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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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HE CAME TO SAVE.

There's a joy for every sorrow,
There's a cure for every pain,
There's a sweet for every bitter,
And for every loss a gain.
There is light beyond the darkness,
There is hope beyond the grave,
If we only will remember
That Lord Jesus came to save.

'Tis the sun that throws the shadow,
'Tis the cloud that gives the rain,
But the sun and weeping raindrops
Bring us fields of golden grain.
When we reach that distant river,
We shall safely cross the wave,
If we only will remember
That Lord Jesus came to save.

—Selected.

THE religion which draws its supplies from the fountain of divine truth is the most fragrant with heavenly perfumes.

MANY people are longing for opportunities to do something for the Lord. But we work for the Lord when we work for our fellow-men, in deeds of love and helpfulness. Every kind act and thought, every angry look and word suppressed, every little errand done, by which others are rendered more happy and more comfortable, are but so many acts of service for the Lord. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me."

WE hope our government will not let the nations of Europe get too far ahead of us in their wise treatment of that most dangerous element of society known as Anarchists. England proposes to shut them out from a refuge in her borders. Of course they will come to "Free America." Italy proposes to deport them to Africa. That will be hard on the Ethiopians. France intends to execute them in private, and thus deny them the publicity they seek by posing as martyrs. Germany is studying how she may unite all energies to crush them out. In the meantime they continue to flock to our country where, for years, they have fattened on their unrestrained freedom. They are professional murderers and have put themselves beyond the reach of public sympathy. The leaven of anarchy has long been working in our country. The lawless violence of strikers is part of its legitimate fruitage. Under the specious pleas of bettering the condition of working men, and social reform, it really aims at the destruction of society. Nothing but the most summary treatment can now rescue our land from their misrule. There is no room for any sickly sentiment

of sympathy for these vampires. If they come here because there is no longer room for them in the hot beds of vice in which they have been reared, let their ungodly mission terminate speedily under the counsel of wise and competent legislative authority.

SUPPOSE we have a little private talk with some of our correspondents. A goodly number of those who write for the press understand how to write legibly and in good shape for publication. Many articles come to this office needing no further editing than for the editor to look at the name of the writer. They can be sent at once to the type setter. They will be published as written, word for word, letter for letter, and all properly punctuated. In the proof reading, if there shall appear an error, it can easily be corrected. But others are not so particular. They write in a hurry, and evidently do not read their writing over with any care. Words are not correctly spelled, sentences are not grammatically expressed, or capitalized, and punctuation is wanting. Some who certainly know how to do better write thus hastily and ask the editor to make all necessary corrections or rewrite it. Others write with a pencil in a very illegible hand, and, for the sake of economy, write very fine and on both sides of the paper, filling in every nook and corner to save space. The type setter strains his eyes almost beyond endurance to make out what the author desires to say. We have just such a *finely* written article in the pigeon hole now—just received—on "Sanctification." It is so *fine* that it almost needs a microscope to read it. If the writer does not see it in our columns please attribute its non-appearance to our desire to save our "typos" from ruined eyes in their effort to read it. We believe that "typos" have rights we are bound to respect. Then do please keep on writing when you have valuable things to say; but write plainly, carefully, clearly, concisely, correctly, and, so far as consistent with the gravity of the subject treated, briefly.

THE "Mistakes of Moses" is the quoted title of a little pamphlet in the Anti-Infidel Library, by H. L. Hastings, Boston. This book is written with much care and will well repay perusal, and clear away the rubbish with which superficial critics have attempted to hide the truth, and the real character of this great Leader of Israel. We quote a few passages from the pamphlet:

If the law of Moses will diminish crime, reduce pauperism, empty prisons, and extend the average period of life from one-third to one-half, is it not worth the attention of people who are suffering, dosing, doctoring, and sickening and dying on every hand, while the Jews are living on in health and strength and prosperity?

In Great Britain, where skepticism prevails widely among the masses, and where the "Mistakes of Moses" are discussed in club-rooms, beer-shops, gin-palaces, and public halls, it is said that one person in every eleven is a lunatic, a criminal, a pauper, or a drunkard. Would not these modern skeptics do well to study Moses' law? They might find that "the fear of the Lord" is, indeed, "the beginning of wisdom;" that the

law against which they rail and blaspheme was one of the choicest gifts that God ever bestowed upon man; and that it was no idle question which Moses asked when he said, "What nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is, in all things that we call upon him for? And what nation is there so great, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law which I set before you this day? Deut. 4: 7, 8. And they might see that there was the truest wisdom in the counsel of the wise man, who said, "My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: for length of days, and long life, and peace shall they add to thee." Prov. 3: 1, 2. Let those men who make themselves merry over the "Mistakes of Moses," lead such a life as Moses did, and leave behind them a record of a prophecy such as he uttered, and then, through the perspective of future ages, it will be easy for later generations to determine whether they have spoken wisely when discussing the "Mistakes of Moses," or whether they themselves have not been most grievously mistaken in their course.

Moses spoke of the Saviour and the Lawgiver that was to come, and the Lord declared, "It shall come to pass that whosoever will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him." Deut. 18: 19. "Him shall ye hear in all things, whatsoever he shall say unto you. And it shall come to pass that every soul which will not hear that prophet, shall be destroyed from among the people." Acts 3: 22, 23. The "Mistakes of Moses" may be a theme for careless merriment, and the amusement of an idle hour, but he who refuses to hear that prophet whom Moses foretold, may find in the Great Day of accounts, that he has made a greater mistake, and one which it is beyond his power to rectify.

May the Law which came by Moses, be our guide to bring us to Jesus the true Messiah, whose gospel is "the power of God unto Salvation, to the Jew first and also to the Greek."

The same author publishes a valuable book entitled, "A Square Talk to Young Men." This is a bound volume of 123 pages, consisting of a lecture on the Inspiration of the Bible, and a treatise on the alleged Corruptions of the New Testament. This valuable book should be in the hands of every young man; and for that matter, there is no need of limiting its perusal to either age or sex.

AWARD.

The following communications from the World's Columbian Commission, Executive Committee on Awards, have been received by the Secretary of the General Conference:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 9, 1894.

Dear Sir:—I herewith inclose you an official copy of your Award, which, in due time, will be inscribed in the Diploma and forwarded to your address, unless otherwise indicated by you. Yours,

JOHN BOYD THACHER,

Chairman Executive Committee on Awards.

UNITED STATES.

Department L, Liberal Arts.

Exhibitor—Seventh-day Baptist Denomination.

Group 157—Class 919.

Exhibit—Publications.

AWARD.

Excellent presentation of denominational history and work, illustrated by photographs, and literature concerning Sabbath observance.

(Signed) AUGUSTA J. CHAPIN, Individual Judge.

Approved, K. BUENZ, President Departmental Committee.

Approved, JOHN BOYD THACHER, Chairman Executive Committee on Awards.

[From L. C. Randolph.]

In Bro. Witter's sermon of last week we note the statement that "the frightful condition of affairs among the laboring men of the present time is not so much due to the wrongs committed by the employers and capitalists as to the profligate habits of the laborers themselves."

There cannot be a question that this is true. We wish it were not, but it is the saddest feature of the labor question to-day. The greatest curse to the laboring man is the saloon. Chaplain McCabe kept within the limit of sober fact when he assured American workmen that if they would save the money they now spend on intoxicating drinks *they could buy every railroad in America in fifteen years.* Saloon after saloon, on the streets where wage earners congregate. In their residence districts, on their business streets, joining the factories where they work, at railroad and street car terminals, the devil locates his shops and sucks money, brain and moral fiber from the men who have need enough to keep them all. The city presents a pleasant and beautiful front along the boulevards and in the choice residence districts, but any one who is interested in stepping aside into the poorer quarters must become either callous or sick at heart.

And yet of what profit is it to repeat these things over and over, to pile up statistics and combine them in new and startling ways, if we do nothing further? Shall the Christian Church, when asked to consider the labor problem, turn coldly away and content itself with passing resolutions scoring the saloon and condemning lawlessness? We believe that these resolutions justly set forth very serious phases of the problem, but you may vote them till the crack of doom without saving the men who suffer most from the evils.

Here are some very simple propositions to which we would, perhaps, all agree:

1. If there is one class of people to whom more than another, the gospel was sent, it is the laboring class.
2. Nothing but the gospel *can* save them. Laws, however beneficently framed and rigidly enforced, are powerless to redeem men beyond certain narrow limits.
3. We, as Christians, have the gospel message entrusted to our care. We must deliver it if it is delivered.
4. In order to win these men we must be their friends, and let them know it. Loving them we will identify ourselves with their interests and make their causes our own, in so far as these causes are just.

Is it not possible for the church at this crisis of opportunity to demonstrate to the laboring men that it loves them? May not our attitude toward working men be so kind and fair and helpful as to win their confidence? Shall we not say to them, "Men, you are our brothers. We are with you in every movement that we can see to be just and wise. We recognize the dangers which threaten you in the greed of capitalists, coupled with their power to combine, manipulate legislation, and sway courts and executions. You may count upon us as friends who will help to protect you and advance your interests in every possible way.

"While all this is true, we plead with you to join us in a fight against your greatest enemy, the saloon. We plead with you to make the most of yourselves and your opportunities in education, economy and industry. We plead with you to be temperate in your methods of organization and to be loyal to the laws of your

country and to the American spirit of liberty and fairness."

We do not criticize the strong expressions against lawlessness which have recently been uttered in religious papers and religious assemblies. We have no room in this country for men who will resort to the torch or intimidation to accomplish their ends. Such men are not Americans—wherever they were when they were born. Men have a right to stop work—other men have an equal right to continue work if they choose. The Pullman boycott was unjustifiable and deserved to fail. We most earnestly agree with our brethren in all these propositions. But, oh, my countrymen, shall we stop there? Shall we not have our say regarding the greed and inhumanity and tyranny of corporations, which in so many instances lie at the root of the ferment of the undercrust of society? And while we are in the condemning business, shall we not condemn the supreme selfishness of a man like George M. Pullman, who, enjoying the great wealth gained under the protection and privilege granted by the nation, seems to be touched in return by no feeling of generosity to the nation or his human kind.

A GOOD year it has been. Doubtless each of us can look back to opportunities neglected, to losses incurred, to duties shirked, to mistakes made; still it has been a year of blessing. Commercial doors have been closed; but in many of our churches the windows of heaven have been opened. May God's richest blessings rest on the General Conference of 1894, and from it may there go out an influence which shall reach the farthest out-post of the denomination, inspiring us with new consecration for the work which God has placed in our hands.

UNITY WITH GOD, PERFECTION OF BELIEF AND LIFE IN CHRIST.

BY REV. S. S. POWELL.

Mohammedans declare that in Deut. 33: 2 there is allusion to the three religious systems, Judaism, Christianity and Islam. The passage is as follows, "The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them; he shined forth from Mount Paran." According to the Moslem idea Sinai represents Judaism; Seir, Christianity and Paran, Mohammedanism. The interpretation of Seir as referring to Christianity is one borrowed from the Jews. Seir is the same as Edom, and from early times the Jews have referred all prophesies relating to Edom to Christianity, confounding in some unaccountable manner Edom with Rome. Paran is readily suggestive of the desert home of the Arabs, the followers of the false prophet. The interpretation is fantastic in the extreme, but suggests the unity of the three predominating characteristics of the three religious systems when genuinely possessed by the true people of God.

The one rallying cry of Judaism as it exists to-day is the unity of God. The creed of all divisions in the camp of Israel is, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." The unity of God is a truth that is very great, held equally by all the followers of Jesus. The practical application of it is that we ought to be at unity with God. As there is but one God, so there should be but one controlling love reigning in our hearts. In our Saviour's prayer of intercession, recorded in the seventeenth of John, Jesus prays that we may be one as he and the Father are one; that is to say, one in him, at one with him in his purposes and will and abiding in him who is our life and the source of all efficiency.

Perhaps the predominating characteristic of

Islam, most evident to those who observe it, is *belief* in the Mohammedan religion. Moslems call themselves the faithful; that is, the believing; while all others are infidels. By the power of a fanatical faith the religion of the false prophet swept Arabia, seized some of the fairest provinces of Western Asia, shattered the Byzantine empire, extended through Northern Africa and entered Spain. At a time when faith had well nigh perished amidst the wavering factions of the Eastern church it bloomed afresh and with vigorous growth, albeit a noxious plant, in the deserts of Arabia. Faith must always determine and indicate the strength of the Christian churches. Without it we are powerless and inefficient. With it in sufficient measure when occasion comes we may sweep all before us. Unbelief dishonors God and should find no place in the Christian's heart. On the contrary, a genuine faith should bloom within our hearts as superior to a false faith as truth is to error, exhaling the sweetness of the heavens.

The distinguishing characteristic of Christianity is justification by faith through the merits of the death of Christ. To the Christian Christ is supreme and Christianity a life. We live in Christ and he in us. Christ fills all our soul's desires, animates our failing powers, kindles a deathless love and prepares us for a home beyond the skies. Christ holds out the promise, and fulfills the same, that they who believe in him shall neither grow old or die.

It is Christ who has at all made possible the at-one-ment with God, it is faith by which we live in him, and life in Christ rewards the faith which dares to ask and finds in him all that the soul can desire.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

III.

THE PRESENT SITUATION.

BY D. I. GREEN.

Whether the necessity of labor be considered as a curse or a blessing, it is certainly true that most men feel obliged to work for their living and the support of their families. If there are opportunities for all to work at high wages it is well, but if such opportunities are not at hand low wages must be accepted, for every family must have an income.

On the other hand so long as additional workmen can add a value to the product in excess of their wages and interest on the capital involved employers will gladly hire more men; and the number of opportunities which would thus be opened for the employment of a certain grade of labor would of course increase as the wages asked become more modest.

It evidently follows from these considerations that the wages of each grade of labor tend to become fixed at such a figure that all may be employed. A large body of the unemployed presents an unstable condition.

How then shall we account for the present condition of things? Why should there be several hundred thousand idle men, wasting the days in fruitless search for an opportunity to join in fruitful labor? The answer is not hard to find. The industry of the country is disorganized. Last year the apprehension of a financial panic, this year the expectation of tariff reductions have demanded caution on the part of capitalists. It has seemed probable that goods manufactured now with raw materials taxed would have to be sold after the raw materials became free and the price correspondingly reduced. Manufactures to be sure are will-

ing to assume some risk if need be, but an unusual danger of loss must be counteracted by some prospect of unusually large profits. It is possible that if laborers generally were willing to accept for the time considerably reduced wages they might be fully employed even at such a period as the present. But laborers fearing that reduction in the rate of wages may become permanent, contend against them strenuously and force the business managers to curtail the working force rather than the hourly wage. Mills are closed, new enterprises are delayed, and, so far as an individual laborer is concerned, it may be hard to find work at any wage. Thus both capital and labor are left in partial idleness, a condition which is demoralizing to both, and one which, from its nature, must be only temporary.

The fruit dealer reduces his price when he finds that his stock exceeds the demand at the usual figure; but no kind of fruit is so perishable as a potential day's labor. When the day closes its opportunities are gone forever. We are all anxious to see the laboring man receive a larger share of the products of industry, but he must contribute his labor in order to secure a claim upon even a small share. If business is soon revived through a return of confidence we may see no general fall of wages, but that form of relief failing, business must be revived through a fall of wages. The number of those now out of employment is doubtless often exaggerated, but the number is certainly too large to be permanent.

To those who believe that economic laws are bound to prevail in spite of strikes, lockouts, trusts, or unions, the recent belligerent attitude of the Western labor organization seems strangely short sighted. While all hope of sustaining wages lay in the revival of business certain labor leaders did everything possible to suppress business. While the rate of wages is determined, in part, by the amount of capital which competes for the services of labor, the destruction of capital rather than its increase seemed to be desired. Although for the establishment of new enterprises confidence in industrial conditions is required everything was done to destroy such confidence. Ever since the time of Adam Smith trustworthiness has been regarded as an attribute which can command extra wages, but the action of the Chicago strikers was not calculated to win the confidence of employers. The latest development of economic theory finds a tendency toward equality between the wages of labor and the value which the labor adds to the material in hand, but the accomplishment of more or of better work is evidently far from the aim of the American Railway Union. In the vain hope of exacting something more from capital, laborers have been led to oppose the very forces which are necessary to strengthen their economic position. It is an easy matter to injure an opponent or an associate, though it is often very difficult to obtain any personal benefit from the injury inflicted, but when the associate is one whose co-operation cannot be dispensed with it would seem that a willful injury could arise only from the madness of jealousy. Unfortunately many labor agitators seem to be in that elementary state of moral and intellectual development when the discomfiture of a rival is not distinguished from self interest.

It is probable that this unfriendly attitude so often shown by organized labor is due, in considerable measure, to the disposition of some capitalists to take advantage of the immobility of labor and force wages, when they

can, below the market rates. To contend against such exactions, labor organizations are needed, and the efforts of such organizations have often proved effective for good. The recent troubles have shown that laborers are not entirely devoid of wise leaders. Even Mr. Debs has declared opposition to strikes.

The times demand a more general acquaintance with economic science. In economics, as in physics, there are certain forces which give stability and regularity to the affairs of life. If properly recognized they point out the way to progress and success, but he who offers blind opposition is sure to find them merciless masters.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

THE LANDING PLACE OF OUR FOREFATHERS

BY E. C. W. L.

Massachusetts, seaward, presents a rugged profile, and reminds one, in outline, of a rough old nurse, in sitting posture, looking out toward the broad Atlantic. Newburyport on the north represents her receding forehead, Cape Ann her angular nose, Marblehead her parted lips, Boston her rich broach, Cohasset her bust, and Plymouth county her ample lap, in which young Plymouth has nestled since 1620, while she stretches out her worn feet toward the ocean as though to break the wildness of the wave from her first-born.

Plymouth, Mass., was named for old Plymouth, England, which is situated on the southern coast, about thirty miles from the Eddy-stone Light House. Plymouth township is forty-nine miles from Boston, eighteen miles long and nine miles wide. This measurement is from extreme points.

Standing on the shore and facing east, at the right we see Manomet Point, like an extended arm, reaching boldly out for miles into Cape Cod Bay. About one mile out from shore is a horizontal finger of land connecting with the main land on the right, called Plymouth Beach. It is about twenty rods wide and three miles long. Near the extreme point, a little out from shore, is Bug Light. This forms a natural break-water, thereby rendering Plymouth Harbor one of the most tranquil and beautiful in the world. Sometimes, in storms, the heavy sea cuts canals through this ribbon-like tract. The breach is at once mended by interlacing heavy timbers, like fingers locked, and in those X-like shapes, or cribbing, are carried stones, earth and sea-weed; and the incoming tide fills every crevice with sand, so that it becomes as impregnable as the other portions of the strand. Hence, although nature at times undermines, seemingly repentant of her misdeeds, she kindly sends sand-freighted, briny toilers to assist in the work of repairing. Government makes an appropriation to keep the beach intact.

Far out, on the extreme left, is the Gurnet, a promontory from which gleams twin light-houses, to warn the mariner of rocky dangers. Fort Andrew is there with seven mounted guns. Nearer rounds the head-land Saquish, where is Fort Standish with five guns, and then, still nearer the main-land, on the left, we observe a slight elevation known as Rouse's Hummock, the American terminus of the French Atlantic Cable. Next is Clark's Island. On the main-land, making out toward the island, rises abruptly Standish's Hill. As you stand where the forefathers landed the beach outline reminds you of a crescent, the center of which is the Rock Manomet, the right extreme, reaches out to the sea, and Captain's Hill, Clark's Island, Rouse's Hummock, Saquish and the Gurnet,

are threaded in such remarkable perspective as to form the left tip stretching ocean-ward. This gives you in part, a word picture of the land our fathers found. Let us glance at them before they left their mother country.

Religious persecution led them to seek a place where they could "worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences." Hon. John A. Goodwin tells us that, "Under James I., the English Protestants were of three classes: The Conformists (or High Ritualists); the non-Conformists (or Puritans); and the Separatists, generally called Brownists. The Conformists adopted all the rights and pageantry then retained by the Church of England, and asked for more rather than less. They fearfully persecuted the non-Conformists, and with unabated cruelty pursued the Separatists. The non-Conformists refused to conform to some of the ceremony, but still claimed it as the only true church. The Pilgrim Fathers, while in England, were of the Separatists' class. On reaching Holland they followed John Robinson into independency, then deriving the name of Semi-Separatists. They judged a man according to his church."

Driven to desperation, they finally embarked for America, sanguine, yet anxious. We cannot imagine the vacillation between hope and fear, and the yearning for loved ones with whom they had parted, as the merciless, penetrating winter winds bore them—they knew not whither! Let us meet them in imagination as they rounded Cape Cod. Off Provincetown, the most robust and daring of them started out from the Mayflower in a shallop, coasting along the sandy shore until they neared Manomet headland. Then set in a wild storm of snow and rain. The sea rose and the wind was boisterous. The hinge of their rudder broke and they resorted to oars. Master Chappin, the pilot, bade them be of good cheer, for he thought he saw the promised harbor. Desiring to cross the bay before night should close in, darkness of discouragement fell on them when the mast broke into three pieces. They became victims of the flood-tide and were borne past the Gurnet, and as history states, "Master Chappin, finding himself in a strange place, threw up his hands and exclaimed, 'The Lord be merciful to us, I never saw this place before.' In his terror he would have run the boat ashore in a cove of breakers, between the Gurnet and the Saquish, but a lusty seaman who steered bade those who rowed, if they were men, to 'about with her or else we are all cast away.'"

Here we must stop the verbatim of history, which holds us with a strange fascination, and continue the story in our own tame but authentic language.

The day, Dec. 17, 1620, faded. Winter twilight closed in. The Pilgrims were tempest-tossed and dispirited, and they felt their first thrill of joy as they found themselves under the lee of Clark's Island. In the morning they found the island to be secure from the Indians. This being the last day of the week, we are told that "they dried their goods and rested, after fixing their pieces." The next day, on a rock situated on the highest point of the island, they held religious services, and from this fact it was named "Pulpit Rock," and bears the inscription, "On the Sabbath-day wee rested." Such is the tradition, but while we doubt not that they rested and worshiped, we are slow to believe that on that cold 19th day of December, after all they had encountered, they sought the highest and most exposed place to worship;

for they had long since learned that "God is everywhere."

The next day, Dec. 20, 1620, they came across and landed on Plymouth Rock. The Rock is six feet three inches long, five feet two inches wide, and two feet six inches high. This peculiar rock is the only one of any size found there, and scientific men tell us that no other rock from the cold coast of Maine to the genial shores of Florida, possess its properties. It is almost as hard as iron, and will take polish like a precious stone—a fitting symbol of these Pilgrim lives. Before the Pilgrims, rose a steep bluff, thirty-two feet or more in height and covered with cedars. There they built their homes like swallow's nests. The inclement weather, together with other hardships, rapidly diminished their numbers. In three months and a half, one-half of these brave Pilgrims were laid to rest beneath the snow, near their homes, on Cole's Hill, leaving only about fifty survivors. They leveled their graves and in the spring time planted corn above them, that the Indians might not know the extent of their loss.

They established a Congregational Church, but were afterwards so overcome by Unitarians as to cause them to relinquish the site of their first meeting-house.

One Thomas Weston, of London, formed a stock company of seventy adventurers, who were of Puritan stamp. They thought that the Pilgrim fathers were inclined to be Episcopalian, like themselves; and when they found they were not Puritans they did all in their power to prevent the emigration of John Robinson to be their minister. Here let us note a marked distinction between a Pilgrim and a Puritan. We hear it said, "That is real Puritanic;" which, being interpreted, means Satanic.

In 1623 there came in the Anne, to Plymouth, Master John Oldham, with his wife and eight others,—not to unite with, but to live near enough to enjoy the protection of the Colonists, and run their affairs their own way. The pilgrims were then called "Generals," and the intensive Puritans, "particulars." The Pilgrims welcomed them and invited them to share all their meager comforts.

Oldham was blustering and uneducated. March, 1624, when the ship Charity arrived, bringing back Winslow, with stock and other supplies, she also brought a series of complaints made by some of the Puritans who had returned to England; such as, "The Pilgrims neglect family devotions Sundays; both sacraments were disused; children not catechised, or even taught to read. The water was not wholesome; the ground was barren; the climate was such that salt would not preserve fish; that there was hardly a fowl or a fish to be found; thieves abounded, and so did wolves and foxes; the Dutch were intruding on the trade, and, finally, the people were much troubled with mosquitoes!"

When the ship returned a few months later, it carried Bradford's reply, which is such a commingling of gravity and satire that it is herewith produced:

"From the beginning down there has been no controversy, public or private, on religious matters; any neglect of family duties on Sunday would be rebuked, if known. That they were deprived of their pastor (and his ministration of the sacraments), was grievous, for when with him they had communion every Sunday; the children were generally taught in private families, and the colony desired, at once, to begin a common school, for which a teacher and due support had heretofore been lacking.

The water is as good as any in the world, though not like the beer and wine of London, which grumblers so dearly love. In England there is no such grass, and the cattle are already as fat as need be, and would there were one animal for each hundred the grass would keep. The matter of fish is too absurd in view of the great fishing-fleet which visits the coast every year. Sundry thieves that have come in here have smarted well for it. But if London had reared no thieves, none of them would have come over to trouble this colony. Foxes and wolves are in many countries, but poison and traps will thin them. If the Dutch, with commendable energy, are getting a strong hold now, they will get Plymouth, too, if the plantation should be broken up; and finally, men who cannot endure the biting of a mosquito are too delicate for founding colonies. But this pest here is really no greater than in every new place, and in time will scarcely exist."

Oldham confessed that he had done wrong in writing to England as he had, but it was only to "cover his tracks." The next time, the Charity brought Master John Lyford, a Puritan preacher, selected as an agent to persecute the Pilgrims. On reaching Plymouth he said he would be a Congregationalist and give up the Episcopal Church. Elder Brewster told him to "stop forthwith." That the Pilgrim flock required no such thing; only, that they separate from the world and leave church names to care for themselves. Lyford bewailed their entanglements and "blessed God that he had now freedom to enjoy his ordinances in their purity among his people." So they allowed him to preach in alternation with Eld. Brewster. For weeks Oldham and Lyford were having privacy, and when the Charity sailed for England, Bradford went too, taking along a small boat in which to return. On board he found more than twenty letters from Lyford, filled with falsehoods to further a plan for the utter ruin and subversion of the colony. In some instances Bradford forwarded the original letters and in other cases only copies. Other letters were brought to light of similar import. Bradford called a town meeting, and about eighty persons were present. He charged Oldham and Lyford with plotting to destroy the government. They made a square denial and demanded proof. The letters were produced and Lyford was overcome. Oldham shouted out to his friends, "Now show your courage!" But the unmasked plot made them recoil. Not one hand was raised in his favor. The sentence passed was that Oldham be banished at once, and Lyford in six months. But they intended to pardon the latter if he seemed penitent. He made great demonstrations of sorrow and was permitted to resume preaching.

(To be continued.)

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

How many readers of the RECORDER took home to their hearts the faithful admonitions of one of its excellent editorials a few weeks since, under the heading, "Have you made your will?" I thank God that it was as his own voice to my soul. This important work has, by various means, long been impressed upon my mind as one of the great duties of life, and in perilous storms and dangers of journeying could not but regret that it was not done. I had at times undertaken it, but the cares of this life hindered, and so it has been neglected until yesterday. I determined I would celebrate my birthday by omitting all festivities and at-

tending to this imperative—duty was I about to say? Yes. But lo; I found it transformed into a delightful privilege, making it truly the most satisfactory and happy birthday in my remembrance. Pleasant surprises and the warm greetings of dear friends accompanied by choice gifts have sometimes on this occasion been my favored lot, and have been heartily appreciated, but in accordance with the divine declaration, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," the joy of securing to God's cause, when my life shall be finished here, what he has committed to my care, far exceeds all else. Such a sense of relief! not that I was burdened with this world's goods, but had simply returned to God his own, according to that I had. As I retired to rest for the night, I could hardly wait for the morning to praise God by testifying to his blessing in this. And if my joy is so great, what would those find who could, by a few dashes of the pen, secure to the Lord's treasures many thousands? Whose are the words, and by whom brought to our remembrance, "Go thou and do likewise." A. F. B.

NORWICH, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1894.

THE YELLOW JACKET.

Yellow Jacket in this part of the world is a name given to any one of several species of American social wasps, of the genus *Vespa*. In China, however, it is the highest insignia that can be conferred by the emperor. It indicates that one is next to the royal person. Its wearer ranks with the first order of nobles. The jacket is adorned with a dragon. Li Hung Chang, Prime Minister of China, commonly known as the Bismark of China, is the hero of the Tae Ping rebellion. That rebellion was an effort to overthrow the reigning dynasty and substitute therefor the dynasty opposed to all improvement. The present emperor has taken away the yellow jacket from him because he was dissatisfied with his seeming slowness in preparing for the war with Japan. Li Hung Chang is more than six feet high, stoutly built, seventy-one years old. He has held all the offices of importance that could be given him. It is he who has promoted coal mining and coast steam traffic, favored railroads, founded a steamship line, and introduced the telegraph. The present emperor is only twenty-three years old, and practically owes his throne to Li Hung Chang. Once before Li Hung Chang was in disgrace, but his abilities are so much greater than those of any other Chinaman that he remained out of power only two years.—*Christian Advocate*.

THE BRUTE AND THE LADY.

Sleighs drawn by four horses are employed on the Wellington route. The heavily loaded sleigh was coming cityward. One of the horses next the vehicle fell. The driver lashed it with his whip. Then he kicked it. Finally he swore at it; but he did not get down to extricate the animal from the harness which held it a prisoner. The men in the sleigh buried their chins in their overcoats and indulged the contemplation of fatalism as a philosophy which removes every passion from the breast. Suddenly a lady, clad in a sealskin sacque, got out, and going up to the driver, said to him in an imperative way, "Give me that whip." The driver was dazed. In a stupefied way he handed over the whip. "Now," said the little lady, "if you touch that horse again I will let you feel the weight of this whip across your shoulders. Get down this moment and cut the harness and help the horse to rise." The driver stared at her. The women in the sleigh tittered, the men hung their heads. "Get down this moment," said the lady, shaking the whip over the driver. The latter mechanically obeyed. The harness was loosened, the horse was raised to his feet. The lady put her hand in her satchel, brought forth some biscuits, and treated the whole four horses to one each. The effect was magical. The hopeless cynicism of their poor faces gave place to hope and love and gratitude. Then the lady, very white but as resolute as Joan of Arc ever was, entered the sleigh. The men still hung their heads in silence.—*Montreal Star*.

MISSIONS.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

"When it rains it pours;" so says the proverb on the receipt of unexpected blessings. Early in the year a young man, whose father while exercising the office of a country Baptist pastor dares to keep the Sabbath, called to tell me that I was advertized to read a paper on "The Seventh-day Sabbath" question before the Young Men's Society of one of the largest Baptist chapels in London. I could scarcely believe it, but seeing a printed list of subjects under various dates, and my name among the rest, I thought it best not to doubt, but to believe. But the pastor, whose name was on the card as president, would he interdict the subject? That used to be done in the States in anti-slavery times. *Nolens volens* here was a free hand. A small volume of thoughts and experience was condensed into a few pages of manuscript, for the appointment was to read, not to speak *ex tempore*; then at the given time and place I attended, accompanied by one of my members. Through curiously winding passages so common to London, we found our way to an upper room which was soon well filled by eager listeners. The president had not forbidden the question being discussed, and was not himself present! Two negatives are equal to an affirmative. The chairman of the meeting gave a graceful and hearty welcome. I thought, however, that he inwardly trembled lest his guest would prove beyond contradiction that the seventh day of the week is not the first day, nor that Saturday comes on Sunday. The paper was read to as attentive an audience as ever I had. Under the inspiring circumstances of the place my paper of half an hour grew to be nearly an hour, so many things and points needed to be said in order to make everything clear. Brethren Richardson and Hider in well chosen remarks enforced the lecturer's position. The chairman thought they were all under great obligation for having had matter presented worthy of their investigation. A few questions were asked. One wanted to ride off on the social problem, and another on the labor question—the chairman intervened. The meeting accepted with hearty thanks for its library, a copy of Dr. Lewis's Sabbath History. Brother Richardson distributed a few Sabbath leaflets. How heartily we longed for converts to the Sabbath, "right on the spot," as Elder Jacob Knapp used to say. I came away musing on the situation, and reflecting on the great big job which Seventh-day Baptists have in hand to dig and delve and bring the Sabbath out from under the dust of the ages. Thus closed the 6th of February, 1894.

W. M. J.

FROM A. G. CROFOOT.

Our cause in this place is about the same as it has been. The appointments of the church are quite well sustained. There is a good interest on the part of the young in the Bible-school and in Christian Endeavor work. One has been added to our number by baptism and others have joined the Y. P. S. C. E. A few families have struggled hard to sustain the cause of the Master in this place. They need your prayers and financial help. The light that is here should be held up and kept burning. Any who are looking for a new home among Sabbath-keepers in the West would do well to come here and look before going farther away. We have a good farming country with land worth from \$20 to \$30 per acre, according to improvements. I am preaching at Sumter once in two weeks.

NEW AUBURN, Minn., July 3, 1894.

FROM O. S. MILLS.

As we review our work on this field for the past year, we feel devoutly thankful to our heavenly Father for the kind watch-care and usually good health which he has granted us, enabling us to do what we have done.

Regular Sabbath services have been held with the little churches of Lincklaen and Otselic. They are in a fair spiritual condition. Most of the members are making commendable sacrifice that our labors may be continued, and the services of the churches maintained. If the members of our larger churches knew the financial and heart burdens of the active members of these little churches, and realized the importance of keeping them alive, I do not think it would be necessary for us to spend so much time in other labor to support ourselves.

Our income from the field amounts to about \$150 for the year. We pay our own house rent and are obliged to keep a horse. We have spent one Sabbath with the little church at Norwich, and visited the Preston society three times. This is indeed a needy field.

We have visited nearly every family containing one or more Seventh-day Baptists, in this county. This has required much of our time.

Our services are among the very few regularly maintained outside the villages, in the county. There is great need of an extensive revival, and we hope you will send us an evangelist and one or more singers, immediately after Conference, if possible.

The results of our labors are not as marked as we would be glad to see, but we have endeavored to do the best we could under the circumstances, and are willing to leave the results with God.

LINCKLAEN CENTRE, N. Y., July 5, 1894.

FROM S. I. LEE.

I regret my inability to make a complete report of my work for the Conference year. It has been my rule to copy all my reports, but last January I made my report when unable to sit up but a little while at a time, and I not only failed to make a copy, but before I was able to attend to business lost the paper on which calculations were made and all memoranda for more than a month of the time.

When I received my appointment for three months of the present year, I planned to visit Southern Texas in January and February, but seven weeks of sickness disarranged all my plans, and what work I have done so far this year has been in this part of my own State. Next week I intend to go to more distant points unless the railroad troubles absolutely prevent.

The outlook in the South-west, while not as bright as is desired, is not without encouraging features. The past year among our people has been free from those disturbances that for two or three years before were so seriously in the way of our denominational prosperity. A few have been added to the churches and these mostly by baptism. But there is in the South-west, as elsewhere, a general indifference concerning true godliness, which is appalling. There is much of creedism and formal profession of Christianity, and but little of Christianity exemplified. In most of the churches no-lawism is in the ascendancy, and it is hard to convince a man who believes that doctrine, whether in the church or out, that obedience to God has any bearing on his eternal interests. But occasionally we find one who believes in the God of the Bible, to such salvation is more than a name, it is becoming Christ-like, and showing his life to the world. I regret that I have not been more successful in winning such for my Saviour.

FROM D. K. DAVIS.

In submitting this annual report as missionary pastor of the Pleasant Grove Church, I would that I could speak of greater results. But I fondly hope that some advancement has been made in the cause of the Master. The regular Sabbath services have been quite well sustained with a fair interest. The Sabbath-school is well sustained, and making some progress in the study of the divine Word. The regular weekly prayer-meeting of the Endeavor Society is well attended, and I feel assured that some at least of the dear young people are making advancement in the divine life. The Ladies' Aid Society holds monthly meeting, and proposes to do its part in our denominational work.

The little band of Danish brethren and sisters at Dell Rapids are earnest and faithful. I have arranged to visit them once each month. Last Sabbath was my appointment there, but hearing that Eld. Sindall was to be there at that time, I deferred until the next Sabbath. I did not visit them in June on account of being absent from this church to attend the session of the North-Western Association at Dodge Centre, and the Scandinavian Yearly Meeting at Big Springs. The latter I attended by request of our Missionary Secretary, also by invitation of Eld. Ring. They had a very interesting meeting. I think this organization is increasing in interest and power. I have an impression that the attendance was larger and the interest greater than at any former meeting. By invitation I preached three times, at the eleven o'clock service, both on the Sabbath and First-day, and again at the closing meeting on First-day evening. I was told that the people there were very much gratified with my visit. The brothers and sisters of these Scandinavian churches are becoming more deeply interested, in our denominational work. Eld. Ring presented the interests of our Missionary Society on First-day afternoon and a collection was taken for that work, amounting to eighteen dollars. The Scandinavian brethren are making arrangements to secure a tent for evangelistic work, with the hope, by some aid and direction, to have it in operation in a few weeks. This is, or will be, doubtless, an advance movement of great importance. In fact I consider it a necessity if our cause is to be maintained among these people. The Baptists, with a tent and four workers, are holding meetings now about three miles from N. P. Nelson's. Ten were baptized there last Sunday. I am impressed with the importance of South Dakota as a field for Seventh-day Baptist effort as never before, also, with the command of the Master, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest," etc.

SMYTH, July 19, 1894.

MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society was held in Westerly, R. I., Aug. 6, 1894, at 9:30 A. M. President Wm. L. Clarke in the chair. There were present 13 members and 1 visitor. Prayer was offered by B. P. Langworthy 2d. In the absence of the Rec. Sec., A. S. Babcock was chosen Sec. pro tem.

Several communications were read and considered.

A. L. Chester, Treasurer, and O. U. Whitford, Cor. Sec., presented their Annual Reports which together were adopted as the 52d Annual Report of the Society.

It was voted that the offer of H. H. Hinman to preform evangelistic work in Kansas be accepted, the Board paying his traveling expenses only.

A. S. BABCOCK, Sec. pro tem.

WOMAN'S WORK.

CONSECRATING SELF.

You have feet—then run God's errands,
Here and there, and everywhere—
Feet that should be ready, eager,
Every day to go—and dare.
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
He will show just where to go;
Place true guide-boards 'long your life-path,
Tho' you wander to and fro.

You have hands—then do His bidding—
(Hands so strong that folded lie)
Strength and youth to be His servant,
As the moments quickly fly.
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
He will give you work to do—
Lay it just within your grasping—
Work which you will never rue.

You have lips—then tell His goodness,
So that all the world may hear;
Loudly, gladly ring His praises,
How He daily grows more dear.
Consecrate them, now to Jesus!
Guard and keep them ever pure,
Saying naught to give Him sorrow—
Thus unto the end endure.

You have eyes—then see His mercies
Crowding round on every hand—
Health, home, friends, and all possessions,
And this great, free, happy land.
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
They were given you to see
All His works, so grand and wondrous,
Wisely planned for you and me.

You have ears—then hear his teachings;
They are whispered clear and low,
Morning, noon, and in the night-time,
As you still in wisdom grow.
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
Hear His pleading, tender voice;
Heed His oft-repeated warnings,
For His friendship now rejoice,

You've a heart—give that to Jesus;
Lay it humbly at His feet,
Saying, "As I am, oh, take me,
Make me for Thy service meet."
Give it gladly, don't withhold it,
He has bought it with His death;
Just for you, on dark Golgotha,
Did he then yield up His breath.

Consecrate them all to Jesus—
Feet, hands, lips, and eyes, and ears!
He will give you strength to serve Him;
Scatter, too, your many fears.
All for Jesus—all our talents,
All our labor, all our love;
Then, when earthly work is finished,
He will summon us above.

—Mrs. Findley Braden.

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide,
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

MORE ABOUT CRUEL HEATHEN CUSTOMS.

Leading from the main road to the Boys' School there is a short, narrow alley, along one side of which are several tenements. Yesterday as I entered this alley I heard a child screaming and crying, a succession of screams followed by heavy blows and an angry voice adding to the disturbance. After the blows the cries were subdued for an instant only to be renewed, however, such wild, terrified screams. I arrived opposite the door just in time to witness the beating which an angry mother was administering with some club-like article. Seated in a large chair before the door was a little girl of six or seven years; in front of her the mother was kneeling, dressing the child's feet. Not taking in the situation at the first glance, and seeing that there were open, ugly sores on the feet, I said to the mother, "Oh! the child has hurt her feet, has she not?" Then seeing the shape of the feet and the tell-tale bandages, I knew that her feet had been hurt, but by no accident.

The child, with white, tear-stained face, and red eyes, was indeed a pitiful object, and between her fear of the club and the excruciating pain caused by tightening the bandages around the poor little sore feet, was undergoing true

torture. The mother, who has always seemed a kind woman, with angry eyes and no gentle hand, jerking the foot back in place, as the child could not help drawing it away, went on with the binding, scolding the while. It is needless to say that I was filled with sorrow and indignation, still powerless to, in any way, interfere. For a moment indignation got the better of me, and looking at the mother, I said, "There is a day coming when such a thing as this will not be allowed in the Middle Kingdom." Then a bit frightened at my own vehemence and positiveness, and remembering what a hold the custom has upon the people, and how impatience will not do, I added more quietly, "I am sorry you give your own little girl such pain, and passed on into the school.

But the time is coming when this cruel practice, which brings such untold misery upon little children, and cripples so many for life, will be done away. Of late there has been in many localities in China renewed effort to awaken a conscience on this subject among Christian missionaries and native Christians. There has been one large mass meeting in Shanghai, where opportunity for discussing the pros and cons was given, and another has been called. Anti-foot-binding societies have been formed, and there are many evidences of advance.

In our own mission, too, We Amah and Sung Niang Niang have voluntarily removed their bandages, for which we are especially thankful, as the fact that all of our Christian women have bound feet has added to the difficulty of developing a right view of the subject in our girls' school.

But it is not so much upon these evidences of progress that we depend for encouragement as the fact that it has been asked of the One who has promised, "If ye ask anything in my name I will do it;" and who has also promised, "Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance." Without doubt it is true that the friends at home can do quite as much in this surest way of all, faithful prayer, as we in China can do to hasten the day when this cruel custom shall no longer prevail in this empire. SUSIE M. BURDICK.

SHANGHAI, China, June 15, 1894.

How easy, with such a common-sense plan, to do much with a little! A missionary in China says that any church society of 60 members each giving two cents per week, could preach yearly, through a native preacher, to 50,000 persons. He knows of five societies who have adopted this plan and working together provide a floating chapel and dispensary, a Christian doctor and two native preachers; and during last November and December they preached in 100 villages, and gave medical aid to more than 1,000 persons.

A WRITER in the *Advance* relates: "The other day I asked a lady who is exceptional for her literary culture and tastes what she had been reading during the summer. 'Really nothing,' she said, 'except the missionary papers. I cannot find time for anything else.' And yet this 'nothing but missionary papers' had kept her in touch with the world, had made her an interesting person to talk with, although she was a housekeeper with a large family, and with very little kitchen help. It had kept her from becoming intellectually stupid with the monotony of daily toil."

It is 20 years since Dr. Mackay, missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, began to labor in North Formosa. The result is in that part of the island at this day 2,605 baptized Christians, 50 native preachers, two ordained pastors, and many other workers.

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST.

BY MRS. M'VEAN ADAMS.

"Ye are my witnesses; thus spake the Master,
And those who heard him passed the word along
Down through the centuries, faster and faster,
Until our fathers heard the wondrous song.
And, taking up the strain, they sent it ringing
To sunny lands across the shining wave;
And in strange tongues the little ones are singing
Of home and happiness beyond the grave.

And yet, beneath the Orient's sky of splendor,
There lie dark lands, whose people have not heard
Of Christ's redeeming love, divine and tender;
And nations now are waiting for the word.
Then let us, with a joy beyond expressing,
What God has sent to us, to others send;
And thus we shall receive the promised blessing,
And Jesus will be with us to the end.
—Heathen Woman's Friend.

WOMAN'S BOARD.

Receipts for 1st half of Conference year.

Tract Society	\$241 76
Missionary Society, General Fund	116 50
" Miss Bardick's salary	471 53
" Dr. Swinney's salary	106 12
" Nurse and Helper's fund	47 81
" Dispensary fund	28 43
" Earnest bed fund	25 00
" Tent fund	10 00
" Home Missions	60 13
" Holland Mission	3 00
" China Mission	3 00
" Dr. Swinney—personal	5 00
" Education of Chinese girl	30 00
" Miss Palmborg's passage	50 00
" Free bed—A. E. Main Hospital	18 00
Board Expense	69 65
Boulder Church	7 00
Burial fund (Dzau Sing Chung)	10 00
Mizpah Mission	10 00
Dr. Swinney's Photograph fund	20 32
Miss Palmborg—personal	3 00
Outfit	85 19
Kindergarten supplies	37 92
	\$1,459 36

E. & O. E.

MILTON, Wis., Aug. 3, 1894.

ELIZABETH A. STEER, Treas.

A MISSIONARY writes that in this country "woman's work is never done." "They are expected to keep their husbands and sons in spotless linen, and as the men dress completely in white, wearing even white leggings, and as Korea abounds in miry clay, the washing becomes no mean thing. Moreover, when one learns that every article, before it is washed, must be entirely picked to pieces, and after it is ironed re-made, the sewing looms into gigantic proportions. The Korean women have no soap, no tubs, no washboards. The clothes are carried to a mountain stream, and there rubbed on the stones. They have no irons, so the pieces of cloth are wound over a sort of rolling-pin and patted with a stick—a most laborious and tedious process, but one which gives linen a gloss almost equal to that of satin. The traveler coming into a town far into the night never fails to hear the tick-tack, tick-tack, that announces the woman at her ironing."

THESE figures relating to the gifts of women for missions last year, are worth pondering. Mrs. L. M. Bainbridge is the authority:

Presbyterians (North)	\$309,818
Methodists (North)	265,342
Congregationalists	229,701
Baptists (North)	155,552
Union Missionary Society	50,222
Episcopal	35,484
Reformed Church	29,635
Total	\$1,076,754

"WHEN my soul comes to a body on earth again," said the wife of a high official one day, "I want to be a dog, not a woman. A dog can run about as it chooses. If one has a will as high as the heavens one cannot stir hand or foot, we are so fettered by our customs."

JAPAN also has its Great Northern Railroad extending some 500 miles from Tokyo to Aomori, a seaport at the northern end of the great island of Nippon.

IN a sermon referring to the political ring of New York City Dr. Parkhurst said, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but they make much better time when some one is after them."

CANON FARRAR expresses a truth in the following statement: "He who talks of missions as a failure uses the language of ignorant error as an excuse for un-Christian sloth."

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ill and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience sent to calm
Our feverish brow with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longing for the close of day!
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on; the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

RENAISSANCES.*

BY MR. TEMA L. EYERLY.

"In the moral as in the physical world every night brightens into a new day." Ages of indolence are succeeded by periods of activity. First the seed in the soil, second the proper cultivation, and then comes the harvest. Old time in his flight, and on his rapid wings brings the harvest in ceaseless succession of events. It is with man as with the planets, changes are not wrought by leaps, but step by step. Beating in harmony with the laws of the universe, they swing to and fro like the shuttle of a loom. And so the dark night of the middle ages was succeeded by the glorious morning of the Renaissance. The dark cloud of ignorance, superstition, and inactivity which had rested on Europe for several centuries was removed, and a revival of learning ensued such as never was witnessed in the history of any nation. Renaissance is a French word recently come into use and literally signifies a re-birth, and is applied to the new and rapid development of the European nations during the 15th and 16th centuries, and indicates the transition from mediæval to modern history. This event was the introduction of these nations upon a fresh stage of vital energy in general. But it must not be thought that such an event as this occurred without preliminary cause and warnings. The enfeeblement of the Feudal System throughout Europe, "the invention and application of paper, gun-powder, printing and mariner's compass; the discovery of vast countries beyond the seas, and the decay of those great fabrics, church and state, all hastened this oncoming age of learning. And what the reformation exhibits in the sphere of religion and politics, the renaissance, or renaissance of learning, sets forth in art, science and literature. Such a period as this cannot be confined within any specified time. But there is one date which should be remembered as a starting-point, this was the year 1453, when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks. Without this event, the effect which the renaissance had on literature would never have transpired. But the capture and pillage of that city was the means of diffusing the ancient Greek and Roman manuscripts which were

*Oration delivered at the Commencement Exercises of Nortonville High School, May 1, 1894, and requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER. Mr. Eyerly, son of Rev. Eyerly, and Miss Lucy Randolph graduated with the highest honors of a class of seven at that time. While the entire class acquitted themselves admirably, we think the above named worthy of especial mention as they were the only Seventh-day pupils in the class. The judges and presenters of diplomas being influential Sunday men of the city.

preserved in that place; and opened their treasures to the writers of Europe. Many were carried to Italy. And thither the English students and writers eagerly flocked to study the books of antiquity. And this greatly influenced the English literature of that period. Closely following this came the eventful time between 1492 and 1500. Charles VIII. led his expedition to Naples and opened Italy to the French, German and Spanish. These nations at once began to compete for the prize of the Italian Peninsula, and learned to what a high degree of perfection its culture had reached. During this epoch the Papal power reached the zenith of its glory, and the reformation became inimitable. This same period witnessed the discovery of America, the invention and application of printing to the diffusion of knowledge; and the resolution effected in the military world by the use of gun-powder. During this time people so eagerly sought after knowledge that the merchant bartered his costly wares for a few worm eaten manuscripts. The crowning event of the Renaissance in Italy was the notable plunder for Rome. This closed the Renaissance for the land of its birth. In science and art a rubicon had been crossed, from which no retrogression was possible. Let it not be supposed, however, that no evil attended such a revival of learning. Beneath the surface of brilliant culture lurked gross appetites and savage passions unrestrained by mediæval piety. Political honesty almost ceased to have an existence in Italy, while the Christian virtues were despised by the foremost men and ablest thinkers of the time, being themes for the rhetoricians rather than models in every day life.

Italian society offered an unparalleled instance of literary artistic and courtly refinement mingled with brutalities of lust, treason and the deadly work of the assassin. As luxurious Italy led the way in this new movement, so England was the last to embrace it. The cause of the deferment of the enlightening age in that country was the French War of the Roses, and persecution of the Lollards. But the year 1536, when Henry VIII. passed the act of Supremacy, may be considered as the starting point of the Renaissance, or revival of learning in England. She then entered upon a career of intellectual development abreast with the foremost nations of Europe. Schools of the highest type were founded throughout the land; and education received much attention, and was relied upon as a means of great importance, both in social and civil life. This was truly an age of learned women. Maids of honor were readers of Plato, while the Queen could quote Pinder and Homer from the original. The period of her history was ruled by an austere spirit which brought the ravages of war instead of peace and safety. Reminding men of sternest duties, testing what moral force was in them. The question might rightly be asked: What are the elements of this great Renaissance? It was the expansion of nature's laws, and a burning zeal for the civilization of Greece and Rome. For up to this time they had been lying dormant on the Dead Sea shore of the Dark Ages. It was the quickening of the taste, the eloquence and song of antiquity of the ancient gods and heroes, and of the enduring thought of Athens. These caused it to unfold its wings like the proud bird of the forest, the emblem of our own lovely land.

Passing from these events of the middle ages that we may widen on the meaning of our subject, in order to make an application to ourselves, we pause to enquire, What are some of

the eventful scenes through which we are now passing in this the closing decade of the 19th century? We think it too late to utter the sentiment expressed by some that we are now standing on the verge of an impending revolution. Friends on boat have already left the shore, and we are fast sailing for mid ocean. It is needless to say that some of the greatest problems ever propounded to any nation are now before us for immediate solution. What of the great question of capital and labor now disturbing the minds of many? Where is there a common ground for anarchy to meet an overruling monopoly, or clasp hands over what seems to be a bloody chasm? Will the money power compromise with the laboring classes, or will this great question not be settled until this land is convulsed in war.

The many riots, the constant growth and clamor of anarchy, and the army of the unemployed now calling for work, seem to indicate that such a thing might be possible. What of the temperance movement? Can this nation continue to prosper under the baneful influence of King Alcohol? Foreign immigration, the Gold and Silver questions, Woman's Rights, and Social and Political Reforms are other questions before the people. The mysterious future alone will solve these problems. But how ought the explication of these and others of kindred nature to be made? We answer from the stand-point of eternal justice and equity to all classes, and selfishness to none. When this is done this great commonwealth will become the abode of peace and plenty, and blossom as the rose. Then we may fondly hope that our principles of government will survive the wreck of time, and remain through the last conflagration. So let us hope for a Renaissance in the near future; when all classes shall work in harmony and for the good of the Republic. When poverty and crime shall be things of the past. When this government shall make such provisions for, and encourage education, that ignorance shall cease to be, and all will be enlightened on the questions of to-day. When this great commonwealth will enter upon a period of international peace and prosperity, such as never was witnessed by Athenian art or Roman culture. And when our glorious flag—emblematic of our blood bought liberties—shall wave in triumph throughout the land, and over the sea, and as it floats above the dome of our national capitol, there will be emblazoned on its folds in letters of golden light, freedom and unity, justice and equity, now and forever.

SATOLLI AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The liquor traffic has received another severe blow by a recent decision of the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli. The history of the case in brief is this: Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio, last spring announced to his diocese that he withdrew his approbation from every Catholic Society, branch or division thereof, that has a liquor dealer or saloon-keeper at its head or among its officers." Of course the liquor dealers protested. An appeal was made to Mgr. Satolli; and he decides in favor of the bishop against the liquor dealers. The case has really been argued twice before the ablegate, and with the same results in both instances. The decision is only directly applicable to the diocese of Bishop Watterson, but it furnishes a guiding precedent for the rules of other diocese. The Catholic Church has furnished a large number of the saloon-keepers in this country, and this decision makes them socially disreputable. It is one of the signs of the times which show that public sentiment against the rum seller is slowly but surely gathering strength. It is not respectable to entice young men into the pernicious ways of dram drinking. It is not respectable to minister to the drunkard's depraved appetite, and rob his family of the necessities of life. The brand of infamy is on the business.—*Congregationalist*.

HISTORICAL & BIOGRAPHICAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. NATHAN WARDNER, D. D.

(Continued.)

UNDER HIS FATHER'S ROOF—CONTINUED.

His years at home were not always free from trial. The work on the farm was often severe and exhausting, and was not suited to his natural tastes. His step-mother, who possessed many excellent qualities, was sometimes harsh and exacting to him. She would exercise her authority occasionally in unnecessary and unmerciful whipping. Her language was exasperating when she was angry. On one occasion when Nathan, a grown up boy, had been unjustly accused and berated, he closed his lips tightly, and said to himself, "Though mother abuses me, I will not do wrong in answering her disrespectfully." It will be noted that in mature life, he had a wonderful command of his temper; and no doubt his experience in curbing it under such circumstances, when it was naturally hasty in the beginning, led him to this self-mastery. It is said that only once did his resentment get the start of him in the presence of his father's family; and then he suddenly ceased to talk and withdrew from the room. At times it was the burden of his prayer, in the words of the psalmist, "O Lord, help me that I sin not with my tongue." He had an ardent thirst for knowledge, which he could not satisfy by reading and study in his situation, and which he could not quench.

He was the last of the children to make a public profession of religion, and this occurred when he was nineteen years of age. He has furnished a very full description of his experience at the time. As it is very indicative of his traits of character, and shows what methods the divine Spirit employed to secure these experiences, we transcribe it in full, as follows:—

"In December, 1838, he went to Geneva, N. Y., on business, where three of his brothers were living at the time. On his arrival he found a course of evening meetings to be in progress in the Baptist church, which meetings had become deeply interesting. A severe snowstorm, coming on soon after, detained him more than a week. He at once became a subject of much solicitude on the part of these brothers, who dealt faithfully with him; and many earnest prayers, public as well as private, were offered in his behalf. These kind efforts were not in vain, and before leaving the place he secretly resolved to give himself daily to reading of the Scriptures, to meditation, and to prayer for light and the influence of the Spirit to show him what he was and what he ought to do. He was not left long to doubt in regard to his duty; but fearing he might again fall away, and disgrace the cause of Christ in yielding to his corrupt propensities, he wavered for a long time.

"In the latter part of March following, at the time his mind was most deeply exercised upon the subject, a revival broke out at Andover village, which, it will be remembered, was about two and a half miles from his residence. But the distance and other engagements prevented him from attending, except on First-days. One evening after having listened to a very animated and heart-searching discourse from Eld. J. L. Scott, his brother next older, who had noticed for sometime an unusual seriousness in his conversation and manners, privately questioned him relative to the state of his mind. He frankly told his brother his feelings in the matter,

and the interview closed with a season of prayer, in which both joined. By this he was strengthened for the conflict which followed.

"His master, whom he had served so long and faithfully, seeing him about to forsake his former course, came forward with his heaviest artillery, and commenced a deadly onset. Never before did he conceive of such formidable obstacles and such plausible arguments against the step he was about to take; never before did he perceive such charms in sinful pleasures and worldly pursuits, as were now portrayed to his imagination. The temptation to retrace the step he had already taken, and to dismiss the subject till a more advanced age, well nigh prevailed. The next First-day he was very strongly impressed to commit himself publicly; but the fear of men and the temptation to procrastinate deterred him. He left the place with feelings not to be envied. His former sins appeared tenfold blacker than before, and the mercy and long-suffering of God in sparing such a rebel appeared vastly more conspicuous. He hastened to his closet; but this only added poison to his cup, inasmuch as he was still wavering in his purpose. The nearer he approached his offended Master, the more aggravating did his sins appear. He arose from his knees, filled with shame, and almost driven to despair.

"The words, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' seemed to ring in his ears, as though spoken by a voice from above. He felt strongly impressed that that day would decide his doom. He opened his New Testament in hopes to find something applicable to his case, and his eye lit on the following passage: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it. For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away? For whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.' The last verse was like a dagger to his soul; and he then solemnly resolved that he would not close his eyes in sleep again, until he had confessed his Saviour before the world.

"There was to be a prayer-meeting at the village that evening. Owing to the bad walking, he was left to wend his way alone, which gave the tempter an opportunity to do his utmost, and the oppressed heart of the-seeker was almost persuaded several times to give up the attempt. But the recollection of the vow he had made to him who was cognizant of what was then passing in his mind, urged him on; and having at the meeting relieved himself of his burden, he returned home with an overflowing heart. On the following seventh-day he offered himself to the First-day Baptist Church of Andover as a candidate for baptism, and was accepted. This was in the month of April; but the church being without an administrator at the time, his baptism was deferred until the following June."

He greatly resembled his father in features and his cast of mind. The spirit of his mother was doubtless imparted to him, as an inspiration to his heart, and as molding his religious life. But his father shaped his general traits of character and nourished his every day purposes. Both were firm, if not obstinate; both had rigid views of morality and religion; both were inclined to accept the legal phases of the gospel as very prominent; both were independent,

seeking the guidance of their own judgments in the formation of their plans and their opinions on all questions which interested them; and both were very active and prompt in the transaction of their daily business and in the discharge of all other known duties. The relations between them were free and intimate.

The esteem and the attachment of the son for the father are shown in the following sentences taken from the second letter written in China to his home after he had been abroad from this country over two years: "Oh, that I could see you, and unbosom my feelings to you. Earth could not afford a greater luxury to me than to enjoy such a season." He writes that he does not expect to ever have that privilege again in this world. "But I look forward with joy to that happy day when I hope that we shall again greet each other in a country where the last farewell tear will be wiped away, and where we shall have tongues that will express the emotions of our hearts. Though our separation here is painful, yet it will serve to sweeten our cup of joy there." He next refers to the work that called him from his home and native land. "Dear father, if your unworthy son can but be the means in the hands of God of the salvation of one poor heathen, would not the pleasure of seeing him drinking from the exhaustless fountain of Christ's love, a thousand fold thrice repeated, repay us for the trial of our present separation? I know you would answer in the affirmative, and still the gush of parental fondness would not be stopped. I feel that I am unworthy of such affection. Oh that I could repay it in deeds of devotion to you! But thanks be to God, I have a rich father in heaven, whose store is complete." His mind goes back to the days of his youth at home. "I used to think I loved you as well as any son ought to love a parent, but I was never sensible of the depth of my feelings until since our separation. Do I do right in thus expressing myself? If not, pardon the error. But I should act the hypocrite if I should assume an air of cold respect." In stronger terms, if possible, he still declares his regard. "Believe me when I say there is no privilege I should prize so highly as to be permitted to administer to all your wants, furnish you consolation in every hour of affliction, and thus to smoothe your dying pillow, did I not feel myself bound by the allegiance I owe to my Maker to act in the sphere I now do." He brings to mind the painful feelings that he may have awakened in his father's heart. "One thing more I cannot forbear to mention. It must naturally have been the case, of which I am fully conscious, that in the waywardness of my youth and in the stubbornness of my disposition I must have given you many occasions of grief; and in one thing in particular I am conscious of having erred, and that was my neglect to advise with you as much as I ought to have advised in forming my plans; and now for fear another opportunity may never present itself, I must beg that you will forgive all my follies and misconduct which have, in any way, caused you sorrow." Three years afterward, on learning of the death of his father, he enters in his journal this remark: "Heaven now has attractions for me which it never before possessed, as I have good reason to think I now have a father, a mother, and a stepmother there."

In the last years of his minority he was called to undergo one of the severest struggles of his life. This lay in the decision, which he was compelled to form, of choosing between the oc-

cupation of a farmer and heeding the duty he owed his father, on one side, and the acquisition of a thorough education and becoming a minister of the gospel, on the other. An account of it says: "Being the youngest of the family his father had always calculated on having him to lean upon in his old age, and had consequently offered him strong pecuniary inducements to remain with him and manage the farm. These prospects, and a desire to gratify his father's wishes prevailed for a time, and he began to make arrangements accordingly. But his convictions soon revived again with increased force, and for two years he remained vacillating between two opinions. This affected very much his religious enjoyment, and at times rendered him extremely wretched, until he finally decided to give up all and to follow the dictates of conscience, feeling that peace of mind was more to be desired than wealth, and the will of God was more important than that of an earthly parent." On this subject he afterwards writes his father, thus: "It was by no means an easy matter for me to bring my mind to the decision I did when I resolved to leave you for the sake of getting an education. It was after years of sore conflict, which no one but myself fully knows, and which I desire never to experience again. But I left with the expectation that you were to be provided for. Perhaps I erred in so doing; and if so I am conscious of having erred in opposition to my own inclinations and the consideration of worldly interest. From the age of fifteen I have never been able to see my way clear to pursue any other course." In this protracted trial he was greatly assisted by his brother Chauncey, who at the time was fitting himself for the ministry. The latter recently states that "Nathan's life up to the age of twenty-one was at home, planning only to be a farmer, and to take care of our father in his old age, until I came home on a visit, having been some three years in my preparatory studies." He seems to have had, more than any other member of the family, an apprehension of the undeveloped capacities of his brother for usefulness in the sacred calling. He says further: "I was impressed to lay the duty on him to go with me at once to the Alfred school. I told him he would have to preach, and not to waste any more time at home. I am glad I had something to do in his beginning at school for the work he has followed so faithfully and nobly through life."

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTIANITY AND REFORM WORK.

BY GEORGE P. FISHER, D. D., LL. D.

(Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Yale Divinity School.)

Every educated man ought to be a reformer. Education sinks in worth, if it does not warm the love of justice, and instil a disposition to remedy social evils. Society in its best condition, is far from being perfect. But there are two classes of reformers, which are separated by a radical difference that daily becomes more and more palpable. The one believes that Christianity is a gospel of grace for the renewal of the *heart*, and the only agency that promises to deliver men from sin. The other, while accepting for the most part the ethics of Christ, has no faith in the supernatural origin, or in what the church prizes as the regenerating forces of Christianity. Now both these reformers, the Christian and the infidel, may look on social wrongs with sorrow and indignation. But they differ most widely from one another as to the source of these evils, and hence also, as to their remedy. The Christian regards

them as the fruit of a fall of the human will from the holy principle of the text. Men have ceased to live for God, and are living for themselves; and injustice is the natural consequence of impiety. He does not dispute the ethics of the infidel, for the latter draws his moral spirit, in part, from the pagan philosophers, but chiefly from the gospel, whose main substance he scornfully rejects. On the law, on morals, they are not far asunder. But see how they separate! The mere philanthropist relies on the emphatic proclaiming of human rights and the denunciation of crimes against them;—in a word, on the earnest publishing of natural religion. But the Christian is convinced that ethics are utterly unable to change the character of men and reform society. He believes that unless the tree is made good, it will continually bear corrupt fruit. He hopes for social improvement, as far as the feeling of pious love can be implanted in the hearts of men. For the implanting of this principle, he has no confidence in the preaching of natural religion, however pure the scheme may be. What causes injustice, what baffled the attempts to elevate man on heathen soil, what withstands invincibly the moralist to-day, is the fact that the will of man is opposed to the known law of conscience. The heart and the conscience are against each other, and the law cannot recover the heart. Hence arises the need of a regenerating power; and therefore, in the fullness of time, God sent forth his Son.

Now the moralist does not take into the account this doctrine of sin. Hence there comes into being, by a natural process, a strange phenomenon, a malignant philanthropy. A humane man awakes to the perception of a social wrong. He sees how it conflicts with the dictates of justice; he exposes the inconsistency, and cries for reform. But his remonstrance is unheeded, his arguments fall on deaf ears, and, in spite of his zeal, there stands the wrong, strong as a fortress against his assaults. He has exhausted his resources against it without disturbing it. In his armory, there is no other missile left. His failure embitters his feeling. He hates those whom he failed to convert, and is angry with all who, as he thinks, have omitted to second his efforts.

A discerning Christian will find in his principle a safeguard against this mistaken spirit. Of the ideas of natural religion, he does not forget (to use the words of another) that "a Plato, a Plutarch and a Cicero, found in the fact that there are in man's *reason*, but not obeyed and realized in man's *will*, the most convincing evidences that humanity is at schism with itself, and therefore depraved and fallen, while they knew no mode of deliverance." To little purpose has he studied the mind and history of man, who can overlook the astounding fallacy by which the apostles of infidelity sustain their scheme. The life-giving power which the ancient sages sought in vain, and which their followers now seek in vain, lies in the word and spirit of Jesus Christ. Where Christ is truly known there it is felt that "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." What social wrong can long uphold itself, where this principle is practically acknowledged?

With such views, the scholar will not, indeed, stand aloof from enterprises of reform. He will even brave a wrong public opinion, use his privilege as a citizen, and not withhold his voice nor his pen from the service of the injured and the lowly. But his prime efforts will be for the spread of a kingdom which enthrones the spirit of love in the heart. Without losing sight of

specific evils or shrinking from an open stand against them, yet his attention centers on the radical selfishness out of which they grow. And conscious of his own moral deficiencies, in kindness and patience, he works to overcome it everywhere, with the self-sacrifice which breathes in the words—"none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

In self-devotion there is positive happiness of the purest kind. There are volumes of truth in the grand paradox of the gospel—"He that loseth his life, shall save it." We find our life when we give it up. Joys springs, not from self-seeking, but from self-renunciation. It is hard for man in his blindness to believe that by the surrender of himself he gains what he does not seek. Yet all analogy teaches it; for the intellectual and natural life of man foreshadows the spiritual law. When is the poet inspired? In the blissful moment, when he is possessed by thoughts that are above him, and *lost* in them, so as to feel himself but an organ for their utterance. When is the joy of the artist at the height? It is when he is conscious that the ideal which he longs to embody in the dumb poetry of art, has taken his soul captive, and made him a medium for its own expression. What is the joy of eloquence? It is the delight of the orator, when he feels that he is not his own, but has been caught up and is borne away by his theme. What is the joy of heroism—which is eloquence in action? What is the sweetness and glory of dying for one's country? It is the bliss of self renunciation; of being absorbed by what is greater and more beautiful than ourselves. A man of genius is one who is moved to utter great thoughts or do great deeds by the forces of nature, that are behind his will. Because his movement is so spontaneous, so little dependent on reflection and volition, men have imagined him inspired, or moved by another. To be sure, genius in man, though it is native and instinctive, must receive the discipline of reflection and thorough culture, or it remains a wayward force. But when developed and trained by culture, it creates with spontaneous ease; and hence the great achievements in art, eloquence and heroism, are at once the fruits of intense labor, and the playful, *joyful* efforts of nature.

In analogy with the highest forms of activity in the natural life, is the spiritual life—the central grace of the gospel. It is the loss of the individual will, and the surrender of the soul to the guidance of the infinite will. "None of us liveth to himself." "Our life," says an apostle, "is hidden with Christ in God." Through this analogy in part, the affinity of the fine arts to religion has its origin. And therefore, eloquence in its best exercise, has been set forth by an ingenious writer as a *virtue*. It is the spontaneous expression of a soul that is made fervid by a vast moral interest, in which it is taken up and lost. If the poet and the orator are happy, when forgetting themselves in a transient inspiration, what will be true of him whose whole being is yielded up, a free offering. If it is more blessed to give than to receive, what is the blessing of him who gives *his all*? It is the unalloyed peace of a righteous man. It is the song of the martyr who is insensible to the flames, through the grandeur of the objects for which he dies. It was the joy of the "man of sorrow who endured the cross, despising the shame."

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

EVERY truth is equal to its own moral force plus the moral force of the person who utters it and stands behind it.—*Dr. Hoss.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

"He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small."

"BETTER not be at all than not be noble."

"To LOOK on noble forms makes noble, through the sensual organisms, that which is higher."

"What is it to be noble? You all know well enough, but suppose you give now the essential elements in a life which we call noble. Tell your children, your brothers, your sisters, or your parents in what nobility consists. You may not find it so easy to define as you had imagined. Surely it does not depend upon birth, or nationality, or class. Church membership is not wholly necessary. A man must be more than simply honest in his dealings with mankind. Is a brave man necessarily a noble man? Well then, what is it that makes a man noble. Is it wealth, or friends, or civil station? Is it education, or religion, or culture? The quotation above speaks of "noble forms." Well, what are noble forms? It is easy enough to select objects and say "there is a noble looking tree, or a noble looking house, or a noble looking horse." But will some one of you please tell me what there is about the house, or the tree, or the horse that gives to it a noble appearance. Now please do not put this paper away or pass it on to the next page until you have answered, in part at least, these queries in reference to nobility.

By the time that these lines have traveled nearly a thousand miles eastward, have passed through the hands of the editor, the type setter and the proof reader, and have appeared in print, by that time, in the providence of God, our General Conference will be in session at Brookfield, N. Y.

MAY it be a season of rich spiritual gifts. May the love of God abound in all hearts. May wisdom, and prudence, and justice be manifested in all the plans for future work. May Christian harmony and good-will prevail. May personal preferences and local interests be made secondary to the best good of the whole people. May no one's feelings be hurt because of seeming, or of real neglect of receiving sufficient notice. May no one be given position and prominence except for real worth and ability.

CIRCUMSTANCES are not very favorable for writing anything useful and helpful for the young people this week. Just now the thermometer shows a temperature of ninety-four in the shade and a parching south-west wind is meandering across the country. I am sitting on the ground in the shade of an old barn in the edge of the woods, watching two men with a cross-cut saw cutting black oak logs into blocks of four feet in length. My hands are well blistered, due to the friction of an ax handle used this forenoon. Near me is a jug of water to which the men make frequent visits. You see I am rusticated, working up a constitution for a year of labor in the school-room; and I find no place so good as the country farm, far from town, where I can use as I please the ax, the hoe, the fork, the spade, where I can water the stock and milk the cows, or lie on the grass in the woods, just as I please. It

is better than camping by a lake, it is better than rowing and fishing. There is always some kind of work to be done on a farm, and one can feel that his exercise is of some use to some one.

I HOPE that the young people have followed with interest the series of articles which have appeared in this department, written by E. K. *Loyalty* has been the general theme, each article taking some particular object to which we owe our loyalty. The recent riots and labor insurrections have aroused in many of us a more intense feeling of loyalty to our country, and we abhor the traitor with a keener hatred than ever before. But our loyalty for our home, and church, and friends should be as intense and real as is our loyalty to our country, and a traitor to one's home or friends should be held as equally dangerous to society as a traitor of one's country. Be loyal, young friends, though it cost you self-sacrifice and sorrow. The reward of a clear conscience will amply repay you for all you may be called to undergo.

KILLED BY CIGARETTES.

The following incident, sad but true, was related by Delano Coon before the Endeavor Society of New Auburn, Minn., April 14th, of this year. The topic for that week was, "Self-Control, and How to Gain it." I cannot tell the story as he did, but it was in substance as follows:

"Several years ago, while attending school at Anoka, I made the acquaintance of a youth just entering his teens. He was very bright and intelligent, and gave promise of making a man of much more than ordinary ability. His parents were very anxious that he should become a man of virtue and usefulness, but they were also very indulgent. I became deeply interested in the lad. He was so thoughtful, so kind and obliging, that one could not help loving him. Before I left school, however, he showed signs of being a "spoiled child," and I could not help feeling anxious in regard to his future.

"After a few years of absence I located for a few months in the same place, and at once renewed my acquaintance with the family. And what of the boy? Time had done its work, and the youth had grown into a man. But alas! this was not the only change. There were unmistakable signs of dissipation in every feature. The bright, happy look had faded. The winning ways and gentlemanly bearing had vanished, and in their place was the unmistakable dudish swagger. The eye had lost its luster, the cheek was sunken and sallow. This was not all, nor the worst. I hardly ever met him on the street but that he held a cigarette in his teeth, and I found later on that he kept a cigar shop. I tried hard to induce him to quit the business, give up the cigarette habit, and use his influence with mine to save the other boys; but it was of no avail. The tears and entreaties of his dearest friends were met with the same reckless indifference. He took delight in entertaining his young friends at the shop, inhaling with them the deadly narcotics. The terrible effects of this unceasing dissipation were painfully evident. It seemed that all effort to reclaim him was useless. Self respect, pride, honor, love, and conscience, were burned to a crisp. Pleadings and prayers alike failed to rouse him from the lethargy into which he had sunken. His downward course was rapid. Health finally gave entirely away, and in a

few short weeks the life once so promising was blasted and gone. The decision of the physicians in attendance was, 'Killed by cigarette smoking.'

That is the story. How pitiful! A life so young, so talented, swallowed up in vice! I wish you could have heard the story as I did. I am sure it would have had a greater influence for good. Will we turn a deaf ear to these solemn warnings? I trust not.

"Yield not to temptation;"
"Shun evil companions;"
"Ask the Saviour to help you;"
And "all will be well."

C. C. VANHORN.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

In a town a few miles from where I live several men have been holding gospel meetings in a tent. The place is a small city and rather a hard place. Matters went on as usual with the evangelists until finally people were not only redeemed from sinful lives but were cured from sickness, some on beds where they had been lying for many years. The city papers gave occasional notices of meetings until it began to look as though God was there in power, curing both soul and body; then the papers refused to print statements or affidavits of people who regarded themselves as cured from diseases. The hoodlums then came to the tent, cut the ropes, put out lights and endeavored to break up the meeting. Plans have been made to tar and feather the evangelists, the papers have published untrue statements about their casting out devils for money, etc., and made all manner of sport of them. No one knows anything bad of the men before or since they came; they are making no money out of it so far as any one knows, and now the press and people who have never raised their voice against their scores of saloons, their scores of gambling houses, their dens of infamy, their low theaters, their facilities unsurpassed for ruining young people, are wild with indignation over what God or these men, or both, are doing. I have not seen the men, I only know something of what is printed and said about it. I have two reasons for thinking it is of God. One reason is, the kind of people whom the devil is using to fight the men; and the other is that I have a friend who is so much improved in health that she is walking for the first time in a month and gives God the glory. If Gamaliel were here, the philosopher of two thousand years ago, he would tell this very wise generation to "Refrain from these men and let them alone, for if this work be of men it will come to naught, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye found even to fight against God."

E. B. SAUNDERS.

WORK.

Seek your life's nourishment in your life's work. Do not think that after you have bought, or sold, or studied, or taught, you will go into your closet and open your Bible and repair the damage or the loss which your daily life has left you. Do those things, certainly, but also insist that your buying, or selling, or studying, or teaching shall itself make you brave, patient, pure and holy. Do not let your occupation pass you by, and only leave you, the basest and poorest of its benefits, the money with which it fills your purse. This is the life that, indeed, "catches the quality of the life of God," and still it is a life possible to every one of us.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told,
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its center.

For all, at last, the cock will crow,
Who hear the warning voice but go
Unheeding;
Till thrice or more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache,
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls through dust and heat
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And, conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

—Longfellow.

QUITE AN ADVENTURE.

BY PERCY CLAYTON.

"I declare, it is too hard—it is just mean. Here I must stay at home all day—and such a splendid day, too! to take care of Addie, who could play with May Pratt exactly as well, and let me go berrying. The raspberries are aching to be picked, down there on Copeland's hill, great, red, ripe beauties! It is mean!"

Nellie Haines sat upon the wide veranda and rocked violently, scowling at six-year-old Addie, who was playing as merrily as though she was not the cause of her sorrow.

She looked beyond her at the green hillside, where she knew the sweet berries hung thickest, and scowled harder.

She could almost see the red clusters among the cool leaves—she forgot the thorns.

Then she looked after a carriage which was fast disappearing in the opposite direction.

Her mother was going to visit at Aunt Mary's, and she must care for Addie until she returned.

That was the cause of her discontent.

A glorious afternoon to be spent at home, instead of in the leafy woods where the ripe berries grew.

She did not think of the few holidays which came to the tired mother.

She rocked harder and the angry scowl deepened.

Just then Jennie Gale came up the walk.

She carried a tin pail in her hand, and called out excitedly:—

"Nellie Haines, get your hat and pail this minute! Such great beauties as there are in Uncle Ben's pasture—you just ought to see 'em! I wouldn't wonder if you could pick a pint in a minute. Mother baked me some ball doughnuts and some turnovers, on purpose so we could have a picnic when we were tired. Come—quick!"

"I—I can't," sobbed Nellie. "Mother has gone to Aunt Mary's, and I've got to stay right here and take care of Ad."

"Take her with us. I'll help you take care of her. We can give her a dipper, and find places for her to pick. She surely cannot get hurt in Uncle Ben's pasture, and the berries are so-o big."

Jennie measured half-way on her plump thumb.

"O-h-h-h!" breathed Nellie, and hesitated.

They who hesitate in deciding between right and wrong are lost.

Her mother had distinctly said that she could not go to Copeland's hill—she had said nothing about Uncle Ben's pasture.

It is always easy enough to find excuses for doing wrong, you know.

"Of course she wouldn't, if you'd asked her," answered Jennie. "The pasture is as safe as this house, but my mother wouldn't let me go to the hill. Why, they were hunting a bear there yesterday, didn't you know it? Probably that was the reason why your mother wouldn't let you go there to pick berries."

Nellie's eyes grew big and round.

"No, I never knew it," she gasped, and the sunny hillside speedily became an amphitheater in her eyes.

"But the pasture is different. It is a great deal nearer, and there are not so many bushes there," Jennie went on coaxingly. "Come, Nellie. Your mother would like some of those beau-u-u-tiful berries for her tea when she gets home, I know. I'll help you take care of Addie. Get your pail and come."

Nellie hesitated no longer. She sprang up briskly, brought Addie's hat and her own, locked the front door, and soon appeared from the back cellar with a bright tin pail for herself and a dipper for Addie.

"I don't s'pose she'll pick more'n she eats," she said. "But she won't want the pail if I give her the dipper."

"Oh, yes. She'll be better contented to have a dish of her own," added Jennie indulgently. Addie trudged along joyfully.

She did not often go to pick berries for herself.

After going for a quarter of a mile they left the road, climbed the fence, and entered the pasture, where clumps of bushes were red with luscious berries.

Oh-h-h! What beauties!" cried Nellie excitedly.

"Didn't I tell you so?" asked Jennie triumphantly. "Are you sorry that you came now?"

"No, indeed! They are the very nicest berries I ever saw," answered Nellie, enthusiastically. "I 'most know that mother'll be glad I came. Sit right still by that bush, Ad. Don't get lost. Only think what a nice supper we'll have for mother. Can you fill your dipper?"

"I'll try," answered the wee maiden, taking a berry from between her lips to place it upon the bottom of the tin dipper. "There's one now, Nellie."

Nellie laughed, and began her work at a tall bush near by.

"Let's all keep still. I can pick faster when I don't talk," said Jennie wisely, and no sound was heard except the rattling of the berries in the pails.

Slowly the brightness of the tin glowed with the red, ripe fruit.

When they were so full that not another berry would stay on the top the girls sat down upon a log to rest.

Addie was contentedly filling her mouth, the empty dipper beside her.

"What if a bear should come here?" questioned Nellie, fearfully scanning the black stumps among the green bushes.

"What if that old stump was a bear?" laughed Jennie, scornfully. "It's funny you never saw one, you are the 'fraidest girl of bears I ever knew."

As she spoke she pointed to the leafy screen to a stump which was uncommonly black and very queer in shape.

Nellie peered through the bushes and shuddered.

Surely it moved!

The top slowly turned toward them.

It had short ears, small, twinkling eyes, and a nose.

It sniffed the air, and two paws came from its sides.

"It is a bear!" screeched Nellie, jumping from the log, utterly unmindful of the fact that her pail of luscious berries sat beside it.

Jennie could not see the queer stump so plainly.

"Poo! what a 'magination you've got, Nellie Haines!" she began scornfully, when—

"Ouf! Ouf! Ouf!"

The black stump was suddenly half as tall, and went shambling off toward the thick woods on Copeland's hill.

"It is a bear!" it was now Jennie's turn to scream, and she did it with a will.

Then they seized Addie's hands and rushed madly for the highway, stumbling over rocks and logs in their breathless haste.

"Stop! stop! or you'll run my feet off," sobbed Addie, who had seen nothing to run from, and wouldn't have known what a bear was if she had.

But they did not stop until they reached the safe shelter of Mr. Haines' veranda.

"Jennie Gale, don't you never, never get me not to mind mother again. Just think of the bad children and the forty bears," sobbed Nellie.

"I will go right home—you walked to Uncle Ben's pasture your ownself, and I wouldn't wonder if it was a judgment on you," answered Jennie, severely, as she walked stiffly out of the yard.

Just then a carriage stopped at the gate.

Mamma came up the walk, looking inquiringly at the flushed frightened faces.

Nellie told the story very truthfully, amid shivering sobs.

"So you ran away?" said mamma, sternly.

"Yes, she did, and she runned me back, I could hardly breathe a bit," declared Addie. "And she left the nice berries for the stump to eat up, and I had six berries in my dipper, for I counted every one."

"My pail was full, such nice ones for your tea," began Nellie, coaxingly, then she faltered as she looked into mamma's sober face. "Shall you punish me? I didn't go to the hill."

Mamma did not speak for some time.

Then she told the story of the forty bears, and asked:

"If God could send them to destroy the naughty children who mocked at the good man, couldn't he send one to punish a naughty little girl who knew what mamma wished, although she was only told not to go to the hill?"

"I s'pose so—Jennie said it was a judgment on me—and she's mad, too. Oh dear me! I'll never, never do it again," breathed Nellie. "I do wish I had those nice berries, though."

Papa heard the story, too.

"It is a little hard on the child," he said, and went to look for the berries.

But he only found two empty pails, bent and crushed, among the trampled bushes.

Mr. Bear liked berries, too, and liked to find them already picked.—*Sunshine.*

WILLIE'S FIRST BOOTS.

Do you hear that funny sound,
Curious sort of creaking,
Ev'ry time I step around?
That's my new boots squeaking!

Sounds like men or grown-up boys
When I walk—just hear me!
Mamma doesn't like the noise;
Makes her say, "O dear me!"

These are my first stoga boots,
Made of good stout leather;
Papa says they're just what suits
Rugged roads and weather.

Ever see soles thick as these?
Just the thing for playing!
Jerk the straps hard as I please,
They're put on for staying.

They're as stout as stout can be,
Proof against all leaking;
But the best of all to me
Is their squeaking!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LORA'S DILEMMA.

Lora lived in the great, pleasant white farmhouse that stood, half encircled by the cool shade of stately elms on the hill, just a quarter of a mile from the center of the small, quiet town of Greenville.

One bright summer morning when the little maiden was dreamily swinging to and fro in the hammock, listening to the sweet songs of the birds, and the drowsy hum of the bees in the clover, her mother called her, and said:

"My dear, we are all out of sugar, and it is baking day. Do you suppose you could run down to the store, and bring home a few pounds

in this basket? I'm sorry to ask you to go alone. I thought the other bucket was full, and have been depending on that."

"Oh, I can go, mama dear!" replied the little daughter, cheerfully. "It isn't far, and the sun is not very hot yet. I can go just as well as not." For she was a happy child, who always made the best of everything.

Down the hill she danced, with the basket swinging on her arm, and the money held tight in her small brown hand. As she neared the stores, Lora walked along more sedately, but she softly hummed a merry little song to herself, for the day was a beautiful one, and Lora was very happy—until she came in sight of the store. There she saw something that made her heart seem to stand still for an instant, and then begin to thump rapidly.

Just in front of the door lay the grocer's great dog, Carlo. Now Carlo was the kindest hearted and gentlest old fellow in the world, and Lora had often been told that nothing would tempt Carlo to hurt her when she passed him; but she was very much afraid of any dog, and could see no difference between them, except that some were large and black, and others were small and brown. All dogs barked, and all dogs looked as if they were only waiting a chance to eat little girls—to Lora.

She stopped in dismay. Should she go back without the sugar, and tell mama it was impossible to buy it because Carlo was in the doorway?

"No," murmured Lora to herself. "I must not go home without it. Mama needs it. But O, dear! what if he should bite me!"

Lora closed her eyes, and, standing quite still there on the opposite sidewalk, clasped her little brown hands over the handle of the basket. "Dear God!" she prayed, with the tender familiarity of a loving little heart, "please do help me to be brave. I know they say Carlo won't hurt me, but please help me not to be so frightened!"

Then Lora walked steadily across the road and up the steps. When she reached Carlo, he stood up and looked mildly at her as she passed in. All in a moment Lora's uncontrollable fear disappeared. She put out her hand and stroked Carlo, and he followed her into the store, yet she did not feel afraid of him. He seemed like a friend—just as every one had always told her he wanted to be.

When Lora had purchased her bag of sugar, and the grocer had placed it in her basket, Carlo followed her out of the store again.

"Nice old Carlo," whispered the shy little maiden, bending to look into his gentle eyes as she stroked his noble head. "I am glad I'm not afraid of you."

And Carlo wagged his tail as if he was glad, too.

Best of all, having once, by God's help, overcome her unreasonable fear, Lora never again felt the terror overpowering her at the sight of a dog, and, although she was too wise a maiden to make friends with strange dogs, she soon began to love the trusty ones of the neighborhood. Even in after years Lora could never forget God's goodness in taking away her fear, and often when worries and troubles came like dense walls of blank darkness and terror before her, she would pray again:

"Dear God, help me to be brave. I know thou wilt give thy child strength and grace to face whatever comes in the path of duty; but deliver me from dread, dear Father! Help me not to be afraid!"—*Hattie Louise Jerome.*

THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—*Charles Kingsley.*

WHAT right have we to argue that we ourselves shall be made better by working for men? We must think only of the humanity outside of ourselves for whose uplifting we are working.—*Bishop Brooks.*

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1894.

THIRD QUARTER.

June 30.	The Birth of Jesus	Luke 2: 1-16.
July 7.	Presentation in the Temple.....	Luke 2: 25-38.
July 14.	Vi-it of the Wise Men	Matt. 2: 1-12.
July 21.	Flight into Egypt	Matt. 2: 13-23.
July 28.	The Youth of Jesus	Luke 2: 40-52.
Aug. 4.	The Baptism of Jesus	Mark 1: 1-11.
Aug. 11.	Temptation of Jesus	Matt. 4: 1-11.
Aug. 18.	First Disciples of Jesus.....	John 1: 35-49.
Aug. 25.	First Miracle of Jesus.....	John 2: 1-11.
Sept. 1.	Jesus Cleansing the Temple.....	John 2: 13-25.
Sept. 8.	Jesus and Nicodemus	John 3: 1-16.
Sept. 15.	Jesus at Jacob's Well.....	John 4: 9-26.
Sept. 22.	Daniel's Abstinence.....	Dan. 1: 8-20.
Sept. 29.	Review.....	

LESSON IX.—FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 25, 1894.

LESSON TEXT—John 2: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Th's beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifest a forth his glory. John 2:11.*

GENERAL STATEMENT.—Miracles and wonders performed by Jesus were "revelations of truth through the symbolism of outward acts." They not only arrested the attention of unbelievers, but they illuminated the hearts of believers, revealing the riches of God's grace and the wealth which belongs to the object of faith. These miracles were signs of Jesus' divine nature, and his divine mission; they manifested the good will of God toward men, and attested the truths which his Son taught.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

JESUS AT THE WEDDING. 1. "A marriage." We are told that the rabbis fixed Wednesday, or Fourth-day, for the marriage of maidens, and Sixth-day for widows. Maidens were wedded very young in the East. "The mother of Jesus was there." After Jesus enters upon manhood Joseph is not mentioned. He was no doubt dead at this time. Mary is presumed to be a relative or near friend of the bride, for she acts quite at home with the servants. 2. "Jesus was called." Invited. His mother "was there," but Jesus "was called." As the feast lasted several days he may have been called so as to be there at a later period. This first institution of God, marriage, or holy wedlock, is sanctioned and sanctified by our Lord. Thus he places great value on the home, endorses lawful festivities, enter into the joys of young people beginning life, regards with favor social life and friendships. "And his disciples." Invited as his disciples, belonging to his school or class.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS. 3. "Wanted wine." It was failing, perhaps from this increase of guests. Wine is commonly known as grape juice. This consists of sugar and albumen held in the grape in juice form. Just squeezed out it was in its live, natural, undecomposed state, a cheering and nutritious food. This wine immediately used could not be intoxicating, for time had not sufficiently passed to allow the albumen to unite with the oxygen of the air, become yeast, and then the sugar becomes alcohol. That a degree of decomposition begins as soon as exposed to the air is true, but no quibbling is necessary to justify the use of intoxicating wine. God condemns the use of intoxicating drinks; would Jesus, God in the flesh, place before guests the "cup of devils," the wine "when it is red," the wine which is a "mocker"? "The mother . . . saith." Not publicly to disgrace the family or bride and groom, but to her son, whom she expected would now display himself. 4. "Woman." Used in the original with the utmost respect. See also Matt. 15: 28, Luke 13: 12. "What have I to do with thee?" Why suggest to me, God's Son, the Messiah, the course to pursue. Now that he has begun his divine work, not even his mother can be the suggester of things the divine Son should do. His "hour" or time for a public manifestation as Messiah had not come. It would come in a few days at Jerusalem. 5. "His mother saith." Submissive to her son, she will wait his motion, believing that he will do something. "Whatsoever he saith unto you do it." A direction belonging to us all. Mary yields what authority she may have had to Jesus, and now retires from the scenes. We next hear of her at the cross of Jesus. John 19: 26, 27.

THE MIRACLE. 6. "Six water pots." Commonly had for Jewish washings and purifyings. "Purifying of the Jews." Cleanliness was a virtue of the ancient Jews, and made religiously sacred. "Two or three firkins."

A firkin is said to hold nine gallons. A water pot would then hold 18 or 27 gallons. Six would contain 108 or 162 gallons of wine. 7. "They filled them to the brim." Obeyed quickly and fully. A rich wedding present from our Lord, and shows the abundance of his grace. Every passer-by would drink to the health of the wedded couple, hence the large quantity. 8. "Draw out now." Some think that only that which was drawn out as needed became wine. "Governor of the feast." President of the banquet. Head waiters chosen for the occasion. 9. "Ruler." Same as governor. "Had tasted." Each new lot of wine or food he tasted before dealing out to guests. "Knew not whence it was." Knew not that it came from the water pots and was miraculously made. "The servants knew." Many an humble person of lowly station knows more of divine things than those of high social station. "Called the bridegroom." Called out in sportive language, as in next verse. 10. Some call this verse a mere jest of the "ruler," common at banquets, not making reference to the present feast. "Good wine until now." Mellow, rich, fragrant, nourishing. Being thus, it was not, as some think, strong like that long fermented.

MANIFESTING GLORY. 11. "This beginning of miracles." The first of all as the Messiah. "Man feasted forth his glory." Not the full glory, for his hour was not come for his grandest works. It was a beginning of the manifestation that culminated at last on Calvary. It manifested, however, divine power, goodness, love, and so "his disciples believed on him." Faith was confirmed.

LEADING THOUGHT. The joys and duties of this life are sanctified by the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

(For week beginning Aug. 19th.)

THE JOY OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. John 15: 1-11.

The joy of the Lord is strength. Neh. 8: 10. Rejoicing in the goodness of God who satisfies us with the fat things of the earth, and feeds our souls with heavenly manna, gives strength, strength of character, courage to battle with coming trials. The memory of God's loving care in the past rejoices the heart and inspires confidence in him who promises never to leave or forsake his trusting people. In joy is strength.

It is our satisfaction. Psa. 107: 8, 9. Worldly prosperity brings care, burden, responsibility. It may bring rejoicing when used to advance the cause of God, but it satisfieth not the deep longings of the soul. But the soul, hungry for spiritual food, is rewarded and grandly satisfied. Joy comes to the Christian, and he is satisfied with his portion.

It is our portion. Psa. 16: 5-9. The Lord is the portion of our inheritance, and because we rejoice that he is at our right hand our hearts are glad.

There is joy in obedience. Psa. 119: 9-16. Sin is disobedience, and sin brings sorrow, discomfort, weeping, dissatisfaction, remorse. There is no joy, true joy, in the pleasures of sin. Only he who delights in the statutes of the Lord, and by taking heed thereto cleanses his way, who wanders not from the commandments—only he is able to rejoice and be glad.

There is joy in hope. Rom. 5: 1-5. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. No hope in Christ is but gloom and despair. But in the hope of the glory of God we rejoice, and are not ashamed.

The joy of salvation. Isa. 12: 1-6. How great, how wonderful! With it one can but sing unto the Lord; cry out and shout. Have we lost this joy? Then have we lost power for good over the unconverted. "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; . . . then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

—THERE is nothing so powerful as example. We put others straight by walking straight ourselves.—*Madame Swetchine.*

—AND the Sabbath-school teacher is no exception. Years may roll by, the words spoken be all forgotten, the lessons taught have no place in memory, even the looks of our teacher may not be remembered, but his good example, his loyalty to God and truth, his faith in Christ, his deeds of love and kindness, they are indelible. Time and eternity can never rub them out. Teacher, look well to these things.

—POWER against us is granted to Satan in two ways: either for our punishment, when we yield to temptation; or to our glory, when we stand the test.—*St. Cyprian.*

—WE have just had a lesson on this point, in which we learned that "there must be the preparation of trial, temptation and victory, for every life work." Christ having been tempted, can help us. The knowl-

edge of this, and of the three classes of temptations, may be our defense. Ignorance is the path of danger. The Sabbath-school was the place, and last Sabbath a grand opportunity to fortify the minds of the youth and others, and turn the power given Satan to their glory, by enabling them to stand the test.

—We need not lay all the blame on Satan if we find ourselves overcome and punished for it, for God gave us freedom of will. McDonald says: "Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the face of otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom indeed."

HOME NEWS.

New York.

LITTLE GENESEE—On the evening after the Sabbath, Aug. 4th, a large congregation met at the church to hear Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Burdick, of New York, about the New Mizpah mission. Great interest was manifested in the very full account of the inception and workings of the mission. A seaman, Mr. Jones, was present and delighted the congregation with his sweet and clear singing.

We have just had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Rose Palmberg. On Fourth-day evening, Aug. 8, the residence of Samuel Wells was thrown open and a reception was given in honor of Miss Palmberg. The house was well filled with guests and all were delighted to meet our new missionary. After the ceremony of receiving, an original poem was read by Miss Mary E. Bowler, written by one of the Genesee sisters. The verses were those of welcome and bidding our guest God speed in the delightful work towards which she is looking in happy anticipation. The reception was also given in honor of our brother, T. B. Burdick, who goes at once upon evangelistic work in the South. The verses had appropriate reference to his work also. Miss Palmberg then related her experience in reference to her contemplated work, and I am sure that her words will be long remembered, revealing as they did true consecration and joy in God's service. Music followed, the first being a duet by Rev. J. G. Burdick and Mr. Jones. The visit of Miss Palmberg will result, I believe, in a renewed interest in our Shanghai mission. We shall miss Bro. T. B. Burdick, but our prayers go with him that he may be led into a service of eminent usefulness.

This morning early, Aug. 9, the Little Genesee parsonage was struck by lightning. As I write I can look upon the study wall where the paper is marked by a long line blackened as if from gun-powder, and two small holes are visible where the walls were thunder-riven. The black line as if from powder is for me God's hand-writing on the wall, telling of merciful deliverance. No serious damage was done either to person or property. Surely the swift-winged angels must have averted the danger.

S. S. P.

New Jersey.

SHILOH.—The drouth still continues. We have had a very little rain at different times in the past few weeks, but not enough to effect vegetation very much since the last of May and the first of June. The strawberry, hay and wheat crops were good, but the later crops are suffering for rain.

Last Sabbath and also Sabbath before we had the pleasure of visiting the old baptismal waters, "The Seventh-day Mill Pond," where four candidates were baptized. One was a

young man who has recently embraced the Sabbath; another was a wife and mother who was formerly a member of the Methodist Church. Instead of using the baptistery, it was very pleasant to go to this beautiful water, this warm weather, where perhaps hundreds of our people have put on Christ by baptism in days gone by. About 60 years ago one hundred, we are told, were added to the church in one year. We are thankful for the frequent coming of the small companies, but would be glad to have them come by scores and hundreds, and pray they may.

The Marlboro and Shiloh Sabbath-schools picniced at Tumbling Dam the 7th inst.

Dr. John G. Swinney, of this place, has so far improved in health, that with his aged mother he has undertaken a visit to his brother, Dr. C. O. Swinney, in Smyrna, Del.

The continued dry weather has proven very destructive to the production of Jersey's far famed mosquitoes. I. L. C.

TRACT BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in special session in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, August 5, 1894, at 2.15 P. M.

In the absence of the President D. E. Titsworth was chosen chairman of the meeting.

Members present: I. D. Titsworth, J. F. Hubbard, F. E. Peterson, A. H. Lewis, E. R. Pope, D. E. Titsworth, A. L. Titsworth.

Visitors: Ellis J. Dunn, E. B. Titsworth.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. F. E. Peterson.

Minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Committee on Programme for the Annual Session presented the following report, which on motion was adopted:

MORNING SESSION.

1. Opening Exercises.
2. Annual Sermon. Rev. S. S. Powell. (Joint Collection.)
3. Treasurer's Report. J. F. Hubbard, Treas.
4. Appointment of Committees.
5. Adjournment.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

1. Annual Report of Executive Board. Rev. F. E. Peterson, Sec.
2. Consideration and adoption of Annual Report.
3. Reports of Committees.
4. Adjournment.

EVENING SESSION.

1. Consideration and adoption of Report of Committee on Resolutions and other reports.
2. Miscellaneous business.
3. Adjournment.

A. H. LEWIS,
F. E. PETERSON, } Com.
A. L. TITSWORTH,

The committee to which was referred the question of the purchase of new type for the Publishing House, reported the quantity needed and estimates for furnishing the same. The committee recommended that the purchase be deferred until the commencement of a new volume of the RECORDER. Report adopted.

Committee on revising the list of life members of the Society, as published in the Conference Minutes, reported the list corrected so far as data could be obtained, and ready for publication in the Conference Minutes of 1894. Report adopted.

Report of the Publishing Agent for the year was presented and on motion laid upon the table till next meeting.

Treasurer reported bills due \$789 35 Bills were ordered paid.

The Corresponding Secretary was requested to express to Bro. Ira J. Ordway, formerly

Corresponding Secretary of the Executive Board, the deep and heartfelt sympathy of this Board for him in the great sorrow that has come to his heart and home, and to assure him of our warm brotherly regard and remembrance.

Voted that when we adjourn it be to meet on August 12th, at 2.15 P. M.

Minutes read and approved.

Adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, *Rec. Sec.*

I WISH I KNEW THE WAY.

"I wish I knew the way!" It was a child's voice, broken with sobs, that uttered the above words. I took the child's hand, and led her safely through the winding streets and courts to her destination.

As I retraced my steps the words, "I wish I knew the way!" suggested to my mind the subject for my meeting the following evening.

The little mission-room was crowded, and I spoke, perhaps, with greater earnestness than I had ever done before.

I told my hearers in simple language that it should be the cry of every heart—"I wish I knew the way!" and that none should rest content till they had found it.

I told them how I had led the sobbing, frightened child home, and as she had lost her way in the bewildering courts and streets, all so much alike, we too, were ever losing our way on our journey to our eternal home.

Forgetting in the press of business and work that these things are but for a short season, we lose our way in pleasure, in household cares, and in many other ways.

But for each one of us there is a guide if only we will follow him; he has trodden the rough and rugged paths of this world and knows our difficulties.

He, the compassionate and loving Saviour, will show us the way, guiding us right on to the beautiful home in which there shall be no more sickness, sorrow, or weariness.

Having spoken thus freely, I wondered on my way home if any word of mine that evening had touched the heart of, at least, one of my hearers, and I prayed that such might be the case.

Early the following morning, a young man called to see me whom I had often noticed at the meetings.

"Sir," he said, forgive my disturbing you at this early hour, but I felt I could not leave England—I sail for America to-day—without thanking you heartily, and telling you the words of the little child you told us about last night have been the unuttered words on my lips for long past.

"Now you have made me a happy man, for what was dark to me is quite clear and plain, and I can leave old England and my friends with less regret, feeling content in the assurance that I shall not be alone in a strange land."

A few moments later my visitor had left me, and I felt a real regret that most likely I should never see that fine manly fellow again. It pleased me to picture him in his new home, and I thanked God that I had been the humble means of making the way clearer to him.

Something in his honest face told me that he would be an influence for good to his fellow-men, and doubtless lead many a weary wanderer to walk in the narrow and straight way which leadeth to eternal life.—*Sunshine.*

A BUSHEL of corn makes four gallons of whiskey which retails for \$16 Out of this the government gets \$3, the railroads \$1, the manufacturer \$4, the vender \$7, the farmer forty cents, and the drinker the delirium tremens.

DO NOT attempt to make the echoes of past experiences, or the hope of future attainments from the staple of present enjoyments. Live with Christ in the "now."

THE OWNERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Let us corner up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Get a trust on wheat and roses,
Give the poor the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our chiefest pleasure
Hoarding bounties of to-day,
So the poor shall have scant measure
And two prices have to pay.

Yes, we'll re-servoir the rivers,
And we'll levy on the lakes,
And we'll lay a trifling poll tax
On each poor man who partakes;
We'll brand his number on him
That he'll carry through his life.
We'll appretice all his children,
Get a mortgage on his wife.

We will capture e'en the wind-god,
And confine him in a cave;
And then, through our patent process,
We the atmosphere will save;
Thus we'll squeeze our little brother
When he tries his lungs to fill,
Put a meter on his windpipe
And present our little bill.

We will syndicate the starlight,
And monopolize the moon,
Claim a royalty on rest days,
A proprietary noon;
For right of way through ocean's spray
We'll charge just what it's worth;
We'll drive our stakes around the lakes—
In fact, we'll own the earth.

—Great Thoughts, London, Eng.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts in July and to Aug. 5, 1894.

GENERAL FUND.	
Church, Westerly, R. I., \$94 86, \$25, \$22 10	\$141 86
Farina, Ill.	4 80
Little Genesee, N. Y.	8 70
Milton, Wis.	10 63
Plainfield, N. J.	41 48
New Auburn, Minn.	5 00
Rock River, Wis.	5 35
Hornellsville, N. Y.	21 25
Leonardsville, "	6 20
Second Verona, "	1 00
Nortonville, Kan.	21 67
First Alfred, N. Y.	57 47
New Market, N. J.	20 00
Independence, N. Y.	10 00
Adams Centre, "	35 00
Walworth, Wis.	10 00
Waterford, Conn.	10 84
Sabbath-school, Farina, Ill.	4 67
Albion, Wis.	4 06
Collections, Central Association	9 28
Western	28 98
Income from Memorial Fund	21 00
Burdick Farm	149 55
Mrs. P. Lackey, Little Genesee, N. Y.	2 50
S. L. Remington, Independence, N. Y.	1 00
Jeremiah Clarke, Andover, N. Y.	5 00
Mrs. Ann Greene, "	2 50
O. D. Burdick, "	50
E. F. Smith, Alfred Station, N. Y.	50
J. K. Reading, "	1 00
Mrs. Madelia Westcott, "	1 00
E. P. Fenner, First Alfred, N. Y.	2 00
Mrs. M. A. Burdick, "	1 00
F. F. Bakker, Rotterdam, Holland, May 1, 1894	2 00
Bal. subscriptions N. Y. Office for June	4 21
Mrs. W. F. Witter, State Bridge, N. Y.	2 50
Mary Reynolds, "	10
Joseph West, "	15
George Satterlee, "	1 25
Avis A. Collins, Woodville R. I.	2 00
H. W. C. Ashaway, R. I.	2 00
L. F. Skaggs, Boz, Mo.	3 62
Mrs. E. C. Burr, Englewood, Ill.	5 00
"W." Farina, Ill.	3 00
Mrs. Electa A. Potter, Adams Centre, N. Y.	201 34
Ladies' Mite Society, Shiloh, N. J.	19 37
S. B. Tuttle, Seio, N. Y.	50
S. J. Smith, "	1 00
Matthew Greene, Little Genesee, N. Y.	5 00
Samuel Wells, "	2 50
Mrs. Comfort Kenyon, " L. M.	20 00
I. T. Lewis, Obi, N. Y.	50
B. M. Vincent, Allentown, N. Y.	50
Credit to Woman's Ex. Board:	
Mrs. Mary E. Wells, Little Genesee, N. Y.	10 00
Archie Prosser, "	10 00
Mary E. Howe, "	50
S. A. Worden, Obi N. Y.	50
Winona Hamplin, Allentown, N. Y.	1 00
Y. P. S. C. E., New Market, N. J.	10 00
	\$952 43
NEW YORK OFFICE FUND.	
C. B. Cottrell & Sons Co., Westerly, R. I.	\$400 00
SPECIAL FUND TO CANCEL DEBT.	
Rev. and Mrs. J. Clarke, Alfred, N. Y.	25 00
Phebe Gilbert, Englewood, Ill.	5 00
	\$30 00
E. & O. E.	
	J. F. HUBBARD, Treas.
PLAINFIELD, N. J., Aug. 5, 1894.	

DECLINED TO TALK ANY MORE.

Rev. John Mitchell relates the following incident of a noted infidel who, traveling in a car in which a minister was seated, at once commenced an argument with the clergyman in a loud tone that could be heard all over the car. Among the passengers was a blind man who, for a time, listened attentively. Seeing he was giving attention the infidel turned suddenly to him in a pause in the discussion and said: "Do you, sir, believe in a God who has made this beautiful earth, and the sun to shine upon

it, and who has adorned the heavens with myriads of stars, and yet, without any offense on your part, has deprived you forever of the power of beholding them?"

"I am surprised my dear sir," replied the man, "that you should ask me such a question. I do believe in the existence of God as firmly as I do in my own, and I could doubt the one as easily as the other. There is, however, one thing that strikes me as being very peculiar in what you have said. When you reason of God you do not seem to be governed by the same principles as when reasoning about men and the common affairs of every-day life."

The infidel denied the inference and the blind man continued: "Suppose, on reaching your home and on entering your room you find a lighted lamp upon the table—what will be your conclusion?"

"Why," answered the infidel with a sneer, "I shall conclude that some one placed it there."

"Well, then, when you look into the heavens and see those innumerable lights of which you have spoken, why do you not come to the same conclusion—some intelligent being placed them there?"

The skeptic suddenly declined to talk any more on the subject, but it was evident to all the passengers that he felt thoroughly humbled and uncomfortable.

In a recent speech at Birmingham, England, Lord Rosebery said: "I go so far as to say this, that if the State does not soon control the liquor traffic, the liquor traffic will control the State."

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.

THE Nineteenth Session of the Iowa Annual Meeting will convene with the church at Welton on Sixth-day, Aug. 31st, at 10.30 A. M.

J. O. BABCOCK, Sec.

I SHOULD like to confer with any of our churches that want to employ a pastor. Will engage for best efforts in pastoral and evangelistic labor; have some experience in both. Address C. W. Threlkeld, 197 Union St., Memphis, Tenn.

FRIENDS and patrons of the American Sabbath Tract Society visiting New York City, are invited to call at the Society's headquarters, Room 100, Bible House. Elevator, 8th St. entrance.

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.

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

THE First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City will be closed until September 15th, 1894. Pastor's address, Rev. J. G. Burdick, New Mizpah, 86 Barrow St.

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.

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FOUR THOUSAND DROPS

—in a bottle—small size—and EVERY DROP EFFECTIVE in curing that troublesome CATARRH, LAMENESS, RHEUMATISM, SPRAIN, MOSQUITO BITE, PILES, SUNBURN, BRUISE, WOUND, OR ANY PAIN from which you are suffering.

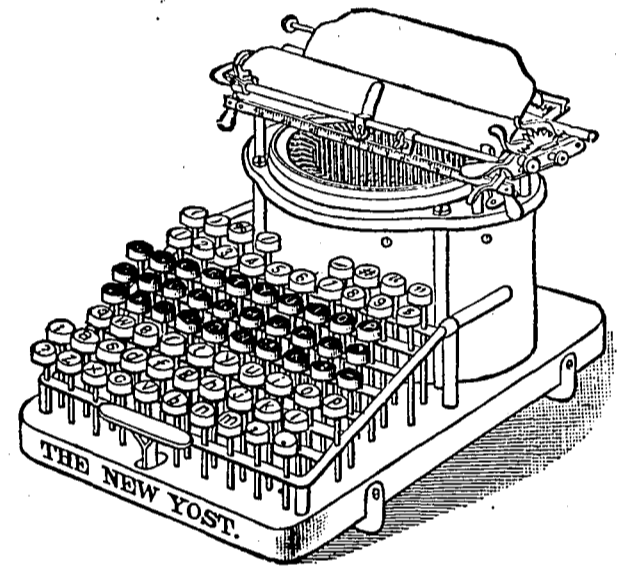
USE IT AFTER SHAVING.

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61 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

WESTERN OFFICE of the AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY. All the publications of the Society on sale; Sabbath Reform and Religious Liberty literature supplied; books and musical instruments furnished at cheapest rates. Visitors welcomed and correspondence invited. 51 South Carpenter street, Chicago.

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

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

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CONDENSED NEWS.

It is announced that the efforts of England and Russia to bring China and Japan to an agreement have failed, and the war is to continue. What these efforts were is not known. If they had acted together there might have been some chance of success. Separately, they were each objects of suspicion to one of the two powers they sought to reconcile. Russia's long-standing differences with China, and England's obvious interest in strengthening her interest with the same power, unfitted each for a mediator.

Eight persons of Muncie were poisoned by eating dried beef. Five members of the family of Smith Hadley were first stricken. Mrs. Hadley and her daughter were suddenly taken sick. In a short time Mr. Hadley was attacked, and his aged father and mother were the next victims. It required several hours' hard work by the attending physician to save their lives. Dr. Reid, city health officer, was called to the home of Charles Mitchell, a clerk and found Mr. Mitchell, his wife and little girl in a dangerous condition from poisoning. Dr. Reid made a careful examination, and reports that the beef was from a diseased animal.

The British newspapers continue to publish vehement denunciations of Japan. Every repulse of the Japanese in Corea or Corean waters is welcomed editorially as a triumph of British arms would be, and every Japanese success evokes a storm of disapproval and appeals to international law. But the opinions of the press are not reflected by the British public. The average Englishman is either non-partisan or hopes that Japan will humble China in the present war. Among diplomats and others who speak with authority on Oriental affairs, however, there is a feeling of hostility and apprehension toward Japan. With few exceptions, the men who have lived long at Eastern courts or traveled much in Asiatic countries, while not imbued with love for China, express the belief that Japan's success in the present struggle would lead to trouble between England and Russia.

Till After Conference.

By mail prepaid. Solid Silver or Gold Plated Christian Endeavor Badges, 40 cents. Solid Gold, 75 cents to \$1. Solid Gold Enamelled, \$1 25. Two-cent stamps received in payment; stamps returned if badges are not satisfactory.

A. A. SHAW, Jeweler.

ALFRED, N. Y.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

MARRIED.

CRANDALL—DORWARD.—August 9, 1894, at Milton Junction, Wis., at the residence of the bride's uncle, Amos S. Crandall, by Rev. W. C. Whitford, Mr. Charles H. Crandall, of Milton, Wis., a teacher of music in Milton College, and Miss Phebe M. Dorward, of Milton Junction

BURLESON—WHITTET.—At the home of the bride, in the town of Sumner, Wis., July 27, 1894, by the Rev. E. A. Witter, Mr. Laurence H. Burleson and Miss Janet Whittet, both of Sumner.

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.

LANGWORTHY.—In Little Genesee, N. Y., July 26, 1894, John A. Langworthy, in his 95th year.

A somewhat extended notice will be published next week.

GOULD.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1894, Clifford, infant son of Archie S. and Myra C. Gould, aged 25 days.

HARRIS.—In Cossewago, Pa., July 18, 1894, from injuries received by a fall, while at his barn, Augustus P. Harris, aged 78 years and 10 months. In early life he became a Christian, under the labors of Elder Kenyon, pastor of the First Verona Church at that time, he uniting with that church. In changing his place of residence his membership was transferred to the church of each place. He was a strict observer of the Bible Sabbath, and firm in his convictions of right; always ready to help the sick and needy, even after failing health compelled him to give up all work. He remained conscious about an hour, and fully realized his condition, meeting death calmly. After lingering about ten hours he passed quietly away. Many kind friends came in to help minister to his comfort, who will miss him very much. An aged companion is left to mourn her great loss, but not as one without hope.

BACON.—In Shiloh, N. J., August 4, 1894, Patience Ann Bacon, aged 81 years, leaving 22 days.

She was the daughter of Elias Ayars, one of the substantial members of the Marlboro Church. Many years ago she professed her faith in Christ, and was a faithful worker in the same church. She married Daniel Den Bacon, and to them were born eight children. Most of them lived to early manhood and womanhood, but God took them one after another, until all had passed away, even the companion of her youth, and she was left alone, though one of her sons lived to the age of 39. And no wonder that she felt herself alone in the world, especially as only a short time ago she buried her only sister and her remaining brother. At first thought it might seem that God had dealt harshly with her, but she could say through it all, "He doeth all things well," and "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." For some years she had been so afflicted that she could not attend the house of worship, but her interest in the church continued unabated. It was a pleasure for us to go to her home and have a praise and prayer service. And at times we would have the communion service with her, and she always enjoyed those precious seasons. Often did she express her readiness to go and be with Jesus; and not only that but she was anxious for the time to come. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." P. A. 37:37.

BLACK.—At Black's Gap, Pa., between Chambersburg and Gettysburg, July 18, 1894, Robert Black, father of Mrs. L. R. Swinney, in his 86th year.

Mr Black was a man of commanding height and presence, standing six feet and six inches in his stockings; had been a prominent business man and a devoted member and ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church.

\$100 Reward \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith

in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any one case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. Cheney & Co, Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75 cts.

A dispatch received by the Central News from Shanghai says that the Japanese to-day made a second attempt to disperse the Chinese fleet at Wei-Hai-Wei on the Chinese coast and thus to gain access to the port. After an obstinate fight the Japanese fleet was compelled to retire. No details of the losses of Chinese or Japanese in this naval encounter or in that of Thursday can be obtained.

Lake Chautauqua Excursion

A rare opportunity is offered by the popular Erie lines to visit beautiful Chautauqua Lake and the famous "summer city in the woods" on Tuesday, Aug. 21st, by special fast train at remarkably low rates. Tickets will be good to return on any regular train on or before Saturday, Aug. 25th, and will include steamer passage. Train will leave Alfred at 11.08 A. M. Round trip fare only \$2.

Special Excursion Rates to Elmira

The Erie Railroad will sell excursion tickets at reduced rates on Aug. 30th to Elmira and return, account of the 23d Regiment's Association N. Y. V. Annual Convention. Tickets will be good going on Aug. 30th and good for return on or before Aug. 31st on all trains. For further information call on Erie Agents.

OLD and NEW AGENTS WANTED Everywhere. Hundreds of men and women are now earning \$100 every month canvassing for the world famous fast selling new book 'Our Journey Around the World' by REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. 220 beautiful engravings. \$37.50 per thousand. Agents average \$30 to \$50 orders a week. One sold 200 in his own township; another, a lady, 50 in one Endeavor Society; another, 152 in 15 days. It sells at night. 5000 more men and women agents wanted at once. Now is the time. Write for literature, for We Pay Freight. Give Credit, Premium Copies, Free Outfit, Extra Terms, and Exclusive Territory. Write for Circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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The Trustees of Alfred University, with increasing facilities and enlarged plans, offer to Seventh-day Baptist young people, who are prepared for College, free scholarships, one for each church, covering tuition and incidentals, for a four years' College course. Similar benefits are also offered to twenty-five graduates of registered high schools or academies in Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania. This is a grand chance. For particulars address, Pres. A. E. Main, Alfred, N. Y.

REV. A. W. COON, CANCER DOCTOR,

Now located at Alfred, N. Y., is prepared to cure all cancers pronounced curable after examination, or No Pay. His medicine is his own invention, and will kill the cancer in a few hours, with very little pain. Examinations free. Patients can be treated at their homes by special arrangement. Address, Rev. A. W. Coon, Alfred, N. Y.

Send for testimonials.



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Florence Silk Mosaic.

Hand Embroidery on Washable Neckties is popular home needlework. A new fabric woven expressly for this use is called Florence Silk Mosaic—colors: cream-white, black, tan, navy-blue, and old-blue.



The embroidery is done with Corticelli (EE) Wash Silk, as sold on spools, which keep it clean, avoiding waste, thus saving time and money. The Mosaic is sold in patterns cut the right length for a tie, with working plan, directions, and many new designs.

Florence Home Needlework for 1894 is now ready. Subjects: Corticelli Darning in 22 new designs; Knitting; Crochet and correct colors for Flowers, embroidered with Corticelli Wash Silk.

Send 6 cents, mentioning year, and we will mail you the book—96 pages, 90 illustrations.

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No. 5, daily, Solid Vestibule train Olean, Salamanca, Jamestown, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago. Meals in dining car. Stops at Wellsville at 1.35 a. m.

No. 3, daily, stopping at all principal stations to Salamanca. Pullman cars to Cleveland, Cincinnati and Chicago, connecting for Bradford. Stops at Andover at 8.47 a. m.

12.50 p. m. No. 29, daily accommodation for Dunkirk, connecting at Carrolton for Bradford. 8.13 p. m. No. 1, daily, stopping at all stations to Salamanca, connecting for Bradford.

EAST.

10.42 a. m. No. 6, daily, accommodation for Hornellsville.

No. 8, daily, solid Vestibule train, for Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, New York and Boston, connections for Philadelphia and Washington, also connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions. Stops at Wellsville 11.08 a. m.

No. 14, daily, for Hornellsville. Addison, Corning, Elmira, Waverly, Owego, Binghamton and New York. Stops at Wellsville 1.17 p. m.

6.27 p. m. No. 18, daily, accommodation for Hornellsville, connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions.

No. 12, daily, for Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, Boston and New York, through Pullman sleepers. Stops at Wellsville 7.02 p. m.

No. 10, daily, New York special stopping at Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, arrive at New York 8.07 a. m. Pullman Vestibule sleepers. Stops at Wellsville 9.55 p. m.

Further information may be obtained from Erie agents or from

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

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