500. Our people in West Virginia are thoroughly in earnest in maintaining their cherished school, but as they have not the means to make it a permanent blessing we hope they will be liberally aided in its endowment.

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

The open doors and open hearts of the hospitable people of Hopkinton City welcomed a fair ingathering of delegates in the midst of a much needed rain on the morning of Fifth-day, May 24th.

At 10.30 A. M., Rev. W. C. Daland, as presiding officer, called the meeting to order.

John Cottrell, of Shiloh, was chosen Secretary, *pro tem*.

Rev. E. H. Socwell, delegate from the North-Western Association, read from the 19th chapter of Luke's gospel, the first 27 verses.

Rev. M. B. Kelly, Jr., offered prayer, and after singing by the choir, Rev. G. J. Crandall preached the introductory sermon from the text, Luke 19: 13, "Occupy till I come." The theme, "Doing business for Christ." In this parable the pound seems to represent the doctrine of salvation which is offered to all men, not in unequal proportions but to all on the same conditions. This gift bestowed upon all men is to be used and increased. They were to receive power from on high, a qualification for doing the Lord's business. The work to be done is the Lord's work, and is to be done through the power given by him.

In the continued spirit of prayer all are to grow and become strong. A child grows by exercise, and so with the child of God. He must be in constant exercise and grow by drawing his life force from God. The branch grows because it has its contact with the vine, and in like manner the Christian must grow by his connection with God. The child of God must grow by means of the gospel method, the proper use of the ordinances of the Church of Christ. To neglect these ordinances is to fail in growth as one would fail in the use of natural means by which we grow and develop physically. Brethren, you cannot neglect the Lord's Supper without neglecting the Lord that bought you with his precious blood. We must not neglect the Word. It is an inexhaustible supply of trust, and as a means of growth it should be carefully studied.

This talent or gift will be increased by constant testimony for Christ. No wonder those who do not testify frequently for Christ grow cold. Many want all the rewards of the Christian life, but they do not want to do much for it. Such Christians will not get a great reward. We *must* try to save souls if we are true Christians.

Again the discipline of the church is a means of grace. Not the discipline as simply dealing with careless and negligent members, but the discipline of training, the culturing power of the church. Do not hesitate about doing anything the Lord requires of you. No one who obeys the Lord starves or is reduced to begging.

After a little routine business, the remaining time before adjournment of the morning session was devoted to a testimony meeting, led by Rev. Andrew J. Potter, pastor of the Waterford Church. This meeting of fifteen minutes found twenty-six willing witnesses aside from frequent songs of praise. This brief service was full of interest.

AFTERNOON.

Letters from the churches indicated that God had graciously visited several of the churches in connection with special revival efforts, as well as the usual work of the pastors.

Delegates from other Associations were invited to represent their bodies and participate in all the sessions. Rev. Samuel Davis, of the South-Eastern Association, spoke very encouragingly of the recent meetings held at Roanoke, W. Va., and the general work done during the year. The revivals and the work of Salem College have given new life and hope to all our people in that State.

Rev. A. B. Prentice, of the Central Association, spoke of precious revivals during the year. In this Association there are fifteen churches, some of these quite small, yet there is the vital spark of life in all.

Rev. M. B. Kelly, Jr., appeared as delegate from the Western Association, reading the annual letter and making interesting remarks. Three of these churches have had precious seasons of religious awakening.

Rev. E. H. Socwell, of the North-Western Association, after reading the annual letter, said, while he could not report many special revivals during the year, still he could say that there seems to be a general healthy condition among the churches. He spoke feelingly of the losses from their numbers of two noble workers, Rev. J. W. Morton and Rev. N. Wardner.

At this point Mr. Charles Potter, city missionary from New London, was introduced and made brief remarks respecting his work for the souls of perishing men and women in the slums of the city.

At the time appointed for a sermon by the delegate from the North-Western Association, Rev. O. U. Whitford read the Scriptures and offered prayer. E. H. Socwell, taking for his text Job 23: 3, "O that I knew where I might find him!" preached a helpful sermon.

It is natural for man to desire to know where to find God. It is unnatural for man to be seeking to find God. It is because sin has closed up the avenues and has concealed God from his vision. Through man's natural senses God cannot be seen; he must be spiritually discerned. The change is not in our Lord in order that he may be seen by us, but as those with whom the Lord conversed on their way to Emmaus had their eyes opened, that they might see and know him, so we must be changed that we may see him. No one has ever failed to find God when they have sought him with all the heart. In the case of Job, even in his afflictions, God was seeking to prepare him to find him more fully.

How shall God be found? First of all, he must be found at the cross of Christ. He is to

be found in the forgiveness of sins. But we should not stop with simple forgiveness. There are grander heights to be attained. One who stops satisfied with simple forgiveness is like one who would always live in the cellar of his home rather than in the light and cheerful upper rooms. Then we must also find God in the dark hours of sorrow. If we do not find God as a comforter in sorrow we do not know him in his true character. But even this is not enough. There are higher plains than the mere forgiveness of sin, or in the comforts afforded in times of sorrow.

We must find God in service. This is higher and grander than all. In his service we find him fully. Here we find him as a king and a Saviour.

We must bring some trembling soul to God to know him as we should. Then we find him in his completeness, as a forgiver of sins, as a comforter in sorrow, as a new order of service. This seeking should be continuous. Are we all thus seeking God? At the cross, in sorrow, in service, and continuously? Let us so seek him and enjoy him forever.

After the sermon ten minutes were given to sentence prayers and brief testimonies, under the lead of Rev. I. L. Cottrell. It was a time of earnest work and special blessing.

EVENING.

A beautiful praise service, conducted by the President of the Association, Rev. W. C. Daland, of half an hour, was an appropriate prelude to a sermon by Rev. Samuel Davis, of West Virginia. The Scripture lesson was read and prayer offered by Rev. G. H. F. Randolph. Text: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Matt. 25: 46.

When man came forth from the hand of his Maker he was purely material; but when God breathed into him the breath of life he became a living soul.

Death means separation. Life means union. In the day that Adam sinned he died. We are told in Scripture of being dead in trespasses and in sin. That is separation from God; and that is death. That which is called the second death or everlasting punishment is not death, but the result of death. Eternal life is eternal union with God.

This sermon was followed by devotional services led by Rev. G. H. F. Randolph, and while there were fewer persons to take part in the service than during the day, there was still a deep sense of the divine presence.

This meeting was made especially lively by the stirring remarks of the leader and also our recently ordained Brother Potter, of Waterford, Conn., and his cousin Charles Potter, city missionary, of New London. Both of these brethren are very enthusiastic workers. Thus the first day of this pleasant beginning closed with God's blessing.

[From L. C. Randolph.]

Bro. Jones sends us, from London, copies of the "Christian Commonwealth," containing accounts of W. T. Stead's visit to Chicago, and comments thereon. The editor says the English people do not take Mr. Stead seriously, and he heads one of his editorials, "If Christ came to Mr. W. T. Stead." Few men have been the object of more caustic criticism than has Mr. Stead ever since the time when he struck a blow at certain horrible phases of social vice in London, by publishing "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon." We would not be qualified to defend Mr. Stead's motives,

even if it were worth while. Possibly, as many affirm, the only god that he was minded to serve when he wrote his book on the "World's Fair City," was the golden calf. Be that as it may, the book is one for all thoughtful, earnest people to read. Bro. Jones says that "if a right down smart Yankee should come to London and be especially prompted by some 'Julia' or 'Maria' to write a book on London *à la mode* Stead—what would not the people say of him?" But he adds, "I almost wish he would come."

The amount of private and public corruption which is poisoning the moral atmosphere of our great cities is enough to make one heart sick who does not lean upon the promises of God. How are matters to be remedied unless the facts are known? Turn on the light.

A FEW years ago Geo. M. Pullman incorporated a company with a capital of \$30,000,000, bought an estate of over three thousand acres round Lake Calumet, and following the example of Messrs. Krupp, at Essen, "set to work to construct a model city in his own image." The business of the company was to build the cars which have made Pullman a household word. The car-works were the center and nucleus of all, where, in later years, 14,000 employees work up 50,000,000 feet of lumber per annum.

It was Mr. Pullman's ambition to make this city, which bears his name, an ideal community. To enable him to carry out this plan, he retained control of everything. The whole city—land, houses, stores, streets, public works, even the churches, were and are still the property of the company, of which Mr. Pullman is the autocrat. Literally speaking he owns the town. He fitted up every house with water and gas and the latest sanitary arrangements. He provided grounds for recreation and athletics; a public library, a school-house, church, savings bank and theatre. He beautified the town with flowers, stretches of green lawn, parks and lakes. His achievement was such an unique and masterly one that it gained a world-wide reputation, and was the admiration of the great public, which gathers its impressions from the racy sketches that travel the round of the local newspapers.

The strike which is now on at Pullman has brought to light a series of facts which rub off the glamour. It is the fashion just now to abuse Mr. Pullman, and, in the revulsion of public sentiment, it is quite likely that criticism is overdone. We do not believe that Mr. Pullman is a monster of beastliness. We do believe that his scheme has embraced much that is valuable. But it seems pretty certain that Pullman is not a philanthropic, but a business enterprise; and that it is founded upon principles which are quite un-American and have therefore been found wanting.

As a resident of the town put it, the citizens "paid rent to the Pullman Company, they bought gas of the Pullman Company, they walked on streets owned in fee simple by the Pullman Company, they paid water tax to the Pullman Company. They sent their children to Pullman's school, attended Pullman's church, looked at, but dared not enter, Pullman's hotel with its private bar, for that was the limit." It was too much Pullman for an American. The citizens grew tired of it and voted for annexation to the great city at the north by an overwhelming majority.

Dissatisfaction has been breeding for a long time regarding the justice of Pullman's administration. The present strike for higher wages has been fermenting for six months. The re-

duction of wages alone would not have provoked this protest had it not been coupled with the fact that rent remained as high as ever; that the usual quarterly dividend of 2 per cent was declared for stockholders; that the salaries of head managers still remained the same; and that Mr. Pullman had shown himself indifferent to the cases of suffering brought to his notice.

The fight is engaging wide attention and will be watched with great interest.

THE TRAINING OF A CITIZEN.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Dean of Woman's College, Evanston, Ill.

The best thing that the promoters of the Kindergarten system are doing for the interests of humanity is in elevating to its true importance the work of the home for the child. It is in bringing us to see that the essential part of the training of a citizen does not consist in teaching him to read and write, but in development along moral lines, and that the shaping of speech is not to be disconnected from the formation of character. The training of the citizen for a patriot or an anarchist, for self-seeking or true humanitarianism begins in the cradle, where with the first dawns of intelligence the foundations may be laid for self-control, unselfishness, and obedience to law. This training is essentially the same for men and women, and in all I have to say of home education I speak of the child, and not specifically of the boy or the girl.

One end of home education should be to make of the child a healthy, well-developed animal, and this necessitates intelligent oversight of his food, his clothing, his sleep, and all his physical habits. He should be accustomed from infancy to regularity in eating, and taught to think of food as for the building up of the body, and not a mere delight to the palate. While care should be exercised that food should be abundant, nourishing, and well prepared, it is a less evil that the child should sometimes eat inferior food than that too much importance should be attached to mere feeding, while the social and intellectual side of the gatherings about the family table is lost sight of. A child's tastes are no more to be outraged than those of his elders, but a child will usually take wholesome food without question if he comes to the table with his appetite uncloyed by sweets, and if he has not been taught to criticize and choose or reject according to the whim of the moment. I have been a guest at a breakfast table where the inquiry was regularly made:

"What is my little boy going to eat this morning?"

With the result that the youngster did not choose to eat anything that was upon the table, but was coaxed as a great favor to eat some specially prepared dish. A wiser mother served the children without question whatever food was provided, and though they understood that they were at liberty to leave it if they chose, they usually ate it as a matter of course, as their elders did.

If we are to have a healthy animal it must be regulated by some higher law than the caprice of fashion or the vanity of the parent. Constriction, compression anywhere, undue or unsupported weight, insufficient covering for legs and arms, whatever interferes with perfect freedom of motion, does not secure a uniform temperature or makes the child conscious of his clothes is a sin against physical well-being.

Sleeping with older persons or in unventilated rooms, as well as insufficient hours for sleep,

are a damage to the child and are responsible for a deal of the fretfulness that makes the morning hour a trial to the household. The practice of reading, singing, or in any way coaxing a child to sleep is a dangerous one, for in nothing are we more thoroughly the creatures of habit than in this matter of sleeping and waking. To go peacefully and happily to bed at an early hour, with a little good-night song and a few quiet words of mother-love and mother counsel, and then to sink naturally to the sleep that comes from silence, darkness and pure cool air, that is to find indeed "tired nature's sweet restorer."

But our citizen is to be something more than a healthy animal; he is to be governed by intellectual and spiritual forces; he is to be himself a spiritual force.

Self-control is the end of all discipline, and it may begin much earlier than most of us realize. Even from a selfish stand-point mothers would be infinite gainers if they would help their children to this grand mastery which may begin with mere physical habit. But we teach them instead to be restless, by continually tossing, trotting, carrying, drumming on the window or piano, shaking toys before their eyes, until they are never satisfied unless in perpetual motion. We make them nervous and restless when we might as easily teach them quiet, and the result is disastrous to physical well-being and the growth of character. Activity need not be restlessness, and a child who is never quiet is not in the best training for development, and needs steadying for his own sake. To sit quietly and listen to talk or story, to respect the presence of others, to yield one's preference, not to fidget under restraint, these are all things to be learned, habits to be acquired, and have to do with the child's whole life. The habit of observation, the awakening of thought, the development of the reasoning power, all depend upon self-control which gives the child the grasp of himself.

Unselfishness is looked upon as a sort of heavenly grace, but if it may not in every case be successfully nurtured, there is no question that its opposite may be. The child is induced to eat the food he does not want by the pretense of giving it to somebody else, to lie in his crib lest another child should come and occupy it, to take his medicine quickly before sister comes to get it. And when this kind of education bears its legitimate fruit we try to counteract it by compelling generosity quite in anarchistic fashion. I see no reason to doubt that an avaricious grasping nature may be inherited, but there are more rational methods of combating it than compelling the child to divide his possessions with others. The enjoyment of sharing, the delight of giving, the satisfaction of self-sacrifice, are impossible except as the rights of ownership are recognized, but ownership must be understood as meaning simply responsible stewardship. Tyrants are easily made, and the child who is allowed to strew the room with playthings, to cut paper and whittle over the carpet regardless of the unnecessary work he is making, is in training for a disregard of the rights and comforts of others which will enter into all his future dealings. To be thoughtful of all who render service, to be one's self a minister and burden-bearer, this is the Christian socialism whose teaching should begin in the home.

Obedience lies at the foundation of all right living—to recognize the existence of the law and yield to it the assent of the whole nature. A child may obey without being obedient. To

obey touches only habit, a decision as to what is on the whole the most comfortable thing to do; to be obedient covers intention, disposition, desire. A child may obey because he has discovered that rebellion is useless, and that the easiest way is to yield without contest, just as many an adult yields outward obedience to law because he knows that in case of conflict he is sure to get the worst of it. But to make a child obedient is to set his will on the side of law, and develop in him a principle that becomes a part of his character, so that he shall not simply choose to obey but wish to obey; so that he shall not yield to authority but to right; so that obedience is wrought into his habit of thought as well as his habit of action. This implies as the thoughtful parent must see, not the subduing of the child's will, but precisely the opposite. It means to awaken it, to enlist it on the side of right, and to strengthen it that the child may hold himself to what you have taught his judgment to approve. How much higher and more serviceable a thing it is to your child to have learned this, than that he should simply have learned to obey you. You ought indeed to be to him the embodiment of right; you must often decide for him what is right and wise in action, but until he wishes to do right and takes that for his law, he has not learned the obedience which is a part of character. Why should we assume that fathers and mothers by virtue of mere parentage have a right to demand unquestioning obedience of their children? On the ground of parentage you are under infinitely greater obligations to this child upon whom without his consent you have laid the perilous possibilities of existence, than he can be to you for the care and tenderness which are not only spontaneous but a deep delight. Prepare him as best you can for that which he cannot escape, or you have not discharged the obligations you dared to take upon yourself.

Truthfulness, pure, absolute, beautiful, is a foundation-stone of character, but to the child all things are true until we teach him that there is falsehood. He learns by experience that the stars are beyond his reach, that things which please the eye are not always good to eat, and that beautiful objects can give pain. He learns in the same way that there is falsehood; that words and actions are used to deceive, and he is quick to act upon the evil knowledge. My indignation is always aroused when I hear people quote against childhood the words of David, "They go astray as soon as they are born—speaking lies." David said that as he did a good many other picturesque things of his enemies, such as "Adders' poison is under their tongues," "They whet their tongue like a sword."

But children fall easily into habits of untruthfulness from fear, from injustice, from a desire to accomplish their ends, and often with no proper sense of the seriousness of the offense. How should it seem a serious thing to them when deceit and falsehood are used towards them by their elders? When we make light of our promises, or take refuge in the mental reservation to do a thing if it proves best? The mother romances to the child about the new baby; the child romances about something else and is punished. She enforces authority by threats never meant to be executed, and promises never meant to be fulfilled, and then wonders that the child is not truthful and honest and straightforward in his dealings with others.

The home ought to teach industry, prompt-

ness and order. The market value of a child's work is not the measure of its worth. Whatever portion of the daily work falls to the child's share he should understand that it belongs to him legitimately as a member of a partnership, and that his reputation depends upon his doing it promptly, regularly, and in a workmanlike manner. Whether he likes the work or not is not at all to the question. Your child needs to learn what a multitude of men and women have never learned, that what the judgment approves is to be conscientiously carried out without any reference to the fact that it is *no fun*. A great stumbling block with children is their idea that people when they are grown up do just what they please because there is no visible compulsion upon them. It is in the home that they must be taught that obedience is the law of life under which parent and child both live, and that we are to do the right not because anyone says *must* to us, but because we say *must* to ourselves. If promptness be the most difficult of all virtues to teach our children, it is that whose possession will be a priceless boon to them. It is worth a small fortune to them to be taught to go without delay from one thing to another, neither wasting their own time nor stealing that of others.

I have not touched the great field of literary training and culture, the choice of books, the familiar acquaintance with the masters of thought and speech, the work, possible only in the home, of teaching the eye to see and the ear to hear the wonders and harmonies of nature. To be in themselves noble, to strive for the things that are true and lovely, to live lives that shall have harmony of development because they reach "straight onward towards a worthy aim, outward to touch and bless on either side, and upward with a steady lift toward God." This is the end for which home education lays the foundation—sows the seed.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, EVANSTON, ILL.

FIELD WORK.

The most usual form of the Field Secretary's work is to occupy the pulpit of a church Sabbath-day, preach a sermon and present to the people a plan of the work to be done. The week following a canvass of the society is made, for the following objects:

1st. To get every one, so far as possible, to pledge to give a certain sum every week, five cents, more or less, according to ability, to be divided equally between the Missionary and Tract Societies. These amounts are contributed in envelopes made for the purpose, through the weekly collections at the church, and a weekly record and account of the same is kept by the church treasurer. These contributions are divided and forwarded to the two societies every one, two or three months; and at the end of twelve months, the treasurer notifies any that may be in arrears on their payments, and collects the balances in full for the year. Many when signing say they prefer to pay monthly quarterly, or all in one payment, and of course are allowed so to do. Some prefer to pledge the amount they will give for the year instead of by the week.

2d. For cash contributions for the Tract Society, or life membership in the same.

3d. For new subscribers to the SABBATH RECORDER.

4th. For the collections of subscriptions on the SABBATH RECORDER of subscribers who are in arrears.

5th. For the sale of any of our publications.

The pastor of each church can greatly help in this work by calling attention from the pulpit, from time to time, to the denominational paper, articles of special interest it may contain, and the duty of the people to have it. The plan of the DeRuyter pastor is a good one. He has his people bring their papers to church Sabbath-day, after they have read them, and during his rounds the following week, he distributes them among Sunday neighbors and our own people who do not have the paper. In this way an appetite for the paper may be stimulated that will bring future subscribers.

The pastor should give notice every Sabbath of the amount of collections on the preceding Sabbath. In this way it will be seen whether in their weekly offerings they are falling behind the sum total of their pledges.

The treasurer, at the end of the year, should not fail to notify every one that is delinquent in their payments.

The local RECORDER agent can do much for the paper by urging it upon every family that does not have it. Even if he does not secure their subscription, he can make it easier for the Field Secretary to get it when he comes. One of our young ministers had said he did not think the Secretary could get any new subscribers on his field. But he did get *twelve*. Perhaps the pastor's previous efforts with his members, though not successful, should have a good share of the credit for the results of the later canvass of the Secretary. The subscription list of the RECORDER, which was 2,170 in December, is now 2,370.

G. M. COTTRELL, *Field Sec.*

ALBANY CENTRE, N. Y., May 28, 1894.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

Will you kindly give space in the RECORDER for a Seventh-day Baptist to make some remarks about the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook*? If there is one paper that I would not willingly do without, that I would send to everybody I know and to every one that I don't know (if my pockets were as full of money as my clothes are of holes), it is the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook*. I do not see how the Tract Board could accomplish more than it seems as if it ought to accomplish by the publication of this little wide-awake messenger of truth. If the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* could visit every family in the United States, every week, it seems as if the first day of the week, "Sunday," the "Christian Sabbath," the "Continental Sabbath," the "American Sabbath," might soon be known as "The Devil's Day." Of course Sunday-keepers might not give it that name, but they seem to enjoy variety in their names for this child of pagan-papal parentage, so they might adopt the name "Devil's Day," under the above mentioned circumstances. Keep on with the *Outlook*, Bro. Lewis, it is a grand work nobly done.

A. E. WENTZ.

SPEARVILLE, Kan., May 21, 1894.

CALLICOON DEPOT, N. Y., May 25, 1894.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER.

Dear Brother:—In response to your article, "Is it True," in the RECORDER of May 17th, I wish to say for one that I hope the publication of the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* will be continued. I enjoy it and prize it highly. It supplies interesting and helpful reading to Sabbath-keepers, and is especially adapted for distribution among non-Sabbath-keepers. I know of nothing that can fill its place. I could say more, but this is enough.

Yours in Christ,

J. LEE GAMBLE.

MISSIONS.

THERE were eleven more baptized at Ashaway, R. I., last Sabbath evening, May 18th, and there are more to follow next Sabbath. Thus steadily the good work of grace goes on in the First Hopkinton Church. May it not stop until all the unsaved are gathered in, and every wanderer brought back.

THE religion of Jesus Christ is restorative. It restores the believer to the love of God and his dear Son; to spiritual life; to the love of purity, righteousness and holiness; to harmony with God's law and willing, loving obedience thereto; to fellowship and communion with the Lord. Because of sin man lost Eden, and his holy estate, but through grace he is restored from death to life, from penalty to pardon and made not only an heir of God but joint heir with the only begotten Son of God. What a restoration! The religion of Jesus Christ is also revolutionary. It thoroughly changes a man's life in heart, mind, will, character. It breaks the galling chains of sin, frees one from the dominion of vice and iniquity, and makes him a free man in his soul life and power. It puts down wrong and exalts and establishes right. It holds an irreputable conflict with error and falsehood to crown truth with a glorious victory. It is to turn the world upside down because it is wrong side up through sin, and put it right side up through the Spirit of God. It is to bring all nations, kingdoms, principalities and powers under the rule and reign of the Son of God. Christ is in history as the great underlying cause working out the ends of his kingdom in the downfall and uplifting of nations and peoples, and in solving the great problems of the human race. The final victory of Christ's kingdom may seem afar off, but it is coming and will fully come, and what a victory and reign it will be! Are we helping to gain that glorious victory?

A SHORT COUNTRY TRIP.

Believing it will be of interest to the friends of our work, I send a brief account of a country trip made last autumn. Illness has prevented me from forwarding it at an earlier date. The localities visited were Lieu-Oo and Ta-Tsong. The object of the trip was to preach the word of life to the perishing, to sell gospels and calendars, to visit a lone member of our little church, and to see if we might not be able to establish some regular out-post work. Dzau-Sing-Chung accompanied me to assist in the work. Our first stopping-place was Ta-Oen-Kyau (the bridge of great peace), the characters for which are chiseled out upon the long heavy stones that span the arch. But the name chiseled upon it is not the name by which it is commonly called. It is generally called Zah-Ka-Kyau (the Stone family Bridge). Here we moored our frail bark and passed a very peaceful night. Sabbath morning dawned upon us bright and beautiful, a most favorable day for the work we had planned to do, which was to visit Rebecca, a member of our Shanghai Church. Her home was an English mile distant from us, and although so near it would be almost impossible for one not acquainted with the country to find it, for it could be reached only by foot-paths that wound about and across fields and intersected with other paths, making it very difficult to find the way. Fortunately our boatman was familiar

with these paths, and acted as our guide. We reached her home quite early, and after a little introductory visit we proposed to hold a short religious service, to which she readily assented.

She then brought out, carefully wrapped in a cloth, her Chinese hymn-book and Bible. These books were not written in the Chinese character, but in a phonetic style, used to some extent in the days of Drs. Carpenter and Wardner, by whom she had been taught. We read together a portion of a chapter in the gospel of Luke, and then sang that favorite of hymns to the Chinese, "There is a happy land." I was much gratified in the thought that this old lady, although surrounded with idolatrous neighbors, was able in this way to read the precious words of life and join with us in the worship of the true God. In our preaching we tried to bring from the gospel courage and comfort to her in her poverty and desolation. In this connection, it has occurred to me, that if the scattered members of our churches in the home-land need visitation and encouragement to enable them to maintain their religious life, how much more this poor and lonely widow, living as she does in the midst of heathenism. After a pleasant, and I trust a profitable, service, we returned to our boat for dinner.

In the afternoon we preached in the village near at hand, where a goodly number of listeners gathered to hear. At the close of this service we invited any one who might be interested to accompany us to our boat, where we would tell them more about this way of salvation. There were two men who separated themselves from the company, following us even to our boat. They seemed much interested, assenting to the doctrine we preached, but evidently lacked the moral courage to enable them to come out and join themselves to the despised sect of Christians. They said one to the other, "What would our friends and neighbors say if we should accept of this doctrine?" The influence of public opinion in China, as in some other countries, is more powerful than the truth.

Sunday morning we moved on to Lieu-Oo, where we sold calendars and books during the forenoon. In this work we came in contact with a very interesting case. A lady seeing us on the street invited us into her home, bought a calendar and one or two gospels, then invited us to sit down and talk awhile. She had many questions to ask about the doctrine. During our work the next day we called upon her again. I desired Dzau-Sing-Chung, who was not with me when I made my first call, to meet her. She received us very cordially, serving us after the Chinese custom, with tea. Dzau-Sing-Chung talked in a very interesting and simple way to her, explaining and answering her questions about the Jesus doctrine. As we were about to leave she invited us to visit her again, and said if she came to Shanghai she certainly would come to see us. As we left the home of this heathen woman we felt that the Lord had given us a most favorable opportunity to tell the story of his love to one who all her life had been ignorant of it. We lifted our hearts in prayer to God that this woman might become fully acquainted with this divine love.

We visited the chapels of both the American Episcopal and the Methodist Episcopal South, located at this place. The latter as yet have no members at this station, while the former have a few. The American Episcopal mission have a dispensary in connection with their work here. When I visited this place several years ago

there were no chapels opened for regular work. On Sunday afternoon we had the pleasure of listening to a very able sermon by a native preacher of the Methodist mission. We could but wish that the Lord would bring to our aid some such earnest and efficient preachers of the Word.

On Monday we did some more work, and in the afternoon again visited the chapel of the Methodist, and assisted the Rev. Mr. Hill in a preaching service. At evening of this day we set sail for the city of Ta-Tsong, where we arrived early Tuesday morning. We worked here with very good success until afternoon, but I found it impossible to continue, having contracted a severe cold, consequently we returned home. I was sorry that the two or three weeks' work that I had planned was so soon cut short, but we trust that these few days' work may bring some ray of illuminating light to those who are sitting in the darkness of heathenism.

D. H. DAVIS.

SHANGHAI, China.

FROM F. F. JOHNSON.

Have visited all our interests in the State of Texas in the following order: Sometime during the last of December visited Bonita, Montague county, the home of Dr. Powers, who is a staunch Sabbath-keeper, and in the midst of a large practice of medicine. Staid with him several days, preaching nights in school-house, and riding around with him in day-time to see his patients and the country. He has a household church of Sabbath-keepers, consisting of himself, wife, and two daughters. The doctor is doing good work here. Has organized an association for the purpose of discussing various religious subjects, which meets the first Sabbath in each month. He is much interested in the Sabbath cause on this field, and will do all he can to sustain it.

Visited several points of interest in Cooke county, joining Montague on the east. At Bulcher I preached to a large congregation on the Sabbath subject. After taking my seat a minister arose and sanctioned every word I had said.

From there went to a neighborhood near Marysville, and held several meetings in a school-house, with good congregations. One Baptist minister frankly admitted that he could find no place in the Bible for Sunday-keeping. There seems to be some interest here. It is in God's hands, and if it is his will he will prosper it. Preached once in the school-house in Marysville and once in the Baptist church two miles west. Visited an old Illinois friend by the name of Grisham, who is a Baptist preacher, eight miles east of Marysville. My recollection is that the first sermon I ever tried to preach was over his shoulders. Had a meeting appointed for him, and I followed him. Preached several times in school-houses near him. God knows the result.

The next point visited was at Bro. Johnson's, near Meridian, in Bosque county. Preached several times in his house to attentive listeners, and twice in a school-house five miles away. Some interest is springing up here. One Baptist brother told me, after hearing me lecture on the Sabbath subject, if I would send an appointment to preach at his school-house he would insure me a crowded house. Made arrangements to hold meetings there on my way back. Bro. Johnson is very much in favor of tent work, as we could get no encouragement to hold meetings in the town. What a terrible thing prejudice is!

The next place visited was Eagle Lake, Col.

orado county, 200 miles south. Five miles west of this place Sister Wilson lives. Found her family well, which consists of herself, three grown daughters, and one son. They appeared very glad to see me. They live on a fine farm and ranch of 500 acres, prairie and timber land interspersed. Held several meetings in her house, and one in a school-house three miles away. Several of her neighbors are much interested in the Sabbath subject, and some are keeping it. One of her neighboring women, after moving near her, concluded she would search the Bible and convince her she was wrong, but her search led her to find that Sister Wilson was right and she was wrong, and is now keeping the Sabbath of the Bible. The sisters are rejoicing that they have Sabbath-keeping company. Expect to have some baptizing to do here on my return.

Thence came to Victoria, Victoria county, about twenty-five miles south-west from Eagle Lake, where Bro. S. D. Allen lives, five miles from town, in fine farming country. Everything is flourishing. Cotton and corn are principal products. Found Bro. Allen and family, consisting of wife and two grown sons, well and well pleased with the country. Do not wonder at it. Land rich black loam. The greatest drawback to this country is drouth, though the people are happy and have plenty to live on. Country is new, plenty of game, saw nine deer at one sight. Held two meetings in a neighbor's newly finished house, and one meeting in a school-house two miles distant. Bro. Allen is by trade a blacksmith, and has good opportunity to call his customer's attention to the Sabbath subject, which he surely does. There is considerable interest here. A family consisting of husband and wife, named Witt, have commenced keeping the Sabbath. Bro. Witt is a licensed Baptist preacher, about thirty years of age, and is well recommended by his neighbors. He is an active worker, and I think he is calculated to do much good here. He is working hard to convince his brethren. Think he told me his father and two of his brothers are Baptist preachers. Left an appointment to preach there next Sunday, on my return. Subject: Who changed the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week?

Then came to Berclair, Goliad county, about forty-one miles west of Victoria, where Elder Whatley and his son, Dr. Whatley, wife and one daughter, live. What a change in so short a distance! This is in the drouth-stricken district. Have had no rain scarcely since last June till now. From here west for hundreds of miles a great deal of stock has died of starvation. When I came, one week ago yesterday, the ground was as hard as a floor, nearly, and almost no vegetation. But now what a change! Have had fine rains, and the people are rejoicing. All nature is putting on clothing of red, white, green, and yellow. The soil here is deep, rich, black sandy loam, and the climate is all a person could wish, and the doctor says it is extremely healthy, seldom ever having any malarious diseases. The people are hospitable, kind, and generous, taking the State over. Am now giving a series of lectures on the Sabbath question at the school-house, which is the only house in town used for holding meetings. Some interest is manifested. Will continue the meetings till next Sixth-day, and then Eld. Whatley and myself aim to go to Brother Allen's. Bro. Whatley is crippled up considerably with rheumatism, but can get around well for a man of his age, 74. He is intelligent

and interesting. Sister Wilson desires that he should go with me to visit them.

In conclusion, I think the outlook in this State is good, although from what I have learned since I came here the cause has had some bad backsets, caused by designing men. It seems that every good cause has to pass through sore trials.

BERCLAIR, TEXAS, April 11, 1894.

WOMAN'S WORK.

DECORATION DAY.

Thin grows the ranks. A few worn, weary men,
With the white spray of age upon each brow,
Come in sad memory of those far-off days
When they marched gayly where they falter now.

A few are left. How short has grown the list!
We call it tenderly, with bated breath,
Lest from our ranks should fade the noble band
To answer to the roll-call of the ruler, Death.

Few, few are left. The ranks grow thin, and wide
Apart as the dim armies of the past.
Silent and slow they come, who once
Their conquering forces on the foeman cast.

Only a few, with weak and faltering tread,
And for a little while their march they keep
O'er the rough ways of poverty and age
To bivouac grounds of rest, so green and deep.

Thin grow the ranks. In silent camps they wait,
Who shared those hours of victory or defeat;
And marble sentries guard the sacred spot
Where war-worn heroes rest in slumber sweet.

So few are left! Where are those gallant ones
Who led the conquering bands to victory,
Who out of darkness brought the light of peace,
And set a race of suffering people free?

So few, but ah! the golden-fruited years
Have scattered memory-blossoms on their way;
And a glad nation comes with thankful heart
To tell its love on Decoration Day.

—Harper's Weekly.

WOMAN'S HOUR IN THE SOUTH-EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

The Secretary being absent, Miss Ina Hevener presided, and the following programme was rendered:

Music, "Beautiful Robes."
Scripture reading and prayer.
Music, "Behold, the Fields are White."
Reading, "She hath Done what she Thought she Couldn't." Miss Tressa Davis.
Reading, "Such Gifts and Givers as God Loves." Mrs. Bessie Bond.
Music, "Help just a Little."
Address, Our Responsibility. Mrs. Flora Burdick.
Music, "Cast thy Bread upon the Waters."

SECRETARY.

ASA GRAY'S BOYHOOD.

Who was Asa Gray? He was a great botanist and found out a great many interesting facts about plants that had never been known. He travelled all over the world and studied the flora of every country. He lived to be over seventy years old, and most of his life was spent in this interesting study, writing of and teaching its wonderful truths. The boyhood of men who have been benefactors of mankind is always full of interest, and in the book Asa Gray's wife has published, "Letters of Asa Gray," we find these interesting facts regarding his boyhood:

Asa Gray was born in Sauquoit, in Oneida County, New York, when that western country was just being settled. He tells us that a little girl in the neighborhood taught him his letters and took him to school with her. His brothers and sisters had a Webster's spelling book which did duty for them all. The little boy was very anxious to have one for his very own. The household spelling book had been well thumbed, and a new one would look so much better. His father told him that as soon as he learned what was in the old speller as far as "baker," he would give him a new one. It was only a few weeks before the little Asa had reached the goal, and

his father gave him the coveted prize. He went proudly to school the next day, and as he might not speak to the teacher to proclaim his triumph, he walked in front of her desk to his seat, waving the book with a great flourish before her. It was just before he was three years old.

They had a lovely teacher by the name of Sally Stickney. She ruled by gentleness. For the class she had an old-fashioned two-shilling piece, with a hole through to insert a yard of blue ribbon. She put this over the head of the one who stood first in the class. So it traveled home every night with some one of the scholars until the ribbon was worn and faded. But more than that, the one who stood at the head on the last day of school was to be the owner of that two-shilling piece which the scholars had watched with jealous eyes so many weeks and studied Webster's spelling book so hard in the hope of getting it.

One of Asa Gray's friends, now eighty years old, relates this part of the interesting story of the two-shilling piece: "Well, with hearts beating fast and eyes on the coveted prize, we were called on the last day of school to spell. We took our places. I was at the head, Asa next. I missed, and he went above me; my all was gone, but I braved it without a tear; a few more words would end the strife. It came around to Asa and he missed; how quick I went above him; but in an instant he dropped his head on the desk before him and cried as though his heart would break. School was dismissed, scholars were leaving; still he did not move, until teacher came to him, whispered to him, soothed and petted him; then he jumped up and ran. I felt sorry for him, and would have been willing to divide with him if he had not crowded over me so. I ran nearly all the way home—a good mile—with my treasure. My mother told me to go another three quarters of a mile to Stephen Savage's store and spend it for calico and piece it up, to keep forever. I could only get one yard for my two-shilling piece. I pieced the quilt. Now my grandchildren are studying Asa Gray's Botany! He called here two years ago and said in a smiling way, 'I have got all over feeling badly about that,' and I answered, 'And well you may, when you have received so many honors since then.'"

A neighbor who lived to be very old tells this story of Asa Gray's boyhood: "One day his father had sent him to hoe a certain amount of corn, and he found him reading instead of at his work. He gave him a choice to finish his hoeing and then read comfortably, or to sit there in the field all day in the hot sun and read. He chose the reading, and his father said then, 'I made up my mind he might make something of a scholar, but he would never make a farmer.' But books were scarce and money was scarce.

When Asa Gray was a young man, a medical student, so many others were smoking that he tried it too; it made him very sick at first, and took him some time to get accustomed to it. At last as he sat one evening before the fire and smoked, he said to himself, "Really, I am beginning to like it. It will become a habit. I shall be dependent on it." And so he threw his cigar into the fire and gave up smoking entirely.

This great botanist in later life had a black-and-tan terrier named Max that was his loving companion for twelve years. He loved his plants so well that often when he passed through his greenhouse he would stop and pet them, patting them gently, giving a few words of encouragement to those who did not seem to thrive as well as they ought, and words of commendation to those who had made a fine growth. He said he found more botany in a half-day in the desert than in a week in Egypt. A country that had been cultivated five thousand years had no weeds.—*Zion's Advocate*.

A LOCK was shown to Gotthold, constructed of rings, which were severally inscribed with certain letters, and could be turned round until the letters represented the name Jesus. It was only when the rings were disposed in this manner that the lock could be opened. The invention pleased him beyond measure, and he exclaimed: "Oh, that I could put such a lock as this upon my heart!"

"A SUIT FOR A SONG."

BY ELEANOR W. F. BATES.

'Twas a cold winter's morning The great clothing store
Had folded its shutters and opened its door.
The full ranks of salesmen were busy as bees,
For patrons were many to fit and to please.
The large, plate-glass windows were shining and bright,
And behind them arranged was a wonderful sight—
Piles of clothing, galore, both for boys and for men,
While mirrors each side showed their glories again;
And a great gilded sign (broad its letters and long),
Bore this legend enticing, "A Suit for a Song."

The master of all, the rich merchant, stood by,
Prosperity shown by his keen business eye,
His carriage erect and imperative hand,
As he glanced right and left with an air of command.
While he stood, through the door crept a mite of a boy,
Not one of the dainty curled darlings of joy,
But a ragged and dirty and half-frozen child,
Looked up at the merchant and timidly smiled,
And then, like a chime of far bells set a-swing,
Half-murmured, half-whispered, "Please sir, may I
sing?"

He sang, and his voice trembled sweet on the ear;
He sang—O the angels might bend down to hear!
'Twas the lyric of childhood, and passionate pain
And joy's magic music were mixed in the strain.
It was low—'twas the cry of a heart stricken sore;
It was soft, and the ardor of faith went before;
It was shrill; tears unbidden sprang swift to the eye,
For cold and starvation rang keen in the cry;
It was sad with the pleadings of hope long deferred,
Yet 'twas sweet as the lay of a nest-building bird;
Yes, 'twas sweet; it flung memories of home on the air,
Of purity's shrine, of a mother's low prayer;
It faltered and failed into silence, and then,
Looking round at the circle of listening men,
He said—though his voice for a moment fell mute—
"I've sung you a song, will you give me a suit?"

He pointed his thin, grimy finger to where
The sign in the window was lustrous and fair.
"A Suit for a Song"—it was this the child meant.
Every eye on the prosperous master was bent.
He spoke not, he moved not. Far back in the years
He roamed with a vision sweet almost to tears.
His face was downcast on the quivering child,
But in one moment more he had looked up and smiled
And patted the boy. "I suppose I'm a fool—
Here, you! dress this imp in a suit fit for school,
And the rest of you fellows"—with mimic berating—
"To your work! and be quick! there are customers
waiting!"

All day was the heart of the merchant prince warm
As the suit that now covered the little one's form;
And whenever the issues of business perplexed
His brain to confusion, a wandering text
From an old-fashioned volume brought peace out of
strife,
And calm and content to an oft-worried life;
"Naked I was, and ye clothed me," the words
Chorded sweet as a chorus of jubilant birds—
Nay, sweeter! as faith is far sweeter than joy,
They were sweet as the song of that newly-clad boy.
—Congregationalist.

DR. BERNARDO'S HOMES.

BY REV. WM. HURLIN.

The institution which bears this name is one of the prominent and most valuable of the benevolent institutions of London, England. About twenty-eight years ago Dr. Bernardo, then a young physician just commencing practice in the east of London, established a Ragged School in a low neighborhood, and this brought him into contact with wretchedly poor and destitute boys; and this led him to extend his plans. He first established a home for about twenty-five destitute boys; then a Village Home for girls; after this a Labor Home for destitute youths; after this a Babies' Castle for infants, and then homes for cripples, blind children, and deaf mutes, etc., thus embracing one class after another, until he now has fifty-one separate branches of his work; and very nearly five thousand infants, children, and youths, in his different homes. Among other departments are his Open-all-Night Refuges, where homeless children can obtain food and a bed, with the certainty that their cases will be inquired into on the following day, and it is the boast of Dr. Bernardo that a really destitute child or youth has never been refused admission.

On Dec. 31, 1892, Dr. Bernardo was able to report that in twenty-seven years 21,569 children had been rescued, trained, and placed out in life from his homes, and that of this number 5,737 boys and girls had of their own free will and at their own desire, been taken to the Dominion of Canada, where homes had been found for them in respectable families, and that over 98 per cent of these emigrants "have amply fulfilled the highest hopes of their friends, . . . while the proportion of those who have wholly

failed is but a fraction of one per cent." Dr. Bernardo is not only careful to ascertain that the persons with whom he places his boys and girls are of unexceptional character, but his agents visit them afterwards from time to time when they are not expected, that they may ascertain whether things are going on well, thus keeping track of his *proteges*. The training in these homes is essentially Christian.

In addition to his extensive work for providing children and youths, Dr. Bernardo is carrying on a large work for aiding adults in the east of London, and improving their moral and religious condition. One of the means he is using is the establishment of Coffee Palaces, to attract working men from the Gin Palaces, and other places for the sale of intoxicating drinks. —*Zion's Advocate*.

LETTER TO THE SMITHS—NO. 7.

TO ARTHUR SMITH.

My Dear Nephew.—I was rather pleased to receive, some time ago, an answer to my letter to you. You seemed to remember those days in the harvest field as well as I do myself. I know by the way you write that you were there.

And now I write this second letter to you, Arthur, for the purpose of telling you what I think about those not very clean stories you say you used to hear your uncles tell while at their work or during the noon hour. Yes, I know all about those stories, Arthur, and if you ever heard me tell any of them I want now to ask your forgiveness for the harm I did you. I can assure you that I have many, many times asked God's forgiveness for everything I ever did of the kind.

But, Arthur, I never did much of it. Let me tell you the reason why. In my younger days I was much away from home. I recollect that I used sometimes as a boy to enter into the vile conversation of the men by whom I was daily surrounded. My mother, one of the dearest, sweetest and best women that ever lived, used to write long letters to me full of hearty encouragement and good cheer. She did not preach to me very much through them, but her gentle, Christian spirit pervaded every one of them, and by their holy influence I was kept from yielding to the most of the temptations that beset me. One sentence in one of her letters to me has had an effect on my life ever since. It was this: "My son, I beg of you not to use any language among your companions that you would be ashamed to have me hear." That plea went to my heart and has never left it. I think of it very often after all these years; and I am sure that those words of my good mother have been of greater value to me than ever so many of the sermons I have heard since she wrote them to me.

Arthur, I hardly know what to think of some of the men who used to tell one another, and even to us boys, such vile stories as they seemed to delight in. It is because they are professing Christians that I do not know what to think of them. Even the deacon had his share in it; and I have heard preachers, while working in the fields, tell nearly as filthy stories as those of the crowd they were in. I suppose those good men were only following a habit inherited from their fathers; but I am sure they did untold mischief by their foolish jesting. We boys used to keep silent while the men went on in this way, but we caught up all their stories and then retailed them to our companions at school, thus making all the vileness that the stories suggested a current topic among us. Some of those indecent harvest field stories are still in my memory, and I cannot forget them; they come into my thought now and

then all unbidden, respecting neither time nor place. I wish I had never heard them.

But I've heard something worse than all that, bad as it is. I've heard men use indecent language in their homes, and before their wives and daughters. I've known men who were called Christians that seemed to delight, when in the company of ladies, in such talk as might be taken in an indecent sense—*double entente*, with no very *doubtful* meaning, after all. I recollect that my mother, generally so mild in manner, used to become indignant because of the studied double meaning of the language of our nearest neighbor, who thought himself witty when he was only vulgar in his talk.

I have known a man whose table talk came to be so much of this nature that his wife, grown used to it, would now and then laugh heartily over what she thought to be good wit; and even his daughters simpered and giggled behind their napkins. And then those girls went to school—and told the other girls, perhaps, how "cute" their papa was.

Oh, the *shame* of it!

Arthur, I do not think such sins as these are so common as they were in my boyhood days, still I do not know. You and I are living among a different class of people from what we knew as boys,—people from whom we would not expect any such vile talk; for their knowledge and culture gives them something better to say. I do not mean you to infer, Arthur, that the people among whom my boyhood days were spent were a low class of folks; in fact, they were above the average to be found in pioneer communities. But we did not have so many books and papers then as we do now, and I think the lack then of what they now give us kept us from a better conversation.

But, only a few evenings ago, when I stepped into the corner grocery of an errand I found your Uncle David and half a dozen of his cronies sitting where they usually spend their evenings. David was telling what he seemed to think was a funny story; it was a most indecent one, that is certain. When he finished telling it he laughed very loudly, but no one else laughed much. Seeing me there, he said, "I guess Uncle Oliver 'aint much used to stories, and wouldn't laugh at 'em, no how." I did not know just what answer to make, and then there came an awkward pause, during which I walked out. I think that, if the truth were told, David felt a little bit ashamed of himself. He certainly ought to do so, for he is a gray-haired man, the father of five daughters—good Christian girls. I don't know what your Uncle Dave would do if he should hear any person use such language with reference to his Christian daughters as he used with reference to women in general.

Your Uncle John Smith, the deacon, is a good story teller. He can make the simplest kind of a story laughable, and he will go on from one to another of his "that makes me thinks" all day long, and still have a large supply left on hand for the next day. Though he is a Seventh-day Baptist of the strictest sort, and can defend the doctrine vigorously, he doesn't reject a funny story on account of a bit of indecent language or vile thought. His own boys are often among his auditors. I don't know what they think. I am sorry that Deacon John likes stories so well. Perhaps, if he should read more and talk less for a time, he would come to be able to talk about something better. And I wouldn't wonder if he'd come to *like* something better than such stories. I do not suppose your Uncle John *means*

any possible harm by his naughty stories; but you and I both know that mischief is pretty sure to come of them whether he means it or not.

Now, Arthur, I know you are not guilty of the sin about which I have been writing; you detest it. I have written to you about it because you put it into my mind. What I want to propose to you is, that both of us undertake to do more than we have done to use our influence against the telling of indecent stories and the use of unchaste language, especially by those who profess something better, and by the boys. You work in your field of labor, and I'll promise to do so in mine. My prayer is that all men who love purity of character may refrain, not only from profanity and slander and lying, but from filthy conversation, even when it comes in a story that might cause a laugh in a crowd of men. Faithfully yours,

UNCLE OLIVER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I read in the *Sabbath Outlook* of May 10th, the following extract from the *Central Baptist* for April 19th: "As to the 'Sabbath,' long before Moses lived in Egypt, as authentic history shows, the seventh day of earth's fitting for man was so marked as man's 'first day' that it gave name to the day as 'Sunday.' The question is suggestive, 'Were the early Christians unintelligent when they were impressed by the fact that Christ, who created man, indicated his highest design when he himself arranged that his resurrection, with all it implies, should be made to recall that first day?' It certainly was a profound record of Dion Cassius, Roman senator, consul and historian, that he should as a statesman, in the age when John's pupils were living, have attributed a part of the success of Christians to that signal fact, their return to primeval law by making 'Sunday' their day of religious devotions."

The above is from the pen of Rev. Dr. G. W. Samson. Some may wonder why Dr. Samson did not quote some of that "authentic history" to prove that man's "first day" of existence, on the "seventh day earth's fitting for man," "gave name to the day as Sunday." I think it must have been "for the same reason that Jack didn't eat his supper." I have been studying this great Sabbath question for seven or eight years, and I know that I would be very much obliged to Dr. Samson for some quotations from "authentic history" to prove his statement true.

In Nuttall's standard dictionary I read: "Sunday, the first day of the week, so-called because it was anciently devoted to the worship of the sun." This dictionary was "revised, extended, and improved throughout by the Rev. James Wood," author of "Stories from Greek Mythology," etc. Rev. Wood, as do also all men of honesty and education, identifies "Sunday" as the "first day of the week." Bible students, without regard to denomination, as far as I can learn, agree that the creation of man was the last work of creation, and that it took place about the close of the sixth day (Friday, near sunset). His first day of existence would count, therefore, from sunset Friday until sunset Saturday; or in other words, would be the seventh day or "Sabbath of the Lord." I refer the earnest seeker after truth to the "authentic history" bearing on the subject: Gen. 1: 1-31; 2: 1-3, Ex. 16: 26; 20: 8-11, Luke 23: 56; 24: 1.

You see that I do not differ with Dr. Samson when he asserts that "the seventh day of

earth's fitting for man" was man's "first day" of existence. But I deny that the first day of man's existence, which the Bible always calls "the seventh day," "the Sabbath," or their equivalent, was ever known under the name "Sunday."

Dr. Samson has, at least, placed himself in a very awkward position. The papal church, as well as all Christian denominations, agree with the Bible that the seventh day of creation was the first day of man's existence, and that this was the identical day of the week which the Jews kept according to the commandment of God. Ex. 20: 8-11. No human being who has any honesty or truthfulness, unless he is grossly ignorant, or lacking in sanity, will deny that the Jews are still, weekly, celebrating this identical Sabbath, or the seventh day of the week (Saturday).

I would call the attention of the Rev. Dr., and all others who pervert facts in order to support Sunday-keeping, to the following lines of a well-known hymn:

"And no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie."

Intelligent people must see from Dr. Samson's own statement, that if one had been commanded to keep man's first day of existence as the Sabbath, in order to commemorate that event, still we would be constrained to keep "the seventh day of earth's fitting for man," for Dr. Samson identifies it as the same day.

But Dr. Samson goes further and admits, indirectly, something in which the majority of Sabbath-keepers, as well as some Sunday-keepers, will agree with him. "Were the early Christians," he asks, "unintelligent when they were impressed by the fact that Christ, who created man, indicated his highest design when he himself arranged that his resurrection, with all it implies, should be made to recall that first day?" What "first day" does he mean us to understand that Christ's resurrection was "made to recall"? Why, by reading what he has said about "the seventh day of earth's fitting for man" being "so marked as man's 'first day,'" we can see that he wishes us to understand that Christ's resurrection was made to recall "man's 'first day'" of existence. We do not admit that Christ's resurrection on the seventh day was to recall the day as man's first day; but we do admit what Dr. Samson infers, that Christ did rise from the dead "in the end of the Sabbath." See Matt. 28: 1. (For further information in regard to the resurrection, address The American Sabbath Tract Society, Alfred Centre, New York.)

As Dr. Samson has no support in the Bible for his assertion that the seventh day of the creation week (man's first day of existence) was ever named "Sunday;" and as all acknowledged authorities of this world, amongst uninspired writings, acknowledge that "Sunday" is the "first day of the week," and that "Saturday" is the "seventh day of the week," or the "Jewish Sabbath," we may conclude that Dr. Samson has heaven and earth against him. We know that the Bible teaches but "one Sabbath all the way through," as a Methodist preacher admitted to me the other day, consequently if we know which day is the "Jewish Sabbath," we know which day is the Sabbath that all men are commanded to keep holy.

We would like to ask Dr. Samson some questions about "Dion Cassius," but we do not care to occupy all the space in the RECORDER, so we will desist; for we are inclined to think that the Doctor is buried deep enough.

A. E. WENTZ.

SPEARVILLE, Kan., May 21, 1894.

"THAT CALIFORNIA COLONY."

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER.

We have noted with interest and no little curiosity what has appeared in the RECORDER for the last few months concerning the above topic, especially so in view of so much having been said in both a public and private way about our people "scattering" so much and starting so many small societies that are not, and cannot at any early date become, self-supporting. And more, we had thought several times of asking the founder of the above colony, or some other good brother, to state in the columns of the RECORDER how it is, and upon what basis it is figured, that a man with a family and household goods to move can afford to go so far, and pay from \$200 to \$400 per acre for land,—land, too, which must be irrigated, when other locations, much nearer by, and where land is much cheaper, can be found where Seventh-day Baptist churches are already organized?

We have now good openings for people of our faith in Flandreau, S. D., in Calhan and Boulder, Colo., and if one prefers still farther South, Bro. Shaw, of Fouke, Ark., or Bro. Hills, of Attalla, Ala., would no doubt gladly quote you rates and offer some special inducement for locating with them. But, if you still insist and must have the California climate and fruit prospects, let me call your attention to Louisiana and Mississippi. I am told by people now residing in Hammond who have been in California that in many respects this region is very similar to that of the last mentioned State, especially in climate and prospects for fruit growing. True, our soil requires fertilizers to get best results, but that is no greater hindrance than irrigation. We have no mountains, but that is in our favor, as the fertilizers do not wash, but remain in the ground year after year. After the first two or three years the expense of fertilizing is materially lessened. Only five to ten acres are required for an average farm, which sells from \$5 to \$20 per acre, according to improvements and distance from town. Outside the lumber interest, which is among the finest of the South, our chief item of produce from which we get the most ready cash, is as yet the strawberry. But the country is being rapidly dotted with orchards of several varieties, which with proper culture yield nicely, among which are pears, peaches, plums, grapes, quinces, apricots, etc. Cotton is grown to some extent, though not so much as in Mississippi. It is the natural home of the sugar cane and sweet potato. All kinds of vines and vegetables do well here, especially melons, which usually sell at a good figure. Corn and Irish potatoes are grown, but like the apple tree, are better suited to a clime further north.

Our gardens are usually planted in February and March. Snow, in homeopathic doses, is a very rare commodity, but we usually have some frost as late as March 15th, and occasionally as late as April 1st. This spring, like many other regions, it was quite severe, killing many of the plums and peaches, more so than common. Grapes present a fine prospect.

We have some hot weather and insects of various varieties, but am not aware that they are any more disagreeable than the blizzard and cyclone of the North. Our days are no hotter than in Illinois and Wisconsin, only more of them. But we have a fine gulf breeze nearly every day, and never hear of sunstroke. The cost of living is not so very different from that in the North. Some articles are more, some less.

Butter and Irish potatoes are higher, but this is more than made up in fuel and cost of building. Our town is growing nicely. We have some 1,600 to 1,800 inhabitants—more in the winter than in the summer, as Hammond is getting to be a great winter resort for Northern people who have means to flee from the cold blasts of that region. The colored man is no curiosity, but is seen daily on our streets. Though each have their separate schools and churches, the whites find it very convenient to employ the "darkey" for much of their heavier work.

Last season our village erected a fine two-story school building of eight rooms. At least six of them will be needed the coming school year. No one need fear coming this way because of no school privileges. The grade is now very good, but will be made even higher the coming season. A large three-story hotel was also erected the past winter, which is a great addition to our town in many ways. We have all the usual shops and stores found in any well-regulated town, and yet others might be added to the advantage of all concerned.

There are six white church organizations in the place,—Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Seventh-day Baptists, First-day Baptists, and just recently the Catholics have perfected a small organization. The last two named churches have no buildings; the other four have comfortable, though not costly, church houses. Our own is nearly completed; has a seating capacity of 400 or more. Our membership at present is nearly 60. Though it may seem strange, as yet we have the largest membership in town, and the church is thoroughly united in its efforts to do good and save souls. We have a healthful and energetic Endeavor Society of some twenty members, and though limited in means, are raising some \$20 for benevolent purposes.

We are looking for several additions to our society this fall from various points. Several from Nortonville, Kan., have been here during the spring, some of whom have already bought, and others no doubt will, as they confess the place suits them in many respects, at least more than any other seen in the South. So pause and meditate, please, before your departure to California, where land is high and where society and church organization and church buildings are yet to come, if ever.

Sincerely yours,
G. W. LEWIS.

MAT PETERS—THE COWARD HERO.

For Decoration Day.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"We will not flag this grave," said Comrade Reyburn, pausing by a plain headstone on which was inscribed, "Matthew Peters, member of Co. H, 115th O. V. I. Born January 17, 1843. Died March 11, 1865.

"Why do you wish to leave this particular grave unmarked?" inquired Captain Green, crossing over the family lot to read the inscription. "Mat was a soldier, and our orders were to mark all the graves where soldiers sleep."

"He was a deserter, you know, and has no right to the name of soldier," insisted the younger man. "I have no sympathy with cowards, and consequently no sympathy with the memory of Mat Peters, notwithstanding the fact that more than a score of years have elapsed since he found a dishonored grave among his kindred."

"What do you know about the circumstances connected with his desertion?" inquired Captain Green, rubbing his hand lightly over the cheap stone that loving hearts had erected to the dead man's memory.

"Nothing except the fact that he deserted," replied Mr. Reyburn. "But that is enough for me."

"Well, I was with him during all his almost four years of service, and I think I can say with a good conscience, I never knew a better, braver soldier than just poor Mat Peters. Let us sit down here in the shade and I will tell you what I know of his career."

The two men seated themselves on a rustic seat at the head of the grave, and the captain continued:

"Mat was not quite eighteen when he enlisted, and it was nothing in the world but pure, downright patriotism that induced him to leave his old father and mother alone. He was their last born and only living child at the time of his enlistment, and as years were creeping rapidly upon them, neither of them were able to do much toward earning the means for their own support. Mat thought of this, and hesitated about his duty even after he had promised his name to the recruiting officer. But the patriotic neighbors assured him that the old people would be well taken care of if he should go, and trusting to these promises he went.

"During the first three years of the strife, while his father was able to tend to his garden and truck patch, they did not suffer. Mat sent nearly all of his wages home to them, and they managed to keep a roof over their heads and were satisfied with the bare necessities of life which they could afford. But during the summer of '64 the old father suffered a sunstroke, and from that day until the day of his death, two years later, he was unable to walk a step. The neighbors soon tired of looking after the fretful old invalid, and as the winter came on, the aged couple, neglected by those who had promised to care for them, began to suffer, not only for necessary attention, but for lack of even the plainest kind of food.

"Mat had re-enlisted a short time before this new trouble had developed, but the furlough he had been promised at that time was never granted to him. Over and over again, every time a pitiful letter from home arrived, Mat went to headquarters and begged for a few days leave of absence that he might go home and make some arrangement to keep the old people from suffering; but his efforts were all in vain. The army had gone into winter quarters and there was no possible reason why his request should not have been granted; none in the world except that the officer in charge had an old grudge against Mat, and did not choose to treat him civilly.

"At last the poor fellow became despondent and grieved constantly over his disappointment, and one day when a letter came with the information that his father could not last much longer, he was actually dying of slow starvation, Mat grew desperate, and without consulting anyone, started to tramp his way home. At the end of the fourth day he reached his native town, and he was none too soon, either, for there was not a loaf of bread in the house, and the old couple were shivering over the last fagot of wood which they had to keep up their fire. He spent all that night and the whole of the next day in laying in provisions and fuel to last them for weeks to come, and then, having made them as comfortable as was in his power, he started back to his regiment. But before he reached camp, the officers who had been hounding his steps ever since he stole away, overtook him, and after a hasty trial by courtmartial, he was condemned to be shot.

"He heard the sentence without flinching, but a week later, when informed that President Lincoln had refused to sign the warrant for his execution, he broke down and cried like a baby.

"After he returned to the regiment, the boys, like yourself, having an aversion to anything bearing the name of desertion, evaded him at every turn, and the poor fellow had a very doleful time of it. He was a sentinel on duty on the night of March 10, 1864, the night upon which the enemy had planned, and came near carrying out, too, a successful raid upon our camp. An unerring bullet from a sharpshooter shattered Mat's right leg just above the ankle, but that did not deter the brave fellow who had

been so misjudged from crawling back to camp on his hands and knees to give the alarm of the proximity of the foe. His timely warning had saved the camp from the intended surprise and consequent destruction that had threatened it, for as soon as the enemy became aware that their treachery had been discovered they hastily retreated, thus leaving our forces the heroes of a bloodless victory. Bloodless, did I say, when it had been purchased with the life of Mat Peters, the brave deserter!

"His injury, not necessarily fatal in itself, was made so by his almost super-human exertion to save the very men who had conspired to make his last months a burden. But his self-denying deed of that night won him a host of friends and silenced forever the charge of cowardice which had been preferred against him. Before the sunset on the following day Mat's gentle spirit had passed into the hands of that Judge who judgeth not as man judgeth, but who, against the faults of his erring children, weigheth ever the whirlpool of their temptations.

"There were many bitter tears shed over the coward-hero as we made him ready for his long, last journey to his dear old home, for I want you to know that out of their own small earnings his comrades procured him a decent coffin and paid for his final ride back to the broken-hearted parents, who had given their best, their all, to their country."

"And what became of the old couple after this loving, faithful son was numbered with the dead heroes?" inquired Mr. Reyburn, wiping the tears from his sunburnt cheeks.

"They did not long survive this new grief, but while they did live, the kindly neighbors ministered tenderly to their small wants," replied Captain Green. "They lie here by his side, as you see, and it was Mat's own comrades who placed the plain, simple stones to their heads, as well as that of their soldier boy, who had risked his reputation, ah, yes, more, his life, in obeying the command, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' We thought Mat would like to have it so, and though he was not here to be cheered by our appreciation, we tried to do what we knew would please him were he among us. Now, comrade, you have heard the true story of Mat Peter's desertion, and I will leave the matter of marking his grave wholly in your hands," said the captain, as he rose to complete his task.

"You may leave it with me now," answered Reyburn, as he placed a small flag on the grave. "And to show my contrition on account of my hasty words, I will bring an extra wreath for this grave myself to-morrow."

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands—tight!" promptly replied sister.

"Ah, that's not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out:

"Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his off; so I'm safe!"—*Day Spring.*

Mrs. Breezy, (with hammer): "There, I've hit the nail on the head at last."

Mr. Breezy—"Why do you put your finger in your mouth?"

"That was the nail I hit."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

YOUNG friends, do you make a practice of attending the covenant meetings of your church? I heard this evening a young lady tell of being in one of our largest churches at a covenant meeting. She and another young lady just for a change attended, and to her surprise they were the only young people present, while the elderly people present represented perhaps one-twentieth of the church membership. This is not right and ought not so to be.

I ALSO this evening heard a young married woman tell of an experience of hers soon after she, as a girl of eleven years, had joined the church at Alfred Centre. She had made arrangements with some young friends to attend the closing exercises of a public school a few miles distant. It was Friday afternoon. Her mother, in a judicious, loving way (would that there more such mothers!) reminded the daughter that it was the time for the church covenant meeting, and that she now being a member of the church had certain duties in relation to the services of the house of God. She did not insist upon the girl's attending the meeting, but she presented the matter in such a light that the daughter decided to forego the pleasure trip that she had been anticipating. And she said in my hearing, not an hour ago, that she had never been sorry for her action, even though some grown up people had thought it a little foolish. Young friends, what do you think about it? Is it not a duty incumbent upon you to give your assistance in maintaining this important service of our church? It surely is.

INFLUENCE OF PUBLIC TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST.

HAMMOND, La., May 14, 1894.

The following article was written by one of our dear Christian Endeavor sisters who is at present suffering from an accident, which confines her at home, yet she can use her pen and give us some good thoughts. She wrote in my place this quarter.

LEONA HUMISTON.

Our influence for good depends not so much upon the great things we may do or say, as upon our faithfully improving the opportunities for doing or saying the little things for our Master as they come to us day by day. Being confined to the house by sickness, a neighbor called, an elderly gentleman, who in early life had been a pioneer in one of our western States, but like the birds had sought a warmer clime.

Our conversation soon drifted into his beloved topic, "The true Christian life." And that I may illustrate to the young people the helpfulness of one's influences, when their lives are given up to God, I will repeat a little of what he told me, though not in his own words.

After settling in our western home we began to look around us and found to our sorrow that our lot was cast among Godless people. We had neighbors, though none were near, and not one professing to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. No church, no religious gatherings, no one with whom we could converse on the subject so dear to us.

Days, weeks, and months passed. One day a stranger on horse-back stopped at the door and said: "There will be a meeting at the school-house next Sunday. Will you come?" The house was full, and when the invitation was given for all who would to speak a word for Christ, my wife

and I were the only ones who arose. An appointment was made for meetings to be held in the school-house each month. And month after month the house was filled, yet no one arose and testified to the merits of the loving Saviour, but my wife and I; and how often we thought we did no good as no one seemed to be bettered by it.

A Sunday-school was organized with myself as Superintendent, yet souls still seemed hard and impenitent. Thus the years passed and we moved to another place, but as I grew older I wanted to see my old home and neighbors again and went to visit them. And lo! a revival had swept the entire community. I entered the meeting, and one good neighbor arose and said, "I first began thinking about being a Christian years ago when our neighbor here (meaning myself) lived among us, and would, before us Godless people, arise and acknowledge how much the Saviour had done for him." Another and another arose and expressed almost the same words. I could hardly believe it, but the Lord did use us, though we did so little toward the conversion of souls.

The old man seemed so happy as he lived over again those past experiences. And I have been thinking, young people, why not make for ourselves many such pleasant experiences to look back upon. It will not be the outward surroundings, the good things we have had, the worldly pleasures enjoyed or the riches acquired that at the end of life we will think most about, but whether our lives have been true and noble, whether we have lived our best in the place God put us, so that through the influence of our lives wandering souls whom God loves so much may come to him and find peace and happiness.

MRS. E. L.

THE subject of the following resolutions, Leslie Cutler, was a member of the Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Church. Owing to a long and painful illness, he had not been baptized, but his name had been acted upon by the church and accepted with the understanding that he should be baptized as soon as he recovered his health. But God thought best to take him to a better land. His funeral was largely attended by friends from Chicago and from his home, the village of Glen Ellyn, the public school being dismissed for the afternoon, May 17th. Services were in the Congregational church. Sermon by his pastor, the Rev. L. C. Randolph, and remarks by the pastors of the Congregational and Baptist Churches.

Resolutions passed by the Christian Endeavor Society of Glen Ellyn, Ill., May 15, 1894:

WHEREAS, God in his providence has taken from among us our friend and brother, Leslie Cutler, and,

WHEREAS, His life among us was marked by gentleness of bearing, thoughtfulness and general kindness of manner, and,

WHEREAS, He was a consistent member of the Christian Endeavor Society, attending its meetings and interested in its welfare; therefore,

Resolved, That the departure of our brother is a great loss to the Society, and that we shall miss him from our circles and from our meetings, and,

Resolved, That we extend to the family of the deceased our sympathy in their affliction, with the prayer that God may be with them through the Holy Spirit of comfort, and,

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the *Wheaton Illinoian* for publication, and that they be spread upon the minutes of the Society.

In behalf of the Society,

C. D. CASE, Pres.

GRACE J. WHITTLE, Sec.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

We supposed several weeks ago that the Ashaway revival was near its close. This will be the tenth week since Mr. Randolph and myself came to work. We thought last week would certainly close the work, but new ones continued to come forward every night. Eleven were baptized Friday night, making forty-nine in all up to date, and many more are now ready. Many are coming by letter both from sister churches and also from other denominations. Five families, husband and wives, have been converted and baptized, and three more families were forward last night.

Two weeks ago trouble commenced with my throat, and since then I have not been able to speak; Pastor Crandall has preached most of the time. Our General Secretary, O. U. Whitford, has preached for us once, and to-night Brother Daland, of Westerly, is to preach for us. We are intending to continue the revival meeting through the Association week; some of us going, but we have no means of carrying so many people; those who go will, we hope, go to help and carry the blessing with them. It looks now as if this work could go on for weeks yet, as people who have never attended the meetings until now are coming to be interested. People believe now that nothing is too hard for God to do, and they are asking for hard things.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

—THE Y. P. S. C. E., of Rockville, R. I., held a very interesting session on Sabbath afternoon, May 5th. As the topic was a missionary topic we had a missionary programme as follows: Praise service; prayer; Scripture reading; paper, "Some of the lessons to be learned from the lives of Adoniram Judson and Wm. Carey;" reading, "Jewish Missions;" music; reading, "The story of a missionary heroine;" reading, "A sketch of John Geddie, missionary to the South Sea Islands;" music; paper, "Something about the work of Elds. Carpenter and Wardner in China;" paper, "Our present missionaries in China, who they are, how long they have been there and what they are doing;" reading, "Story of a missionary hymn;" music. The papers and readings were very interesting and we think profitable to all. Our little society is doing a good work and all seem interested.

COR. SEC.

—WHILE working in the garden, not long since, I was waited upon by a delegation of children from Mrs. Hill's school with request that I should preach to them at the noon recess the following day. I asked them if they would not prefer to play. The reply was prompt and enthusiastic, "Oh, no sir, we want a meeting of our own, if you will preach to us." The petition was granted, of course, and at 12.30 next day, in a beautiful grove of second growth pines on the hillside just back of the house, the school-children's first meeting began with gospel music, wholly in charge of the children. They have a choir, but all in the congregation sing. They pronounced the meeting a success, and say they want two or three each week as long as school continues when I can be with them. Six of these meetings have been held up to date. The children range in age from eight to fifteen years. Quite a large proportion of them are already Christians and Christian Endeavorers, and all the others say they want to become Christians. Usually some of the parents and friends of the children attend and all are deeply interested in the school-children's meetings. We hope the Lord will so direct this work, and prepare the hearts, that much permanent good may result, and these bright, young lives be aided in grasping the thoughts and lessons of the divine Book, and that they may be prepared to successfully meet the great realities and problems of life that await them.

GEO. W. HILLS.

ATTALLA, Ala., May 3, 1894.

—ON Seventh-day evening, May 19, 1894, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Walworth, Wis., gave an entertainment at the town hall, consisting of recitations, readings and music. The male quartet, which assisted in the evangelistic work in the West last summer, furnished a prominent feature. That their efforts were highly appreciated by the audience was indicated by repeated encores. The Society cleared, above all expenses, nineteen dollars and ten cents.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR FIRESIDE.

Our Bessie is a tiny maid
With very quaint ideas,
Her little speeches oftentimes
Are wise beyond her years.

One day her grandma said to her,
"Your apron is not neat,
Run up, my dear, and have it changed,
And be made clean and sweet."

But Bessie, deep in picture-books,
To this made no reply,
Yet cast one furtive look out from
The corner of her eye.

Again spoke grandma, and this time
Her voice had sterner grown,
"My child, put down your book, and mind;"
Wee Bess liked not the tone.

So then the little maid looked up;
And keeping hold, the while,
The precious book, she only smiled
Her most astonished smile.

"Why, gwan'ma, I am surprised!"
Two brown eyes open wide;
"What diff'wence if my ap'n's soiled
As long's I'm clean inside?"

-Child's Hour.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

BY MRS VICTORIA ALEXANDRA STONE.

It is not in the power of people in the common walks of life to do good to the extent which is possessed by sovereigns whose sway extends over millions of their subjects. People may think that kings and sovereigns in general deserve no credit for the good that they do, simply because it is in their power to do good. Very true; but we should remember that it is also in their power to do much harm, as the reign of Henry VIII, and Bloody Mary of England, bear ample witness. I have read many instances of the kindness of heart of Victoria of England, and one incident that I read many years ago, I write from memory for the boy and girl readers.

The incident in question is especially deserving of note, because the person thus honored belonged to the humblest class. He was a poor man, whose family were dependent upon his earnings for their daily bread. Briefly narrated, the story is as follows:

About fifteen or twenty years ago there lived near London a young man whom we will call George Sherwood. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and two adopted children—a boy of eight and a girl of five years. The boy he took from a foundling hospital, and the girl he picked up in the streets of London. The mere fact that he adopted those two children proved that the man possessed a noble nature, but he trod his daily path of life meekly, and, very likely the world would never have heard of him but for the following incidents:

One day the house of a near neighbor took fire, and it being a windy day and the house very old, it burned rapidly. All attempts to extinguish the flames were in vain, and the people were standing helplessly about, watching it burn, when a scream from a woman alarmed them all. Her daughter, a girl of twelve years, was in an upper chamber! Help seemed impossible, as the house was one vast sheet of flames; but George Sherwood, who was present, seized a light ladder, placed it against the porch, climbed to a window, and soon had the girl in his arms; but, alas! when he descended the frail ladder it broke beneath their weight, and young Sherwood was badly injured, having his right arm broken and his left hip fractured.

For three months he was helpless, suffering agonies from his injuries; but at last he was so far recovered as to be able to work, although he was lame for life. He did not seem to think that he had done anything worthy of note, but worked industriously for the support of those he loved.

But at last one of the Queen's officers heard his story, and in the next list of the names to be knighted by the Queen occurred the name of George Sherwood. The officer sat by the table with the Queen as she read the list which was to receive her approval and signature.

"Who is this?" she said, as she read George Sherwood's name. The officer told his story substantially as we have related it here. The Queen was much moved. She laid down her pen and listened with intense interest.

"And you say this man has never received any reward?"

"Never, your majesty."
The Queen rose to her feet. "To-day is a holiday in Sydenham; bring him here!"

The voice of royalty was obeyed. A vast crowd was congregated in Sydenham. The troops paraded, the bands played, flags waved, and fountains flashed and sparkled in the sun. A platform was erected in the park, around which a crowd assembled. It was guarded by a company of soldiers. Suddenly, at the blast of a bugle, a curtain was lifted, and a lady dressed in black stepped forward upon the platform. It was Queen Victoria. She paused a moment, and, amid a breathless silence, two soldiers stepped upon the platform leading between them a pale, slender young man, who halted in his gait. It was George Sherwood. They led him to the Queen and then stood aside; a lord-in-waiting placed a heavy sword in the Queen's hands, and then she spoke for the first time to the young man, George Sherwood, who stood trembling before her.

"Kneel," she said, and he obeyed. She raised the heavy sword and struck him upon the shoulder.

"Rise, Sir George," she said. She dropped the sword and beckoned towards the curtain.

A lord-in-waiting stepped forward with a box in his hand. He raised the cover and the Queen lifted from its depths an object which was rather insignificant to look at, and yet, for its sake, torrents of blood had been shed, thousands of men had fallen in battle, and deeds of valor without number had been enacted on sea and battle-plain. It was the Cross of the Legion of Honor. She turned once more to George Sherwood and said: "Kneel again." He knelt, and she stooped and pinned the cross upon his breast; then, taking him by the hand, she raised him to his feet, and said: "The Queen has heard with pleasure of your valor, Sir George; such courage should not go unrewarded." The people cheered and the music burst forth, and, no doubt, thousands of hearts responded to the prayer, which was the burden of the hymn that the bands played that day: "God Save the Queen!"—*Christian Cynosure*.

DIDN'T THINK.

BY H. L. CHARLES.

A little bird with doleful voice
Goes flying through the air,
No place is free from his approach—
We meet him everywhere;
His song is heard when boy or girl
Behind him tries to slink,
As an excuse for some mishap—
His name is "Didn't Think."

A ball is tossed through window pane,
There's some one in disgrace,
A horse is left alone unhitched,
A book is out of place,
A boy has fallen from a cliff—
He went too near the brink—
All questions why, are answered by
This doleful "Didn't Think."

No wide awake and thoughtful boy
Will listen to his song,
Nor seek him out, e'en tho' by chance
He happens to do wrong.
He'd rather bear the blame deserved,
Than always from it shrink,
And seeks through thoughtfulness and care
To banish "Didn't Think."

IN AUNT VERA'S ROOM.

BY VEVI.

Aunt Vera's room was always a welcomed spot to her nieces and nephews, while, quite as often, those who had no claim of relationship came there for sympathy, encouragement and help.

"Oh, aunty, I am so tired of this humdrum life," said Ruth Lovell, as she sought her favorite seat on a hassock at her aunt's side for her accustomed twilight talk. "My life is so narrow and circumscribed, and it seems to me I am doing so little good in the world."

"Have you forgotten your school and your

remarkable influence as a teacher, dearie?" said Aunt Vera.

"Oh, no, one could not easily forget that roomful of restless little children, but my influence is so limited, my words, I fear, so easily forgotten, I want to go out into the world, my heart craves for broader fields in which to labor, as well as better opportunities for self-improvement."

"Listen, dear," answered Aunt Vera, "while I tell you of my friend, Helen Leslie, of whom you remind me so much. Helen was bright, talented and ambitious, well improving the educational advantages afforded her in their village academy. The world looked beautiful and bright before her as she left her *alma mater* that commencement day, justly bearing the honors of her class. She at once engaged in teaching, in the meantime perfecting herself in stenography, a profession not as often chosen by young ladies in those days as it is now.

"A few years later Helen had an opportunity of spending a season abroad. In visiting historic scenes, points and places of interest, which had become familiar to her in her readings, her brief tour was one continued delight. A keen observation and retentive memory has also enabled her to give her home friends many hours of rich enjoyment in reviewing those months of travel.

"Soon after her return from Europe Helen secured a lucrative position in one of the state departments at Lansing. Uniting with the Baptist Church at the capital city, her helpful influence was soon felt in the Young People's Society, Sabbath-school, Mission Circle and Children's Band.

"A sudden cold brought on an attack of rheumatism, which gradually increased in severity. At first she prayed for restored health and accustomed vigor, but God's purpose was otherwise, and trustingly she could say, 'Thy will be done.'

"A burning fever brought her very near death's door, but her faith never faltered; her precious life was spared, for God still had work for his child. She was obliged to give up her position at the capital, and could no longer participate in those social and literary gatherings which to her had been such a delight, and for many weary months she was confined to her room, unable to move about only as some loving hand assisted her, yet it was right there that her faith and zeal, tried as by fire, burned the brightest. A revival meeting was at that time held at her home church, and in Helen her pastor found one of his most faithful helpers. Her prayers and work for the young people were remarkably efficient; many souls were brought into the kingdom through her ministrations.

"Though so many disappointments had come into Helen's life, still her cup of sorrow was not full. A few years later her father, mother and only brother, were called to the better land, a twin sister and herself alone remaining of their once happy family.

"By her profession Helen is able to support herself, though she still remains an invalid, and moves about by means of her wheeled-chair, and although shut in from her former active life, unable to enjoy the privileges and opportunities once open to her, yet her sweet, sunny nature makes life bright for all about her; articles from her gifted pen, in the *Standard* and other religious publications, are read at many firesides. Learn a lesson from Helen's life, Ruth; be content in whatever place duty calls you, doing the humblest task faithfully, and you will be the better prepared for broader fields of usefulness when they open to you."

"Thank you, auntie," Ruth replied, "for the helpful lesson you have given me, I can go to my work to-morrow with a new purpose, a happy and contented spirit, thanking my heavenly Father for the many blessings and opportunities he has given me."—*Christian Standard*.

ONE use of temptation is to show how much we need Christ.

BE careful what you read. You cannot read trash and live truth.

UNDER THE STARS.

"It isn't far from bedtime, Sam," said his father. "Don't it strike you so?"

Father and mother and Sam had been sitting out on the grass enjoying the cool night breeze.

"Are you going up with me, farder?"

"Going up with you! Hello, stranger! who are you? I thought this was my big boy, most six years old; but he goes to bed by-himself."

"I know, farder, but it's kind o' lonesome up there."

"You aren't afraid, Sam, are you?" asked mother softly.

"'Fraid? no'm," answered the little boy in surprise; "course I aint 'fraid, 'cause there aint no rattlesnakes nor nothin' like that livin' here; but I get lonesome."

"Well, you can just open the shutter," said father, "and then I'll holler good night to you."

"Papa," said Sam, "you aren't afraid for your little boy to sleep by himself, are you?"

"Not a bit."

"You wouldn't be afraid for him to sleep out of doors, would you?"

"Out of doors, hey?"

"God would be certain to take care of me, even out of doors, wouldn't he, papa?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, then," said the little boy triumphantly, "I want to sleep out here in the hammock to-night."

"O Sammy, you'd get scared in the night!" cried his mother.

"What would make me scared?" he asked innocently; "there wouldn't be anybody out here but God and me."

They could not refuse to let him put his heavenly Father to the proof. He went up stairs and put on his little gown, said his prayers, and came down hugging a pillow in his short arms. Mamma wrapped him up in a big shawl, and before he had been in his swinging bed fifteen minutes the little boy was asleep.

The father and mother did not feel a bit like leaving their little boy out under the trees all night, but after watching his quiet sleep for a long time they went to bed themselves. And all through the night first papa and then mamma would steal to the window and look out at the dark bundle rolled up in the hammock.

Once several dogs tore through the yard, growling and fighting. This brought the father and mother both to the window, but there was no sound from the hammock.

"Did you hear the dogs, Sammy?" asked mother in the morning.

"Yes, I hear 'em," answered the little man of faith, "but course I knew God wasn't 'fraid of dogs."—*Elizabeth P. Allan.*

A HUNGRY BOY AND A DOG.

A waif of a boy was eating a stale half-loaf on the street corner with the air of a starveling when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes, but he glanced down at the vagabond dog and said in a friendly way: "Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git."

The dog moved off a little, and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food.

"Say, do you want this wuss nor I do?" asked the waif. "Speak, can't yer?" The dog gave a quick bark and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf.

"Nuff sed," he remarked, as he watched him eat ravenously, "I ain't the feller to see a pard in trouble."

And the boy went one way and the dog another, both the better for the encounter.—*Secular Thought.*

SOMEBODY'S FATHER.

I think that one of the saddest incidents of the war which I witnessed was after the battle of Gettysburg. Off on the outskirts, seated on the ground with his back to a tree, was a soldier, dead. His eyes were riveted on some object held tightly clasped in his hands. As we drew nearer we saw that it was an ambrotype of two small children. Man though I was, hardened through those long years to carnage and blood-shed, the sight of that man who

looked on his children for the last time in this world—who away off in a secluded spot had rested himself against a tree that he might feast his eyes on his little loves—brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain had I wished. There were six of us in the crowd, and we all found great lumps gathering in our throats, and mist coming before our eyes which almost blinded us. We stood looking at him for some time. I was thinking of the wife and baby I had left at home, and wondering how soon, in the mercy of God, she would be left a widow and my baby boy fatherless. We looked at each other and instinctively seemed to understand our thoughts. Not a word was spoken, but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped over his heart. Over his grave, on the tree against which he was sitting, I inscribed the words:

"Somebody's Father,
July 3, 1863."

—*Morning Star.*

DR. BROADUS recently related the following incident:

An old man used to sweep the street crossings for gratuitous pennies, near the house of parliament for many years. One day he was absent. Upon inquiry he was found by a missionary ill in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with a cot and a stool.

"You are lonely here," the missionary said.

"Has any one called upon you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called? And what did he read?"

"He set on the stool there and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position! The greatest statesman in the world sitting on a stool in an attic reading the word to a street sweeper. Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.

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. 33: 1-11. |
| April 14. | Joseph Sold into Egypt..... | Gen. 37: 23-36. |
| April 21. | Joseph Ruler in Egypt..... | Gen. 41: 38-43. |
| 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 XI.—PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

For Sabbath-day, June 9, 1894.

LESSON TEXT—Exod. 14: 19-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith they passed through the Red Sea. Heb. 11: 29.

GENERAL STATEMENT.—The passover night has come and gone. All over Egypt there is great weeping and wailing, for in every Egyptian house the first-born lies cold in death. The son of Pharaoh is dead, and the son of every subject of Pharaoh. The choice first-born of the cattle lie also dead, thus destroying many gods of Egypt. Vain are their gods and vain the worldly powers that oppose God and his plans. Safely were all the Israelites housed that awful night. The morning dawns with God's people girded for their journey. Laden with gifts from the Egyptians, partial payments, as it were, for long years of exacted labor, the Hebrews and their wives, children and flocks, start out for the long promised Canaan. Among the sacred things to remind them of God's promise are the bones of Joseph. About two millions of people bid Egypt farewell forever. Happy day! Glorious dawn of civil and religious freedom. They journey from Rameses to Succoth, thence on to Etham on the edge of the desert. Here, confronted by a great wall, they make a sharp turn and

go southward led by a pillar of cloud and of fire. Why does the cloud and fire take them down the arm of the sea on the Egyptian side? Pharaoh is pursuing, how now shall they escape? God has plans of his own.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

THE SHEKINAH. 19. "Angel of God." Jehovah's angel, or his manifestation as the "Second Person" of the Trinity, before his incarnation as Jesus Christ, "Camp of Israel." They are now quite well organized. They go out of Egypt "harnessed." "Removed." Now became a wall of defense in the rear of Israel. Enveloped in a visible pillar of cloud. 20. "Between the camp . . . of Israel." Hiding Israel's movements from Pharaoh. "Darkness . . . light." The Egyptians found themselves at night, as it were, in a dense fog, while the Hebrews were moving on in the brightness of light. God is to all appearances, or in their feelings, frowning upon the impenitent, while his countenance shines with favor on the believer.

THE DIVIDED SEA. 21. "Stretched out his hand." With the rod (v. 15). This indicated Moses' leadership and that God caused the miracles. "Strong east wind." God employs nature where it can act, and where divine power is needed beyond the power of physical or natural law, he uses it. It is all done by the divine power. "Waters were divided." Leaving bare and dry flats in the sea-bed with the surging waters on both sides. 22. "Children of Israel went." In solid columns with flocks and herds requiring, no doubt, a space of one-half mile or more in width. "A wall." Of protection on each side. It may and may not have been in perpendicular cliffs.

THE PURSUING FOE. 23. "Egyptians pursued." Unaware perhaps that they were in the midst of the sea on account of the intercepting clouds. At any rate they rushed on with madness, determined to avenge the blood of their first-born. "Midst of the Sea." Following close upon the Israelites they were all between the divided waters when the pursued reached the opposite shore. "Horsemen." Charioteers. The chariots of Egypt were famous. 24. "Morning watch." From 2 A. M. to sunrise. "The Lord looked." With dreadful thunder and lightning. Psa. 77: 17, 18. "Troubled the host." The flashes of light, the chariots sinking in quicksand, which to Israel was made firm, frightened the horses and confused the warriors.

THE FOE OVERTHROWN. 24. "Took off . . . wheels" Clogged and wrenched them. Entangled with each other, they were broken. They could do nothing in such a path as this. "Drove them heavily." In difficulty, sinking in the sea-bed. "Egyptians said." Now realizing the fact that they were defeated, and Israel had escaped. "Let us flee." But they cannot extricate themselves. "The Lord fighteth." It was by supernatural power that such a fleeing people as Israel could escape from them. Wild confusion fills the breast of the sinner attempting to flee from "the face of the Lamb." 26. "Stretch out thine hand." God is supreme director. In each instance Moses speaks and acts as an agent. 27. "The sea returned." The wind ceases, the power divine that held the waters leaves nature to accomplish the overthrow of Pharaoh's army. It would take but a short time for the deep waters to come together. "Overthrow." "The Lord shook them off," as in the margin. They were hurled out of the chariots, fastened in the sand, covered with returning waters. 28. "Not so much as one remained." Escape impossible. Where now is Pharaoh's proud defiance? Read Ex. 5: 2, Acts 13: 41, Rev. 6: 16. 29. "Israel walked upon dry land." Out of Egyptian territory, forever independent of its power. Their life now really begins as a nation. They are henceforth to be blessed and prospered, or disciplined and pruned according to their faith in God and obedience to his laws.

A LEADING THOUGHT.—There comes a crisis and important event in each individual life.

ADDED THOUGHTS.—If God leads you in some strange way, it is the best way. Though it be in a sea of trouble the Christian is in a path of safety. God's providences have a dark side to the sinner and a bright side to the redeemed. Not a true believer will be lost; not an impenitent sinner will escape.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

(For week beginning June 3d.)

WHY AND HOW DOES GOD PUNISH SIN? Psa. 1: 1-6, Rom. 5: 12-21.

The soul that sinneth it shall die. Adam sinned and so "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." All, therefore, are subject to the consequences of sin. Sin is the violation of the law of God. Satan suggests it, helps it on, but man does it. Death, the natural consequence of this violation of the laws of our

being, physical and spiritual, seems to be both physical and spiritual whatever Adam's understanding of it may have been.

The sinner must suffer the many evils, woes, exposures to eternal separation from God which his sins introduce. Death, the outcome of sin, comprehends a *train* of woes and sorrows. These include temporal death, condemnation, remorse of conscience, the sad memory of neglects and sins of commission, carnal fears, and finally, complete separation from God and heaven. But our ideas of punishment for sin are at the best quite vague, for we are so sinful, and as a result of it so ignorant, that never, perhaps, in this life will we comprehend as we ought the extent of our transgressions and the terribleness of their consequences.

Why does God punish sin or permit its results? That may be as difficult to answer as the other question. But reason and God's Word show plainly that all government, human and divine, ought to make a distinction between crime and innocence, that doers of evil ought not to receive the same treatment as those who do good. There must be a distinction between right and wrong, else there would be no such thing as love, or justice. If just laws are for our highest good, then it follows that God must permit some penalty for their transgression.

FOR SEARCH.—Find in Job 15: 20-35 punishment by conscience. In Deut. 28: 15-25 by misfortune. By loss of joy in Matt. 22: 1-14. By loss of heaven in John 5: 24-29. In sorrow from 2 Peter 3: 1-12. In justice from Hos. 14: 1-9.

—WHAT father or mother says to the child, "Do you wish to be educated?" Is not the child's education begun and long continued before he appreciates what is being done or before he has any definite idea of what he wants? Says Meeker, "If you want your children to grow up in wickedness, just let them alone, and the devil will see that they attend his school."

—It was one of the good qualities of Abram, and God foresaw it, that he would command his children and his household after him," so that it would be their wish and purpose and habit to "keep the way of the Lord."

—If Abraham were living in the world now, who doubts but that he would be especially anxious and would use all lawful and loving ways to keep his children in Sabbath-school, observe the kind of teacher they had, his methods and instructions, would induce them to attend with him the prayer-meetings, would take them to church and interest them in the services and the sermon, would introduce them to the pastor and help him in winning them to Christ, would look up some Christian work for them and teach them to give tithes unto the Lord. Do you, parents?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

In your issue of the 10th inst., Brother Hills made mention of my work in Quincy, Fla., and stated that I was still pastor of that church. Brother Hills' statements were correct when he made them. I had previously sent in my resignation as missionary pastor to the board in Florida, and stated my reason to be a change of views on the Sabbath question, and that I could not consistently receive a salary from the boards while out of harmony with their teachings. I have been still preaching, however, to the church at Quincy without assistance from the Board, until served with a notice from the church in a called conference, of which I had no knowledge or notice, asking my vacation of the pulpit on the grounds of my published views on the Sabbath question, all of which, evidently, has been done under the inspiration of the corresponding secretary of the mission board. Rev. D. H. Parker, of Thomasville, Ga., and myself organized this church, and I have been its only pastor. The most prominent members of this church have been reading the Sabbath tracts that I have supplied with great interest, some of them have expressed themselves as convinced, but had no deep conscientious convictions of the truth on this subject.

I am now entirely disconnected from all boards and churches, as far as the pastorate is concerned, and waiting on the Lord for direc-

tion in my future work. One thing I am quite sure of, and that is, that I am very happy in keeping the Sabbath of the Lord according to the commandment.

Fraternally,

A. P. ASHURST.

QUITMAN, Ga., May 14, 1894.

HOME NEWS.

New York.

WATSON.—Health is quite good. The people are generally through with their spring work. It is somewhat cool, but everything is as prosperous as could be under the circumstances. The prosperity of the cause of God is in the ascendancy. May 25th occurred the first funeral in our church since the present pastor came. It was that of Mrs. Margaret Baldwin, a granddaughter of our worthy, aged sister, Mrs. Elsie Wilder. The church was filled with friends and neighbors who assembled to sympathize with the mourners, who deeply felt their loss. Her death was so sudden; it came like a bolt out of the clear sky. She was said to be first afflicted with whooping cough, and then took the typhoid pneumonia and lived but a few hours.

U. M. B.

TO BELIEVE in Him is to be like Him. All other faith is a mere mist of words dissolving into empty air. To live our human lives as He lived His—purely, lovingly, righteously—is to share His eternity.—Lucy Larcom.

AMONG the Sioux Indians, when one family borrows a kettle from another, it is expected, when the kettle is returned, a small portion of the food cooked in it will be left in the bottom. Disregard of this custom ends the borrowing business.

DARK seasons are never pleasant to us, but they are always good for us. A cloudless sky can never produce a good harvest.

Cheap Excursions To The WEST.

An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the West and North-west will be afforded by the home-seekers' low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on May 8th and 29th, to points in north-western Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho, and will be good for return passage within thirty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed on going trip in territory to which the tickets are sold. For further information, call on or address Ticket Agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed free, upon application to W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.

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.

PERSONS coming to Dodge Centre, Minn., from all points east, to attend the North-Western Association, which convenes June 14-17, will please notice that trains are as follows: Express leaves Chicago, North-Western

Railway Station, 8.15 A. M., arriving at Dodge Centre 10.38 P. M., same day. Express leaves Chicago 7 P. M. and 10.15 P. M., arriving at Dodge Centre 9 A. M. and 5.03 P. M., the next day. If those coming will send card stating which train they will come on, they will be met at the station and quickly find entertainment. Persons arriving here and not meeting friends at the station will please report at the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, when they will be assigned to their place of entertainment. Persons coming by private conveyance and not previously assigned will report themselves to W. H. Wells.

H. D. CLARKE, Chairman of Com.

THE next Semi-annual Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Berlin, Marquette, and Coloma, will be held with the church of Coloma, at Coloma Station, Wis. Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, of Milton Junction, was invited to preach the Introductory Discourse, and Rev. E. M. Dunn, of Milton, as alternate. The following named persons were requested to prepare essays for the occasion: Mrs. Julia Green, Miss Nellie Hill, Mrs. Ora Winchell, and E. D. Richmond. Said meeting to be held on the first Sabbath in June, commencing June 1st, at 8 P. M.

E. D. RICHMOND, Clerk.

REV. J. T. DAVIS asks that his correspondents address him, until further notice, at Garwin, Tama Co., Iowa.

NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The North-Western Association will convene with the Dodge Centre Church, of Dodge Centre, Minn., on Fifth-day, June 14, 1894. The following is the provisional program:

FIFTH-DAY.—MORNING.

- 10. Devotional Service.
- 10.45. Report of Executive Committee.
- 11. Introductory Sermon,

AFTERNOON.

- 2. Devotional Service.
- 2 15. Business.
- 3. Sabbath-school Hour.

EVENING.

- 7.30. Praise Service.
- 8. Sermon.

SIXTH-DAY.—MORNING.

- 5.20. Prayer-meeting.
- 9.30. Business.
- 10.30. Tract Society Hour.

AFTERNOON.

- 2. Business.
- 2.30. Sermon.
- 3. Woman's Board.

EVENING.

- 7.30. Praise Service.
- 8. Conference Meeting.

SABBATH.—MORNING.

- 10. Sabbath-school.
- 11. Sermon.

AFTERNOON.

- 8. Sermon.
- 7.30. Business.
- 8. Praise Service and Conference Meeting.

FIRST-DAY.—MORNING

- 9.30. Business.
- 10. Missionary Hour.
- 11. Sermon.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.30. Business
- 3. Young People's Hour.

EVENING

- 7.30. Business.
- 8. Sermon and Consecration Meeting.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
EDWIN SHAW, Clerk

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The Western Association will convene with the church at Independence, N. Y., commencing June 7, 1894. The following programme has been prepared:

FIFTH-DAY MORNING.

- 10. Call to order by the Moderator; prayer and praise service.
- 10.30. Introductory Sermon by G. P. Kenyon—alternate, M. G. Stillman; Report of Executive Committee; Communications from churches and corresponding bodies.

AFTERNOON.

- 1.30. Devotional exercises.
1.45. Communications continued; Appointment of Standing Committees.
2.30. Missionary Society's Hour, conducted by O. U. Whitford; Annual Reports.—Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Delegates to sister Associations, Committee on Obituaries; Miscellaneous business.

EVENING.

- 7.45. Praise service.
8. Sermon by Delegate from South-Eastern Association.

SIXTH-DAY MORNING.

- 9.30. Daily Order.
10. Our Educational Work, conducted by A. E. Main.
11. Sermon by Delegate from North-Western Association.

AFTERNOON.

- 1.30. Daily Order.
2. Essay—"Relation of Church to Sabbath-school and other auxiliary organizations," by L. E. Livermore.
3. Unfinished business.

EVENING.

- 7.45. Prayer and conference, conducted by George B. Shaw.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 10.30. Sermon by Delegate from Central Association; Collection for Tract and Missionary Societies.

AFTERNOON.

2. Sabbath-school, conducted by the Superintendent of the Independence Sabbath-school.

- 3.15. Young People's Prayer-meeting, conducted by Fred Prentice.

EVENING.

- 7.45. Praise Service.
8. Young People's Hour, conducted by Edna A. Bliss, Associational Secretary of Y. P.-S. C. E.

FIRST-DAY MORNING.

- 9.15. Daily Order.
10. Sermon by Delegate from Eastern Association; Collection for Tract and Missionary Societies; Woman's Work, conducted by Miss Mary E. Bowler, Associational Secretary of Wcman's Board.

AFTERNOON.

- 1.30. Daily Order.
2. Tract Society's Hour, conducted by L. E. Livermore.
3. Unfinished business. Adjournment.

M. B. KELLY Moderator.

B. C. DAVIS, Rec. Sec.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The Central Association will convene with the church at Scott, N. Y., commencing May 31st. The following programme has been prepared:

FIFTH-DAY—MORNING, 10.30 o'clock.

Call to order by the Moderator; Introductory Sermon by the Rev. Martin Sindall; Report of Programme Committee; Communications from churches.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Communications from churches; Communications from Corresponding Bodies; Miscellaneous communications; Appointment of Standing Committees; Annual Reports; Corresponding Secretary; Treasurer; Delegates to sister Associations; Committee on Obituaries; Essay—"What Method can be used to Induce Laymen to engage in Evangelical Work," Mrs. H. A. Barney.

EVENING, 7.30.

Praise service, conducted by Dolphin Burdick; Sermon by Delegate from North-Western Association.

SIXTH-DAY—MORNING, 9.30.

Devotional Service; Reading of Minutes; Report of Standing Committee; Miscellaneous Business; Essay—"Why our Young People Leave the Sabbath," J. Robert Babcock; Sermon by Delegate from South-Eastern Association.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Business; Discussion of Resolutions; Missionary Hour, conducted by Representative of Missionary Society.

EVENING, 7.30.

Praise Service; Prayer and Conference Meeting, conducted by the Rev. Joshua Clarke.

SABBATH MORNING, 10.30.

Sermon by Delegate from Eastern Association; Collection for Tract and Missionary Societies.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Sabbath-school, conducted by Superintendent of the Scott Sabbath-school; Young People's Hour, conducted by the Associational Secretary.

EVENING, 7.30.

Praise Service, conducted by the Rev. J. A. Platts; Woman's Hour, conducted by Mrs. T. T. Burdick.

FIRST-DAY—MORNING, 9.30.

Devotional Service; Business; Sermon by Delegate from Western Association.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Business; Tract Society Hour, conducted by the Representative of the Tract Society.

EVENING, 7.30

Praise Service, conducted by F. D. Allen; Sermon by the Delegate from the South-Eastern Association; Closing Conference, conducted by Rev. A. B. Prentice.

ALL persons intending to attend the Western Association, to be held with the church of Independence, June 7, 1894, will please send their names to me as soon as practicable, in order that arrangements can be made for their entertainment during the Association. Those coming to Andover on the cars will state what day and what time they will be there and teams will be ready to take them to Independence. Pastors of each church can easily furnish the information wanted. We hope to make it as pleasant as possible for all.

J. KENYON, Com. on Entertainment.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Southern Wisconsin and Chicago will be held with the Rock River Church, May 25-27, 1894. The following is the programme of the services: Sixth-day evening, May 25th, at 7.30 o'clock, sermon by Rev. S. L. Maxson.

Sabbath forenoon, May 26th, at 10 o'clock, Sabbath-school conducted by the Superintendent, Miss Mary A. Rose. At 11 o'clock sermon by Rev. E. A. Witter. Sermon followed by the Lord's Supper, administered by the pastor, Rev. W. C. Whitford.

Sabbath afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, sermon by Rev. E. M. Dunn.

Evening after the Sabbath, at 7.30 o'clock, services conducted by E. B. Saunders, assisted by the Milton College Quartet.

First-day forenoon, May 27th, at 10.30 o'clock, sermon by Rev. G. W. Burdick.

First-day afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, exercises by the Christian Endeavor Union, under the charge of the President, Dighton W. Shaw.

A large attendance from the churches at all these services is desired.

L. T. ROGERS, Church Clerk.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis., May 2, 1894.

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.

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

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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.

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.

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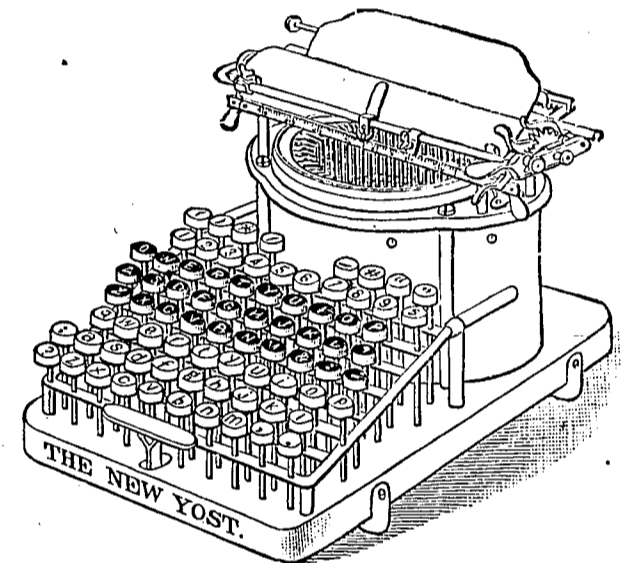


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THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended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

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CONDENSED NEWS.

The thirteenth annual commencement and exhibition of the schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art were held at the Museum, in Central Park, last week in the presence of a large assemblage of well known patrons of art and relatives and friends of the students.

London, May 26th.—Mr. Gladstone is rapidly recovering from the effects of the operation on his eye. He passed a good night and is in excellent spirits. Mr. Gladstone maintains his spirits, although he is deprived of his books and the privilege of writing. Mrs. Gladstone and her daughter, Mrs. Drew, alternate in reading to him.

The parents of two girls, Hilda Stein and Rosa Roga, have had warrants issued for the arrest of "General Jumbo" Cantwell, leader of the "Industrials," who left Spokane, Wash., May 26th, charging him with abducting the girls. The last seen of them was when they took an east-bound Great Northern train, presumably for Great Falls. The Roga girl is a bride of a few weeks.

M. Dupuy, President of the Chamber of Deputies, has just been made the recipient of an unusual honor. He has been elected honorary corporal of the regiment of Soudanese sharpshooters, one of the crack corps of France's African Army. The last mail from Senegal brought to him the letter containing his appointment as well as the worsted chevrons of his new rank.

Mrs. Potter Palmer and the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair wish to establish four scholarships with the proceeds which, it is expected, will be derived from the public sale of the four Isabella quarters—the first one minted, the 400th, the 1,492d and the 1,892d. They are now in Mrs. Palmer's custody, but will soon be exhibited in New York, and will then be put up at public auction.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Preserved Smith is still under suspension from the ministry of the Presbyterian Church "until such time as he shall make manifest to the satisfaction of his Presbytery his renunciation of the errors he has been found to hold and his solemn purpose no longer to teach or propagate them." The Presbytery of Cincinnati found him guilty of heresy eighteen months ago, and suspended him. The Synod of Ohio affirmed the sentence last fall, and now, after a three days' hearing, the General Assembly, from whose decision there is no appeal, has also affirmed the judgment by a vote of four to one. The vote was by roll call, and was announced as follows: To sustain the appeal made by Dr. Smith from

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the judgment of the Presbytery, 56; to sustain in part, 45; not to sustain, 396. The effect of a vote to sustain in part is to sustain the appeal; the vote is then 101 for Dr. Smith and 396 against him. Several commissioners who voted to sustain in part said that they disapproved Dr. Smith's teaching, but considered suspension from the ministry too severe a sentence for simply holding these views. At Washington last year when Professor Briggs was suspended the vote was 116 for Dr. Briggs, 383 against him. Mr. Briggs sat with Mr. Smith throughout the trial this week.

MARRIED.

MACLEOD—HODGES.—In Lincklaen, N. Y., May 8, 1894, by Rev. O. S. Mil s, Harry S. MacLeod, of New Durham, Ontario, Can., and Mrs. Minnie E Hodges, of Cortland, N. Y.

BURDICK—MONTGOMERY.—At West Hallock, Ill., May 22, 1894, by Rev. Stephen Burdick, Mr. Joseph P. Burdick and Mrs. Josephine Cook Montgomery, both of Medi a township, Peoria Co., Ill.

ANDERSON—HANSON.—At the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. Peter Hanson, in Milton, Wis., May 16, 1894, by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, Mr. James Anderson, of Janesville, Wis., and Miss Laura Hanson, of Milton.

CHAMBERLIN—MACVEAGH.—At the residence of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chamberlin, in Milton Junction, Wis., May 24, 1894, by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, Mr. Louie C. Chamberlin, of Milton Junction, and Miss Elmira A. MacVeagh, of St. Paul, Minn.

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.

WILCOX.—At the home of his mother, in Lincklaen, N. Y., May 18, 1894, from drinking corrosive sublimate, Frank B., son of Delina B. Wilcox, in his 20th year.

The circumstances of this death are exceedingly sad. Frank was working a few miles from home. On Sunday night, the 18th, after going to his room apparently cheerful, he drank some acid procured for another purpose. The fact was soon known by the family, antidotes given and a physician procured; but death ensued after five days of great suffering. He said the act was intentional, although he afterward regretted it, and desired to live. In December, 1892, the deceased professed faith in Christ and united with the Lincklaen Church. He was faithful till the following spring, when he yielded to the temptation to leave the Sabbath for higher wages. Soon other sins followed. He claimed his poverty a d other circumstances were such that he could not live a Christian. However, recently he had been trying to reform. In his note book he wrote deploring his condition, and quoted Psa. 9:13. He leaves a mother, two sisters and a brother in great sorrow. Funeral services were held at the Lincklaen Church the 20th. Eld. Swinney preached from Job 2:10, and the pastor assisted in the services. The house was crowded with sympathizing friends. O. S. M.

BALDWIN.—At Stony Lake, Lewis Co., N. Y., May 24, 1894, very suddenly, probably of typhoid pneumonia, Mrs. Margaret Baldwin, wife of Edwin Baldwin, and daughter of Mr. McCormick, aged 24 years, 4 months and 11 days.

She leaves a husband, father, two brothers and three sisters, and many other relatives, to mourn for one so dearly loved. Funeral services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist church in Watson, May 24th. Sermon by the writer. U. M. B.

CUTLER.—At Glen Ellyn, Ill., May 15, 1894, of Bright's disease, Leslie, only son of Levi C and Flora Crandall Cutler, aged 17 years, 6 months and 2 days.

Leslie was a noble and bright young man. He won the confidence of all with whom he had dealings, and the warm affection of friends. He was accepted for membership of the Chicago Church this year, but his sickness would not permit baptism. He had been living a Christian life for some time. His name will stand upon the church roll with this explanation. The funeral services were conducted before a large congregation at Glen Ellyn by the pastor, assisted by two local clergymen. Text, John 18:7 and Psalms 145:9. His life and death have made their deep impress upon the young men of his acquaintance, "and by it, he being dead yet speaketh." L. O. R.

COLE.—Sally M. Fitz Randolph Cole died May 13, 1894, aged 81 years 7 months.

ister Cole was born in New Jersey in 1812, and with her parents removed to Friendship, Allegany Co., N. Y. She professed religion in 1831 under the labors of Elder John Green, and united with the Friendship Church. She was married to Perry Cole in 1835, and in 1840 removed to Cassewago, Pa., and united with the church at Hayfield. At the formation of the church at Cassewago she became one of its constituent members. In all these changes she remained firm to her high calling, and now she sleeps in hope. A. P. H.

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