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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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FORECAST.

BY M. E. H. EVERETT.

What see'st thou, watchman, from thy 'vantage wall?
Make sacred answer from that lonely night.
"Day cometh," saith the watchman, "and the night;
But the far distant day glows over all."

"Day cometh," when with strength we gird our souls
And grasp the weapon with enduring hands,
And only need our Captain's clear commands
While all the surging battle 'round us rolls.

"Night cometh," when the battle rage grows still
And weapons fall and hands are clasped and cold,
And in the guard of sentry's wan and old
Foeman and friend sleep on the battle hill.

Then the great day of everlasting peace,—
The rest remaining to the sons of God,—
When we rise glorious from the quickened Son
And night and fear, and sentry's watch, shall cease!
ODIN, Pa. Aug. 7, 1894.

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Getting to Conference is always attended with more or less of anxiety, to say nothing of the draft upon the purse and upon the powers of physical endurance. About sixty persons left Alfred and vicinity the morning of August 14th, en route for North Brookfield, several going to Hornellsville in the early morning in time for the 7.30 train for Binghamton, and the majority leaving Alfred Station on a later train. Whatever may be said of the anxiety, cost and trouble attending these annual Conference tours, there is certainly another side to the question that should not be omitted in this mention. These excursions afford a fine opportunity for reunions and the exchange of social courtesies among friends and kindred which are of no little value. They are also opportunities for experience in traveling, sight-seeing, and general enjoyment aside from the main inspirations and upliftings of the sessions themselves.

Reaching North Brookfield about sunset, and then a beautiful moonlight ride of six miles brought us to the hospitable homes and cordial greetings of waiting friends. The weather was warm and pleasant and everything gave promise of an auspicious opening of the Conference.

In the morning of Wednesday, the 15th, the sky was overcast and there were indications of rain. As the opening hour came there was a little rain, but the newly arranged and commodious church was well filled. The Brookfield people have a very neat and beautiful church building, with apartments for Sabbath-school classes, baptistery, dressing rooms, gallery and choir loft.

This ninety-second anniversary and eightieth session of our General Conference was called to

order at 10.30 A. M., by Vice-President Abert Whitford, of Leonardsville, who stated that the President of the Conference, S. W. Maxson, of Adams Centre, was unexpectedly detained from attending the Conference, and that it had been arranged for Vice-President C. C. Chipman, of New York, to preside at this annual meeting. Mr. Chipman being thus introduced, made appropriate remarks and entered upon the duties so unexpectedly placed upon him.

E. B. Saunders then conducted a devotional service. This season of prayer and song was a fitting and inspiring service preparatory to the work of the day, and a prophecy of the anticipated blessing of God upon the entire sessions of the Conference.

Then followed a most excellent address by the President, which had been forwarded with his regrets that it would be impossible for him to be present in person. A. B. Prentice read the address, which was listened to with marked attention. His theme was, "The Relation of Seventh-day Baptists to the Business World." As this address will be printed in full in the RECORDER, we will not attempt any abstract, but simply call special attention to it here to prepare the way for its careful perusal when published. This address was referred to a special committee on publication.

After very hearty words of welcome by the pastor of the Brookfield Church, and announcements, singing, and benediction by L. C. Rogers, there was an adjournment for two hours. Refreshments for dinner and supper are served in the very commodious hall, and the provisions for the comfort of the delegates are most ample and satisfactory.

At 2 P. M., F. E. Peterson led the devotional service and the afternoon session was then favorably started. In the midst of the presentation of the annual reports, J. G. Burdick asked permission to introduce to the presiding officer, Rev. S. S. Powell, pastor of the First Genesee Church. Bro. Powell came forward and Vice-President Chipman introduced him to the Conference, the entire audience arising in courteous recognition. While the audience were thus standing, Bro. Powell made a few pleasant remarks relative to his great joy at this privilege of attending his first Conference with us and receiving such cordial greeting.

The presentation of reports was continued and these reports were disposed of in the usual manner and will be published in full at some future time.

In view of some complaints that have been made concerning unequal apportionments of expenses upon the church, Wm. B. West introduced a resolution authorizing the correction of any such mistakes. The resolution was finally referred to the Committee on Finance.

After the consideration of the report of the Sabbath-school Board, a special committee was created to consider and report upon the condition of our Sabbath-school work. This committee consisted of I. L. Cottrell, O. U. Whitford and B. F. Rogers.

EVENING SESSION.

The first half hour was spent in a service of prayer, song and testimony led by J. L. Huffman.

A. E. Main then introduced Rev. S. I. Lee, of Fouke, Ark. As Vice-President Chipman introduced Bro. Lee to the audience, it was a beautiful sight to see the large congregation arise to greet our venerable brother; and while thus standing, Bro. Lee made a few tender remarks expressive of his gratitude and happiness for the privilege of meeting with the Conference and receiving such pleasant recognition.

After another hymn the Conference proceeded to the consideration of "Our Theological Interests."

O. U. Whitford opened the discussion with a general historic statement of the Theological Department of Alfred University, followed by a statement of its present status and future possibilities. Bro. Whitford advised accepting the offer of the Chicago University for the establishment of a denominational Theological Department in that University.

W. C. Daland expressed his high appreciation of the calling to the ministry and the need of the best possible preparation for this holy calling. The first and greatest need is the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

Mrs. L. A. Platts spoke of the importance of maintaining our Theological Department as illustrated by the testimony of those who have studied theology both in Alfred University and in other seminaries.

Prof. H. C. Coon spoke of his appreciation of the highest attainments possible. He objected to giving up the department, but would prefer to have them taught two years at least in the seminary at Alfred, and then let them spend one year or more in some other school.

U. M. Babcock said all laymen as well as ministers should study theology.

M. G. Stillman urged that, as a people, we should be loyal to our own schools.

A. E. Main thought the question at the opening was not made quite clear enough. He thought either the department should be given up at Alfred and then have a department at Chicago, or retain the department at Alfred, giving the best that can be done at Alfred, and then let them go to Chicago or elsewhere and get the best they can.

S. I. Lee thought men might do the Lord's work in a way that would be honored by the Lord even though they have not had the opportunities of the schools. He opposed the proposition to encourage our young men in going to Chicago in the midst of its corruptions to study theology.

O. U. Whitford made further explanations of his position in the opening of the discussion.

A. E. Main raised further questions as to the need of a man in Chicago, if the two first years were spent in Alfred.

Geo. H. Bigelow said that while in business life he embraced the Sabbath, and that he had endeavored to bring others to the same change.

F. E. Peterson thought it would be impossible to compel young men to go where others might indicate. These young men will go where they can get the best opportunities.

On motion, the time was extended to hear T. L. Gardiner, who desired to speak. He thought no one desired to compel young men, but to give them the broadest culture and training for their work.

After singing by the congregation and a closing prayer by S. I. Lee, the Conference adjourned.

THURSDAY—MORNING SESSION.

From 9.30 to 10 A. M., the devotional service was conducted by E. B. Saunders.

At 10 A. M. President W. L. Clarke called the Annual Meeting of the Missionary Society to order.

After singing, led by W. C. Daland, the President delivered the Annual Address, followed by the reports of the Treasurer and the Corresponding Secretary, all of which were listened to with much interest by a well-filled house.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Following the usual order of opening devotional services, thirty minutes were given to the Woman's Board of the Conference. Dr. Rose W. Palmberg was introduced, and in a very modest and pleasing way spoke of her life and consecration to the cause of missions.

Mrs. Platts followed with earnest words, pleading for a more complete consecration to this cause and more liberal contributions for our missions.

After singing, a half hour was given to the Young People's Society, under the leadership of E. B. Saunders, who made very earnest opening remarks, and then asked Mr. Orra S. Rogers to occupy ten minutes in remarks. Mr. Rogers spoke of the great interest in missions awakened among the young people of America. He cited the Student Volunteer Movement in proof, with its 6,000 members. He also spoke of a great interest among the young of the various denominations. Even the great Christian Endeavor work was mentioned as a striking and encouraging assurance of this increasing interest. He then spoke on How to Strengthen our Mission Work, (1) By instructing our Juniors. (2) By systematic giving. (3) By doing home mission work. (4) But in all this work we must not forget that God is the source of all strength.

After singing, "The morning light is breaking," the services of consecration of Sister Palmberg to the China Mission opened, at 3 P. M., with the address by the former Secretary of the Board, A. E. Main. Bro. Main spoke special words of appreciation of the great work to which she was giving her life, and of congratulation because of the favorable auspices under which she goes to the distant field; especially because of the noble band of workers with whom she is to be associated; because of the faithful Board under whose direction she goes forth. Also he congratulated her as a member of the host of interested young people, headed by our efficient and devoted President of the Young People's Board. He also congratulated her that her work is to be largely connected with elevating women of China to be Christian wives and mothers.

Then a deeply impressive consecrating prayer was offered by J. M. Todd, accompanied by the laying on of hands.

O. U. Whitford gave the address in behalf of the Board, expressing the confidence and hope of the Board in her noble work.

EVENING SESSION.

The report of the Committee on Nominations was made at the opening of the meeting, which reported substantially the same Board of Managers as last year.

A resolution was introduced by A. E. Main, looking to providing funds for sending another missionary to China to aid in the teaching and management of the boys' school. This resolution was advocated in very earnest remarks by G. H. F. Randolph, and was then adopted.

The Annual Sermon by F. E. Peterson was preceded by the reading of Isa. 62, and prayer by G. J. Crandall. Miss Clara Stillman sang a solo, and the choir and congregation sang, "Leaning on the everlasting arms."

Text, Isa. 62: 11. Theme, World-wide Evangelization, or The Present-day Message of Christ to His Church.

This sermon was a very forcible presentation of the great importance of the work of the evangelization of the world.

[From L. C. Randolph.]

EVER since we began to write for the SABBATH RECORDER from the standpoint of Western Contributing Editor, we have endeavored to keep as a motto nailed to the masthead, "Lock on the other side." Every man has his mission. We have hoped that one of ours might be to impress upon our corner of the world the disposition to "Put yourself in his place." Unless we have failed in our purpose, this department of the SABBATH RECORDER has stood for these two things. And that reminds us of A REMINISCENCE.

These mottoes first took strong hold of us as far back as when some of us were seniors in college, and the Philomatheans and Idunas had a falling out. Let me see, there were Prof. Edwin Shaw, Rev. T. J. VanHorn, and Dr. E. E. Campbell (they didn't go by those names then though). It was our last winter, and the "Philos" appointed us all upon the Jubilee session programme. They say it was an evening long to be remembered—hadn't we been preparing for weeks? But the bitter drop in the cup was that the treasurer forgot to send complimentary tickets to the professors, and several of them were absent. As though we did not feel badly enough already, the Idunean editor referred to the occurrence on the following evening in terms of such sarcasm as to pierce the "Philos" to the heart.

That began it. It usually does.

The "Philos" called a meeting for investigation and the protection of their honor. The more they thought about it the hotter they became. Had not the "Philos" given the fair Idunas a royal barquet only a few weeks before? And was this their base return? Such flings were to be expected from our rivals, the "Oros," but the Idunas—we talked about it till dinner time and then appointed another meeting.

In the meantime a dim suspicion began to filter through the minds of some of the "Philos" that they were having a "tempest in a tea-pot," and that their honor would suffer the least tarnishing if they should simply assure the professors of their regret for the unintentional slight, and let the matter drop. But they all went to the meeting.

It was in the Greenman room. The offending Idunean editor had just finished an examination, and was coming out, tired and hungry, with her arms full of books as the procession of "Philos" reached the door. The leader was a dyed in the wool "Philo," with more knowl-

edge of "Robert's Rules of Order" than of women. In the presence of all these boys he solemnly asked Iduna if she wasn't sorry she read that local. The blood of a long line of unconquerable ancestors was in her veins. Her black eyes snapped as she assured the spokesman that she was only sorry that she did not make it stronger.

That settled it. The Idunas were not repentant. The meeting was organized with a rush, and a committee appointed to prepare a suitable resolution for the press. If you care to look over the back files of the Telephone for about January, 1888, you will find it. It set forth the main facts, but many of the boys considered it very tame. They wanted something which would scorch the paper, and they insinuated that the chairman had shorn the article of its strength in order to gain the favor of certain Idunas.

Now all this seems very trivial, does it not; but for the regulation nine days it was the central theme of thought and conversation with several scores of young men and women—bright and sensible they were, too, on most things.

Many of the quarrels and feuds—the wars even—which have brought blight upon the world, have begun in simple misunderstandings, or small grievances which might have been readily adjusted by a little application of generosity. This man has wronged you; but put yourself in his place. What were his grievances? If you don't know, ask him. Don't be always brooding over your wrongs. Look sometimes from the other fellow's standpoint. You will both be the gainers.

Most questions have two sides. Some have many sides. The great man is tall enough to see over the fences and brave enough to look.

THE most welcome visitor to our home this month was the "class letter." What is the "class letter?" Well, there were five young men and six young women who graduated from Milton in the year of 1888,—scattered now from Pennsylvania to Kansas, no two in the same community. But every year or two a big letter makes the round of the class in a regular order. To this letter each one contributes; after reading the budget, takes out his old letter, puts in a fresh one, and sends the envelope on its way rejoicing in its row of stamps,—a good way to keep in touch with the old comrades. It is hard, almost impossible, to find time amid the thickening duties of life to write to all your friends. It is harder still to let those you loved, and with whom you spent so many pleasant hours, drop out of your life. Try a "circle" letter. It links the present with "the lovely past," and stirs you to new cheer and courage. Make the most of your friends. Thank God for them. Blessed is the man who can beguile a cold and lonely road with the wand of memory, and summon troops of the comrades that he loves.

"THE world is what we make it," says the proverb, and what striking verification of the fact we may note all along the pathway of life. The Ram's Horn puts the case in this way: "A criminal only sees a policeman's club and gun, while a good citizen only sees the shield on his breast. To the first, an officer is a terror; to the second, he is a protector. So to the good, God is a Father; to the bad, he is a tyrant. Atheism is the refuge of the bad."

ONE can but think of the Bible statement that "the wicked shall spread himself as a green

bay tree," when he reads that Dan Coughlin, who was without doubt the murderer of Doctor Cronin, five years ago, has embarked in the saloon business in Chicago. Nevertheless, in the day when all secrets shall be revealed, we shall understand the hidden processes by which "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

THE LANDING PLACE OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

BY E. C. W. L.

(Continued.)

In September the craft, Little James, was about to sail for London, when it was discovered that Lyford had prepared other letters of malicious import to send. Again he made protestations, at which time his wife made a shocking statement respecting him; and at the close of the winter he went to Oldham at Nantucket with a few of his adherents.

In March, 1625, Oldham came again among the Pilgrims, pouring out abusive language. Thereupon they shut him up, and, when at last he was taken to the boat, it was between two rows of musketeers, who, as he passed, gave him a thump with a gun, and bade him "Goe and mende his maners!" Thus ended the Puritan conspiracy against the Pilgrims. Allow me to add that it was from the Puritans that the "Salem witch-craft" took root.

And what do we find in Plymouth to-day? On Clarke's Island still stand two of the cedars of the primeval forest, twisted and knotted, like time-worn cables.

On Captain's Hill is a large granite monument to Captain Miles Standish, who resided there. Further down the grassy slope is the cellar wall of his home that was destroyed by fire. From the ruins have been exhumed an iron pot, sword and platter, also a lock and key. The latter lay before a noted authoress, to inspire her as she wrote his life. A short distance from where the house stood is a spring, with mossy sides, stoned up by Standish. Two important features have been unveiled respecting him. A few miles out of Plymouth, in South Duxbury, there resided an eccentric old lady who was almost one hundred years old. During the summer of 1887 she died, and among her possessions the following writing came to light: "Miles Standish—1660—the first one buried in the old graveyard. Two three-corner stones to his grave." Also, "This is from the original paper, as told by Benjamin Prior, while he was living at the almshouse. He was about 92 years old when he died, Feb. 12, 1887. His parents told him, when he was eight or nine years old, Prior died of old age. His grandfather saw the burial when he was a child."

As soon as this became known careful parties made search and found it just as described. The next craze was to disinter Miles Standish! And no doubt in every museum in our land, after awhile, we shall be able to find some part of his anatomy.

There is an oil painting of him, smeared by the finger prints of time, monopolized by one of his descendants, who has allowed a few photos struck off by a friend, and only a few intimates have them, under pledge that a copy shall not be taken. Some way, somehow, no matter how, somebody's seen one and our readers shall have a description: a massive head; high, broad and not overly full forehead; thick, long hair and large blue eyes; black coat, loose sleeves and full plaited ruffle around his neck.

Turning from Captain's Hill, southward, we pass, on our left, the immense works of the Plymouth Cordage Co. On the right, situated on a hill (the shape of a shallow bowl overturned), stands the granite National Monument to our Forefathers. It was placed there through the efforts of the Pilgrim Society, two miles from Coles' Hill, their first burying place. The principal pedestal is octagonal, with four small and four large faces. From the small faces project four buttresses or winged pedestals. On the main one stands the figure of Faith. In her left hand she holds a Bible, and with the right she is pointing heavenward. The figures represent Morality, Justice, Mercy, Education, Wisdom, Youth, led by Experience, Freedom, Peace and Tyranny. In the alto-relief is graven the "Departure from Delft Haven," "Signing the Compact," "Landing at Plymouth," and "First Treaty with the Indians." The panels contain the names of those who came over in the Mayflower. The monument is eighty-one feet high.

The population of Plymouth is about 8,000. Their industries are various and thriving, yielding, in ordinarily prosperous times, about four millions a year. There are seven hotels, largely patronized in summer. Certainly they show liberty in worship. The churches embrace Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist, Episcopal, German Lutheran, New Church, Universalist, Unitarian, Catholic, Adventist and Spiritualistic.

The standard of education is high. Passing the jail, the Court House, a fine structure, comes in view. In a niche over the entrance stands a marble figure of Justice, with a golden balance in her hand. On the left is Pilgrim Hall, erected in 1824, and rebuilt in 1880, by Joseph Henry Stickney, of Baltimore, a wealthy merchant, formerly from Boston. In this hall is a large collection of interesting relics classified. Much of the furnishing of the Mayflower is there. The oldest house bears the date of 1665.

Their second burial place was Burial Hill. There, in 1621, they built a fort, and in 1643 a Watch House, fourteen feet square. Now nothing remains but a ridge, although bricks are abundant a short distance below the surface. Marble ovals mark the spot. The yard is freely dotted with graves, the oldest known bears the date of Feb. 25, 1672.

From this point is a commanding view of the harbor and surroundings, and a grander sight is not on panoramic canvas than when the king of days lifts his golden head from his Orient pillow, smiling on the mirror-like waters, lavishly hanging out his banners of purple, gold and crimson, to hail the infant day.

Watson's Hill was one of the favorite resorts of the Indians, and where they had their summer camps. It was on the crest of this hill that the Pilgrims first caught sight of the Indians, and later, the scene of the treaty with Massasoit. In digging cellars there, within a few years, five Indians have been exhumed; and as it is now over 271 years since the Pilgrims landed, it is estimated that they were buried nearly 300 years ago. Some of the skeletons have been removed to the Peabody Museum. The soil is of a preserving nature. One grave is unearthed and boxed so that one can look down on a six-foot skeleton, in recumbent position, with a full set of pearly teeth. Hair is often found, and weapons under their heads. A scalping trophy, with fifteen gashes, has also been found; each sash representing a white man's scalp, and fifteen gashes indicating a chieftain's.

The land is broken into little, queerly shaped hills, and one can almost imagine that Dame Nature has overturned a baker's cart of irregular shaped cup-cakes along the shore. The primeval forest was cedar, many of which still bear Indian marks. The next growth was oak; the third pine; the fourth oak again, and so on in alternation.

Daniel Webster's hunting ground lay in the direction of Monomet Point, and now, not infrequently, does the graceful deer glide through the forest. There is one forest of mixed growth where never a bird or squirrel is seen.

There are 365 ponds in Plymouth county. Many of these have a white, sand bottom, along whose banks the sweet China-pink, *Sabatia* blooms so freely as to form a roseate margin of floral beauty. Turning toward the rock we find a bubbling spring, over which is printed on a board what history hands down, "And there is a very sweet brooke runs under the hill-side, and many springs and of as good water as can be drunke. W. Bradford, 1620."

Also this: "Come, freely drink and quench your thirst. Here drank the Pilgrim Fathers first." And by it hangs a tin dipper, and as you sip, the very waters seem to set you dreaming. But as you come into the heart of the town you note their enterprise in an ancient setting, and hasten to the first street laid out by the Pilgrims, and called Leyden street. Next you come to the site of the first house, and bearing to the left reach Coles' Hill. On the southern extreme you see a few irregular mounds—old cellars hardly in outline—and you notice a granite tablet that marks the spot of the slumbering braves that have been found and left to rest.

But the bluff our forefathers faced is now graded to the angle of a house-roof, treeless, and green as Central Park in midsummer, with the Plymouth Rock Hotel on its brow. It pains you to know that the "Pilgrim Society" wiped out the last trace of those old homes on the hill-side, and you feel that they have meddled with your interests.

(To be continued.)

SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

HAMMOND, La., Aug. 14, 1894.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

Although there is considerable time yet to elapse before our Association in the South-west, yet it may not be amiss to insert a jotting in the RECORDER concerning the time and place of said meeting. By vote of the Association last year we meet with the Providence Church, in Texas Co., Mo., on Thursday, Oct. 11, 1894. The meeting will continue till the following Sunday night. A full programme has been arranged by the Executive Committee, and will be sent in due time for publication in the RECORDER.

We expect Bro. L. A. Platts as delegate from the Eastern, Central and Western Associations. Also one from the North-Western Association, the name of whom we have not yet learned. We should be glad to see as many present from outside the Association as possible.

Any information desired concerning the best route by which to reach this point, say from St. Louis or Chicago, one had better write to Bro. S. W. Rutledge, Tyrone, Texas Co., Mo., who will, no doubt, be glad to answer all questions. The writer hopes to be present at this meeting, as the Hammond Church have just arranged to send him as their delegate. May the Lord bless us in our meeting and make it one of great interest and power.

Your brother in Christ.

G. W. LEWIS.

A GREETING.*

BY MARY A. LACKEY.

Ere He left His disciples on earth, our Lord bade
Them to carry His truth to all lands;
And our hearts are in tenderness drawn toward those
Who are ready to do His commands.

So we are gathered this evening to meet and to greet
The dear sister, preparing to go
With the gospel of healing for body and soul,
Where the people God's love do not know.

She has heard the appeal from our workers abroad
That a helper to aid them be sent;
And that she might be fitted to answer the call
She these years of close study has spent.

She has given these years and will give many more,
If the Master her service demand.
She has bidden adieu to the friends of her youth,
And ere long will have left the home-land.

We admire her spirit of self-sacrifice,
And are glad she is willing to go.
Have we thought that her mission is ours as well,
And will we the same readiness show?

Though we may not in China, to labor be called,
For the workers who go we may care,
If to do so requires self-denial from us,
Let us think what they are having to bear.

Let us think what our Saviour gave up when He came
With salvation for all who believe,
Let us joy if, by aught we can do "in His name"
Those in darkness His light may receive.

We rejoice that the Doctor this pleasure has given
Us, of meeting her ere she departs.
Though we only can greet her and bid her "good-bye,"
We shall both greetings give with warm hearts.

As we bid her God-speed in her labor for souls,
Let us plead with the Father above
That amid all the darkness surrounding her path,
She may walk in the light of His love.

May He keep her in safety the long journey through!
May His Spirit direct and sustain
Her, in bringing His light to the darkened soul
While relieving the body of pain!

Let us also extend to our brother, who soon
Will his work in home mission fields find,
A cordial hand grasp and assure him that we,
Though he's absent, shall keep him in mind,

That our prayers shall ascend for God's blessing on him
And the brother to whose aid he goes.
May His spirit attend them and grant for their toil
A precious ingathering of souls!

IN MEMORIAM.

John A. Langworthy was born Dec. 27, 1799, in Stonington, Conn., and passed peacefully to his heavenly home July 26, 1894, at his late residence in Little Genesee, N. Y. Seldom is it given to any to attain to so advanced an age. Born in the evening of the last century, he lived to see his ninety-fifth year. With him old age was full of beauty, retaining as he did to a remarkable degree his mental and physical powers. At the age of sixteen he became a subject of redeeming grace, and was thus enabled to spend the larger part of a long life in God's service.

In the year 1836 he removed from Connecticut to Little Genesee, and united by letter in 1838 with the First Genesee Church. Always interested in whatever concerns the kingdom of God on earth he loved the truth, loved God's people and loved the church. His love for the church he possessed to an eminent degree to the close of life. Faithful in attendance almost to the last, when finally compelled by infirmities to remain at home he felt such absence from God's house to be a great privation. He loved the Sabbath and lived in the enjoyment of God's favor most richly. When the writer first saw him, less than a year ago, he was deeply and delightfully impressed with the manifest beauty of his old age. Surely he must have inherited the promise of length of days, for length of days such as his under the manifest blessing of God is most desirable.

The final failure of his powers was sudden, and when at last the summons came, attended

*Lines written for and read at the reception given Dr. Palmberg at Little Genesee, and requested for publication in the RECORDER.

by the ministrations of a loving wife and daughter, he quietly fell asleep in Jesus. Like Enoch, he is not, for God has taken him. Beautiful was his Christian character in life, and beautiful was his translation.

The funeral was held July 29th, conducted by his pastor and attended by a large concourse of friends, many of whom came from a distance. The text was Psa. 116: 15.

S. S. P.

LITTLE GENESEE, PORTVILLE, SHINGLE HOUSE, HEBRON.

Little Genesee is located in a beautiful valley, and contains the second or third largest church in the Western Association. Pastor Powell is enjoying the people and place of his new parish, and the people are enjoying the pastor and his family. A good Sabbath audience and Sabbath-school, a largely-attended church prayer-meeting, and a well-filled room of Christian Endeavorers, make up the regular appointments. The society did well by the Field Secretary: \$59 in cash, \$121 pledged, and 11 new subscribers for the RECORDER, besides collections and notes on old accounts.

At Obi, the Second Genesee Church, sometimes called Dodge's Creek, there is a pleasant looking country and a pretty looking church, and I wish something could be done to supply the place with preaching. They maintain a Sabbath-school. I gathered some collections on the RECORDER here, and one new subscriber.

I had only one day for work at Main Settlement, in the Portville Church, but received four new subscribers and some other money. I was quite pleased with their audience Sabbath morning at the church in their pleasant house of worship, and they have some excellent level farming lands here. Brother George P. Kenyon preaches here in the morning and at Shingle House, where he lives, in the afternoon.

In the afternoon I preached at Shingle House, a town I should say of from three to five hundred population. Our audience is not so large here, though some of the Adventists and Sunday friends are in, including Rev. Thomas Carrier, the Methodist pastor and an old neighbor and schoolmate of the writer. Here and on Bell's Run I secured four new subscribers. Sunday, I preached in the afternoon at the Bell's Run school-house, and in the evening at Shingle House, in the M. E. church, a new \$3,000 church, with fine interior finish. Elder Geo. P. Kenyon has recently been elected Justice of the Peace, and with the law and gospel both to look after ought to have plenty to do. When he told he had received in cash only fifty cents from seven appointments for four months' preaching since April 1st, can any one blame me that I had not the face to ask them for anything for the Societies? Through reverses and loss on old pledges the Shingle House Church still has a debt of \$750, which must be met, or the building lost. The denomination will need come to the rescue.

Hebron is really a good farming country. Their oat and potato crops were the best seen. They have a fine looking church property, nice new church, enclosed sheds, and eight or ten acres of land. They are trying to get a pastor, and are communicating with Bro. Lawrence, of Berlin. East Hebron has been supplied for some months by a Mr. Nelson, a recent convert. If the two societies would unite they might support a pastor, with some assistance from the Missionary Society. Some of our people are in Coudersport, six miles away. The Hebron so-

ciety contains many young people. These two churches had three sermons by the writer and three by Eld. H. P. Burdick, from Friday to Sunday night last. Five new subscribers were obtained. Here was the home of some of our Nortonville people; among the rest Uncle Foster and Aunt Fanny Reynolds, of pleasant memory. The country abounds in blackberries this year.

G. M. COTTRELL, *Field Sec.*

ALFRED, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1894.

INFLUENCE OF WEATHER UPON MIND.

That states of weather have their differential effects upon mental manifestation no intelligent person entertains a doubt, but how far we may go in assigning degrees of influence to one state or another, as exhibited locally or climatically, remains to be determined. A writer in the January number of the *American Journal of Psychology*, for this year, discusses the subject from the view of common experience, and presents some facts that are interesting as well as leading in their directness. He says: "The head of a factory employing three thousand workmen said: 'We reckon that a disagreeable day yields about ten per cent less work than a delightful day, and we thus have to count this as a factor in our profit and loss account.' Accidents are more numerous in factories on bad days. A railroad man never proposes changes to his superior if the weather is not propitious. Fair days make men accessible and generous, and open to consider new problems favorably. Some say that opinions reached in best weather states are safest to invest on."

Other facts are mentioned in the physical and psychological relation, as, "Weather often affects logic, and many men's most syllogistic conclusions are varied by heat and cold." . . . "The knee jerk seems proven to have another factor. It is not strange if the eye, for example, which wants the normal stimulus in long, dark weather, causes other changes."

Temperament is a fundamental factor in sensitiveness to atmospheric changes, that type of it called the mental being the more intensely affected, while the bilious type may exhibit by comparison the more capricious or morbid impressions. The mental manifestations, as a rule, however, depend upon the organism primarily. If the culture is good, that is, the faculties have been trained to co-ordinate, harmonious action, and the elements that contribute to serenity and self-control, have been well developed, weather conditions will but operate like other parts of the environment, the self-training will show adaptation and self-repression. The "nervous," excitable, irascible person, is he who has not learned to control feeling and expression, and it is he who finds fault with his surroundings, and imputes uncanny conduct to them. That there are functional states of the body that predispose one to mental depression or exhilaration, we are ready to admit. A torpid liver, a chronic catarrh, a rheumatic joint, and even an old corn, may render one susceptible to weather changes, the physical ailment producing a nerve reaction that is keenly felt at the spinal centers, and may test the spirit.

Mind, however, is superior to matter, or rather constituted for superiority. Fairly organized, carefully developed and trained, it will exhibit that superiority by its poise and calmness in circumstances that are disagreeable or painful to the physical senses.—*The Church Union.*

MISSIONS.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.

"Money answereth all things;" but if the preacher had lived in our day he would have made one exception:—"Surely we have enough in the New Testament to show that the apostles kept Sunday." It was at a cosy tea table, in the company of eight Baptist and Congregationalist ministers that the self-assuring remark was made. There had been a pleasant and profitable meeting in the parlor, of prayer and the consideration of a paper, now at the

supper tea they were as happy together as brethren of differing views could be. "Some of us have been imagining and thinking, and would like to know what Doctor J. and his people do on the Sunday?" A little tremor of the voice, or a frog in the throat, indicated a vein of seriousness common to people who think the heavens are about to fall; and they never seem to fall so awfully as when the sacred Sunday question is to the fore. "Oh, certainly, we do on Sunday just what we do on Monday or Tuesday, plough, plant and sow, hammer at the anvil, for we are commanded to work six days, and Sunday is the first day of the six. As preachers when not preaching to other people we find enough to do in the study, the garden, in correspondence, in visiting." There was a momentary pause, when a good Baptist brother, feeling that the dangerous doubts were in the air, said with manifest fervor: "Surely we have enough in the New Testament to show that the apostles kept Sunday." This was met by, "For forty years I have been anxious to find Scripture for that statement. There is a New Testament, and if you will turn to the book, chapter and verse, I will give you five pounds." He drew back, and the brethren laughed outright. "It can't be done," said a venerable brother, a Congregationalist. "But, but, we read, 'Upon the first day of the week when the disciples came together.'" "True, but what time in the twenty-four hours was that?" "At night." "Yes, but what night?" "Why, Sunday night." "No, no," responded several voices, "Saturday night." "Well, then, let us see: Saturday night till early Sunday morning, and then Paul and his companions traveled all day, by sea and by land,—and was *their* way of keeping Sunday." "I think," said Father D. (Congregationalist), "we ought to have a paper on this Seventh-day question at our next meeting." Several agreed to this, and requested him to present such a paper, he at the same time expressing the opinion that there is serious doubt as to Sunday being the right day. "Really," thought I, "the Lord is helping the work." But our Baptist brother objected. "I think, brethren, we much more need a paper on some *spiritual* subject!" And so for the time the matter was dropped; but all consciences do not sleep over it. The five pound reward did not bring forth the much required Scripture for Sunday-keeping.

A dozen years since a good Baptist brother in Wales asked me to write for a secular paper a reply to some very pious articles of the "brimstone corner" sort, which were published against the dreadful Sunday-Sabbath breaking of a small party of young people, one of whom had been injured by an upset of the carriage on a Sunday afternoon, after having been to church in the morning. The writer got excited at my brief articles, and the more so when I took some of his rash statements and inserted them as paid advertisements under the caption of one pound up to fifteen pounds reward for similar Scripture language. This double bombardment of written argument and monied advertisement after a few months, silenced my opponent's guns, and he retired in disgust (he was a Methodist minister). The controversy was read by thousands, and by none with more interest than Bro. Philips, who asked me to write, and who was convinced of the Sabbath before he passed beyond the river. No, Solomon, "money" has not yet fetched the text from the sacred writings affirming that Christ changed the day to Sunday, or that the apostles kept Sunday. Should any reader

know of a case where "money" has been thus honestly, truthfully and without trick or fancy, really earned, I would take it kindly to be informed of it. I am anxious about this, as I do not wish to chide Solomon wrongfully.

W. M. J.

FROM J. L. HUFFMAN.

I send to you my reports for quarter and year ending June 30, 1894. During this quarter, besides filling my regular appointments, I helped a Baptist minister at Bridgeport, in this county, hold a protracted meeting, in which a large number of persons professed conversion. Seventeen were added to their church by baptism. The work here at Salem is prospering. The school is looking more encouraging than ever. The burden of debt that has rested with such weight upon us is largely provided for. The church is badly in debt on their parsonage. Our meetings are well attended. The young people's meetings are kept up with good interest. May the Lord bless the Board in all their plans and efforts to build up the Master's cause!

SALEM, W. Va., July 4, 1894.

FROM R. S. WILSON.

We have just closed another quarter's labor at this place. God being our helper, we have done the best we could the past quarter. It has been a very pleasant one, except Bro. Hill's illness for three or four weeks. As Bro. Hills lives in the house where we hold services we could not hold any service in the church for two Sabbaths on account of his illness, so we held our service at the house of Bro. John Wilson. We are glad to see Bro. Hills up and going about again. I went to Whiton on the 9th of May, 30 miles north-west of Attalla, and began preaching Friday evening and preached on through Sabbath and Sunday, preaching five times in all. We had a good meeting. I preached once on the Sabbath question to about one hundred and fifty people on Sunday. There were three ministers at our meetings, while I was there, but they did not take any part in the meetings, except leading in prayer. The people wanted me to stay longer, but our arrangements were such that we had to leave on Monday, but the people there have made special request for Bro. Hills and myself to come there and hold a two weeks' meeting, and we have planned to go about the 17th or 18th of July, and may God be with us in that work. The interest here seems very good, and future prospects look bright. Our young people take right hold of the Christian Endeavor work, and we have some very good meetings. Our Sabbath-school, under the management of Bro. John T. Green, is moving along nicely. Pray for us here.

ATTALLA, Ala., July 3, 1894.

FROM L. F. SKAGGS.

The time has come for me to make my annual report. First, I desire to thank our Father in heaven for life and health through another year. My work has been confined to about the same field as last year. I have preached at the Corinth Church, in Barry county, once each month, through the past year. The interest and attendance at this place have been good. This church was constituted with five members, and has had no additions, though there are two sisters who keep the Sabbath but have not united with the church; one says she intends to unite with the church in the near future. The writer held a series of meetings here last August. The weather was

warm, yet the house, a good part of the time, would not hold the people. A number came forward for prayers, and some professed faith in Christ. In March, Elder E. H. Socwell, of Welton, Iowa, visited this field and assisted in holding a series of meetings with the Corinth Church. There was a good interest manifested, and his preaching greatly strengthened and encouraged the church. His preaching was well received, and he made many friends among First-day people. There are a number at this place who are convinced that Sunday has nothing but tradition for its observance as a Sabbath. Elder J. B. Redwine is a faithful worker; he has distributed a great many copies of the "Catholics on Sabbath and Sunday."

I have visited Moncy Chapel, five miles west of the Corinth church. There was a good interest, and I was requested to return and hold a series of meetings. Preached once at Parry, where I leave the railroad to go to the Corinth Church. Visited Bro. Pearce twice, held four services. This is twelve miles from the Delaware Church. I preach, as a rule, once a month at the Delaware Church. The membership have all moved away except my family and one married daughter. Eld. Johnson is County Treasurer and lives at Ozark, twelve miles away. Bro. Pearce lives twelve miles away, in Stone county, and the other members at different distances; so it is somewhat discouraging at this place. Held a series of meetings at Lorenzo Chapel last winter. Two miles from there a number were converted. Held a series of meetings last winter at Pope's Chapel, five miles from here, none converted.

Once a month I visit Providence Church, Texas county. The interest looks more hopeful here than in the past. Eld. Gilbert Hurley has moved, with his family, near the church. Eld. G. T. Helms has been in attendance at the last two meetings; he lives sixteen miles away, and is very feeble in health. At our last visit the church celebrated the Lord's Supper. The church is in peace, though there is not that deep, spiritual interest manifest we would like to see. The congregations are good, except on the Sabbath. They have a prayer-meeting, and have agreed to organize a Young People's Christian Endeavor Society. There are a number here who are convinced that they ought to keep the Sabbath of the Lord our God, but have not the moral courage to do so. At this place no-churchism is a great drawback. The South-Western Association is to convene with this church in October next. I am requested to preach at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Cabool. This is where I leave the railroad for Providence Church. I preached at this place four times two years ago. There is now the greatest money stringency that was ever known, though there is plenty to eat. Wheat is unusually good, corn looks very flattering, oats and hay very light. Religion is generally at a very low ebb. Oh, how we need to be more spiritually minded, more consecrated to the cause of missions! To illustrate: I was called to attend a funeral a few days ago, and there was a large gathering of people, of whom I knew but few personally. I asked a brother, who was present and who knew everybody there, what per cent were Christians, and he said not one in ten professed Christianity who were from the age of 10 to 70, and this in the country, in a farming district. Oh, how sad, with plenty of church houses! Truly the harvest is great, but the laborers are few. May God bless you all! Pray for this needy field.

BOAZ, Mo., July 1, 1894.

WOMAN'S WORK.

MOTTOES AND MENDING BASKETS.

BY MISS GRACE M. EVERTS.

It was an old custom of mother's, and I sometimes wonder that more people have not adopted it, that of dropping a motto or a text here and there among her things, as we do camphor-gum among our winter clothes when we put them away. It seemed as if they were meant to act as memoranda, to remind her while about the simple daily tasks whose she was and whom she served, and, like the camphor-gum, you scented their influence upon everything with which they came in contact, only there was a delicacy in the fragrance of mother's mottoes of which the other could never boast, owing to certain reasons peculiarly its own. They were not put in conspicuous places—oh no! just tucked away in some little corner, to present themselves at odd unexpected moments, shake out their perfume, and drop again out of sight.

But her mending basket was mother's pulpit; and from it how many sermons were preached, and all in silence too.

The one motto among the many that found their way in and out of this same basket that I remember above them all, and which seemed to fit in as such a timely reminder as we came to that window with work, or plans to talk over with mother, or think over, or fight out in silence, was this: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." How many times have my questions thus been answered before they were asked, while I rummaged through that capacious basket for a pair of scissors or bit of silk.

It was the autumn after I left school that Aunt Helen sent for me.

"You have three boys, and they are enough to keep the house lively, so don't talk to me about your only girl," she wrote to mother, "but put yourself in my place for a minute, and if you are as active as ever in missionary work, remember with pity this poor heathen. Besides, in city life and travel, Florence will have so many advantages."

"A whole year!" said mother sadly; "it is a great deal for Helen to ask;" and she made a dive into the mending basket for a stray sock of one of the boys, and came up triumphant, but with a sigh. "Poor Helen! I'm afraid she is one of those who 'labor in vain' in her building, so do you go to her, dear, as my missionary, and in His hands perhaps you will be the one to show her the way to that other city 'whose builder and maker is God;'" and right well did I know where mother found the text for her little sermon.

"Did you put a motto in it?" I asked, as I surveyed with much glee my own first work-basket, which mother herself had taken such pleasure in making just as pretty and complete as possible.

"Did you want one?" she asked, affecting some surprise.

"Why of course!" I replied, a little disappointed that she had not thought of it herself.

"Well, some day we will see to it that you have one," was her brief answer, as she packed the basket in my trunk.

It was like living in an enchanted castle at Aunt Helen's. One had never to think whether bread must be set to-night, or the windows washed to-morrow. I had been reflecting upon this with a good deal of comfort one rainy afternoon three weeks after I left home, as I sat in Aunt Helen's library and wrote to mother. Aunt Helen herself sat dozing in her chair by the fire, a dainty little basket on the stand at her side, filled with her fancy work; and I saw in mind the sitting-room at home, mother's window, and the old familiar mending basket also filled with work, the half of which, however, was neither for herself or her own household, and nobody but mother knew for whom; and I thought of the motto, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." And I knew very well that there was no such little sermon in the dainty basket on my aunt's work-table. The most appropriate text I could think of for this basket was, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow."

"Mother, why don't you send a motto for my work-basket?" I wrote: "I am sure I need one badly enough." A few days later came her answer, but never a sign of a tiny card for my basket, only this written in one corner after the letter was finished: "Don't forget to darn your stockings, dear."

"Blessed old mother!" I exclaimed, "how well you knew;" and I went for the neglected stockings and my work-basket. "To-morrow is Sabbath," I mused, as I threaded my needle and began my darning, "and after dinner I mean to go to that mission Sabbath-school again whether it is foolishness or not in Aunt Helen's eyes, and now the next question is—Shall I, or shall I not, ask that Italian girl at the fruit stand by the park gate to go with me? Poor little thing! she looks so forlorn; and I suppose Aunt Helen would be so disgusted. Perhaps it is better not to be in too great a hurry, though;" and I picked up my card of black darning-cotton and whirled off another needleful, thinking complacently that I would adopt brother Rob's motto on this occasion, and "Make haste slowly."

What was that? A wheel within a wheel? For the unrolling of my darning-cotton had suddenly disclosed another card tucked safely away under the first layer of thread, and the corners were clipped, and there was a glimpse of familiar red ink.

"Mother Dear!" I exclaimed excitedly. "It's my motto;" and I pulled it forth with speed. Somehow those mottoes always have a way of making one think; and this was just a simple question that spoke up from the little slip in my hand, and the question was this: "What would *Jesus* do?"

I looked from my window over in the direction of the park, and saw in fancy the gay throng passing in and out of its great gates, and among them one, whom to-day, as of old, "the common people" would gladly hear, and he would stop at that poor fruit stand, and tell the tired girl there that her soul was very precious in the sight of the good Father. And I thought too, of a little card down in the bottom of my handkerchief-box that not even mother knew of, which said, "I am among you as he that serveth;" and do I need to tell you that two of us went to the mission school next day?

I was replacing missing buttons and broken stitches in my gloves one morning when Aunt Helen, in passing, paused at my side.

"What a pretty little basket!" she exclaimed.

"Did you line it yourself, Florence?"

"Indeed no; that is mother's work," I replied.

"And this too, I see."

I glanced up; it was my motto card that she was holding in her hand.

"You recognize the writing?" I said.

"Yes, and the idea too," was her reply; for I recall the first time that I came upon one of her mottoes. It was when we were school-girls, and I went to her desk one day, and raising the lid, found written on the under side, 'Holiness unto the Lord.' Why, it gave me a positive shock, for I know I was planning some mischief, and that little sermon spoiled all my fun."

Aunt Helen sank into the little rocking-chair near at hand, and burst into a hearty laugh, and for an hour sat bending and twirling my little card and telling stories of their girlhood. I had quite forgotten the little motto which had suggested our talk, until rising from her chair, my aunt suddenly dropped it into my basket.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, as though her next remark was but a continuation of our previous conversation, "I sometimes think my own life might have amounted to more if I had followed your mother's example, and taken a motto to follow when I was younger."

"Mother takes a new one every year," I ventured. "On the morning of her birthday there is always a fresh one slipped into her mending basket, while the old one goes to join its fellows among her treasures."

"It is a good plan," said Aunt Helen thoughtfully; "but I should n't know what to choose."

"Mother chooses mine," I answered.

"And there's very much of mother in her daughter, I've noticed. Suppose, my dear, you choose one for me, and drop it in my mending basket."

There was something unusual in Aunt Helen's tone. I looked up, but she had kissed me and was gone. I went to the window and looked off to that tall spire of St. Peter's. It was a little habit of mine, when my heart was too full for words, to share the experience with the lofty spire of the grand old church, and this mighty index finger had a way of passing it on up into the blue above, where I knew it was in safe keeping.

That evening, when my aunt was not there, I slipped into her room and dropped a tiny card into her work-basket. Like mother's, mine also had taken the form of a question,— "How much owest thou unto my Lord?"

Weeks and months slipped away, and early spring had come, but the winter had been spent in a manner very different from our plans. I had been the victim of a slow fever for many weeks, most of my days spent on the little couch in Aunt Helen's bright sitting-room. Certainly I could not have been in better hands. My aunt was the widow of a well-known city physician. There had never been any children, and their beautiful devotion to each other had not ceased at the office door, for she had entered most heartily with him into his work, and proudly been his helpmate there.

She had never referred to the little motto which I had dropped in her basket, although it was still there, and I sometimes felt that perhaps I had not been judicious in my choice.

On one of these quiet winter afternoons Aunt Helen sat by my side reading, when a servant appeared at the door and called her from the room. In a few moments she returned and told me that she was called away in haste, and would explain her errand on her return; but when evening came and brought her home she was quiet and subdued, but gave no explanation, and I asked no questions.

For a week she went regularly every day, remaining from two to three hours, and then her visits were suddenly discontinued.

But my Aunt Helen was changed. The little cloud under which she seemed to have moved recently was, with her last visit, lifted. A very beautiful change was working wonderfully upon my aunt.

On this morning in early spring she had been reading to me a letter just received from mother, inclosing a message for me, in which I was reminded that the mite-boxes of our missionary society were being called in,— would I send mine at once? Aunt Helen brought it to me from my room.

"I will do it up for you when I come back," she said, going out of the room, and in less than five minutes returned, with mending basket in hand, and a piece of white paper wrapped around one finger. She drew a low chair up to my couch.

"Small child," she said, taking my mite-box from my hands, "may I contribute my widow's mite to this little box?"

"Why, certainly, auntie; but you should have one all your own."

"Another year, yes, but this time I want to have a silent share in this one;" and she began peking the white paper which she had slipped from her finger into the narrow opening.

"O, aunt Helen, let me see!" I cried, stretching out my hand; she closed her own over it gently for an instant.

"Let me tell you a story first," said she. "A month ago the Italian who keeps the fruit stand over by the park gate came here to ask you to go to his home with him and see his daughter, who was sick. I explained that you, too, were sick, and unable to go. He cried, poor fellow, like a child, so I went with him. The girl was dying of consumption; she only lived a week. She wanted you, said you would understand, you had been good to her. I learned her trouble, and before she died, I think, was able to help her a little, but still received very much more than I gave. But no more of that for the present, now we must pack this box."

I took it into my own hands first, and pulling out the paper, unfolded it, to behold auntie's check for one hundred dollars. I regarded it and her in silent amazement. She smiled.

"You remember the motto in my mending basket, Florence?"

I had almost forgotten. She held it so I could read.—“How much owest thou unto my Lord?” Despite my joy I was disappointed; that was not what I had meant.

“And this covers the debt, auntie?” I questioned.

She regarded the card in her hand with a little smile, then turned it over, and on the other side I saw another motto, but not of my writing. I leaned forward to read, in Aunt Helen's own, clear hand,—

“Jesus paid it all—all the debt I owe.”

A week later Aunt Helen and I entered the dear, sunny sitting-room at home, unexpected, unannounced, and surprised mother darning socks by her mending basket. And this is the way Aunt Helen told it,—

“I've brought your girl home to you, Jennie,” said she, “for I've decided not to take her abroad this year, but to take my medicine-chest instead, and see what can be done for the headaches and heartaches of other lone women in India.—*Helping Hand.*”

HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

BY H. M. MAXSON.

The ferry boat stood in the slip waiting for its final trip, as I sat idly studying the faces of the passengers. Quietly they slipped into their seats, singly or in groups of two or three. Then with a bustle came a crowd of people whose similarity of features proclaimed them one family, while their dress and bearing declared their recent arrival on our shores. From the father down to the youngest of the nine children there was the same coarseness of feature, dullness of expression, and awkwardness of movement, a reflection, as it were, of the Emerald Isle, from which they came.

After my return home I stood on the doorstep and scanned the passing throng of churchgoers who, a generation ago, came from the same land. Here there was a marked contrast between the old and the young. The older ones had the same expression and features as the party on the ferry boat, a little softened, it may be; but the children, in many cases, seemed almost of another race.

As I studied the changes produced by American ideas and American living, upon those that were not already too advanced in years when they came under its influence, I was impressed with the fact that even flesh and blood, and the growth of the body, seemingly so independent of human control, are, after all, to some extent, subject to man's will, or, at least, that a man's face is molded by his living and thinking.

How many faces we know that express in every line and feature the fretful, peevish, complaining soul that lies back of it; how many that show the crafty, cunning spirit, ever seeking its selfish interests! On the other hand, how many there are that show in every lineament the very stamp of goodness and benevolence! But these characteristic expressions were not always there. Children's faces are much alike in this particular; but with passing years they take on the special expressions that the lives of their owners give them, the lines growing stronger with increasing age. Each vice persistently followed carves its own expression on the face. The modern composite picture has shown that the various professions, even, mold the faces of those that follow them into expressions characteristic of each.

There is, therefore, ground for the assumption that any line of thinking or living that is followed until it becomes a habit leaves its impress on the face, and if evil thinking and low living mar the face and make it brutish, so good thinking and noble living beautify the face

and make it more divine. Every man is not only the “architect of his own fortune,” but the sculptor of his own face, making it more homely or more beautiful, according to the life he lives.

When Moses came down from his forty days' communing with God on the mountain his face was so glorified that the people could not look upon it, and he had to cover it with a veil. I like to think of it, not as an external glory thrown about him like a halo by the Lord, but as a reflection in his face of the inward elevation of soul resulting from his long and close communion with God. Such glorified faces we see, in some degree, in the cases of persons who, having spent a life in simple, unquestioning contented performance of the duties to which God has called them, their only anxiety to do his will, are now waiting with calm confidence for the final glorification that will come when they shall behold the light of his countenance. To look upon such a face gives pleasure and delight, like the contemplation of a beautiful picture, and one is impelled to place above all beautifiers, a benevolent heart and a godly life, and lay down as one of the cardinal rules of life, that one ought to grow more beautiful as his years increase.

OLD ORCHARD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM C. DALAND.

On the coast of Maine, twelve or fifteen miles south-west of the city of Portland, is the center of a beautiful crescent-shaped arm of the sea called Saco Bay, some twenty-five miles in its sweep from north-east to south-west. There is the village of Old Orchard, where there is a most interesting and wonderful beach. Imagine a beach of smooth, hard sand, on which, at low water, forty teams could be driven abreast for nine or ten miles. It seems incredible, and yet such a beach there is at this place. There are several places of resort on this stretch of coast, and at Old Orchard for about a mile there are, all along the beach, numerous hotels and summer cottages.

Near the southern end of the bay is the Saco River, which separates the towns of Saco and Biddeford. Near the northern end is the Scarborough River. Both these empty into the bay. About midway is the town or village of Old Orchard, which extends back from the shore a long distance, full of summer residences. Here is the camp ground of the “Orchard Beach Camp-meeting Association,” where all summer long different meetings are held. A camp meeting was held this year at the last of June, followed by the Salvation Army's meeting early in July; then followed the convention of the Christian Alliance, whose sessions have just closed. After this the International Christian Worker's Convention will meet, to be followed by two other camp-meetings. So from June until September one may attend religious meetings on an average of three times every day, if he wishes.

The people who come here for the summer are largely from Canada. The different New England States contribute their share, and there are some from the South and West. But Montreal and other places in Canada send more than any other places. There are two or three fine hotels, and the number of inferior hotels and boarding houses of all classes is legion.

The beach is crowded at all times of the day, the number of children in the morning being counted by the hundred. They play freely and happily, and the people on the beach seem to be for the most part those who have come for

a good time, and who are determined to enjoy themselves. There is little of any rowdiness, and no perceptible liquor. This is not due entirely to the fact that Old Orchard is in Maine, for in both Saco and Biddeford I saw men somewhat in liquor.

The religious meetings have a decided influence on the place. Evangelistic meetings are held on the beach and at several of the hotels. It is inspiring to attend such gatherings; for, whether one can receive as truth all that is taught or not, it is a spiritual tonic to listen to men so earnest, so enthusiastic, and so evidently sincere in their desire to live godly lives, and to induce others to do the same, as are those who meet here to put forth their views. If one cannot be drawn nearer to God by these inspiring songs, prayers, and sermons, with the voice of the mighty deep to speak to his soul, he must indeed have a hardened heart.

A TRUE STORY OF A DOG AND A RABBIT.

We had a pet rabbit once, a grey one, such as live wild in the fields and woods, which went about the house and yard just as it wished to, and we all liked little bunny very much. One day some one gave us a little white puppy, not quite full grown; so we put it down with the rabbit. Instead of quarreling, they at once became good friends, and amused us very much with their queer ways. The rabbit was fond of being out of doors and eating grass, or any green thing it could find, so it was often away for hours; but go where it would, the little white dog—not much, if any, bigger than itself—was sure to go too, for they were great friends from the first. Often the two would wander from our yard into those of our neighbors, the rabbit looking for something to eat, and the dog going with it for company. Sometimes we would have quite a hunt for the small truants before finding them.

We used to enjoy their frolics in the house after tea very much. The dining-room was next to the parlor, and when the gas was lighted and the doors were open between their fun would begin. A game of “tag” was one of their favorites; and the way they darted from one room to the other—under the tables and chairs—in and out—now here, now there—was as pleasant for us to see as it was for the dear little ones to enjoy. There was a sofa in the parlor, and one of us would often be resting on it. When the two would get tired the rabbit would bound upon the sofa, go up to the shoulder of whoever it found there, stretch itself out, and quietly settle itself there to rest, puppy staying on the floor. But soon down would come bunny, and their play would begin again.

At their bedtime they would sleep in the cellar on a mat near the furnace, a nice place fixed for them. It was so pleasant to see them; bunny would stretch out flat on its side, and puppy would place its head on its friend, using it as a pillow, and so the night was passed. They were as happy a pair of friends as could well be.

The rest of my story is sad, but I will tell it to you. One evening our dear little bunny was missing, and we never saw it again; we feared somebody had either killed or stolen it. It was pitiful to see the little dog's distress; at bedtime it searched in vain for its lost companion, and refused to sleep without its bedfellow. Again and again did we carry it to the rug—no, the rabbit was not there, and poor puppy was inconsolable, refusing to sleep alone. Our cat had some kittens in a box of her own in the same cellar, and the poor heart-broken fellow tried to persuade her to let him share a bed with the kittens, but pussy did not love dogs, and would not take pity on its yearnings. But one evening puss was not at home at bedtime, to the joy of our little friend, and the kittens had an unusual nurse that night.

I often wonder that boys and men can find pleasure in hurting little creatures, as some seem to. If you children will only be kind to animals you will be happier, far happier, in loving them than in giving them pain. See how these two little fellows loved each other.—*W. K., in Independent.*

HISTORICAL & BIOGRAPHICAL.

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

(Continued.)

HIS SCHOOL-DAYS AT ALFRED.

He was laid aside from work on the farm when he was nineteen years old by an injury to one of his limbs. His brother Chauncey, who was then a student in Alfred Academy, induced him, in consequence, to attend that institution during the winter term of 1839 and '40. It seems that he spent also the following winter at the same school. In all this time he was slowly forming the idea that it was his duty to devote his future life to preaching the gospel. His father clung with stronger tenacity, if possible, to the wish for him, as the youngest son, to remain at home in charge of the farm, as we have already noticed. By June, 1841, two months after he had become of age, he had fully determined what course he would pursue. An incident is recalled, which illustrates the seriousness of his convictions and the firmness of his purpose. In the fall previous, as he was at work in the garden with his brother Demming digging potatoes, he engaged in an earnest conversation with his brother as to his desire to obtain an education and to enter the sacred office. In reply to Demming's argument that he ought not to leave home, but to stay with his father, who was declining in years, he said, "Old age is coming on, and I must be at work," referring to his prospective calling. His father was greatly offended at his final decision, and refused to aid him in going to the academy and in preparing himself for the ministry. The advice that his brother Chauncey gave in encouraging him at this time to follow his sense of duty, fell, also, as we have seen, under the stern parental displeasure.

In June, the month already mentioned, Nathan started from the home of his boyhood and youth, in order to earn some means to carry on his education. He never returned to his home again as an inmate. His own feelings were very painful in taking this step. He said that then he "had only eighteen pence in his pocket, and the clothes on his back were not suitable for him to wear to church or in the school-room." Thus slenderly equipped he faced the world alone, to build up for himself a career of remarkable usefulness. He hired out to work during the summer, so he could purchase better garments and meet a portion of his expenses at Alfred. In the fall succeeding he again was found prosecuting his studies in the academy. Here he remained until the autumn of 1846, for five years, except about twelve months, nine of which were occupied in teaching. In his first year he received lessons in Penmanship, and taught a class in that branch at Alfred during one term, and had charge of a public school for three months.

In this manner he not only paid all charges against him for the year, but saved funds sufficient to carry him through the following season. During his school-days here, as he says, "His cash outlay for a year was not allowed to exceed \$75." This money he secured by teaching, but principally by manual labor in his vacations and his hours of physical exercise in term time. He assisted one summer in preparing some of the materials that were afterwards used in the construction of the Boarding Hall, called "The Brick," belonging to the Uni-

versity, at Alfred. In this long struggle to obtain culture for his chosen pursuit he was somewhat helped in the last year by Prof. Kenyon, the principal of the school, and by Maxson Green, a benevolent citizen of the place. He reduced his expenses to the small sum above given, largely by boarding himself in a private house. His food was composed mainly of boiled rice or Indian meal, eaten with milk or molasses. His clothing was exceedingly plain, but substantial and durable. He did not indulge in hiring a horse and a carriage at various times to ride out with company. Oyster-suppers cost him nothing at the close of evening entertainments. Of course, no cash was spent, or worse than thrown away, in the purchase of cigars, or tobacco in any other form. Tea and coffee were not used. At the table he practiced the strictest temperance in the amount of the victuals as well as in the kind partaken of. He is known to have possessed a most healthy body, which was very rarely so ill as to suspend or interfere with the closest work of his hands or brain. This blessing attended him through his subsequent life.

His habits of study and exercise out-doors were characteristic of his traits of mind. He was systematic and methodical in everything. He retired at a given hour in the evening, and rose very early in the morning. He had a certain hour in each school-day assigned to the preparation of a particular lesson. He would not permit the demands of one study to trespass upon the minutes needed in learning another. He generally roomed alone, and lost no time in unnecessary conversation with visitors. He always stood at a high desk, never sat at a table in writing and in applying himself to his books, or he would pace up and down the floor of his room with his eyes intent on the page before him. He did not commit his lessons rapidly, but with painful slowness at times. But the knowledge he acquired entered deeply into his thoughts, and was permanently retained. He had the power of digging for the foundations of the truths and principles contained in his text-books or presented in the class-room. He was not brilliant in reciting, but steady and reliable. He regularly relieved his mind and prevented any weariness or exhaustion of his faculties by walks, commonly quite long, at given intervals during the day.

He was fond of vocal music, and by attendance at classes in which it was taught he became a good singer. His voice in praise was usually heard in the chapel exercises, the church prayer-meeting, other social gatherings, and the Sabbath services. It is believed that he also took charge of pupils in acquiring the rudiments of singing. In the academy he pursued the classical course. All the branches in this course were a delight to him. Still he enjoyed especially the Latin and Greek studies. He succeeded well in his mathematics. It seems that the physical sciences were not fully mastered. Perhaps some of them were omitted or barely scanned. His subsequent writings show that many of the distinctive principles of these were not clearly understood. He did not advance with the rapid progress which they, or most of them, made toward a more complete development in his after life. This deficiency he often acknowledged and greatly regretted in his most active ministry. He became expert in the art of expressing his ideas and feelings in terse, compact, and correct English. He must have found grammar, in this language, as well as rhetoric, a satisfaction and a joy. He took his usual turn in presenting essays and

declamations in the school. He engaged in the debates and other exercises, both private and public, of a literary society. He was noted for his hard and close thinking on such occasions. He was not only a member, but an officer, in the Franklin Lyceum of the school, which was merged subsequently into the Didaskalian Association, and is now called the Alleghanian Lyceum. After the Academy was organized into the University in 1857 he received from it the degree of Master of Arts. He served as a trustee of the institution for eleven years subsequent to 1862. His more intimate friends have often heard him lament, later in life, that he abandoned the purpose to take a full college course, for which his academic studies had prepared him to enter in his Junior year. But he had formed and fixed the most valuable habits of an ardent desire to acquire information, and of patient, conscientious, and exhausting research in the pursuit of any subject in which he was interested.

(To be Continued.)

SOCIAL UNREST IN ENGLAND.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY,

Member of English Parliament, Author of "History of Our Times," etc.

Edmund Burke laid down the famous doctrine that the whole business of government and of legislation is to see that twelve honest men are got into every jury box. That is to say that the whole business of the State is to see that its citizens are protected by honest legislation and by honest men to administer it. Now I have an enthusiastic admiration for Edmund Burke. I am convinced that he was one of the greatest political thinkers that ever lived. But although he was said to see everything and to foresee everything, he certainly did not foresee far enough when he thus defined the duty of the State. The growing Socialism of England, to which Sir William Harcourt must have been alluding, was the growth of that public opinion which is willing to admit that the State has much more to do for the citizen than merely to make it sure that he shall have justice awarded to him in the civil or the criminal courts. My first intimate acquaintance with English politics was formed during the reign of what was called the Manchester School. The faith of the Manchester School was in free competition. Abolish all legislation which interferes with free competition—such was the doctrine—and trust to human energy and human nature and the productiveness of the earth for all the rest. The Manchester School accomplished some great successes. It abolished numbers of legislative restrictions that favored one class, or what was called "one interest," at the expense of another. Its work was decidedly a work of advancement. But its dogma was all too narrow, and curiously enough its faith at the same time was too fanciful. Its main belief was that free trade with foreign nations and free competition at home would remove most of the mountains that stand as a barrier between man and his happiness. Some of the enthusiasts of the school were at one time for having the postal service itself left open by competition to private contract.

Then there came an inevitable reaction which the Manchester School had itself directly helped to bring about. For the Manchester School had fought hard for the extension of the political franchise, and the extension of the franchise gave power to the working class. The working men soon made it known that they had grievances and wrongs which could not be left

to the operation of free competition and the widening beneficence of human nature. They insisted that they had grievances and wrongs which only legislation could remove. The first of what I should call the great Socialistic measures of English legislation, before working men had much share in the franchise, was the Factories Act carried by the late Lord Shaftsbury in 1844. There was a previous measure passed by the same philanthropists in 1842, but that act only concerned itself with what related to the working of women and children in mines. The Factories Act of 1844 was clearly based upon the principle that the State had a right to interfere with what was then erroneously and absurdly called the freedom of contract between employer and employed. On the ground, among other grounds, that it did thus interfere with the freedom of contract and freedom of competition, the Manchester School opposed the passing of the Factories Act. Nobody ever questioned the sincerity and the public spirit of the men who, on behalf of the Manchester School, opposed that legislation. Nobody could have questioned the motive of men like Cobden and Bright. But Lord Shaftsbury triumphed, and everyone now admits that his triumph was a public benefit and a public blessing.

Now I hold that when a State comes to interfere with freedom of contract, even in the case of women or children only, that State has gone a good way along the path of Socialism—genuine Socialism. Since the passing of the Factories Act, England, under whatever government, has been moving farther and farther, faster and faster, along that path. What has become of the principle of contract as between landlord and tenant in Ireland? Tory governments, as well as Liberal governments, have decreed that its day is done. I have just said that the phrase "freedom of contract," as it was once used, is erroneous and absurd. Between the English capitalist and the English working man; between the Irish landlord and the Irish tenant; there was in the old days no freedom of contract. There could be none. There is no freedom of contract between a fasting man and a full man. The full man can wait; the hungry man cannot wait. In the elder Dumas' famous romance, "The Count of Monte Christo," the wicked banker, Danglers I think was his name, is captured by a brigand chief and held to ransom. Poor Danglers grows very hungry and asks for food. He is told that he can have food but he must pay for it. He says he is willing to pay for it, and asks what the price of a fowl would be. He is told of some enormous sum—many thousands of francs. He angrily demurs, but he is politely assured that it is all a matter for himself—he need not eat, and if he does not eat he will not have to pay; but if he decides to eat he must hand over the stipulated price. Now that is not by any means an unfair illustration of what used to be called in the old days "freedom of contract." A hungry working man, with a wife and children depending upon him, applies for employment, and is told that he can have it if he is willing to work twelve or fourteen hours a day. He has no alternative—such was freedom of contract. Against that principle all the Social legislation of modern England has set its face. Only the other day I voted in the division lobby of Commons in favor of the second reading of a measure to limit the working hours to eight hours a day. The second reading was carried by a large majority. Parliament has taken upon itself to watch over the housing of working men and of the poor in general. There are acts to

govern the management of common lodging houses. There are acts to regulate the employment of women and their hours of work in ordinary shops where dressmaking and millinery business are carried on. The air is full of schemes for the establishment of some system of old age pensions. We hear of some sort of universal State Life assurance for all people—a principle that, it will be remembered, found great favor at one time, and probably still finds great favor, in the eyes of Prince Bismarck. We have abandoned the old ways altogether. The man who would at the present time venture to preach the doctrine of *laissez faire* in England would be a fool for his pains. He could only make himself seem more of a fool by presenting himself as a candidate for some parliamentary constituency at a contested election. The days are utterly gone, for the present at least, when a man like Lord Macaulay could talk of the "odious principle of paternal government" and be generally applauded for the utterance.

But then, let it be remembered, that if we have got back, as for the time we certainly have got back, to the principle of paternal government, we have quite passed away from the era when government was in the hands of a despot or of a privileged class. We are certainly very likely to have for some time to come a growing interference on the part of the State with the organization of capital and labor. But then, by whom is that State interference to be initiated and regulated and controlled? By a House of Commons which contains amongst its members the representatives of the laborer as well as of the capitalist; of the employed as well as of the employer; of the Scottish crofter as well as the Scottish laird; of the Irish tenant-farmer as well as of the Irish landlord. We need not feel alarmed about a despot power driving us on. There is no real legislative power in England but the power of the House of Commons; and the House of Commons is now as nearly as possible a legislature representative of the whole people, all classes, all ranks, all interests; and it will become even more strictly and comprehensively so representative as the next few years grow on. We have clearly then altogether given up, for the time at least, the doctrine that the State can do nothing to help the poor, to enable the poor to help themselves, to enforce proper systems of labor, to insist that those who work for daily bread shall be enabled to work under decent conditions, and with due regard to health—and in fact to assert the right of interfering, for the good of the whole community, between those who employ and those who are employed.

I have said more than once in the House of Commons and at the English public meetings, that in my solemn conviction the true Eastern question for England is the condition of the poor in the East End of London and in the similar regions of all the great provincial cities and towns of these islands. After all, it is just barely possible that the Russians or the Germans, or the French, or all three combined, may not attack us. It is also a possibility conceivable at least to Englishmen—certainly conceivable to me who am not an Englishman,—that even thus attacked for no apparent reason whatever, England might manage to hold her own. But it is absolutely certain that the condition of our poor in our great cities is a source of the most alarming national weakness. I am therefore in favor of English statesmanship turning its special attention to the condition of our poor. If it would give but half the atten-

tion to that subject which it has given through generations to foreign policy, I think it very likely indeed that some remedy for the evil could be found. Do not tell me that in such matters statesmanship can do nothing. I ask how we know that, and when has statesmanship ever seriously and persistently tried what it could do? I know no better defense of England than a prosperous and a contented people. I remember what the Antiquary, who is the hero of Scott's immortal novel, says to Edie Ochiltree, the chartered beggar who declares that if the rumors of French invasion are true, he will fight, old as he is for the country where he has always lived, and where everybody has been kind to him. "Bravo, bravo, Edie," the Antiquary exclaims. "The country's in little ultimate danger when the beggar's are ready to fight for his dish as the laird for this land." I am quite in accord with the Antiquary. Therefore and for many other reasons I draw comfort and hope from the spread of genuine socialism in England; from the recognition of the fact that the State is bound to take account of the condition of the helpless, and that statesmanship is not limited to a concern with foreign affairs and a pedantic aloofness to the condition of the bulk of the English people. In that sense, as Sir William Harcourt says, we are all socialists. The State, at least in England, has acknowledged that it cannot any longer afford to fold its arms, to look down upon the seething and weltering struggles of the country's social life, and composedly wait for the survival of the fittest.

LONDON, England.

THE BIBLE AS AN AID TO CIVILIZATION.

History teaches no other lesson more impressive than that civilization depends upon individual character and example. The State can be neither better nor worse than the men and women who compose it. The noblest and the most useful and enduring types of civilization have been those characterized by the most lofty moral ideals on the part of the people in general, and nowhere else have these been cherished as zealously as in those communities or nations where the Bible has been a household book.

The study of Christian missions illustrates vividly the aid which the Bible renders to civilization. A missionary beginning a new work in the midst of a heathen people commonly finds it ignorant, superstitious, degraded and with little desire for or appreciation of most of the advantages and comforts of the highly civilized nations. But, as his labors begin to be fruitful, there is developed slowly, at first in a few individuals but later in whole communities not only a desire for spiritual instruction but also, and sometimes more speedily, an appreciation of the superiority of a civilized manner of life. Intelligence succeeds to dullness. Commerce follows the missionary because the growth of character which has resulted from his efforts has widened the horizon of the people around him and rendered them more able to supply the world largely with their own products and to use and enjoy what the world can give them in return.

That more has not been accomplished in this direction is because the best type of Christianity yet exhibited by men is very imperfect. But the essential fact has been demonstrated repeatedly and conclusively. If the teachings of the Bible were to be exemplified fully, we should see a civilization superior by much to any which the world ever has witnessed. The ideal social state which thus would have become real is not impossible, although its realization may still be far in the future. It will only be attained when everybody sincerely tries to live rightly in the sight of God and to aid unselfishly and affectionately his fellowmen to do the same. That the influence of the Bible tends directly toward this result cannot be disputed.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE BOOK MY MOTHER READ.

I have it yet, the dear old book,
That lay upon the stand,
In which she often used to look,
And always at her hand;
The corners rounded are with age,
The leaves are worn and thin,
And dim the lines on many a page
She so delighted in.

A half hour's rest in household toil
For needed strength she caught,
And in the light of fragrant oil
She found the place she sought;
And heavy labor turned to love,
And duty led away
To visions of the land above,
A Sabbath hour each day.

This book remains more sacred still
Because of her dear eyes,
That saw therein God's wondrous will,
And saw not otherwise;
For thus she found the way to Him
Who down to evening late,
And through the valley, lone and dim,
Brought her to His dear gate.

—Selected.

FLEETFOOT.

It was a delightful morning in June, and Mary Lee was waiting on the front porch of her father's summer home for her morning ride. She had sent Jim, the stable boy, to saddle her own pony, Fleetfoot.

Fleetfoot was a little Shetland pony sent to Mary by her Uncle Ned from Scotland, and she called him Fleetfoot as soon as she saw him, because he was so lively.

Mary had waited now for some time, and wondering what could keep Jim so long, she stepped to the side of the porch and called him.

Jim came running up when he heard Mary call, and told her Fleetfoot was gone.

"Fleetfoot gone!" gasped Mary; "why, it cannot be."

And running down to the stable, she found that the lock on the door of the box stall where Fleetfoot was kept had been broken, and the rope which held him was cut; and Fleetfoot nowhere in sight.

Mary's first thought was to have a search made for him, but thinking that would be a waste of time, she started for Squire Harding's house.

She walked across fields, as that was the shortest route, and in doing so had to pass a gypsy camp, and, stopping to look at them cooking breakfast, she saw a pony with a crowd of dirty boys tormenting it.

Mary was sure it was Fleetfoot, so hastening her steps, she was soon rapping on the squire's door for admittance.

The squire heard the story, and wrote out a warrant for the arrest of the gypsy king, and, sending an officer with the warrant, soon had the gypsy before him.

When told what the charge made against him was, he stoutly denied it, saying: "Bought a pony from Injin far away."

Mary was then asked how she could identify the pony, and she told them: "By the white spot on his nose and forefoot."

The squire did not seem satisfied with this for proof, and asked if there was no other way. "Yes, there is, if the pony be brought to me," replied Mary.

An officer was then sent for the pony, and as he passed Mary she told him to stop at her house and bring her riding whip. It did not take the officer long, and as the squire saw him coming down the road with Fleetfoot they all went out in the field back of the squire's house to witness the tricks Fleetfoot was going to play.

Mary told the man to loosen the pony, and as soon as he did so Fleetfoot ran over to Mary and put up his hoof to shake hands with her. The gypsy began to show signs of uneasiness, for he was now afraid the pony would be given back to Mary.

The pony was overjoyed at seeing his mistress, and as Mary whispered to him he ran down to the other end of the field, and turning round started to run back as fast as he could.

The men spoke to Mary to get out of his way or he would knock her down, but Mary paid no heed to them, and as the pony came within two feet of her the men turned their backs, fully expecting to see Mary killed, but with one word from her Fleetfoot jumped over her head, and then put up his hoof to shake hands with her again.

The men were now convinced that Fleetfoot belonged to Mary, and told her so, but Mary wanted to let them see what Fleetfoot could do.

He danced on his hind legs, walked on his fore legs, jumped over Mary's whip, lay on his side as if dead, got down on his knees and whined as if saying prayers, and then Mary asked one of the men to blindfold him while she hid her handkerchief. Then the bandage was taken off of Fleetfoot, and Mary told him she could not find her handkerchief. Fleetfoot smelled at her pocket, and not finding it there, commenced looking over the field until he found it under a large mudcock leaf, and brought it to Mary.

Mary then turned to the squire and asked if she had given proof enough that the pony was hers, and the squire, being satisfied that she had, asked if she wished to make a charge against the gypsy; but Mary was satisfied with having Fleetfoot back again.

The squire then told the gypsy that he had a lucky escape, and he would give him an hour to get out of that town with all his traps, and if he was ever found there again he would send him to prison for life.

The men followed the gypsy band as far as the next town, where they left them. The gypsy was never again heard from in that town.

Mary returned home with Fleetfoot, and the next day read a large piece in the paper about thefts which had been committed in the town, how Fleetfoot was stolen, and found again by his numerous tricks, and if it hadn't been for her other people in the town would have been losers.—Lena I. Norton, in *Sunny Hour*.

AUNT RUTH'S STORY.

"Duty is a tiresome word," said Helen Kent. "If I had my way I should spell it pleasure every time."

"What a topsy-turvy world you would make of it!" said Aunt Ruth.

"I shouldn't care," returned Helen, flippantly; "so long as I could do whatever I liked."

"Oh, my dear!" Aunt Ruth cried out as if Helen had hurt her.

"Don't say such things," she said. "I knew a girl once who put pleasure before her duty, and she has had to repent of it all her life."

"Is it a story?" asked Helen. "Tell me about it, auntie."

She stopped her sewing, and nestled down on the sofa beside her aunt, whom she dearly loved, as in fact every one did who knew her. She was one of the people who never seemed to think of themselves, but spend their lives in serving others; and Helen said of her, when her mother held her up as an example:

"It's no use trying to be like Aunt Ruth. She was born an angel."

"Tell me the story, auntie," Helen repeated. "I give you warning that it is a sad one," her aunt replied. "The girl was young like you, and people called her pretty."

"Like me!" said Helen, merrily.

"And she thought more of her pleasure than she ought to have done."

"Like me again, I suppose. But I can't help it, auntie!"

"She had one duty, which she often found a burden," continued Aunt Ruth, "because it interfered with her pleasure. Her mother was in feeble health, and there was a little brother, the care of whom came mostly upon his sister. She loved him dearly, but she was often impatient with him, and she sometimes neglected him. One day—her mother kept her room that day with a sick headache—she left him asleep in the hammock, while she went out on the river in a boat with some young men. The river was at the foot of the garden, and the young men were her cousins. She only meant to go a little way with them; but it was pleasant on the river, and she went a long way, for-

getting her mother, and her baby brother, forgetting everything but her enjoyment.

"She came back at last, however, and just as the boat was drawing near the shore, a dog came bounding down the bank, and leaped into the water.

"What's the matter with black Tom?" said one of the young men. "He's after something in a hurry."

"Another one sprang to his feet. 'There's a child in the water!' he cried. 'Pull the boat across to the bushes yonder. It's caught in the bushes.'

"They rowed to the place, but the dog got there first, and began to howl. The girl knew what he had found, even before she saw the little white face and the streaming yellow curls."

"Oh, auntie! But her little brother wasn't drowned!" cried Helen. "He wasn't dead, truly?"

"He was quite dead," said Aunt Ruth, gently. "He never breathed again. And the dreadful news was too much for his delicate mother. She died of the shock. And the girl was freed from her troublesome duties. But she never cared for pleasure again, Helen. She would have given all the pleasure in the world—all she ever had, or ever hoped to have—to get her duties back."

"Auntie, that is the saddest story I ever heard," cried Helen. "Is it really, really true? Did you know the girl yourself?"

"I know her very well," was the answer.

"She has tried to be more faithful to her duties since. And her name was Ruth."—Mary E. Bradley, in *Young Reaper*.

NO TIME TO PRAY.

Some years ago, when the country around Cincinnati was newer than it is now, a pious farmer was busy clearing his lands. He had a number of hands employed, and was anxious to accomplish a large amount of work while the weather was favorable. He called them early, and went out with them before breakfast was ready. A horn was blown, and they came and ate, and returned again to their work.

The farmer had been accustomed to have prayers every morning in his family. But to keep so many men from chopping and log rolling while he read and prayed was more than he could afford; so Satan suggested, and the good man yielded. His pious wife saw with grief that the family altar was neglected, and her husband, in haste to get rich, was departing from God. She talked with him, she pleaded with him, but in vain. At last she determined to try another experiment.

The next morning the farmer and his men went out as usual, to their work. The sun began to climb up the sky, but no breakfast horn was heard. They grew hungry, and looked anxiously toward the house; they listened, but still the expected summons did not come. After waiting an hour or two beyond the usual time, they went into the house. No table was set, no coffee boiling on the fire, no cook over or before it. The good wife was knitting quietly, with the Bible on her lap.

"What does this mean?" cried the husband. "Why isn't our breakfast ready?"

"I thought you were in such a hurry about your work that you hadn't time to eat."

"Haven't time to eat! Do you think we can live without eating?"

"You can live without eating as well as without praying. The spirit needs the bread of heaven as much as the body needs the bread of earth."

"Well, well," said the farmer, "get us some breakfast, and we will have prayers every morning, no matter how busy we are, or how many workmen I have."

She got the breakfast, and he kept his word. The lesson was a good one, and never forgotten.—Selected.

THE best thing we can do, infinitely the best,—indeed, the only thing, that men may receive the truth,—is to be ourselves true. Beyond all doing of good is the being good.—George MacDonald.

VACANT PLACES AT HOME.

BY MRS. A. L. RUTER DUFOUR.

There are places—vacant places—
Here beside our dear hearthstone;
And we miss sweet angel voices
Once that answered to our own.

There were smiling, cherub faces,
Loving hearts, light, glad and free,
Which, at morn and evening's altar,
With us bowed a willi'g knee.

In our eyes the teardrops gather,
As we see their vacant chairs
By the fireside, table, altar,
Grief our chastened spirit wears.

Little feet that ever hastened
Joyfully to seek our side,
Now no more their quick steps greet us,
No more thrill our hearts with pride.

But we know our Father called them
To His mansions up on high,
And we know our missing treasures
Have been garnered in the sky.

Soon our places will be vacant,
And on earth be known no more;
May we then, in blest reunion,
Greet those loved ones gone before!

—*Christian Advocate.*

THE WONDERS OF THE BIBLE.

It is the wonder of the Bible that you never get through it. You get through all other books, but you never get through the Bible. I have preached twenty-five volumes of sermons upon this book, and now that I have written the very last word, what is my feeling?—I ought to have some feeling about it—Why this, that I have not begun it yet. No other book could offer such infinite variety of material as is offered by the Bible.

Now, when a man is instructed in the kingdom of heaven; when a preacher or a man of great social position has a revelation communicated to him, it is with the divine intention that it should be passed on to the next man. I must not say God has given me this and I am going to keep it wholly to myself. I cannot. In all God's revelations I hear the great command, "Go ye to all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." It was meant for the next man, the next parish, until all the world has heard the music that was lavished on me.

Now the only man who can expound his own book is the Saviour. He only knows what is in Moses and the prophets and Psalms concerning himself. He expounded to them Moses and the prophets and Psalms, right up to his own self.

Now I want him to talk with me in that way. His ascension is his nearness to me; he is now more on earth because he is only in heaven. It is a curious revelation, but there is nothing paradoxical in it. He went up that he might come down. What I want, therefore, is to have my own Bible, my own little personal Bible as it were, and to sit a long time alone and say to Jesus, Now what does this mean? and he will tell me. We can have fine times together, great merriments and jollities, and the sound of trumpets and shawms.

Then the Bible becomes a new book; he expounds it to me when we are alone; no noise of the market-place, no roar of the bitter north wind, but a great calm and unspeakable peace.
—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

THE SALOON KEEPER.

DR. TALMAGE GIVES ADVICE TO THOSE IN THE BUSINESS.

Do I address one whose regular work in life is to administer to this appetite? For God's sake get out of that business. If a woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the day!

God knows better than you do yourself the number of drinks you have poured out. You keep a list, but a more accurate list has been kept than yours. You may call it Burgundy, Bourbon, Heidsieck, Hock; God calls it strong drink. Whether you sell it in low oyster cellars or behind the polished counter of a first-class hotel, the divine curse is upon you. I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one

day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds and say, "You made them," and point to their unquenchable thirst, and say, "You kindled it," and rattle their chains and say, "You forged them." Then their united groans will smite your ear, and, with the hands out of which you once picked the sixpences and the dimes, they will push you off the verge of great precipices, while rolling up from beneath, and breaking among the crags of death, will thunder, "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink!"

OUTLAWING LIARS.

A merchant in Chicago sent one of his traveling salesmen to Michigan, and upon his return asked him if he had canvassed a certain town for orders. The salesman replied that he had done so.

Subsequently the merchant learned that the man had not visited the town in question, and discharged him for lying. The salesman then began an action to compel payment of his salary as agreed upon in a contract which both had signed.

In a trial the defense of the salesman was that if he did make a false statement it did not result in any damage to the interests of his employer, and consequently that it did not afford grounds for annulling the contract.

The judge decided in favor of the merchant, holding that a lie told by an employee to his employer invalidated the contract of employment.

Good! In the business, and we may add, in the newspaper world, there should be no room for the liar. The outlawing process should go on until employee and employer cease lying to each other, and until they, and "enterprising" reporters and editors cease lying to the public. Truthful persons hate a liar. Liars hate one another. The liar hates himself so long as he is capable of honest introspection.

All lies are black. In the innumerable broods of lies there are no genuine albinos. What is not true is false.—*Christian Leader.*

YOUTHFUL DRUNKARDS.

One painful revelation which accounts of intemperance in the country put before us, deserves special mention. Intemperance, we have to learn, has invaded the ranks of youth, and has not paused even in the presence of womanhood. What will the future be if minors—boys and girls—are taught to be drunkards, and women, in whose keeping the purity and the happiness of our homes must ever remain, begin to love the poisoned draft? Seven thousand youths under the age of twenty, some even under ten, annually arrested in Chicago, the great majority of cases being for drunkenness or for offenses in which they indulge after getting drunk! A number of those are young girls. Among the arrests for drunkenness in cities women are sometimes as many as one-fifth of the total number. The home saloons, too, furnish their female drunkards, and these are seldom arrested.—*Archbishop Ireland.*

HOME AGAIN.

June 12, 1894, left home much burdened by damage done by the flood to our church building. First attended the North-Western Association at Dodge Centre, Minnesota. How refreshing to meet so many of one's own faith assembled for worship. Especially so on this occasion with the church which was so recently our own pastorate. Many prayers were offered that the church should make no mistake in the selection of a new pastor. Bro. H. D. Clarke was chosen in time, so there was no vacancy, and the church is prospering under his charge. The hearty reception of the old pastor by the church, society, community and delegates, and

friends from the missionary field, was very cheering. But business in the Lord's service will not allow loitering. Onward to Wisconsin. Sabbath, June 23d, preached at Albion and presented the Boulder mission field. Then came the days for canvassing for funds. The same at Milton Junction, Milton, Walworth, West Hallock, Ill., and Nortonville, Kansas. In all these places a good deal of pleasant, hard work was done. Pleasant to meet so many old acquaintances, make new ones and learn so much about how all were getting along. Pleasant because so many contributed with great cheerfulness, and said so many encouraging words, and pleasant because the results were so good. When all pledged is paid our building fund will be increased nearly \$400, as the direct result of this trip.

The work was hard because of the weariness of going from house to house and talking so much; because of the irregularity of personal habits necessary to one away from home on such work, and because of the heat and drought of this summer. Thanks to the pastors and to the pastor's wives in every place. Their cordial entertainment and aid in the work were of great value. Also thanks to all, especially to those brethren and sisters who took such particular pains to make all things pleasant for me, and who took pains to convey me to places that I could not reach on foot without too much time and effort. After all, there were some whom I failed to see for want of time and strength. This is regretted, perhaps, quite as much by myself as by the persons omitted. Leaving Nortonville Monday, July 30th, gave me 48 hours to divide between Topeka, Elmdale and Oursler. At these places it was a joy to meet with the old time friends. Very sorry that Emporia and Spearville had to be omitted. There is a limit to time, and I surely find that there is a limit to physical endurance for work. Twenty-one hours from Florence, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado. This time it was a tedious ride with a long night, because of a painful sickness and because we were chasing the sun so rapidly that time stood still for one hour. But at length both the night and the ride did end, and I was glad to be entertained in Denver by my old time friend, Jason Bardick and his companionable wife, until afternoon, when the train took me the 30 miles to my Boulder home. Thus ended the journey on Thursday, August 2d, uncomfortable in body but much encouraged in mind. It was good to greet the home friends and the little church. Among the best gifts God gives to men is wife, children and friends. It was good to see and eat the plump, luscious berries even in the last weeks of an abundant harvest. Good to see the apple and plum trees loaded to their utmost, and the grape vines as full as full can be. Good to see the fields and vegetation kept fresh with the never ending flow of the irrigating water. Good to breathe again the mountain air and enjoy the delicious coolness of the Colorado summer nights. Thanks to the great and good Father for His preserving care and His multitude of rich blessings.

S. R. WHEELER.

BOULDER, Col.

HUNDREDS of women can sympathize with the heroine in the following incident:

"Is anybody waiting on you, madam?" inquired the floor-walker.

"Yes, sir," retorted the middle-aged matron, fiercely. "I reckon they're waitin' to see if I won't go away without stayin' fur the seventeen cents in change that's a-coming to me!"—*Ex.*

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 X—JESUS CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

For Sabbath-day, Sept. 1, 1894.

LESSON TEXT—John 2: 13-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise, John 2: 16.

GENERAL STATEMENT. Many commentators agree that there were two cleansings of the temple, one at the beginning, the other at the close, of Christ's ministry. Jesus claims lordship over God's temple, for he is the incarnation of God, and is the object of true worship. Malachi's prophecy is here fulfilled. Jesus suddenly comes in power to his temple. How little prepared were the people for his coming!

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

CLEANSING THE TEMPLE. 13. "Jews' passover." The first of the three great annual festivals of the Israelites, celebrated in the month Nisan, from the 14th to the 21st. "Went up to Jerusalem." Up geographically, and up to the spiritual headquarters of Jewry. 14. "Found in the temple." These traffickers who carried on their business all through the feast. It is presumed that Jesus proceeded to this stern act about the first day. "Sold oxen and sheep." In the court of the Gentiles; animals, oil, wine, and such things as were necessary for sacrifices and worship. This was for the convenience of those who came from all parts of the world to offer sacrifices. There was great opportunity for extortion and dishonest practices. We can imagine the sharp bargains, loud talking, wrangling, and bitter words, in preparing for this worship (?). "Changers of money." Pilgrims would bring Roman money, which must be exchanged for Jewish money. 15. "Scourge of small cords." Probably made of the rushes used there to bed the cattle. They could be woven into a whip and used to drive cattle. This may not have been any threatening of men with physical chastisement. "Drove them out." The traffickers and sheep and oxen; a general retreat before the divine look of righteous indignation, aided, too, by their consciousness of sin in the business. "Poured out." Upon the floor. Trying to save their coin by picking it up would prevent much resistance. 16. "Doves." While cattle were driven out the doves were not set free. Their owners were not deprived of their property. Owners of the doves were to carry them out themselves. Two years later things were so much worse that Jesus calls it "a den of thieves." Matt. 21: 13. "A house of merchandise." Do not modern churches turn their houses of worship too much into houses of merchandise at church fairs and other trafficking church affairs? 17. "Disciples remembered." The prophecy applied by Jews to their Messiah. "Written." Psa. 69: 9. "Zeal of." Zeal for thy house. "Eaten me up." Figurative. The consuming effects of passion.

THE JEWS' CHALLENGE. 18. "Then answered the Jews." The rulers and keepers of the temple had looked on spell-bound. "What sign showest thou?" Oh! these people who are always demanding signs, they are never convinced though one rise from the dead. Was not this moral power that made them quail sign enough? 19. "Jesus answered." In a benignant spirit. "Destroy this temple." He spoke of his body, the Jews pretended to understand that he meant the temple for worship. Jesus asserts his omnipotence. The temple is a type of man, and when they destroyed "the temple of his body" they took the last step that resulted in the literal destruction of the temple itself. "I will raise it up." Asserting his own power over life and death. "I will raise." "I am the resurrection and the life." 20. "Forty and six years." It was commenced by Herod twenty years before Christ's birth. It was not finally completed until A. D. 64, under Herod Agrippa II. In

their hatred of Jesus the Jews affected bald literalism, which they turned against him. It is a willful misunderstanding of God's Word, common among hardened sinners. "Wilt thou rear it up?" Are you higher than Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod, with power to do alone what they, with thousands of servants, could only do in years? 21. "Temple of his body." See 1 Cor. 3: 16; 6: 19. 22. "They believed the Scripture." In a truer sense they believed the Scriptures after the resurrection. No man believes as he should the Word of God until he has risen with Christ to "newness of life."

SUPERFICIAL BELIEVERS. 23. Continuing to teach and do wonders during the "feast day," Jesus convinced the multitude that he was more than man. They were not thirsting after righteousness, seeking a holier life, but fanatically enthusiastic, carried away by popular movements. Such have no real appreciation of Christ's true mission. 24. "Jesus did not commit himself unto them." Did not trust them, seeing that their attachment was unreal. They had not been tested. "Knew all men." As Lord of all he knows or fathoms the deepest thoughts. Exposed to Jesus are the secret thoughts and the motives of all men. 25. "Testify of man." We are very much dependent upon other's testimony for our knowledge; Jesus was not. "What was in man." We know how men act and take knowledge of deeds; Jesus of thoughts and motives. Superficial believers may deceive themselves and others, but not Christ. There is no union between Christ and us without honesty and truth.

LEADING THOUGHT. Wicked thoughts, trifling behavior, inattention, worldly-minded action in the Lord's house, is profanity—most displeasing to God, and far removed from true worship.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

(For week beginning Aug. 28th.)

WORLDLINESS IN THE CHURCH; the church in the world. John 2: 13-17; 17: 11-17.

The world lieth in sin and wickedness. It is lost without repentance and faith. It needs the gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. But the world of sinners cannot believe in Him of whom it has not heard. It cannot hear without messengers. Therefore God hath planted in the world a church or company of believers who are to proclaim the gospel. The church is in the world while it is not to be of the world. But what if the world get in the church? A boat carries men safely through the waters. Men are helped out of the water and placed in the boat and saved from drowning. Suppose the water get into the boat and fill it full, or half full? Can it then be instrumental in saving men?

Worldliness in the church! It is contrary to the plan and purpose of God. If the church come down to the world's low level, have a worldly standard, if it forms an intimate friendship with the ungodly, its progress is stayed, its purposes defeated. But how does the world get into the church? Like water into a leaky boat? Is it not that some member and then members become too much absorbed in worldly pursuits, seek too much of worldly pleasures, lose their love and zeal for God, quit the old faith for worldly notions, lose their first joy and peace, cease fervent prayer, and holy exercises, neglect church and other duties, load themselves down with worldly care, indulge carnal ease, by pride become self-satisfied, love self-indulgence or the secret practice of pleasurable sins?

Worldliness in the church! Is it in your church? or your Endeavor Society? or, worse still, for you, in your heart?

CONSULT.—Jer. 17, Rom. 8, 1 Sam. 8, Hag. 1, Amos 6 and 7 and Matt. 16, and then select a verse for your Christian Endeavor text and briefly amplify it.

—We are not equally responsible for all men. The father and mother are chiefly responsible for their children. The teacher has a larger trust than some who have not the advantage of his place. We are responsible for the whole sphere of our possible influence. Many circumstances affect the degree of our accountability for any one person within that sphere. We should often read the parable of the good Samaritan.—*Rev. J. Weare Dearborn.*

—ONE of the most successful, faithful teachers we ever knew always had much to say about personal responsibility. He called it his hobby. He was always more or less depressed with a feeling of unworthiness. Yet in spite of his often expressed purpose to give up his position, his class insists upon retaining him year after year.

—YOUNG people have grown up under his instruction and become active in life's work. Middle aged people

have grown older and yet insist upon remaining in his class. That teacher feels that he is his brother's keeper, and in a large measure holds himself responsible for the course his scholars take in life.

—THEIR sorrows and trials become his, and their joys and successes his. He is not a product of the schools, but a plain farmer, working hard all the week. His grammar is not always according to Kerl, Brown, or Kenyon, but he loves his fellowmen and they love him—can't help it, he is personally responsible for all he can influence.

HOME NEWS.

Wisconsin.

ALBION.—The next covenant and communion season of this Church will occur Sabbath, Sept. 1st. We earnestly request all absent members to remember us at that time, and ask them to send some word of greeting by letter.

We are much interested in Bro. L. O. Randolph's remarks in the last RECORDER, upon the labor question. We are more than willing to take the brother by the hand. It is the very plan upon which we are trying to work, and we most sincerely believe there is more need of Christian people giving a warm-handed welcome to the laboring man and the poor, than there is of building fine costly churches. The church should so deport itself towards the poor and the laboring classes, as that the chasm now existing may be bridged rather than widened. This may be done by carrying Christ to them in a plain gospel teaching, revealing the Christ spirit in ourselves. E. A. W.

Arkansas.

BOOTY.—Rev. S. I. Lee has been with us, and the Lord's presence was made manifest. Twelve declared their intention to forsake sin. Six have been added to the church—four by baptism, one by experience, and one, who had forsaken the Sabbath, reclaimed. Three are converts to the Sabbath. One young man, not a professor, heard a sermon on the Sabbath some years ago, which, after studying his Bible, convinced him that Seventh-day Baptists were correct in the day of the Sabbath. Some two years ago his wife made a profession of religion in meetings held by the writer, and wished to be baptized and become a member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church. But for some reasons it was thought best not at the time. Now they came together, rejoicing. Thus the seed sown so long ago has brought forth fruit, having fallen in good ground. Brother Lee preached sixteen times. The continual growth of the congregation to the close of the meeting from sixteen to sixty-five, was good evidence of the interest. We have established weekly prayer-meetings, preaching and Sabbath-school. Pray for us that the Lord continue with us.

J. L. HULL, Pastor.

AUGUST 6, 1894.

THE SOUTH.

ITS PROSPERITY AND ITS RESOURCES.

NEW ORLEANS, JULY 21, 1894.

After many years residence in the South, I have had ample opportunities to study the true character of the Southern people, and their interests and conditions, and thought it might be of interest to many of my countrymen to state a few facts and impressions received during my residence here; especially on account of the many false statements and misleading articles in some of the Northern journals.

I will refer back to the time of the beginning of the war between the North and South, which then separated the two sections of the country, caused by conditions which were then in existence, namely, States' rights and Slavery.

The war forever settled this question, and the South acquired a definite knowledge of the distinction between States' rights and the Nation's rights.

Since this question was settled, the South has in many ways proven to the world its loyalty and appreciation of good government. Since the restoration of the South to the Union, the reconstruction has been gradually going on and the Union is fully re-established, and the spirit of nationality is as strong in the South as in the North.

It is well to state here, that the solid condition of the South and the loyalty of the people, has shown itself clearly to the world the last few years, on various occasions.

When the financial crisis came, which affected, more or less, business everywhere, this section suffered the least and the world has realized its financial strength. When the industrial disturbance and the financial crash came, the South proved itself very strong, for there were very few failures. Then finally, during the last few months the "Big Strike" came, and while this disturbance raged furiously in the North and West, and paralyzed business, the South again escaped; therefore, it is only just to say that the South has earned universal praise for its peace and order through these troublous times.

I wish to express these facts which have come under my observation, for the special benefit and advice of those who contemplate removing to the South, for residence and permanent homes. I have observed that the last few years have developed a decided sentiment in favor of immigration to the Southern States, induced principally by the industrial disturbances and financial stringency, and the severe climate of the North and West. The moderate climate, rich and fertile soil, and the many resources of the South, are well worthy of the consideration of our Northern neighbors.

The conditions of this country are such as to afford many opportunities to those seeking homes in a moderate and congenial climate. We have neither the extreme heat of the tropics nor the extreme cold of the North. Besides the inducements offered to the farmer and the gardener, the rich minerals and fine timber lands offer opportunities to those enlisted in that kind of business. The short, mild winters offer many advantages to the stock grower and farmer, and in fact to everybody in all conditions of life, for the reason that only small attention and provision is needed for comfort and protection from the cold winters usual in the North.

The Southern people have a well-earned reputation for hospitality, and when you come down here to make a visit or to make your home, you will always find these people your friends. The North and South are united in the grasp of friendship, and are brothers and fellow citizens in the common cause of friendship and prosperity.

It is a great pleasure to see the perfect understanding which exists between visitors from the North, when they meet in a social way their Southern neighbors. It is invariably an occasion for expressions of sympathy and wonder, how these two friendly people ever had occasion to war with each other. With such expressions and good feeling, it is only natural that the tide of immigration is directed to the South. The intermingling of the two people is weaving an everlasting bond of friendship and a solid union against any common enemy.

C. O. SATRANG.

ALL IN ONE MOLD.

BY HARRIET PRESOTT SPOFFORD.

Many a boy at school evinces no inclination for his books, is at the foot of his class, not only without credit marks but with marks to the bad, has to be driven to school, takes no honors, has, perhaps, the dislike of his teachers, and certainly the contempt of his mates, and seems to care about nothing but play. At his play, he is bright enough; no boy is ahead of him there; he is quick and ready, full of energy and resource and daring, and his parents say if the world were all play Jack would be a great boy.

If the parents would pause long enough to get out of the rut of doing what every one else does, they might ask themselves if there is not a possibility that there is something wrong in the system they are pursuing, which takes a boy bright enough everywhere else and makes a dolt of him between the four walls of the school-room. Is it not their own weak ambition that they have to blame, that social emulation which insists upon giving the boy the same education to the letter that other boys are having, and reducing what is evidently a "sport" of originality, capable of developing into something new and rare and fine, to the dead level of the commonplace? Would it not be well for them to make acquaintance with the child — which, apparently, they have never done — to watch him awhile by day and night, discovering his tastes, his powers, his possibilities, and then to apply themselves to giving the boy the education and training to which he is fitted, and not that to which Tom and Will and Harry are fitted?

Perhaps they are binding this boy, like a galley slave, to Greek when he has no aptitude at all for languages, and longs, with all his soul, to make a wheel go round with almost no force at all; and so their decision that the boy shall go in for classical honors at some ancient college where others of their line have been, and where their acquaintance send their boys, is depriving the world, it may be, of a great inventor, a mechanic, a searcher into the secrets of creation, and, at any rate, is depriving him of the symmetrical development which is his right. Or it may be just the other way; perhaps, having a turn for science himself, the father is bound that his boy's education shall be purely technological, and physics and mathematics make the child's life a bitter burden; while if, instead of this, he regarded the boy's great power of memorizing, his love of literature and art, a scholar might be produced who, if he did not greatly enlighten and gladden the world, might at least create happiness for himself.

As it is, the unrecognized intellect of the boy, forced into channels that cramp and starve it, becomes as dense, as useless, as any limb or member of the body would be if served in the same way. It is only under such careful inspection as this boy's parents ought to give him that the public schools are of their greatest use. When the work is applied indiscriminately to such natures the school as often injures as helps. While undoubtedly of vast importance to the larger number, when genius or originality come into play the sameness of the school is likely to repress it into insignificance. It is a question if Franklin or Webster, or Hawthorne or Emerson, or any of our great men would have been great men had they experienced the effect of a system of schooling that did not allow expression to their individuality. And it is the individual intellect, and not the commonplace, that has helped the world along and given us the wondrous nineteenth century, whose wonders may end with it if all the workers of the next century are to be reared and educated in the same way and bound to the same Procrustean bed.

Mothers have a much more active chance than fathers have for studying the tendencies of their children, and when mothers stoutly aver and maintain that such and such a course should be pursued with the child, fathers ought to give their words more than common heed. It is the way of mothers to enter deeply into the consciousness of their children when they will, remembering a mother of old who "kept all these things in her heart."

THE HARMONY OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Let the man of science go on with perseverance and let him not take any mischievous delight in flinging his hypotheses at the Word of God. Let the theologian also prosecute his inquiries with diligence and devoutness, and let him give over calling men of science by evil names. They seem often to be working against each other, but they are in reality working for each other and for the truth. In the formation of the tunnel through Mont Cenis, the workmen began at opposite ends, and approached

each other with driving machines apparently directed against each other, but met at length in the middle to congratulate each other on the completion of their great undertaking, because they were working under the same supervision. So it will be with our theologians and men of science. God, the great architect of providence, is superintending both; and by and by, through the labors of both, the mountain of difficulty will be tunneled through, no more to form a barrier in the inquirer's way.—*Dr. William M. Taylor, in the Ministry of the Word.*

IS THIS THE WAY OUT?

The sailors in vessels engaged in commerce on the high seas, are recognized by these laws as a class performing an important public service, and as men whose character and employment expose them to oppression and fraud. Their contracts for labor are therefore taken under the nation's protection; they are carefully screened even against their own imprudence; representatives of the government are made their guardians at home and abroad; their food, clothing and medicines, are assured them in sufficient quality and amount, and their wages are made a lien upon the vessel they tread while a plank of it remains. In short, the owner or master who employs them is made to know, in all his dealings with them, that his men are wards of the law, and that any trespass on their rights is a crime against his country. Wherever the United States can boast a representative or a gun there is a tribunal to prevent or punish oppression or fraud toward its seamen. But in return for this liberal grant of peculiar rights the sailor assumes duties which are no less peculiar. That which we call a strike on land is at sea a mutiny and desertion, and is punishable by a long term of imprisonment at hard labor. Sailors who should join at sea in a boycott like that of Debs would become pirates and suffer death. The suggestion that the principles recognized in our maritime laws, and yet more rigidly in the army regulations, be applied, with appropriate modifications, to the service of society upon public highways and other lines of intercourse, the free use of which is the first necessity of the community, is the only one which fully meets every emergency threatened by the unrest of labor, and at the same time contemplates the absolute protection and wise extension of its rights and privileges.—*Harper's Weekly.*

LOYALTY to one's own church is closely allied to loyalty to Christ. It is assumed that our church membership expresses our religious faith, and if so, our duty to Christ is to work where our membership is.—*The Workman.*

"NO, HE'S no better," said a woman, when the doctor came to visit her husband. "You told me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on a ten cent piece. I hadn't a ten, but I gave him as much as would go on ten ones, and he's worse, if anything."—*Selected.*

FAITH is easily defined but is apparently difficult of apprehension. "The devils believe and tremble," and their belief is very much the same as that which obtains with vast numbers of mankind. They, doubtless, believe that Jesus is the Son of God, that he died for sinners, and is the only Saviour for our race. All this may be believed by men and yet it will avail nothing. We need more than the intellectual acceptance of gospel truth. Only as we lose all faith in ourselves and give to Christ our personal confidence, committing ourselves to him, have we saving faith.—*Christian Inquirer.*

THERE never was a dispute in a congregation or presbytery or between two Christian men that more grace might not have settled without an appeal to any ecclesiastical or civil tribunal. The principals of the New Testament, if fairly applied, can settle any quarrel. The trouble is that when men begin to fight from motives of personal hate or love of victory, they forget all about the New Testament, or use it only to fortify their own position.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

TRACT BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist Church, in Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, Aug. 12, 1894, at 2.15 P. M. D. E. Titsworth in the chair.

Members present, I. D. Titsworth, J. F. Hubbard, F. E. Peterson, A. H. Lewis, C. C. Chipman, D. E. Titsworth, E. R. Pope, G. E. Stillman, A. L. Titsworth.

Visitors, E. B. Titsworth, J. G. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Dr. A. H. Lewis.

Minutes of last meeting were read. The reading of the Annual Report of the Board was the first order of business, and was read as far as it could be completed at this time, action being deferred until completion.

A committee consisting of F. E. Peterson, J. F. Hubbard and C. C. Chipman was, on motion, appointed to prepare for incorporation in the Annual Report certain summaries showing the financial standing of the SABBATH RECORDER, and a synopsis of the present situation concerning locating the Publishing House in New York City.

Correspondence was received from G. M. Cottrell and Ira J. Ordway, reporting respectively on field work and Chicago Depository.

On motion D. E. Titsworth and E. R. Pope were appointed auditors *pro tem*.

The committee on reviving the *Reform Library* and mailing our publications reported progress.

The Treasurer's quarterly report was read, and on motion adopted.

The Treasurer also presented his Annual Report, which on motion was adopted.

By vote, E. R. Pope was authorized to represent the Board, if necessary, upon citation to appear before the Orphans' Court in connection with the bequest of the late Jacob R. Titsworth.

Voted that when we adjourn it be to meet at the call of the President in Brookfield in connection with the General Conference.

Minutes read and approved.

Adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, *Rec. Sec.*

TRACT SOCIETY.

Fourth Quarterly Report, from May 1 to Aug. 5 1894.

J. F. HUBBARD, *Treasur. Cr.*
In account with
THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.
GENERAL FUND.

Balance from 3rd Quarterly Report.....	\$ 903 35
Cash received since as follows:	
Receipts in May as published.....	\$527 93
June.....	621 22
July to Aug. 5th as published.....	952 43—2,101 58
Transferred from Special Fund.....	85 00
	\$3,689 98

Cash paid as follows:	
Publishing House:	
<i>Evangel and Sabbath Outlook</i> , \$310 32, \$233 44,	
\$25 78, \$225 10.....	\$994 78
<i>Peculiar People</i> , \$56 16, \$31 77, \$37 91, \$47 71.....	173 55
Tract Society, \$149 18, \$65 41, \$163 41, \$48 57.....	426 57—1,594 85
Irving Syndicate, RECORDED ARTICLES.....	5 00
Wm. C. Daland, Editor, Stenographer and Postage	17 23
L. C. Handolph, Editorial Services.....	42 50
L. E. Livermore, Expenses to Association.....	17 71
A. H. Lewis, Editor, Salary 1 year to Sept. 1, 1894.....	300 00
G. M. Cottrell, Field Secretary, Salary 4 months.....	48 00
Expenses, ".....	233 32
I. J. Ordway, Furniture, Chicago Office.....	21 78
H. M. Maxson, 12 RECORDED ARTICLES.....	45 00
H. D. Clarke, <i>Helping Hand</i>	12 00
Rev. G. Velthuyzen, Holland, \$50, \$50, \$50, \$50.....	25 00
Exchange.....	200 00
Gardiner Binding and Mailing Co., Express, Post-	2 20
age and Mailing <i>Evangel and Sabbath Outlook</i>	
Recording Secretary, Expenses.....	123 65
Petty Expense Account of Treasurer.....	2 60
Balance cash on hand.....	6 91
	\$3,089 98

SPECIAL FUND.

Dr.	
Balance from last Quarterly Report.....	\$ 40 00
Cash received since as follows:	
T. A. Saunders, Milton, Wis.....	\$10 00
I. J. Ordway, Chicago, Ill.....	5 00
Rev. and Mrs. J. Clarke, Alfred.....	25 00
Phebe Gilbert, Englewood, Ill.....	5 00— 45 00
	\$ 85 00

Cr.	
Transfer to General Fund.....	\$ 85 00
NEW YORK OFFICE FUND.	
Dr.	
Balance from last Quarterly Report.....	\$ 77 50
Rec'd from C. B. Cottrell & Sons Co., Westerly.....	400 00— 477 50
Cr.	

Cash paid as follows:	
Janitor's Fee, \$4 \$4, \$4, \$4.....	\$ 16 00
Attendant's Services, \$28, \$28, \$28, \$28.....	112 00
Editor's R. R. Ticket.....	18 00
Rent of Office to Aug. 1st.....	27 08
Balance cash on hand.....	804 42—\$ 477 50
E. & O. E.	

J. F. HUBBARD, *Treasurer*.
PLAINFIELD, N. J., Aug. 5, 1894.
Examined and compared with vouchers and found correct.
E. R. POPE,
D. E. TITSWORTH, } *Auditors pro tem.*
PLAINFIELD, N. J., Aug. 12, 1894.

A BAPTIST association in Burma is named after Oungpenla, where Dr. Judson suffered his terrible imprisonment. A mission school stands on the site of the prison.

GOD wastes no history. In every age and every land he is working for the elucidation of some moral truth, some riper culture for the character of man.—*Phillips Brooks*.

JESUS, as the name of the Incarnate God, calls for our love; as the name of the suffering Saviour, for our penitence; as the name of our Redeemer, for our hope.—*Bishop Hall*.

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.*

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 next session of the Ministerial Conference and Quarterly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches of Southern Wisconsin, will be held with the church at Walworth, commencing on Sixth-day, Sept. 7, 1894. We hope to see a large attendance from sister churches, and that the spirit of the Lord may be manifested in saving power.

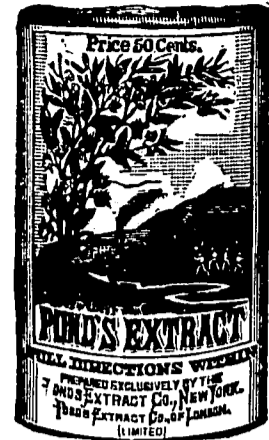
S. H. B.

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

THE First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City will be closed until September 15th, 1894. Pastor's address, Rev. J. G. Burdick, New Mizpah, 96 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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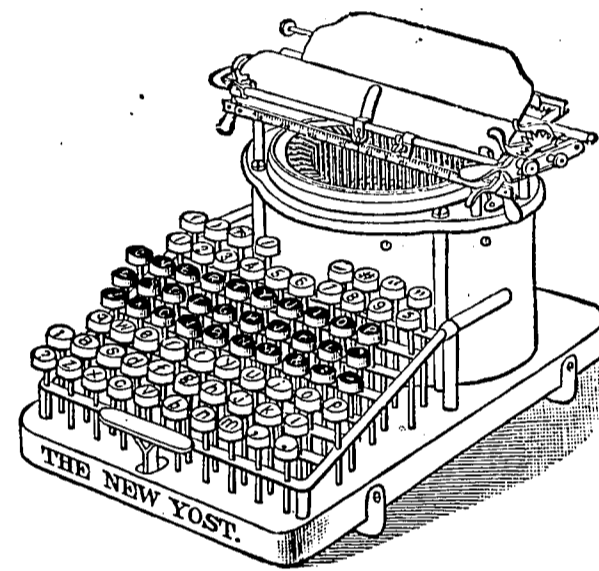


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THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended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

GEORGE SHAW, *Pastor*.

COUNCIL REPORTS.—Copies of the minutes and reports of the Seventh-day Baptist Council, held in Chicago, Oct. 22-23, 1890, bound in fine cloth, can be had, postage free, by sending 75 cts. to this office. They are on sale nowhere else. No Seventh-day Baptist minister's library is complete without it. A copy should be in every home. Address John P. Mosher, Agt., Alfred N. Y.

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CONDENSED NEWS.

Paris, Aug 18th.—Cholera is epidemic here. Many cases of the disease have been reported to-day.

At Chautauqua the baccalaureate sermon to the C. L. S. C. class of '94 was delivered, Aug. 19th, by Bishop John H. Vincent, whose subject was: "The Breadth of Christianity."

Prof. S. P. Langley, the distinguished astronomer and Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, will receive the degree of D. C. L., *honoris causa* at the next meeting of the British Association.

The Minnesota State University has just lost by fire its large auditorium and drill hall known as the coliseum. All of the equipments of the university cadets and the State school forestry exhibits at the World's Fair were destroyed.

The old West Church, Boston, made famous by the ministrations of Mayhew, Lowell and Bartol, has been purchased by the city and will be made a branch of the public library, and a center of light in the formerly aristocratic, but now greatly altered, West End.

At Washington the Japanese legation has received a cablegram announcing that the government of Japan has resolved to issue a domestic loan of \$50,000,000. The cablegram states that people in all parts of the country are eagerly subscribing to the loan.

Washington, Aug. 18.—General Brooke reports to Army headquarters that he has recalled all his forces which have been guarding the Central and Union Pacific railroads, the officials of those companies being satisfied that they can run trains without further assistance. General McCook still has a few detachments in the field in the South-west, and some troops of General Ruger's command are to remain in the Coeur d'Alene mining region for the present, but otherwise the Army is engaged in peaceful pursuits, such as rifle competition, practice marches and dress parades. Everywhere, however, the forces are held in readiness for emergencies, and an outbreak in any part of the country would result in the prompt assembling of regulars.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

London.—A Shanghai correspondent, under date of Aug. 19th, gives a gloomy view of affairs at Wei-Hai-Wei, the fortified city on the Shangtung Promontory. There is little doubt that the Japanese intend to attack this stronghold shortly, despite the tradition of the Chinese that the place is impregnable. The lights along the promontory have been extinguished and the buoys have been removed and the Chinese are constantly adding to the defences by laying torpedoes and submarine mines. Nevertheless, on three successive nights in the last week Japanese torpedo boats have entered the harbor and reconnoitered the forts. The crews of the Chinese torpedo boats, which lie in the harbor, had no inkling of the nearness of the enemy until the Japanese vessels were leaving. The Wei-Hai-Wei forts then opened fire, but it was too late to accomplish anything.

fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. Cheney & Co, Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75 c's.

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. 224 beautiful engravings. \$2.50 at wholesale. Agents average \$50 to \$60 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 eight. 5000 more men and women agents wanted at once. Now is the time. Give \$10.00 advance for 100 copies. Free 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.



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Corticelli Crochet Silk. The special features of this Silk are Fast Colors and High Lustre. It is used not only for Crocheting, but for Knitting and other kinds of Needlework. The brand Corticelli is a guarantee of good quality wherever found. This reputation has been obtained by more than a half century's experience in silk making. The wise buyer will consider this fact. Awarded the Gold Medal and Special Diploma of Honor at the California International Exposition, 1894. "Florence Home Needlework" for 1894 is now ready. Subjects; Corticelli Darning, 23 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, 80 illustrations. NOTOTUCK SILK CO., Florence, Mass.



SOLID TRAINS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO. PULLMAN CARS TO NEW YORK, BOSTON, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO AND CINCINNATI. WEST.

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. 8, 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. 12.59 p. m. No. 29, daily accommodation for Dunkirk, connecting at Carrolton for Bradford. 8.18 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'g Ag't, New York City.

TO THE YOUNG FACE Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms, to the old renewed youth. Try it!

Machine Shop. [Foundry.] MACHINERY Built especially for you at Rogers' Machine Shop, ALFRED, N. Y. 100 cents worth of work for \$1. D. H. ROGERS. Pattern Shop. [Boiler Shop.]

MARRIED.

NEILSON-GREENMAN.—In Independence, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1894, by Eld. J. Kenyon, at his home, Charles W. Neilson, of Allegany Township, Pa., and Miss Electa F. Greenman, of Tabor Centre, Pa.

SISSON-WILLIAMS.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Adams Centre, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1894, by Rev. A. B. Prentice, Burton J. Sisson and Alice Mary Williams, all of Adams Centre, N. Y.

TOMLINSON-MACDONALD.—At 778, 44th St., Chicago, Ill., on the evening of Aug. 4, 1894, by the Rev. L. C. Hardly, George E. Tomlinson and Sarah E. Macdonald, all of Chicago.

HEIDEN-NEIMON.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, in Walworth, Wis., and by the pastor, July 14, 1894, Mr. Charles Heiden, of Harvard, Ill., and Miss Minnie Neimon, of Big Foot, Ill.

SHAW-BURDICK.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. S. G. Burdick, in Milton Junction, Wis., Aug. 14, 1894, by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, Rev. George B. Shaw, of Alfred, N. Y., and Miss Nellie E. Burdick.

LARSE-JOHNSON.—In the Methodist Church, at South Wayne, LaFayette Co., Wis., Aug. 15, 1894, by Pres. W. C. Whitford, of Milton College, Mr. George W. Larse, a merchant at South Wayne, and Miss Mary L. Johnson, of the town of Wayne, Wis., a graduate of the college mentioned.

DIED.

BRIEF 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.

CARY.—Phebe Bliven Werden, daughter of Brier and Elizabeth Bliven, was born in the town of Alfred, Allegany Co., N. Y., Jan. 5, 1829.

She was married to Charles Cary, of Edgerton, Wis., May 13, 1858 and died at her home in Edgerton, Aug. 5, 1894, being 65 years and 7 months of age. Mrs. Cary never made a public profession of religion, yet in these latter years she came to possess a strong faith in the Saviour, and died trusting in his forgiveness. Funeral services were conducted by the writer, assisted by the pastors of the city, Aug. 7, 1894. E. A. W.

\$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