

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

A SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

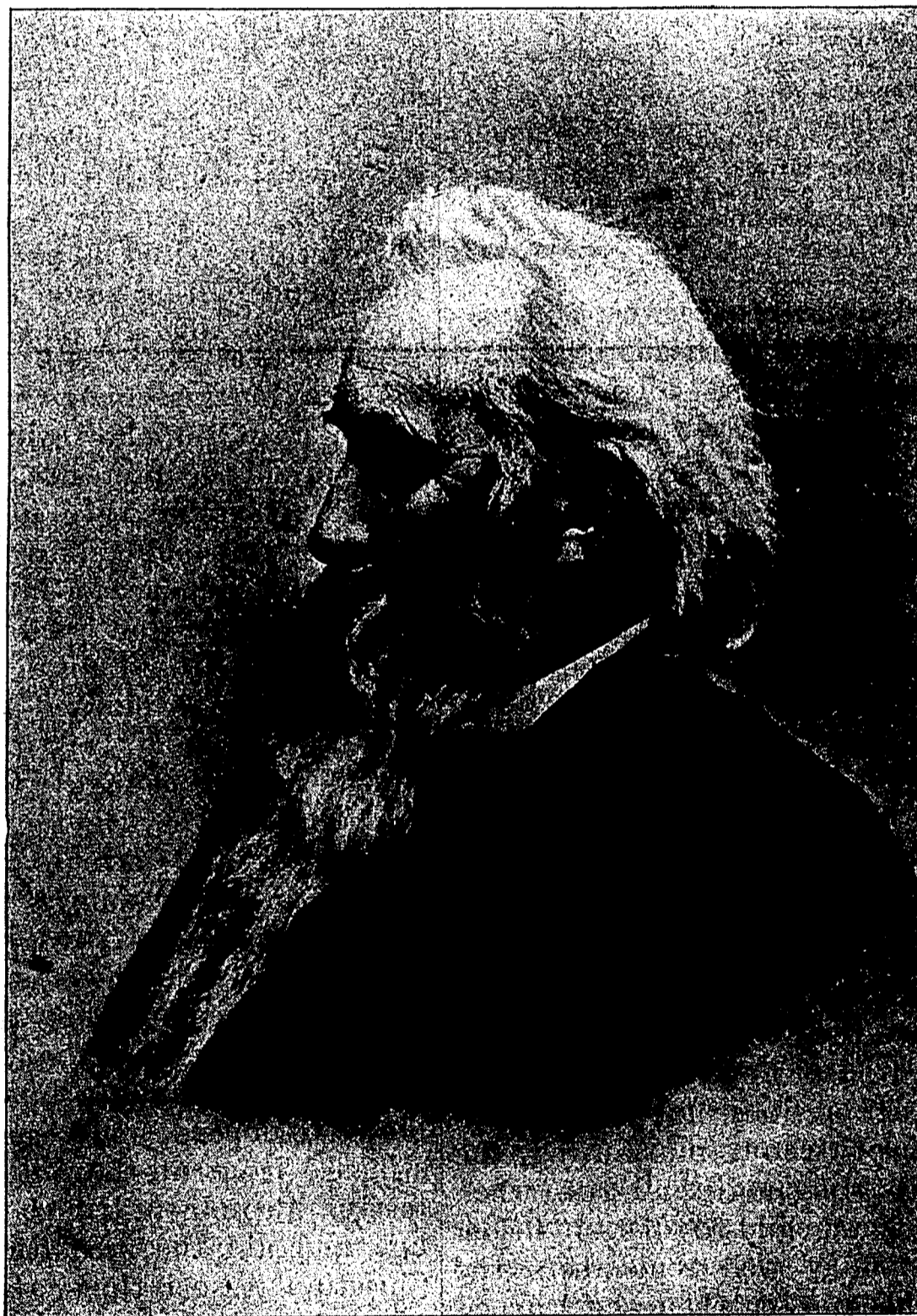
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## CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATION.	
President J. Allen.....	193
EDITORIALS.	
The Spring is Coming.—Poetry.....	194
Paragraphs.....	194
NEWS AND COMMENTS.	
Paragraphs.....	195
CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.	
Paragraphs.....	195, 196
In Memoriam.....	196
POPULAR SCIENCE.	
Paragraphs.....	196
HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.	
The Ephrata Community.....	197
Teachings of Jesus.....	197
MISSIONS.	
Paragraphs.....	198
Missionary Sacrifices.....	198, 199
Are Valor, Patriotism, and Friendship Christian Virtues?.....	199
The Pastor's Heart.....	199, 200
At Last.—Poetry.....	200
The Man With a Complaint.....	200
Look Out For the Rocks.....	200
WOMAN'S WORK.	
Selfish and Lend-a-Hand.—Poetry.....	201
How Laura Decided.....	201
A Touching Incident.....	201
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.	
Comments of An Outsider.....	202
<i>Our Mirror.</i> —	
The Junior Hour.—Poetry.....	202
Paragraphs.....	202
CHILDREN'S PAGE.	
How Jack Saved the Baby.....	202
The Deacon's Treat.....	203
The Talking Dog.....	203
Some Wonderful Things.....	203
HOME NEWS.	
Rhode Island, New York, Wisconsin, Minn- esota.....	201
Keep the Commandments.....	204, 205
SABBATH-SCHOOL.	
Lesson for April 6, 1895. The Triumphal Entry.....	205
The Power of God.....	205
Romanism and Secret Societies.....	206
Letter from London.....	206
The Martyr President.....	206
SPECIAL NOTICES.....	
Where to Find Heaven.....	207
A Question of Balances.....	207
MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.....	
LITERARY NOTES.....	
LOCAL AGENTS.....	208
BUSINESS DIRECTORY.....	208



*J. Allen*

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## Sabbath Recorder.

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### THE SPRING IS COMING, WINTER!

BY O. D. SHERMAN.

The spring is coming, winter!  
 The spring time soft and kind,  
 O! take thy hand, from off the land,  
 Thy icy chain unbind.  
 Yes; winter go with ice and snow,  
 We've had enough of you,  
 We're waiting for the spring time now,  
 Its sun, its rain, and dew.

The spring is coming, winter!  
 We feel its pulsing glow,  
 Blossoms shall bloom, from out the gloom,  
 And bright the waters flow.  
 Yes! winter flee from land and sea;  
 Nor hold thy frozen hours,  
 We're longing for the summer time,  
 Its birds, its buds, and flowers.

O! earth thy spring is coming;  
 The winter has been long.  
 As o'er the land, sin's cruel hand  
 Has forged its chain of wrong.  
 Yes; winter go, with sin and war,  
 We're looking for the new,  
 We're waiting for the golden time,  
 The pure, the good, the true.

O! earth thy spring is coming;  
 We hear the angels sing,  
 And hail the star that not afar  
 The welcome tidings bring.  
 We see the beam of morning gleam,  
 And feel its thrilling power,  
 We're praying for the promised time,  
 The world's redemption hour.

MYSTIC, Conn.

LEST it should appear otherwise to those who read the article in this issue by our esteemed and venerable brother Hinman, we wish distinctly to disavow that the RECORDER has undertaken to defend the existence of secret societies. Our brother expends the greater part of his argument against Free Masonry, which was not mentioned nor included in the recent interdiction of the Roman Catholic Church, but is careful not to mention the Sons of Temperance, which was the order included in their ban. The Sons of Temperance and the Good Templars, in spite of the awful fact that they have a secret password, are rescuing tens of thousands from the drunkard's fearful doom.

THERE are, probably, very few devout Christian mothers who do not in their hearts solemnly dedicate their children, when first born, to the Lord. But how often it happens that such dedication does not strike deep enough to endure without murmuring; the sundering of the strong maternal ties, when God calls the matured child to distant fields. A faithful missionary well remembers the keen distress of his mother when she learned of his decision to become a foreign missionary. His mother exclaimed: "How little did I know when I dedicated him to God, how much I was to suffer." It is well that mothers thus dedicate, but they should not even have a mental reservation.

WE are glad to be able, through the kindness of Mrs. A. A. Allen, to present to all our subscribers this week a fine portrait of the late President J. Allen, of Alfred University. So much has been written and said of him within the past two years, through the RECORDER and otherwise, that it is not necessary here and now to rewrite the interesting story

of his useful and self-sacrificing life. We have urged and again repeat with emphasis that his biography, written by his devoted wife, should be in every Seventh-day Baptist family. It should be read and re-read by our sons and daughters, and allowed to inspire them with the same exalted purposes and aspirations that were the marked characteristics of his noble life. As those who were permitted to be his students always bear testimony to the uplifting influence and power of his life and teachings, so also in a large measure will those be blessed who read his life and sermons.

ONE of our enthusiastic ministers, in the time of our late war, growing eloquent over the virtue of patriotism, said, "Patriotism will carry a man half way to heaven." Probably had he taken a sober second thought he would never have committed himself to such a loose statement. No merely human virtue or power can lift a man one inch above the earth. The love of country, courage, the love of kindred, the love of mankind, any and all purely earthly loves and virtues will not rise higher than the sphere in which these qualities are exercised. The love of heaven, the love of God, the distinctive love of the Lord Jesus Christ alone can carry one from earth to heaven. Our Saviour never finds a man half way there, and then simply completes the business. There is no doubt that it is a great advantage to a person to begin the Christian life with a good character, good habits already established, but it must be Christ, and him only, that can free us from the gravity of our earthliness and lift us heavenward. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

A VERY marked change has come over many of the most popular railroad lines within a few years in the interests of sobriety. Many of us well remember when it was no uncommon thing for railroad employes to be frequently under the influence of intoxicants, often to the annoyance and peril of passengers. An employe who would not drink was the exception, and was a marked man by his associates, who made it very unpleasant for him. But, behold the change! Railroad companies are becoming very rigid in their requirements of sobriety, and parents are coming to feel that to put their sons in the employ of railroad corporations is really to throw around them some wholesome restraints. There is a system of discipline, not quite like a military school, and yet somewhat similar in its effect. A man's continuance in such a position is made to depend much more on his total abstinence from all that intoxicates, than formerly. Prominent railroad officials encourage and aid the formation of Young Men's Christian Associations, and the construction of commodious and attractive buildings, where their employes can and will spend their leisure hours, rather than in the saloon. These are facts worthy of notice, and especially would we ask all who take a pessimistic view of our "degenerate times," to notice these evidences, that, in some directions at least, there is improvement. We believe that the leaven of Christianity is working, and working well.

THE readiness with which the masses of people run after, believe in, and accept new and unproven things is astonishing. In theology, in medicine, in science and pretended prophecy the greater the quackery and fool-

ish pretense, the greater will be the gulability of many too credulous people. A little exercise of reason would often save those who are easily duped from much inconvenience, expense and humiliation. Anti-toxin may be all that is claimed for it in treatment of diphtheria. But give time to test it. Very likely it may prove like other fads that have had their day and are now only exploded theories. A recent editorial in the New York Tribune says: "It is now the general opinion of the medical profession, everywhere, that Dr. Koch's tuberculin is not a remedy for consumption, and that it has killed more than it has cured. It was long ago discovered that Dr. Brown-Sequard's rejuvenating elixir does not rejuvenate; that the confidence in it of that eminent man was a token of his enfeebled powers, and that its only effect has been to set a lot of quacks up in business, and allow them to plunder the public under the cover of his distinguished name." In education the same system of quackery obtains. We very well remember, when a mere lad, our thirst for education led us to invest a small amount of money in "Latin in six easy lessons." A subsequent four year's course in that language convinced us that "There is no royal road to learning" that will materially shorten the established curriculum. Many other experiences have deepened the conviction that quacks are to be found in every department of human effort, and that a wise and cautious investigation, before rashly accepting any new theory, may save from many mistakes and often very foolish and embarrassing blunders.

WHAT is the real object or purpose of the ordinary church prayer-meeting? Probably there would be a variety of answers to this question depending upon individual opinions, as there is a variety of practices. But in our humble opinion the prayer-meeting should be emphatically the people's meeting. It is not a proper time for a lecture or sermon by the pastor or any one brought in for that purpose. The time should be devoted mainly to prayer and testimony with much genuine praise in stirring and familiar singing. It is a serious mistake for the pastor to allow half or three-fourths of the allotted hour to be used in preliminary services and his own lengthy remarks and then throw the meeting open to the people for the remaining fifteen or twenty minutes. The usual experience is that the remaining time is not well occupied by the people, and then the pastor thinks he has made a mistake in not using the balance of the time, since the people seem to excuse themselves from taking part in the active service. But the main trouble lies in the consciousness that the time is insufficient for all, and each one is inclined to excuse himself. Sometimes the opening remarks are of such a nature as to turn the attention away from any real devotional thoughts. Learned explanations, critical exegesis, and scientific lectures are not in place in the prayer and conference meetings. Let the meeting be opened in a brief and simple way by the leader, and train the people to do the main part of the singing, praying and talking. This is the time for the encouragement and cultivation of the devotional spirit in the membership; hence the leader should do just enough to give direction to the thought and stimulate to activity. Usually the best social meetings of this nature are those in which the greatest numbers bear brief testimonies or offer brief but intensely spiritual prayers.

## NEWS AND COMMENTS.

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND has been suffering severely from rheumatism and in consequence could not give his usual lectures to his students.

BUSINESS circles appear to be very confident and hopeful of improvement. They note several favorable indications for the opening of the spring enterprises.

SIXTY miners were killed by an explosion in the Rocky Mountain Coal Mine, Wyoming, on the 21st inst. Fifty-one of them were married men with large families.

REV. DR. PLATTS, after two weeks' absence in the interests of Alfred University, visiting Plainfield and New Market, N. J., and West-ly and Ashaway, R. I., returned to Alfred the 21st inst.

DR. JOHN A. BROADUS, of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky, died in that city March 16th. Dr. Broadus as an author, preacher and theologian was prominent among Baptists.

MEXICO and Guatemala are growling at each other, and seem likely to engage in open hostilities unless a better understanding is soon effected. English interests are at the bottom of the trouble.

THE assailant of the "Alliance," March 8th, has been identified as the Spanish cruiser Conde de Venadito. Its commander claims that the "Alliance" was only one and one-half miles off the Cuban coast.

SECRETARY GRESHAM'S demand upon Spain for satisfactory disavowal and apology for the insult to the United States flag in the Allianca affair receives the hearty approval of the administration and the country.

It is said that in the State of Connecticut it has been seriously proposed to enact a law providing a fine in the case of every citizen who fails to cast his vote at any regular election, unless he renders a reasonable excuse for not voting.

THE *Brooklyn Eagle* says that two hundred and forty women were recently seated to play progressive euchre in charity's name. The *Congregationalist* notes the fact and says: "In charity's name we refrain from further comment."

A GREAT sale of choice paintings will take place at Chickering Hall, New York, the latter part of April. One thousand pictures, sculptures, etc., will come under the hammer. In one room of the galleries there are six pictures valued in all at \$200,000.

THE Spanish Minister in Washington is said to have given utterance to criticisms and statements concerning Secretary Gresham's action in the Allianca difficulty that are as reckless and censurable as the ill-advised firing upon our flag-protected steamer.

ERASTUS WIMAN, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, last June, on a charge of forgery preferred by the Dun & Co. firm, New York, has secured a stay of sentence and will be granted a new trial. He and his friends confidently believe he will be acquitted.

A SPANISH war vessel, the *Reina Regente*,

with a crew of 420 men on board, was sunken near the Straits of Gibraltar in a recent severe storm. Only eighteen inches of her mast was visible. It is supposed that all on board were drowned.

THE discovery of the new element in air called "argon" is attracting attention and comment. By some, Prof. Dewar has the credit of the discovery; while others place the first discovery back nearly seventy years (1826) and credit Prof. Perkins with a paper which embodied substantially the same facts.

"FAITH, without works, is dead." Little Leila Mead, of Dayton, Ohio, had typhoid fever. Her mother and grandmother are firm believers in the faith cure theory, and therefore declined giving the child the slightest medical attention. Leila died, and now the coroner has ordered the body held for an autopsy.

A VERY destructive tornado swept over Georgia the 20th inst., striking Augusta at 9 o'clock in the morning. Houses were lifted from their foundations and scattered in every direction. At the same time a blizzard was raging in the Ohio Valley and west of the Missouri river. Snow unexpectedly fell, nearly all day, in several Southern States.

THE Seniors of Union Theological Seminary, New York, have created quite a sensation by entering their protest against the requirement that they shall preach a short sermon before the dean of the faculty, Dr. Thomas S. Hastings, for his criticisms. Their protest is based on the fact that these sermons are not prepared for a real audience; that they are only pretences and that it is degrading to their sacred calling.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, at Saratoga last May, recommended "that the week beginning April 7, 1895, be designated as a special season of prayer for foreign missions, to be observed in the closet, in the family, and in the usual public and social religious services." In pursuance of this recommendation a leaflet has been issued indicating the particular topics to be considered and to be the special objects of prayer each day from April 7th to 14th inclusive.

LEST there should be some mistake made, growing out of the letter from Marion, Kan., by H. P. Grace, in the RECORDER of March 7th, we are asked to call special attention to the fact that Mr. Grace was not asking for aid for any but himself, and, that parties intending to send to any who need help in Kansas, would do well to delay, until notified by reliable parties, to whom to send for general distribution. Mr. Grace seems not to be so situated as to be a convenient agency through which to send to others.

A LADY has recently died near Jerome, Union county, Ohio, at the advanced age of 104 years, 4 months and 26 days. Her name was Mrs. Priscilla Anne Sullivan. She was converted at the age of 16 and had lived a faithful and hopeful Christian life for 88 years. She was nine years old at the time of GEORGE WASHINGTON'S death and attended his funeral. She was the mother of fourteen children, nine of whom are living. Her six sons were her pall-bearers, and their ages ranged from sixty to eighty-five years. Mrs. Sullivan's sight and her mental faculties were good to the last.

## CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

THERE is more practical infidelity in a full-grown church quarrel than in a university full of agnostics.

A GOOD many fathers will have to ask their children's forgiveness before they can have influence with them.

THE reason some men think they have no sins is because they won't allow the light turned on. Their wives know better.

I ALWAYS liked the prodigal son better than the elder brother. He proved to be more of a man in the end. He repented fully and freely, while the last we see of the elder brother, he is still hugging his pride and selfishness to his breast.

THE Haywood murder trial at Minneapolis which has just reached its sensational close in the death sentence upon Harry Haywood has been one of the most remarkable cases in the history of criminal jurisprudence. The murderer had made his plans most carefully and deliberately to prove an alibi and avoid detection. His father spent money like water in his defense. The most brilliant criminal lawyer in the North-west plead two days for his life. In spite of all precautions and all efforts to create doubt in the minds of the jury, the chain of damning evidence was so complete that the "twelve good men and true" gave a unanimous verdict of "guilty" on the first ballot. It is a striking example of "Be sure your sin will find you out."

THE Blue and the Gray will meet again at Pittsburg Landing, April 5th and 6th, to celebrate in loving and peaceful fellowship the fraternal spirit which now prevails between the veterans who engaged in bloody conflict there thirty-three years ago. Congress has recently passed the Shiloh Bill for the purchase of this battle field for a great national memorial park like Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, and the veterans will be expected to assist the Shiloh commission in locating the monuments and tablets to be erected on the battle field. The bravest are the most generous.

However others may endeavor for personal purposes to keep alive the old bitterness, the men who did the fighting are content to let the ivy and honeysuckle clothe the battlements of war with the emblems of peace.

THE manly stand taken by Governor McKinley in the case of Col. Coit deserves a passing notice. A negro was in custody at Washington Court House, Ohio, awaiting trial on the charge of rape. An enraged mob gathered to lynch him, heeding neither the repeated remonstrances of the citizens nor the warnings of the officers. When other means failed, Col. Coit, the commander of the militia, gave the order to fire. Several rioters were killed or wounded. A military commission was called to investigate the case. This commission completely exonerates Col. Coit. Gov. McKinley, in approving the report says, that ample remedies are provided by law for the redressing of wrongs and the punishment of criminals and the State's authority will be exerted to its fullest extent in protecting even the meanest of its citizens from mob violence. He says further:

"The crime which was the pretext for the unlawful assemblage and the riotous conduct

which followed, was revolting in the extreme, and merited, as it received, the condemnation of law, the court, and all good citizens. The crime, horrible as it was, however, was no justification for the acts of lawlessness and violence which were permitted by those who in passion sought to add to one crime still another, and whose plain duty as citizens was to preserve, not to break, the peace of the country." There is an intense feeling against the militia in the country, but the sober second thought of the people will prevail and it is not probable that the lesson will need to be repeated. The hope is to be indulged that this may mark the last attempt at lynching in the grand old State of Ohio.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

A tribute to the memory of Rev. Joshua Clarke, who died at Verona Mills, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1895.

The close of this useful life came suddenly and unexpectedly. Although his health had not been as robust as in former years, he wrote me but three days before his death, "that for the most of the time the past year he had preached twice each week, except the last Sabbath in each month when he had been to Utica and preached once. Few men in the prime of life have done better. This letter was written on Thursday; on Sabbath evening at 8.30 he engaged in family worship as usual, and at 10.30 he quietly and peacefully passed away.

His was a busy and laborious life. A peaceful and triumphant death. He died with the harness on. Like Moses, with eye undimmed and his ability for usefulness not abated, with his mind in full vigor and his hand on the gospel plow, he knelt at the family altar. For two short hours he viewed the promised land then, quietly as a child sinks to rest, he passed to his reward.

The life of the Rev. Joshua Clarke was no ordinary life. It was a remarkable life. He had first-class natural ability, and was self-educated in the truest sense. There was nothing one-sided or erratic in his make up. A healthy and vigorous body, with an evenly developed and forceful mind, over which conscience ruled supreme. All these powers were consecrated without reserve to his master. "This one thing he did," he never turned back or faltered till he laid down the cross for the crown of life. He had no titles from the schools, nor had his master, but educated in the better and fuller sense of the term, he was one of the most thoroughly self-educated men of his denomination. He was always a student and a thinker, took little-second hand. He was thoroughly conversant with the Holy Scriptures (I have never seen a person more so), and he wielded this sword of the spirit with mighty power for more than fifty years. With his natural ability and self-culture, he combined a rare common sense (the least common of all the senses). Conscientious, painstaking, and careful, and yet when truth required it, he was bold as a lion. His energy never flagged, his faith never failed, he knew no such word as fail. Not one of his pastorates but was a full success.

From the time of his conversion in early life, like Paul, he conferred not with flesh and blood. I attended his first revival meetings when he was a boy of 18 years; his preaching and piety were even then a power to move the hearts of his hearers. He was Pauline in his devotion and "counted all loss" that he might win souls for Christ. His work was divided

between the weak and strong churches of the denomination. The churches of Watson, Otselic, Lincklean and Preston will never forget his labors of love for them. His preaching and pastoral work in Brookfield became a power for great good, many were converted, and the whole community felt his influence for good. He built up the church and multitudes were converted to God.

His pastorate at Ashaway, R. I., was not less successful. I visited him while on that field and found that his influence for good was a power in all that community. His work in Albion, Wis., and DeRuyter, N. Y., were not less successful. The love and veneration with which his people have always regarded him, attest not only to his faithfulness in the performance of duty, but to the loving sympathy of his great tender heart. He seemed to be equally gifted as a pastor, preacher and evangelist. Revivals always followed him, wherever he went. It is safe to say that in the more than fifty years of his ministerial life many thousand were converted, his preaching was equally successful and much sought after in other denominations.

While the writer was pastor of a church in Northampton, Mass., Eld. Clarke came there and assisted in a revival of several weeks. A more critical community could not be found; he came into competition with the ablest preachers in the country, and his reputation did not suffer. It is now about thirty years, and yet he is remembered by that people as a master preacher of the simple truths of the Gospel. His manner was plain, forcible, persuasive and successful. Men never tired of it. There has been a constant growth in his pulpit power for fifty years. Those who have listened to him during his last year say that he never had more spiritual power to move the hearts of his hearers, that there often seemed to be a glow of heavenly light on his face as he preached; and what wonder, if standing so near to the entrance, he should catch glimpses of the heavenly city, in which he so firmly believed.

The time is passed when a man is necessarily great as a preacher because his name leans against capital letters, and he can deliver college orations. That minister is greatest who preaches gospel truth with power to move the hearts of men.

Rev. Joshua Clarke has left the impress of his consecrated life on two generations. Rest great soul, in the bosom of the Christ thou hast loved so well! Thou wast true to God, to family, and to humanity! Such a life is of necessity immortal. The tears of many loving hearts will water his memory. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, yea from henceforth saith the spirit, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

REV. I. D. CLARKE.

HILLSIDE, South Dakota.

A BISHOP was traveling in a mining country and encountered an old Irishman turning a windlass which hauled up ore out of a shaft. It was his work to do this all day. His hat was off and the sun poured down on his unprotected head.

"Don't you know the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" said the good man.

The Irishman wiped the sweat off his forehead and looked at the clergyman.

"Do you think I'd be doing this all day if I had any brains?" said he, and then he gave the handle another turn.

## Popular Science.

It is now claimed that the highest peak in Alaska is Mt. Logan. It is 19,514 feet, giving it an altitude of 1,500 feet higher than Mt. Elias.

THE temperature of the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean is found to be 38 degrees Fahrenheit, while the bottom of the Mediterranean is 57 degrees.

It has now been found that nearly one-half the sands on the ocean's shores is composed of minute shells, which at some time, must have been the dwelling place of a living creature.

PROFESSOR GILBERT, the geologist, has come to the conclusion that the huge hole in the ground, known as the Diablo Canon, in Arizona, marks the place where a large meteor once struck the earth.

THE best of steam engines now will produce a horse power by the consumption of one and a half pounds of coal per hour, while fifty years ago it took fully seven pounds. This shows a great improvement in the manufacture of engines.

MR. E. G. ACKESON has succeeded in producing a crystalized carbon from sand, coke, and salt. The substance is extremely hard and difficult to ignite, and will polish diamond, porcelain, glass and steel; it evidently is destined to take the place of corundum, emery, etc., in all polishing work.

THE Washington monument, located west of the Capitol, is the highest monument in the United States, being 555 feet high. This monument was struck by lightning on June 5, 1885, and slightly damaged. There are now four copper rod conductors running from the top of the monument down to fifteen feet below the masonry foundations and into two feet and a half of standing water. These rods are connected with each other by other copper rods, and have at every five feet copper points three inches long plated with gold, and have sharp platinum points. Now every time there is a thunder shower the lightning plays around it, producing, especially in the night time, the most beautiful phenomena yet seen produced by electricity.

A SINGLE track railway now runs from Jaffa (the ancient Joppa) to Jerusalem, a distance of forty miles. This road was opened for travel in the fall of 1892. The cars are small and are of the English pattern. The engines are small and powerful and were made at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia. As Jerusalem is 2,500 feet higher than the Mediterranean at Jaffa, it will be seen that there are some pretty heavy grades, after leaving the plains of Sharon, in climbing the mountains of Judea before reaching Jerusalem. There is now another route being projected to run from Jerusalem north to Damascus, a distance of about 240 miles. The time may not be far distant when we can breakfast at Joppa in the morning, take a view of Jerusalem, dine at Shechem, then skirt the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, pass the spot "near to Damascus," where St. Paul saw the great light and was converted, then stop for the night in the same house in Damascus, now said to be the one occupied by him, and which at that time was owned and occupied by a Mr. Judas. H.

## History and Biography.

### THE EPHRATA COMMUNITY.

The *Lancaster Daily Intelligencer*, published at Lancaster, Pa., under the date of March 9th, this year, a centennial number of forty pages. It notices the principle events which here occurred in that city and the county of the same name, during the past one hundred years. Besides these it gives accounts of prominent persons who have resided in that region. We clip from the paper the following description of the community above mentioned. The "Sunday-school" spoken of as established by them should be called Sabbath-school, as it was held upon the seventh day of the week, not the first day.

The Strange Monastic Order of the Seventh-day Baptists—How they Carried on the First Publishing House in America—The Sister's House—Their Piety and Industry—How the White-Robed Monks and Sisters Sang Their Hymns Upon the Banks of the Codorous.

The most picturesque landmark in Pennsylvania history, around which so many legends and curious traditions cluster, is the group of buildings known as the Kloster, near Ephrata. At the present day there remains but three of these buildings—namely, the Bethania, or Brother house: Saron and Saal. Early in 1732, Conrad Beissel, then the leader of the German Sabbatarian congregation in the Conestoga Valley, in Lancaster county, at the close of an eloquent sermon on the "Comforting State of God's Kingdom," to the great surprise of his hearers, handed the New Testament to the appointed elders, telling them that that alone should be their guide and law, and closed the service by resigning his position as minister to the congregation. Beissel's reason for his abrupt action was to live the life of an anchorite in the wilderness.

To accomplish his desire he journeyed to the upper end of Lancaster county and settled beside a spring of water on the banks of the Cocalico Creek, near where Ephrata now stands. He was not left to enjoy his solitude, however, as he was continually importuned by members of his late congregation to return to them. The sequencé was that on Sept. 4, 1732, he again presided at a love feast of the Conestoga congregation, where, after a final admonition to be faithful and to keep the seventh day as the Sabbath and other ordinances of Scripture, he reiterated his determination to retire to the forest and live in solitude.

During the winter of 1732 many of his followers came to the Cocalico and built a log cabin in order to be near their spiritual leader. The men were soon followed by some of the women of the congregation, and in May, 1733, a log cabin was built for them. These two buildings formed the nucleus of the "Community of the Solitary," as the settlement finally became known.

As the community increased, a building known as the "Kedar" was built, and later on the "Saal." In 1740 the solitary mode of life was exchanged for a monastic one, and the habit adopted by the brethren and sisters was not unlike that in use by the Capuchins in the Catholic Church.

After many alterations and repairs, the group of buildings were re-dedicated on July 13, 1745. The larger house was then named the "Saron," and the sisters adopted a black habit instead of the white one used by the brethren.

The mode of life of this community was austere. The day was divided into regular periods of work and devotion. Two periods of three hours each were allotted for sleep out of the twenty-four. The first was 9 P. M. to midnight; the second from 1 to 4 A. M. The couch of the inmates consisted of a plain poplar plank, with a block of wood for a pillow. The rest of the day was passed in work and devotion. But one regular meal was served, and that at noon.

The brightest period of the community's life was during the trying period of the Revolutionary War, and particularly after the battle of Brandywine in 1777, when the large cloisters were turned into hospitals by the American army authorities. The sisters became the devoted nurses of the wounded and sick wearers of the "buff and blue," and hundreds of them were nursed back to health. Many others died and were buried on the top of Zion hill, where a proposed monument to their memory was begun in 1845, and which remains unfinished. A recent movement in the direction of finishing this memorial was begun during the past summer, and the monument will no doubt be finished at an early date.

The "Sisterhood of Ephrata" will long be remembered by the exquisite specimens of their penmanship, both text and music, which form the literary gems of many private and public libraries. The brethren established a printing press, made their own paper, and published many volumes which are now scarce and some unique. Among the latter is the prayer book printed in 1767 for the Episcopalian congregation of this city.

As early as 1745 they established a Sunday-school and also manufactured domestic goods. At one time there were eighteen brothers and twenty sisters in the community. Conrad Beissel, the head of the community, was known as "Father Friedsam," and he died in 1768.

In 1740 Israel Eckerlin was elected prior of the community, and he introduced a number of innovations, among them being a bell, which he had cast in Europe. This caused a dissension in the community, and the bell was condemned and sold, the prior and some followers being driven out. They settled near Fort Duquesne, and finally, after many privations, went back to Germany. The bell was purchased by the Lutheran Church at Lancaster, and was subsequently sold to the Washington Fire Company, from whom it was purchased by J. Frederick Sener and placed as a memorial to his son Charles in the steeple of Grace Lutheran church. A few years ago it became cracked and was placed on a pedestal in the vestibule of the church, where it can be seen to-day. The inscription on the bell reads, "Sub Auspicio Viri Venerandi Onesimi Societatis Ephratensis Præpositi, 1745."

A visit to the Ephrata Cloister is well worth the time and labor involved, and the visitor will be amply repaid in examining the quaint buildings and the many relics of Beissel and others which are there preserved, besides being afforded an opportunity of viewing Zion hill, where rest the remains of the Revolutionary patriots.

Above the entrance to the old chapel hangs a tablet, on which is inscribed the following verse:

"The house is entered through this door  
By peaceful souls that dwell within.  
Those that have come will part no more,  
For God protects them here from sin."

### TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

BY CHARLES A. BURDICK.

Our Lord, while on his earthly mission, was pre-eminently a teacher,—*the* Teacher. There are in the four gospels about fifty references to his teaching. He "went about all the cities and villages teaching in their synagogues." "He taught daily in the temple." He taught on the mountain side, by the sea side, by the way as he journeyed, and as he sat in the homes of the people. "He taught them as one having authority." Nicodemus, himself "a teacher of Israel," accorded to himself the title of rabbi, a title which the Jews gave to the professional teachers of the law, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God."

But it is remarkable how little of his teaching is of a strictly theological character, and how different in form and spirit from that of those who are the authors of current systems of theology. And yet it is probably a fact that the greater number of Christians have not derived their doctrinal views directly from the words of Scripture, but from teachers who have drank at the well of some system of theology. It is not my purpose to disparage theology, but it should be remembered always that *systems* of theology are human productions,—the results of efforts to reduce the teachings of Scripture to systematic formulas of doctrine; and that in doing so inferences from Scripture are sometimes set down as doctrine, and made conformable to certain metaphysical speculations. Also interpretations are sometimes put upon the words of Scripture that are foreign to their intended meaning.

I have lately in studying the teachings of the Master collected, and to some extent classified those that come most nearly under the subjects that are usually treated in works on theology. It is the object of this article and one or two that may follow hereafter, if the editor approves, to present some of these,

omitting all mention of his ethical teachings, which in fact constitute a large part of what he taught. It is to be understood that what might be popularly styled the "doctrinal" teachings of Christ, do not embrace all of Christian doctrine which is to be accepted, much being reserved to be taught by his apostles after his work on earth should be finished. It will be remembered of course that he taught the same doctrines on different occasions, but I shall avoid the repetition of words that express the same thoughts; and as all that follows, except the naming of the topics under which the teachings are arranged, are the exact words of Jesus, following, the Revised Version, quotation marks will be unnecessary.

### JESUS' THEOLOGY.

*I. Of God the Father:*—A spirit and invisible. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth. John 4: 24. Not that any man hath seen the Father save he which is from God, he hath seen the Father. John 6: 46. Ye have neither heard his voice at any time nor seen his form. John 5: 37.

*A Supreme Ruler:*—I thank thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes. Matt. 11: 25.

*Universal Father:*—My Father worketh, even until now and I work. John 5: 17. I am come in my Father's name. John 5: 43. Our Father which art in heaven hallowed be thy name. Matt. 6: 9. Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him. Matt. 6: 8. He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. Matt. 5: 45.

*All loving:*—God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. John 3: 16.

*All powerful:*—When thou prayest enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee. Matt. 6: 6.

*His Providential care:*—Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Matt. 6: 31-33. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father: but the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows. Matt. 10: 29, 30.

*He answers prayer:*—If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Matt. 7: 11.

DEACON HUNT was naturally a high-tempered man, and used to beat his oxen over the heads, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now when they do not behave well I go behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

## Missions.

I SEE, in my communication of March 14th, the compositor makes me coin a new word, *inveterably* for *inveterately*. Maybe it was my fault, not his. However, I never was very successful in coining words, and never put in a claim but for one word, and that word was *scatteration*, to express the loss which comes to our people by the way they settle in different parts of our country, isolating themselves instead of settling in colonies. As to an interrogation point where it should be an exclamation point, well, that is of little matter. It takes some time to get everything in perfect running order after moving.

On my return from North Carolina, I stopped off at Orange, Va., and went on a narrow gauge road to St. Just, Va., to visit an old Seventh-day Baptist friend and fellow-worker, A. R. Jones and family. He went there from Shiloh, N. J., about twelve years ago, and purchased a farm, but settled there for his and his wife's health. They are loyal Sabbatharians, and are active in building up moral and spiritual life in their neighborhood. I tarried with them over the Sabbath. While there I conducted a Bible lesson at one of the neighbor's, and preached in the Antioch Baptist meeting house on Sunday afternoon, to a fair congregation, considering the mud and bad roads. The people were much pleased with the message, wished the minister would stay longer and preach to them. Some, in conversation, said, "Wish you would send more down here, like Mr. Jones. He is a progressive man and farmer, honest, a good neighbor, and we like him. He is peculiar in some of his religious views and practices, but we can get along all right with that." I was much pleased with the country; a good soil; the land somewhat rolling; well watered; fine climate; a good section for general farming. A splendid visit I had with this lone Sabbath-keeping family, and I suspect our stay with them has done them good, and will be long remembered.

THE South is a fine field for evangelistic and Sabbath reform work. For us, as a people, to carry on such work in the South, we shall have to use different methods than we do in the North. 1. We shall have to take our meeting house with us. It is almost next to an impossibility for us to obtain a meeting house in which to hold evangelistic meetings. The churches fear we have come to proselyte and to divide. If a church building could be obtained, the people who own the building would more or less attend the meetings, but the other churches would give them the cold shoulder. Again, in the South, as well as in the North, the masses will go to a hall or a tent to hear the gospel, but not into a church, as a rule. But to hire halls for evangelistic services is too expensive, and, furthermore, very impracticable. They are built more for a place to hold public entertainments, and a series of gospel meetings held in them are subject to interruptions by previous engagements for other things. Not every place has a good hall, and when you find one, it may not be suitable for gospel meetings. I am satisfied that for us to carry on evangelistic and Sabbath reform work in the South, a tent is indispensable—a necessity. There is

not the prejudice against the use of a tent in the South as in the North, in gospel work. It draws the crowd, the irreligious and religious, the lost and the saved alike, and the crowd is what is wanted. An evangelist, with a tent, is independent; he owns and controls his meeting-house. He may be compelled to go on to the next town, but they cannot drive him out of his own tabernacle. 2. The carrying on of evangelistic work in the South, with a tent, is more expensive than evangelistic labor among ourselves in the North. We have not there a constituency. When the tent is set up in a town, there are no Seventh-day Baptist families to care for the evangelist and his singer. They are among strangers; they have to go to a hotel or boarding-house for room and board. If a Christian family takes them in and gives them a home, it is a rare exception. An evangelist, his singer, and assistant, when they labor among our churches, are expected to be gratuitously cared for and given a home. To run a gospel tent in the South, to transport it, set it up, properly seat and light it, care for it, furnish an organ, and board and care for the workers, costs from \$9 to \$10 per week. Our people cannot make a gospel tent pay for itself in the South by collections, for two reasons—the people are generally poor, and are full of prejudice. 3. For an evangelist from the North to run a gospel tent in the South, he must be "as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove." He must be social, suave, good-natured, persuasive, have and use tact. While he should be a good thinker, logical, and an easy speaker, he should be, to no small extent, emotional and sympathetic. He should possess, in his make up and manners, popular qualities. He must not meddle with existing social and racial ideas and customs. He should not be sharp, polemic, and blatant. He should be spiritual, and be possessed of an all-controlling love of Christ and of souls. The gospel singer, the evangelist's right-hand man, and warm, enthusiastic gospel singing, are large factors in running successfully a gospel tent. The singer should be possessed of the same love of Christ and of souls as the evangelist, be genial, social, take well among young people, and be a good personal worker. Thus equipped in workers, and with the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, the evangelistic work in the gospel tent will be a success. 4. The results of evangelistic work of Seventh-day Baptists in the South will be at first small and slow. It is a work for two conversions, namely to Christ and the Sabbath of Jehovah. The conversion to Christ, comparatively speaking, is easy; to the Sabbath it is up-hill work, hard work. The proportion is about ten to Christ to one to the Sabbath, perhaps I ought to say twenty to one. The evangelist among our churches North has not this double work to do. He labors among those who observe the Sabbath and those who are neighbors to our people. Hence, a large proportion of the converts are Sabbath-keepers, and those who come to the Sabbath through the evangelistic effort, have a people right at hand to come to, and with altogether different circumstances and surroundings from the Sabbath convert in the South. He does not have to face ostracism, poverty, desertion, and bitter persecution. On account of this slow and up-hill work, shall we give up this evangelistic effort? No. Evangelization of the world is the work to which the individual Christian, the single

church, the evangelical denominations are called of Christ to accomplish, as fellow-workers with Him and the Holy Spirit. Evangelism is the open door for us as a people in Sabbath reform work. Let us enter that door, preach, scatter tracts, pray, work, and give, that thousands may come to Christ, and to the Sabbath he made and kept.

SECRETARY.

### MISSIONARY SACRIFICES.

BY THOMAS PARRY.

One day I was speaking with a friend, a noble, kind, and generous-hearted man, concerning missions. He was deploring the sacrifices needful in sending the gospel to foreign lands. He had a lady friend who was a missionary, but who in her labors of love had lost her health. Moved to warmth by this, her loss, he exclaimed, "Confound the heathen!"

His bitter exclamation aroused in me the train of thought recently set forth in these lectures. The words rang in my ears. They stung me to the quick. I began to inquire, Is Christ "an hard man," reaping where he has not sown? Gathering where he has not strewed? Does his command to preach the gospel to every creature entail severe conditions? Is his yoke easy? Is his burden light? Are his commandments not grievous? Are not his burdens heavy to bear? Are his rewards commensurable with the sacrifices he demands? Is his service a joy and crown? Are the claims of the Christian calling arduous?

I began to compare the lives of devoted Christians in their spiritual calling with those of others of equal standing in their secular callings.

I inquired into Christianity as to its special work as an institution. I asked, Who built our colleges and established our schools? Christianity. Scarcely a college in the whole civilized world that is not a direct enterprise of Christianity. Who are the teachers in these institutions? Christians. The highest calling known to man is in the hands of Christ's servants. Whose children are instructed in these colleges and schools? In proportion to their number ministers' children are vastly in the majority; next the children of church officers; then the children of Christians at large. Christ has determined that in proportion as we are devoted to him we shall possess the wisdom of the world.

Where from are the majority of lawyers, statesmen, congressmen, senators, cabinet officers, physicians and ministers? Statistics show that they are the children of ministers and of church officers. Then I saw that honor and influence were hereditary in the homes of Christ's servants; that the meek shall inherit the earth; that godliness yields a hundred-fold in this life. The reflection was becoming strong in my mind that Christ was not so hard a master.

I again inquired, who built the hospitals, the orphan homes, homes for old people, or organized humane societies, cared for the out-cast and were foremost in all eleemosynary movements for the lifting up of the burdens of barbarism from the shoulders of men?

I discovered Christianity to be the whole motive power in all such enterprises. I saw Christ a burden-bearer and not an oppressor. So far, Christ was one whose service carried its reward in itself.

The second question I asked myself was, Is temporal prosperity more the lot of those that follow Christ the closer?

I took the record of a class of college young men of twenty years ago. Of that class thirty-five entered the ministry, thirty-nine the profession of law, twelve professors and teachers, twenty entered business life, and seven were scattered among other occupations.

Every one of the thirty-five who entered the ministry has occupied an honorable position; not one can be said to be a failure. They have

received salaries from \$10,000 to \$1,000 each. Can as much be said of the lawyers? I will not particularize. From the whole class during twenty years, nineteen are dead; but of the thirty-five ministers only two, and one of them was an invalid while in college.

Two professors, one from a theological seminary and one from a law school, met in New York city. The lawyer asked the theologian what per cent. of the students in the seminary did he consider a success? The reply was, "About ninety-five per cent." "Well, that is remarkable," said the lawyer. "We consider a class of a hundred students doing well if from five to ten sustain positions of influence."

Here, then, is a very telling record of Christ as a master. Those directly in his service average, in honor, salary, and long life, higher than those of equal standing in other callings who do not make Christ's service their immediate calling.

Furthermore, those of the thirty-five ministers who went as foreign missionaries are in condition of prosperity and the rearers of happiness equal to the best that remained at home.

A lady physician said to me, "Miss Howard and I were in the same class, and Miss H. was not considered extra bright. I had the advantage over her. She went as a missionary. I looked down on her. But she is the physician to the Emperor of China, and I am here struggling for enough to keep one alive." We do not serve Christ in vain.

[Concluded next week.]

ARE VALOR, PATRIOTISM, AND FRIENDSHIP, CHRISTIAN VIRTUES?

Patrick Henry, the celebrated Virginia orator and patriot of Revolutionary time, shortly before his death, was so impressed with the worth of Soame Jenyns, on the "Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion," that he published an edition of that treatise, at his own expense, for gratuitous distribution among the people.

And inasmuch as there can be no high standard of Christianity among us without right conscience, and there can be no right and pure conscience, without right judgment, which is only attained by "proving all things, and holding fast that which is good," I submit for careful reading from that unequalled document, that portion of it, bearing upon the subject under above title:

"My third proposition is this: that from this book called the New Testament may be collected a system of ethics, in which every moral precept . . . founded on false principles, is entirely omitted. . . . By precepts founded on false principles, I mean those which recommend fictitious virtues, productive of none of these salutary effects, and therefore, however celebrated and admired, are in fact no virtues at all. Such are valor, patriotism, and friendship . . . It will be proper to show that these are most judiciously omitted; because they have really no intrinsic merit in them, and are totally incompatible with the genius and spirit of this institution.

"Valor, for instance, or active courage, is for the most part constitutional, and therefore can have no more claim to moral merit than wit, beauty, health, strength, or any endowment of the mind or body; and so far is it from introducing any salutary effects by introducing peace, order, or happiness in society, that it is the usual perpetrator of all the violences which, from retaliated injuries, distract the world with bloodshed and devastation; . . . it is the chief instrument which ambition employs in her unjust pursuits of wealth and power, and is therefore so much extolled

by her votaries, it was indeed congenial with the religion of pagans, whose gods were for the most part, made out of deceased heroes, exalted to heaven as a reward for the mischiefs which they had perpetuated upon earth; and therefore with them was the first of virtues. But whatever merit it may have assumed among pagans, with Christians it can pretend to none, and few, or none, are the occasions in which they are permitted to exert it. They are so far from being allowed to inflict evil, that they are forbid even to resist it; they are so far from being encouraged to revenge injuries, that one of their first duties is to forgive them. If Christian nations therefore, were nations of Christians, all war would be impossible and unknown among them, and valor could be neither of use nor estimation, and therefore could never have a place in the catalogue of Christian virtues, being irreconcilable with all its precepts. I object not to the praise and honors bestowed on the valiant; they are the least tribute which can be paid them by those who enjoy safety and affluence by the intervention of their dangers and sufferings. I assert only, that active courage can never be a Christian virtue, because a Christian can have nothing to do with it. Passive courage is indeed frequently and properly inculcated by this weak and suffering religion under the titles of patience and resignation, a real and substantial virtue this, and a direct contrary to the former. . . .

"Patriotism, also, that celebrated virtue, so much practiced in ancient times, that virtue which so long preserved the liberties of Greece and exalted Rome to the empire of the world; this celebrated virtue, I say, must also be excluded because it not only falls short of, but directly counteracts, the extensive benevolence of this religion. A Christian is of no country, he is a citizen of the world; and his neighbors and countrymen are the inhabitants of the remotest regions, whenever their distresses demand his friendly assistance. Christianity commands us to love all mankind; patriotism to oppress all other countries to advance the imaginary prosperity of our own Christianity enjoins to imitate the universal benevolence of our Creator, who pours forth his blessing upon every nation on earth; patriotism to copy the mean partiality of an English parish officer, who thinks injustice and cruelty meritorious whenever they promote the interests of his own inconsiderable village. This has ever been a favorite virtue with mankind, because it conceals self-interest under the mask of public spirit, not only from others, but even from themselves, and gives a license to inflict wrongs and injuries, not only with impunity, but with applause; but it is so diametrically opposite to the great characteristic of this institution, that it never could have been admitted into the list of Christian virtues."

After giving a somewhat similar analysis of friendship, though allowing that it is more congenial to the spirit of Christianity, yet not a Christian virtue "because too narrow and confined," and after setting forth the new and positive virtues of Christianity, poverty of spirit, forgiveness of injuries, charity to all men, repentance, faith, etc., he continues:

"Nothing, I believe, has so much contributed to corrupt the true spirit of the Christian institution, as that partiality which we contract from our earliest education for the manners of pagan antiquity; from whence we learn to adopt every moral idea which is repugnant to

it to applaud false virtues which that disavows, to be guided by laws of honor, which that abhors; to imitate characters, which that detests and to behold heroes, patriots, and conquerors, suicides with admiration whose conduct that utterly condemns. . . . I mean not by this to pass any censure on the principles of valor, patriotism or honor; those who are actuated by them, may be virtuous, honest, and even religious men. All that I assert is, that they cannot be Christians."

Those Christians who claim to take the Bible alone as the guide of faith and practice will do well indeed to ponder the above and compare them with the words of him who said: "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my followers fight," and if they do they will hardly make the mistake that attachment to political parties, and patriotism that even dies for the country, is no proof that such insures a title to eternal life.

What is needed, is a stalwart, robust Christianity that will stand only on the "one foundation," without building on it, with "wood, hay, and stubble," but with "gold, silver, precious stones," that will withstand the fires of the great day.

M. HARRY.

MARCH 15, 1895.

THE PASTOR'S HEART.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM C. DALAND.

No person in the world has a more responsible position than a Christian pastor,—unless indeed, it be those to whom is committed the training of those who are to become pastors. No one has more burdens to bear than he.

To the pastor of experience it is all plain how a man can preach to others and himself be rejected. This is not simply because it is easier to prescribe remedies than to take one's own medicine, but because every true pastor has many troubles which are known only to him and to his God,—about which he can talk to none but his God. By this is not meant so much that the facts in these cases may not be disclosed; it may be they are all such as could be known and mentioned. But the sorrows locked up in the pastor's bosom cannot be known even by his most intimate friends.

Since our Saviour wept at the grave of Lazarus and shed bitter tears over Jerusalem, many a devoted pastor has gone to an early grave, not from overwork, not from the amount of preaching and speaking, but from these hidden griefs, such as the author of the epistle to the Hebrews had in mind when he said: "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you."

There are many blessed compensations for the trials and privations incident to the pastor's life, sources of joy which none but a pastor can know. There is no life so full of holy joy as that of the true and conscientious pastor. But there is sorrow in the pastor's life even when others think him joyful. There is scarcely a ministration wherein there is not present an element of sadness, sometimes due to his own carnal nature, sometimes of the powers of evil, but often, oh, so often! due to anxiety for the souls to which he ministers and for which he feels that he is before God responsible. In the speech of the olden time he feels burdened with the "cure" of souls,—whence the term "curate,"—with much of the intensity of affection revealed in the strong Latin word *cura*. Perhaps this anxious care

shows lack of faith, but men of strong faith have felt it, and our Saviour was no stranger to its pangs.

In a ministerial conference recently the remark was made that "pastors do not take vacations enough." This may be true or it may not; but the trouble is, the genuine pastor's heart cannot take a vacation. If it only could! The many causes of sadness to the sincere shepherd of Christ's flock cannot here be enumerated, but to mention a few may be suggestive to some of the sheep. In order to appreciate them fully one must himself with God's help try to be a faithful minister. Then and only then will he know them all.

Indifference on the part of the people is a source of constant grief. Indifference to church services, to prayer-meetings, to important truth, to the study of the Bible, to plain Christian duty, to the responsibilities of Christian living—anything but this! The hollow mockery of too many Christian professors is a genuine grief to a pastor. Opposition one can meet, but indifference baffles treatment.

Another source of grief to a pastor is the frail tenure by which religion and the church hold many members. Their religion is as fragile as these little glass Prince Rupert's drops, which, if one breaks the least corner or point, fly into a thousand bits. The smallest trifles affect these people's religious attitude. If they are slighted, or if some one has done them the least injustice, or if a little jar of any sort occurs, they stay away from church, or resign their office, or otherwise "won't play," like children. One such can keep a pastor continually on tenter-hooks, and when the one is multiplied by twenty-five, of various ages, sexes, and sorts, he is in constant torture of the most exquisite nature. Why don't they let these affect some other fundamental and not religion. If they would only stop eating, or sleeping, or breathing, or something else, instead of always stopping their worship or their duty to the Lord, the pastor's sufferings would be less.

A sincere pastor cannot fail to mourn over the existence of petty feuds, jealousies, bitternesses, strifes, meannesses and other unworthy facts and feelings among the members of his congregation. The great seething cauldron of evil thoughts, words, and deeds bubbles on, boiling over occasionally, and then by its sizzle producing a little flutter. But the faithful pastor is ever bearing the whole upon his heart, praying and longing for the time when these things shall all be put away from the heart and life of each member.

Is your pastor careworn? Is his face furrowed? Do you wish he were different? Think not of a vacation or of more salary as the remedy. Maybe these things wouldn't hurt him any, or you either. But look along the course of thought in these few words. Maybe there is something you can do or refrain from doing which will be worth more to him than money or ease.

**ROTHSCHILD'S RETORT**—A writer in *Munsey's Magazine* tells of a sharp and well-deserved retort uttered by one of the Rothschilds: At a reception in Paris a traveler, who was a strong "Anti-Semitic," was talking to Rothschild on the beauties of the Island of Tahiti, and sarcastically remarked: "There are neither hogs nor Jews there!" "Indeed!" retorted Rothschild. "Then you and I should go there together. We should be great curiosities."—*Ex.*

#### AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blow,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
Oh, Love divine! Oh, Helper ever present!  
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting,  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, oh, Father! Let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of Palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace,  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place—

Some humble door among thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last beneath thy trees of healing  
The life for which I long.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

#### THE MAN WITH A COMPLAINT.

In this age of pandering to every thing that smaks of "the people" I don't know that it would be safe for one to express opinions that one has long entertained and sufficiently proved as to know them for truth. But I am tired of that whole generation that "needs a little help."

One finds them everywhere. They are on the street in the evening, saunter along till your swifter footsteps carry you alongside, and then they hurry to equal your speed, and prefer a stereotyped request for a little assistance. I don't suppose one in a hundred deserve a farthing. Nine out of ten will use the coin you give them for uses other than that for which the coin was solicited. The tenth will not use it at all, but will put it along with savings from a long course of just such brigandage.

And these are the least offensive of the whole brood. A man cannot rise to position of self-support but every one who has met him and exchanged smiles feels that he has a right to solicit without shame something from the estate of the man who has worked. These are the worst of the brood, and they reach all the way from the wight that wants a week's board money to that other one that wants a situation where he will have nothing to do, and can pose as a really great and influential person.

No woman can secure an established place as a wage earner, winning the esteem of her employers and the better garments and appearance of "keep" that comes of steady income, but all the shabby ne'er-do-wells in petticoats that ever she knew will appeal to her for the righting of all wrongs, and go away with bitter anger in her heart if the service is withheld.

As soon as a man acquires money enough to carry on a substantial business he is looked upon as "lucky" by a lot of fellows that never tried to achieve anything more substantial than current expenses. The favored man, who is really the deserving man, is constantly appealed to because he once began where his suitors have consented to remain, and might again return there if he cared to distribute without equity what would never have come to him without industry.

Young men this side of 30 waste hours and days in absolute idleness because they are not offered better wages than they ever had before. Some of them have no one depending upon them. There is no reason why they should not accept any place that would pay them board and lodging; and they would be infinitely better off and have an infinitely better chance to rise than this disassociation from all activities can give them. More of them are married, and are covertly wishing there were a way left open for them to get

free. If they have children, they add that to the total of the wrongs they have to suffer from some undesignated power, and openly envy the man who has no blessings vouchsafed of heaven.

Thousands of men are looking for a "snap" who would better look for a stiletto. They speak of other men as enjoying a "snap," when the men referred to have really bent every energy, mental and physical, for weeks, months and years, to the most faithful and sensible discharge of duty, and have risen simply because their merit has been appreciated—as it always is. Men who are not capable of ten hours of devoted service to any one, or ten hours' constant following of even one phase of idleness, speak of more favored fellows with enmity, because earth yields to one an unenjoyed living and to the other something like appreciated abundance.

Out of unrest and dissatisfaction of the men comes the hatred of wealth and everything that comes of the employment of wealth. Out of the unrest and dissatisfaction of women comes the thousand scandals that come when one bad wife makes two bad husbands.

As soon as wealth begins an enterprise which means the employment of men, the distribution of money, the betterment of estate, the multiplication of opportunity, then the men who should—if they would—be benefited by it collect and hatch from their combined idleness reasons for censure, for obstructing, for delaying, and finally for wrecking. There has not been a big building put up in Chicago in five years but the builders have had to fight hard with the workmen, the latter bending all their energies to the stoppage of work. At the gate of every enterprise sits crouching day and night an enemy more dreaded than fire or foe or pestilence. It is the men whose living depends on the operation of that enterprise; and their whole effort is to embarrass it, dictate to it, or stop it altogether.

At the door of every home, where help is most needed to uplift women, sits one who should be the glad recipient of counsel, the certain user of every blessing that falls in her way. It is the woman dissatisfied with life, and rebelling against laws as certain as sunrise, as unavoidable as death; laws which she knew from the beginning and could have invoked without shadow of doubt of their beneficent working, but which she reviles till her heart is numbed and her nature is closed.

In their fortunes and their homes these people say they need a little help, when all the assistance that comes from another would be but one more curse added to their misery, one more link to the chain that binds them and discourages advance.

"Help yourself!" is the best help that can be given them.—*Times-Herald, Chicago.*

#### LOOK OUT FOR THE ROCKS.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to the summit at one bound, but goes the one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.—*Sailor's Magazine.*



## Woman's Work.

### SELFISH AND LEND-A-HAND.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand  
Went journeying up and down the land.  
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine smiled:  
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy child;  
Birds greeted her from many a tree;  
But Selfish said, "No one loves me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand  
Went journeying home across the land.  
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss—  
The weather was bad, the folks were cross.  
Lend-a-Hand said, when the journey was o'er,  
"I never had such a good time before."

—Mary F. Butts.

### HOW LAURA DECIDED.

RY L. B. S.

Down the broad avenue of the seminary town slowly sauntered four girls, one beautiful sunshiny afternoon in late September. Let us notice them more closely, as they pause before one of the stately homes with which the avenue is lined.

That tall, queenly girl who stands a little apart from the others is Laura Winter, the president of the senior class at East Lake Seminary. The firm poise of the head, the brilliant dark eyes, the general air of ease and dignity, all mark a leader.

The two pretty, brown-haired girls just inside the gate are Helen and Elizabeth Strong, twin daughters of Judge Strong, the magnate of the town. Wealth has not spoiled them; they are bright and earnest students, pushing Laura hard for the senior scholarship prize; they are foremost, too, in all the social life at the Seminary, and are known to every one as Nell and Bessie.

The fourth one of the group is Margaret Rivington, a petite blonde, not noted for any special attainment, but because of her sunny temper and sweet unselfishness ranking only second in the affections of the class to Laura, who is their idol.

Sometimes Margaret was called Meg, sometimes "Laura's shadow"; indeed, she laughingly protested, and, turning to Laura, said: "Ah, Laura, I am so glad that your mother gave you such a beautiful sensible name, that could not be changed. Just fancy one calling you Nan or Babel!"

The regular walk of the Seminary girls was up the North road, under the watchful eye of Miss Fry—or Miss Spy," as some of the girls indignantly called her. To Laura had been granted the special privilege, one highly prized, of walking, whenever she wished, down the pleasant avenue with her three friends who were day pupils. On this particular afternoon they lingered, idly chatting, until Bessie suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, girls, shall we decide to accept Mr. Dean's invitation?"

Mr. Dean was the pastor of the struggling little down-town church which the four girls attended, and of which for two years they had been members. The Sunday previous their pastor had detained them a moment after the morning service, and had urgently invited them to join the "Christian Culture" class which was to be organized the following week. "I think," said Nell, answering her sister's question, "that we ought to join the class. You know we are very near the chapel, and we really have good excuse. Then," she added no softly, "I think dear mother would be glad to have us, and perhaps she will be strong enough to do the reading with us." "Yes," assented Bessie, with a loving glance up at the windows of the room where the sweet invalid mother had lain helpless for so many months.

After a pause, Laura said slowly: "Well, girls, it is not quite so easy for me to decide. You know Friday evening is our only time for recreation up at the seminary, and the Mater (the name bestowed by the girls upon the well beloved preceptress) does not like to have us down town often in the evening. But I like that motto of the class, 'We study that we may serve,' it sounds so practical; we have no time for extra study this year, except it shall count, and I believe this will. Really, this

motto decides me, and, if permission can be secured, I am sure two, at least, of the junior girls can be persuaded to join; then I think little Madame Wayne, the music teacher, will be willing to chaperone us. So," speaking decidedly, "Mr. Dean can count on me."

"And on me too," echoed Meg, "for you know I never can bear to be left out of this charmed circle."

Just as she spoke a distant clock struck the hour, and Laura, waving her hand to the others, said,

"I must be off, girls; you know we have an extra hard chapter in Mental Phil. for tomorrow."

The weeks of that busy winter passed all too swiftly to the students at East Lake. Never once in all the press of work did our girls forget or neglect the Friday evening hour down at the little chapel. They had come to count it as a precious privilege.

One night in early spring, long after Madame Wayne had parted from her charge on their return from the class, Laura sat in her room, gazing thoughtfully into the fast dying embers in the grate. The parting words of her pastor were still ring in her ears.

"Dear young friends, have you decided yet what your life service shall be?"

Yes, Laura thought she had decided long ago. Her talent in painting already assured her that a place and a name in the great world were waiting for her, if she should choose to claim them.

But what a strange thing had happened tonight! Even as her pastor had spoken, another voice had sounded in her ears; it was the cry of China's despairing millions, pleading, "Come over and help us." Now, in the quiet of the night, the conviction was forced upon her that this same call had come to her weeks before, on the evening when she had listened to the earnest appeal of the gifted missionary woman who had spoken before their society of the urgent need of that suffering people.

Should she listen now to this call, could she give up this other prospect, so congenial, and sure to be so successful? Could she leave the dear mother and the beautiful home in the distant city?

True, she knew that the devoted Christian mother would bid her Godspeed and rejoice in her decision.

"I need not decide at once, I must take time to think of it longer."

For many weeks Laura carried her burden. Often in the class-room, on her walks, and in the wakeful hours of the night, the words of the little motto would come to her mind. "We study that we may serve," and always the word China was added to it. She grew so quiet and abstracted that her friends were troubled, not knowing her secret, and the under-class girls, passing her in the corridors, would whisper to each other,

"Behold the grave and reverend senior."

One night, just at the beginning of the eventful commencement week, Laura entered her room after a long and fatiguing rehearsal; going over to the open window, she knelt down and threw her arms over the sill, drinking in all the restful beauty of the peaceful night. Gradually, as she knelt, all the strife and tumult in her soul was hushed, the last barrier was broken down, and she tremblingly whispered:

"Not my will, but thine, be done"; Lord, I am ready to be sent."

Then a flood of peace and joy overwhelmed her, and the decision no longer seemed a sacrifice, but a glad giving, and she knew the promise, "Lo, I am with you always," would be fulfilled to her.

A note, dispatched the next morning by a messenger, made the heart of the careworn pastor to rejoice, and he thanked God that this talented young life was to be given to that people, to whom, in his college days, he had hoped to minister.

A week later the seminary girls were gathered at the station to say the last good byes, and to go their various ways.

"Dear old East Lake," murmured Laura, with a last look up the hill.

Then, resolutely shaking off the feeling of sadness which was fast taking possession of her, she turned smilingly to the throng of laughing, chattering girls, who eagerly crowded about their favorite; hurriedly exchanging words of farewell with them, she hastened on to the little group gathered at the further end of the long platform.

She had need to summon all her resolution when Meg clung to her, tearfully exclaiming:

"How can I ever bear to let you go away, my Laura, where I can never see you again?"

"For shame, Margaret Rivington!" broke in Bessie, making a furtive dash at her eyes with a moist handkerchief: "Don't you see Laura needs some one to cheer her up? We have only ten minutes more to spend with her, so I say, let's be more cheerful." Then she continued, more seriously:

"We have been very proud of our brilliant president these last few days, but never has she seemed so noble to us as on that morning when she called us to her room, and told us of her long struggle and the final glad surrender. Yes dear," turning to Laura, "even if the parting does make our hearts ache, we can still be glad that the Master has bestowed upon one of us this high honor of service."

"You comfort me so much," said Laura, gratefully. "That blessed little motto! Remember, girls, if we must be separated, if I am the only one to bear the tidings to the lands beyond, still we are all pledged to serve somewhere."

The warning whistle sounded and a few moments later Laura had left them to do her part in fulfilling Christ's last command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." —*The Examiner.*

### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred recently in one of the elevated railroad trains that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at the first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the faces of the passengers, and an old grey-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my 'monica?"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica, and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat; and as the little fellow played on, running into the "Rock of Ages," and "Abide With Me," there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along; the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly changed the "Suwanee River" into "Auld Lang Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.—*New York Times.*

## Young People's work

### COMMENTS OF AN OUTSIDER.

They were walking home from Endeavor Meeting, the President and the Outsider. "Why is it," asked the Outsider "that so many feel it a burden to speak in meeting? I have hardly ever attended a prayer-meeting without hearing some one tell how hard it is for them, what a 'cross?' " "Well it is hard sometimes," said the President frankly. She was thinking, but she did not say, that the presence of the Outsider had made it harder for some that day. He was said to be skeptical and critical. "Many find it difficult to say anything in public, and especially so to tell of their inner experience." "Yes, I suppose so," replied the Outsider. "But this is the way it strikes me. Did it ever occur to you that you haven't many opportunities for proselyting? People say the private work is harder than public work. I've heard pastors say that, and I notice that as soon as Endeavor meeting is over the conversation begins at once on everyday topics. Now there are only three agencies at work publicly, the weekly sermon, the Sabbath-school and the prayer-meeting. As far as I can see, the prayer-meeting is the best opportunity you have to reach the outsiders." "There is the revival," suggested the President. "Yes, but that is only an occasional, sporadic affair. It seems to me your regular official opportunities of presenting the claims of the gospel are pitifully meagre." The Outsider mused, "Now tell me, why do you testify? What is your object?" The President looked a bit shocked. "Well it is hard to answer that off-hand. There are many reasons. We are commanded to, 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.' Then it is helpful to one. I always feel better if I do, and dissatisfied if I don't."

"That is, you feel it a duty, and if you don't do it your conscience makes you uncomfortable. But isn't one of its most important objects to help others by your example and experience and to bring them into your faith? Seems to me many don't realize what a power they have in the prayer-meeting. Why I'm sometimes called skeptical and indifferent and all that, but many a time I've gone to a meeting longing for some word of help, something that showed an interest in us outsiders, or some convincing tribute to Christ's power to save from sin. But the majority of those who took part in the meeting seemed to be thinking most about their own progress, or failure, or unworthiness or growth in grace. But what I was going to say was this: if they would think more about reaching and helping others and less about themselves, they would find it much easier to speak. If they could only realize what an opportunity they have to help some poor soul that is longing for light, for human sympathy maybe, or for evidence of that Light which is the light of men, we would hear less about it's being a cross to testify and more about the glory and joy and moral strengthening of the Christian religion."

They paused at the President's gate. "There, I didn't mean to preach," apologized the Outsider. "You do pretty well for a beginner," replied the President. "Why don't you come with us and not be an outsider any longer?" "Oh, that's another story," smiled he as he

handed her her sunshade, and he walked away musing "why don't I?" and the President went in musing "can it be that we carry our selfishness even into the services of the church?"

## OUR MIRROR.

### THE JUNIOR HOUR.

O happiest day of all the week,  
When gather the girls and the boys,  
When the dear Father's blessing they faithfully seek,  
And taste of the true Christian joys.

God grant that the lessons so faithfully learned,  
May help in the warfare of life;  
The glorious home that each one may earn,  
Be the aim of each one in the strife.

H. N. S.

THE Bethel Society has decided to hold a business meeting but once a month instead of weekly, as formerly, and occupy the time usually devoted to formal business in committee conferences. It is the purpose in these conferences to lay plans for the work of the coming week, and to talk over methods of work. The spirit of earnestness and willingness shown in the first meeting of this kind was very encouraging.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR has been organized in Hornellsville. Our conditions are such that our society is practically the Seventh-day Baptist congregation organized for work. The young people assume the responsibility and will undertake all the work usually done by such societies. The prayer-meeting is for old and young and will be held Friday night at the homes of members. The officers of the new society are, President, Mrs. Evelyn Clarke; Vice President, Iva Palmer; Secretary and Treasurer, Vernie Santee. The difficulties to be met and surmounted by our people in this city are many and great, but we are of good courage, for the Lord of hosts is our leader.

THERE has been formed this winter among the members of the Y. P. S. C. E. at Westerly, under the direction of its Sabbath-school Committee, a class for the study of the Bible, with Mrs. O. U. Whitford for a teacher. All who wish to attend are invited to Mrs. Whitford's home each Monday evening, and a portion of the time is spent in a systematic study of the book of Genesis; the remainder of the evening being devoted to the consideration of the Sabbath-school lesson for the week. The work is especially helpful to Sabbath-school teachers and those whom the committee and superintendent may wish to have become such, but the class is open to all who desire to pursue a course of Bible study.

The Junior Christian Endeavor Society connected with the church gave a social and bean supper in the parlors, Thursday evening, March 14th. The children apparently enjoyed serving the supper to their parents and friends, and from the proceeds a sum of money was added to the treasury which was satisfactory to them. COR. SEC.

ABOUT a year ago a Local Union of Christian Endeavor was formed through the energetic efforts of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary for Southern Illinois and Kentucky, Rev. T. J. VanHorn. It is called the Saline Valley Local Union of Christian Endeavor, and includes five Christian Endeavor Societies. It meets every three months with some one of the societies, and on Feb. 8 to 10, 1895, held its fourth quarterly meeting at Stone Fort, Illinois. The Executive Committee had two reasons for holding it there. 1st. It is

the most convenient place to meet in bad weather. 2d. For the effect it would have on the people of the town, for Christian work is at a low ebb, and sin seems to be flourishing. The village has about six hundred inhabitants and keeps three saloons. Some of the leading Christians of the town felt doubtful of its being the best place to hold the meeting, so few were interested in it. Later, posters were prepared by the use of a duplicator in the hands of one of the members, which were prominently displayed in the stores and other public places, advertising the meeting. As the time drew near the prospect of a good meeting seemed to be better, although the weather was severely cold and disagreeable. A day before the meeting we were made glad by the arrival of Miss Stephens of Fairfield and Miss Melrose, of Grayville. Other energetic workers came later, among them was H. H. Burr, of Murphysboro; Judge W. S. Dewey, of Cairo; J. H. Felts and R. W. Jones, of Lake Creek, and Misses Mary and Jennie Grace, of Harrisburg. The first meeting was held on Friday afternoon, Feb. 8, 1895; most of the time was devoted to business. Friday evening some interesting and instructive subjects were discussed. Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock, "Practical Committee Work" was discussed by as many as could be induced to take part, and was one of the most interesting meetings of the Convention. The Sabbath afternoon services were interesting and well attended. A considerably larger crowd was out Sabbath evening to hear an interesting programme. "Inter-Denominational Fellowship," by H. H. Burr, was appropriate, and needs to be emphasized in Stone Fort, and an address on "The Christian Citizen," by Judge W. S. Dewey, was heard with interest. Mr. Dewey is a successful man politically. Although less than thirty years old, is Judge of Alexander county, is a man of high ideals and purposes, an energetic and enthusiastic Christian Endeavorer. After the evening services, then came the social. All marched up the hill to Rev. F. F. Johnson's hospitable home, where a few hours were spent in games and other amusements. After refreshments were brought in and after singing, the party was dismissed by prayer in true Christian Endeavor style. Although it was uncommonly late when we got to bed, all were up early for the Sunrise Prayer-meeting. Considerable interest was taken in it on account of its being the first one ever held in the village. It was attended by about thirty, which is more than usually attend other prayer-meetings. It was enjoyed, and made a good impression on the other meetings held during the day. Sunday morning, 11 o'clock, Rev. A. C. Barton, of Stone Fort, delivered an interesting address on "The Christian Endeavor Society." The afternoon session was interesting. The evening session closed the meeting with consecration services. The effect of the meeting was good and has already been shown by the way they take hold of the work. The people of Stone Fort are glad to have become better acquainted with the Christian Endeavor movement, are anxious to learn more of it, and will gladly receive the Local Union again.

"TO KEEP ourselves above the world while occupied in the world, is a sacred art. Travelers tell of a timid bird that almost lives in the sky and even when compelled to rest she seeks the highest rock, and with wings half folded holds herself in readiness to soar heavenward in time of danger. Cannot a Christian take a lesson from the birds; and make their watchfulness an emblem of the way to pass the time of his life here?"—Sel.

## Children's Page.

### HOW JACK SAVED THE BABY.

Jack is a dog—only a dog—but he has got a good deal more sense, and a good deal more courage than many people, who think themselves of a good deal more importance than he. He is a very pretty dog, a great, brown, Scotch collie, and he belongs to a hook and ladder company in New York. Almost all fire companies have dogs belonging to them, but none of them are such good firemen as Jack. Where he came from nobody knows, but one day he stopped in front of the engine-house and looked in. He was very rough and dirty and lean then, and not a pretty dog to look at, but one of the firemen, who was sitting on a bench in the house eating his lunch, saw him, and threw him a bone that he did not want. Jack was glad to get it, for he was nearly starved, so he gnawed all the meat off it, and waited for more. He did not get it then, but he sat down by the door, and there he stayed. Firemen are mostly kind-hearted people, and when they saw that Jack was a well behaved dog they would not drive him away, and soon he was recognized as belonging there, and there he has been ever since. He soon grew clean and fat under the care of the firemen, and they found that he was very bright and intelligent. He thinks that it is his duty to do everything that he sees the other members of the company do. As soon as he comes to the engine-house he reports for duty just like the men. He stands up on his hind legs and places his fore paws on the desk, and there he stays until the foreman says: "All right, Jack."

When the fire alarm rings he runs to the horses and nips at their hind legs to hurry them up. He runs close behind the engine to the fire, and when the place is reached is always the first to rush into the burning house. One day he tried to follow the men up a ladder. He managed to get up eight rounds, but he could get no further, and could not get down until he was helped. Another time he ran upstairs, and jumped out the back window, with the men, onto a tin roof. The wood under the tin was a-fire, and he burned his feet badly before the men could make him go down.

But Jack's greatest achievement happened not long ago. He went to a fire with the engine. When the firemen got there the fire had a big start. It was up stairs, and when the firemen tried to go up, with Jack behind them, they found that it was too dangerous. The hall was full of thick smoke, and the flames were darting along the ceilings. They turned back to the door, and just then a woman, who stood there, and had run out of the house in her night-clothes, cried out: "Oh! my baby! my baby! I have forgot my baby!" "Where is it?" asked one of the firemen. "It is in the back room, at the further end of the hall! Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

The fireman rushed bravely up the stairs again, and Jack with him, while some of the others ran to the back of the house with a ladder to try to reach the child from there.

When the man got to the head of the stairs he saw that he could not get through the hall, for the whole top and sides of it were in flames, and the smoke was so thick that he could not breathe. He stopped and turned back, saying:

"Come Jack, we can't get through!" but Jack had heard what the woman said and he would not turn back. He was bound to save that poor, forgotten baby, and dashed past the man into the door at the farther end of the hall. The man stopped to call him, and was so smothered by the smoke that he lost his senses, and fell down the stairs.

The men at the bottom picked him up and threw water in his face. "Poor Jack," they said, "he is gone!"

But just then here came Jack rushing down the stairs carrying the baby, a poor little thing not two months old. Its clothes were all on fire and it was senseless, but it was not dead—nor dangerously burned.

Jack's hair was all singed off his back, and he suffered a good while, but he is as well as ever now.

The father of the baby wanted to buy Jack, but the firemen would not sell him. "No!" they said, "not for his weight in gold!" for he was the bravest fireman in the company.—*Catholic Mirror*.

### THE DEACON'S TREAT.

An old man in Massachusetts eighty-seven years of age, recently told a temperance worker the story of his boyhood days. He was apprenticed to a good man, a deacon in a Baptist church. There were eight apprentices who worked for this one master. When they had been industrious, and the work had gone well through the week, the good deacon used to give them a treat on Saturday night. They must go and wash and dress themselves, and then go down to the kitchen and seat themselves on the "settle" around the room. Then the deacon would say to his wife:

"Well, mother, they have been pretty good boys this week, and now they may all have some whisky-punch."

So she would prepare the punch, putting in sugar, and milk, and spices, and making it as palatable as possible, and then he would give it to the boys to drink. That deacon doubtless thought he was doing a kindness, but, "Of those eight boys," said the old man, "seven are in drunkard's graves."

"How did you escape?" inquired the friend of whom he was telling the story.

"By using my common sense. When the weather was cold in winter, the deacon's wife was accustomed to come and bring us down a pail of punch to the shop, and give us some to drink. I noticed that a little while after I had taken that punch I began to feel tired; the hammer was heavy, and the work went harder. When I found how it was, I said to her one day, callig her "mother," as we all did,

"Say, mother, would you just as soon give me coffee to drink instead of punch?"

"No," said she, "I would not. I do not want to go and make coffee just for one person."

"Well, will you do it, if I will give you ten cents a week extra?"

"She consented to on these terms, and so I let alone the punch and took the coffee, and I found that on drinking that I did not feel so exhausted as I did after drinking the punch."

Thus there was opened a way of escape; and while seven of the eight apprentices had gone down to drunkard's graves, this man still lives, at the age of eighty-seven, hale and healthy.

We who live at the present time can hardly imagine the change in public sentiment since the time when masters and mistresses, good Christian people, thought to do their apprentices a kindness by giving them intoxicating drink. Let us be thankful that so much has been done in the way of correcting public sentiment; but let us also remember that much remains to be done to save both young and old from the seduction of that fatal poison which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. And let us also remember that there are yet multitudes who never have been taught the evils of strong drink, and let us teach them the ways of life, health and peace.—*Christian Safeguard*.

### THE TALKING DOG.

There was once a ventriloquist so poor that he was obliged to travel on foot from town to town to save expense, much after the manner of the gentleman of adventure in Grimm's Tales. One day he was joined on the road by a dog as forsaken as himself, but who seemed desirous of becoming his companion.

They journeyed together to the next town, and entered the tavern tired, hungry, and penniless. Not being troubled with the inconvenient refinement which comes from a long line of gentle ancestors, the man had developed the quality known as cheek, so he and the dog sat down to eat a supper for which they could not pay.

The room was full of loungers, and the

stranger took a conspicuous seat. "What will you have?" asked the only waiter the place employed; and the order embraced nearly everything on the bill of fare.

"But I want something for my dog, too," he added. "Ask him what he will have." The waiter muttered something about "whatcher giving us," so the stranger said, "What, don't you like to? Well, Bruno, will you have beef or fish?"

"Beef, every time," said Bruno, looking with mild brown eyes at the waiter.

"And what to drink?"

"Water, thank you," said Bruno.

By this time the landlord and every one in the place were eager with suppressed wonder, and gathered about to hear a dog talk.

The ventriloquist feigned indifference by eating with avidity, while the landlord was evidently considering something. His cogitation resulted in his offering the stranger three hundred dollars for his wonderful talking dog.

The ventriloquist appeared to hesitate a moment, then said, abruptly; "Yes, you may have him for three hundred dollars."

When the money was paid and the ventriloquist was about to leave, he turned to the dog, patted him affectionately, and said, "Good-by, old fellow, you've been a good friend to me."

"You are no friend of mine," returned the dog, "to sell me to another master. As you were mean enough to serve me such a trick. I'll have revenge. I'll never speak another word as long as I live."

The ventriloquist then made off with all possible haste.—*Harper's Young People*.

### SOME WONDERFUL THINGS.

"Martin," said a wise grammar-school boy to his little brother of six, "come here, and tell me what you have inside of you."

"Nothing," said Martin.

"Yes, you have. Listen! You've got a whole telegraph stowed away in your body, with wires running down to your very toes and out to your finger tips."

"I haven't," said Martin, looking at his feet and hands.

"You have, though; and that isn't all. There's a big force pump in the middle of you, pumping, pumping, seventy times a minute all day long, like the great engine I showed you the other day at the locomotive works."

"There is no such thing"—

"But there is, though; and, besides all these things, a tree is growing in you, with over two hundred different branches, tied together with ever so many bands and tough strings."

"That isn't so at all," persisted the little boy, about ready to cry. "I can feel myself all over, and there's no tree, nor engine, nor anything else, except flesh and blood."

"Oh! that isn't flesh and blood, that's most of it water. This is what you are made of—a few gallons of water, a little lime, phosphorus, salt, and some other things thrown in," said his brother.—*World's White Ribbon*.

WHEN Mathew Arnold returned to London from his first literary tour in this country he visited Mrs. Proctor, widow of the poet ("Barry Cornwall"). The lady, who was then eighty years of age, in handing, Mr. Arnold a cup of tea, asked him, "And what did they say about you in America?"

"Well," said the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes did not fit me."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Proctor, "I think they were mistaken as to the clothes."

### WANTED! WANTED!! WANTED!!!

Back numbers of the SABBATH OUTLOOK for 1890 and 1891. The publishers are anxious to obtain complete sets for the years named. Any one sending us two sets, shall have one, bound, in return. Single copies of the number for April 1890, especially wanted. Please look over your files, and garrets, and see if you can help us.

## Home News.

Rhode Island.

HOPKINTON.—Rev. J. L. Huffman began gospel meetings here on February 19th, and continued them for nearly three weeks, with encouraging results. Ten persons, at least, are awaiting baptism, most of whom, with five or six others, who have been baptized, will unite with this church.

Brother Huffman is pleasant to work with, convincing in his preaching, and leaves the pastor with the prayers and the best wishes of the people.

During these meetings the people of Ashaway, Canonchet, Clark's Falls, Hope Valley, as well as many others, gave timely and acceptable assistance. To all of whom we extend our sincere thanks. L. F. R.

New York.

WATSON.—The winter still reigns in this vicinity, though the snow has somewhat wasted away by the March sun. Much snow has fallen during the winter, and it will take some time to melt. The winter has been severe, and has been very hard on old people especially. Several deaths have occurred in this vicinity, and death seems to hold his "grip" on many persons at present. The hard times are felt here to some extent, but nothing like what is known in the far West. U. M. B.

MARCH 17, 1895.

Wisconsin.

ALBION.—We are enjoying very fine weather for this season of the year. The ground is frozen hard, but the roads are smooth and dusty.

For three weeks we have been holding nightly meetings. Pastor Witter was taken with *la grippe* March 7th, and Rev. Mr. Woodmansee, pastor of the M. E. Church of Edgerton, has been kindly assisting in the work since. Cottage meetings have been held every afternoon for about two weeks. The interest is deepening, and a number have started in the better way. We are greatly desiring that the work shall continue till, under the Divine Spirit, a complete work may be wrought, and all shall be lifted into closer fellowship with the Lord.

There are many in this society suffering with *la grippe*. E. A. W.

MARCH 17, 1895.

Minnesota.

DODGE CENTRE.—While the death angel has visited many parts of our beloved Zion, God has remarkably preserved us and but little serious sickness has been experienced in our own society up to this date. For this we are devoutly grateful. We mourn with others the loss of our veterans and much-loved ministers, as Jones, Maxson and Clarke. When God takes such fearless reformers and able speakers to their eternal reward, it is occasion for mourning by us as a denomination. But what rejoicing among the angels that three great souls have joined their company. How many of us younger ministers recall with gratitude the words of encouragement these men have given us, and how their examples inspire us to labor more faithfully. God give us more such consecrated leaders.

Again we have gathered to celebrate the twentieth marriage anniversary of one of our deacons. This time it was E. S. Ellis and on the 15th of April. It was a pleasant party

and many were the wishes for continued happiness of bride and groom.

Our winter chorus practice ended last evening after the Sabbath, the 16th, with a grand public rehearsal at the church. Twenty-one pieces, consisting of solos, duets, trios, quartettes, choruses, and instrumental music, made up the program. The church was well filled.

Our State has a new liquor law which forbids the wholesale liquor trade and "cold storage trade" in villages which vote no license. Under the old law we were helpless, though we voted no license. We are now in the midst of a fight on the license question, as the wholesale dealer has filed a petition with our village board which forces the issue upon us again. Our charter election comes April 1st. The writer delivered an address before the citizens of this village on the 3d inst., which is now being published in full in one of the county papers. He also delivers a gospel temperance sermon next Sabbath, the 23d. We ask all readers of this, to unite their prayers with ours, that the God of truth and justice will give us the victory in this trying time. There is very much involved for the future in this year's fight.

Our Sabbath-school gives its annual temperance entertainment on the evening of the 30th inst.

A State Teachers' Institute for this county is now in session in this village. H. D. C.

### KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS.

BY CHARLES E. BUELL.

"I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love."—Jesus.

The observance of the seventh day became the only outward sign between the Creator and the created, an outward sign of a belief without which there could be no true faith; an outward evidence of a faithful keeping of the three preceding commandments. The keeping of the fourth commandment, the keeping of the Sabbath *in honor of the Lord thy God*, is an acknowledgment, by an act, that the person who is so keeping the day believes that God is, and that the Lord their God is one Lord, that they have no other god, that they are not worshipers of images, and such would not, presumptuously, take the name of God in vain. It was a token between Jehovah and the people, that the keeping of the seventh day was evidence that those doing it were keepers of all the ten commandments.

The keeping of the Sabbath was a sign forever, and those who faithfully kept the day were to be preserved; on the other hand, to fail to keep it was to make it a signal for destruction.

Let the student of this subject carefully note the warnings to the kings of Judah, and all Judah, that are found in the 17th of Jeremiah, 21-27: "If ye will not hearken unto me to hallow the Sabbath-day, and not to bear burdens, and enter into the gates of Jerusalem on the Sabbath-day, then will I kindle a fire in its gates, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and it shall not be quenched." Verse 27.

On this text Dr. Adam Clarke comments thus: "From this we find the ruin of the Jews attributed to the breach of the Sabbath; as this led to a neglect of the ordinances of religion and public worship, so it necessarily brought with it immorality. The breach of

the Sabbath was that which let in upon them all the waters of God's wrath."

The observance of the Sabbath is here made to show that worship is involved, that without due observance of this day all immorality creeps in, and the end is anarchy, destruction and death. The outward sign is wanting, and the signal for destruction is the outcome.

The newspapers are constantly filled with reports of dishonesty of every sort, the perversion of every business rule, infidelity, and all that is born of covetousness. Vast systems, "having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," have brought to the very present that last sign which Paul gave to Timothy, that is to mark the beginning of "perilous times;" the development of those who can be led captive; "ever learning," and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

Logically considered, a social condition that would "let in upon all the waters of God's wrath" in the case of the Jews, would merit like punishment elsewhere. In Isaiah 24 the annihilation of the world system is most vividly given, and in the 5th verse the reasons for the coming destruction are set forth, and they are just what is ripening throughout the civilized world. Men evading the legal rights of others, neglecting the commandments, being covetous, proud, disobedient to parents, unthankful; but more than all, they resist the truth, they are reprobate concerning the faith, presumptuously organizing for the purpose of overthrowing the last effort that is being made to observe the true Sabbath, and persecuting those who will not join hands with them in their folly and wickedness. This is all summed up in the 5th verse: "*Because they had transgressed the laws, neglected the statutes, broken the everlasting covenant.* Therefore hath the curse devoured the land."

The crowning act of wrong-doing is the disobedience of the fourth commandment; they have "broken the everlasting covenant," the "perpetual covenant." In doing this they were to build an image to the desolating, persecuting system of the dark ages. This is described in Rev. 13, 14; and the end of all this coincides with what Isaiah has disclosed: "they shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God." There shall be no mercy mingled with it; it is "unmixed in the cup of his anger." Rev. 14: 10.

The value of a sign that will be recognized, and be acceptable to the Ruler of the Universe, cannot be over estimated.

The Hebrews, in Egypt, were commanded to sprinkle the blood of a lamb upon their door-posts. In obeying this sign there was life. To have used the blood of a dog would have been a provocation. The enslaved Hebrew, or even Moses, may not have known the vast import of the type which the blood of a lamb here became. The Sabbath-keeper may not realize all that is contemplated by Divine Wisdom in the sanctification of the seventh day, of which so much is written by a long list of inspired men, and of which the strongest language is used to urge men not to fail to obey the commanded observance of it.

The careful observance of the given sign must mean much. If Rahab, who received the red cord, as a sign, and as a covenant, with explicit instructions to stretch it across

the window for the saving of her house, had said, "Oh, it makes no difference where it is put," or, "anything red will do just as well as this cord," it is safe to assume that she would have suffered for her failure to do her part of a life-saving covenant. That historic cord, hung loosely in the designated window, would have failed. "She bound the scarlet line in the window." She did not fail. (Joshua 2: 21.)

There may often be what appears a similarity in the course pursued that results in failure and that which results in success; but when closely scrutinized these are as wide apart as success and failure. Every possible means has been employed to give men the true significance of this most important sign—Sabbath-keeping—and to restrain them from deviating from the true to a false course in this matter.

Not only have the deadly effects of a failure been pointed out, but the rich promises of obedience have been written in attractive language: "If thou restrain thy foot for the sake of the Sabbath, not doing thy business on my holy day; and if thou call the Sabbath a delight, the holy day of the Lord, honorable; and honor it by not doing thy usual pursuits, by not following thine own business, and speaking vain words. Then shall thou find delight in the Lord; and I will cause thee to tread upon the high places of the earth, and I will cause you to enjoy the inheritance of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isaiah 58: 13, 14.

No other commandment has such a promise attached to it. The inheritance of Jacob includes every promise, even to being rescued from the grave. It is the inheritance of Israel; "God said to him thy name is Jacob, thy name shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name, and He called his name Israel." Gen. 35: 10.

The full inheritance of Israel is herein promised. "Nathaniel answered and said to him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." John 1: 49.

This discloses that the promise was not made to the Jews only, and the inheritance is not yet come to the ones who obeyed when the promise was written.

(Continued.)

WHEN A CHINESE BOY BECOMES A MAN.

"What is the most important event in the life of an American boy or a little English boy?" asks the *New York Ledger*. Why, it is when he takes off his knickerbockers and goes into long trousers, is it not? From that time he ceases to be a little boy merely, and begins to take on some of the cares and duties of a grown-up man.

Perhaps he is given a latchkey at that time: perhaps his father trusts him to be his sister's escort upon little railway journeys; perhaps he is allowed a voice in deciding family questions. Something is surely done to mark the change from little boyhood into young manhood.

That is the way with little boys in this part of the world.

But in China it is different. What do you suppose is done for a boy when he has reached the age when he is tired of kite-flying and playing with Chinese toys? Why, his head is shaved and he is prepared for a queue!

The celebration of the event is a very important one in a Chinese household. All the friends and relatives are invited, and are expected to give the boy a very nice present in money. The boy himself is elegantly dressed in silk robes, and is perfumed as sweet as fresh spices can make him. When all are assembled his father makes a speech, the relatives present him with the purse of money, and then the Chinese priest shaves the boy's head for a queue, and he is launched upon the world as a man. How different from the informal way the American boys go forth into the world! Isn't it?

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1895.  
SECOND QUARTER.

April 6.	THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.....	Mark 11: 1-11.
April 13.	The Wicked Husbandmen.....	Mark 12: 1-12.
April 20.	Watchfulness.....	Matt. 24: 42-51.
April 27.	The Lord's Supper.....	Mark 14: 12-26.
May 4.	The Agony in Gethsemane.....	Mark 14: 32-42.
May 11.	Jesus Before the High Priest.....	Mark 14: 53-64.
May 18.	Jesus Before Pilate.....	Mark 15: 1-15.
May 25.	Jesus on the Cross.....	Mark 15: 22-37.
June 1.	The Resurrection of Jesus.....	Mark 16: 1-8.
June 8.	The Walk to Emmaus.....	Luke 24: 13-32.
June 15.	Peter and the Risen Lord.....	John 21: 4-17.
June 22.	The Saviour's Parting Words.....	Luke 24: 44-53.

LESSON I.—THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

For Sabbath-day, April 6, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—Mark 11: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Hosanna: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Mark 11: 9.

INTRODUCTORY.

Christ is on his last journey to Jerusalem. The Pass-over, with its sacrifices, was just at hand, and companies of pilgrims, driving sheep for the altars, would be seen in the highways, coming together from the four quarters to the center of the nation's faith. Among them goes the Lamb of God—the one sacrifice—final, perfect, and sufficient, whom these typical altars for thousands of years had looked forward to. The Lamb is slain from the foundation of the world. He is not only Sacrifice and Priest, Prophet and Fulfillment, but he is King, and he enters the city with royal honors, in meekness to die, but in majesty to triumph.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

"When they came nigh to Jerusalem." Jerusalem is mentioned first as it is the great terminus, the central point of interest to the multitudes going up to the feast. "Bethphage and Bethany." Small villages on the direct road from Jericho to Jerusalem, on the east of Mt. Olivet, which was east of Jerusalem. Bethany is now a small village of but a few families; scarcely any trace of Bethphage is to found. "At the Mount of Olives." At, or toward. In going to Jerusalem by Bethphage and Bethany they would go in the direction of the Mount of Olives. "He sendeth forth two of his disciples." He details and dispatches. "Go into the village." Very likely Bethphage. See Matt. 21: 1, 2. "Over against you." Opposite you. "Ye shall find a colt." The word used here may mean the young of a horse or the young of an ass. Most likely the latter. It was no reproach or sign of poverty to ride upon an ass. Horses were used for the war. "Whereon no man ever sat." In this great act, Christ meant to be no man's successor. "Loose him and bring him." Mark only makes mention of the colt, as that was to be used. Matt. 21: 2. "Why do ye this?" What are you doing? "The Lord hath need of it." The maker of the universe hath a use for it. "And straightway he will send him hither." The Lord foresees in his divine knowledge all the details of the event. "Found the colt tied by the door without." It is common in the East to have horses or asses standing by the door ready for use. "In a place where two ways meet." The word here used, means on the round-about-road, that is, the street branched from the main road, and leading around, met the main road again. "Certain of them that stood there." Servants of the owner. "And they let them go." Suffered them to go. "They bring the colt to Jesus." The two sent, and likely others. "Cast their garments on him." Loose outer robes, in place of the elevated Oriental saddle. "And sat upon it." Enters Jerusalem with all the details of a triumph. Not as a haughty warrior on his steed, but as the Prince of Peace, not in pomp and purple, for he was the meek and lowly one, and he was a Conqueror and a King, and his life and teachings are destined to be triumphant the world over. "And many spread their garments in the way." In the place of tapestry. "And branches off the trees." Cut in the fields. Natural decorations were used in triumphal processions. "And strewed them in the way." For a carpet. "They that went before, and they that followed." Great multitudes had come from Jerusalem to meet Christ (John 12: 18), and a great multitude had followed from Bethany, the former turn about and proceed and the latter follow. Christ the great center of attraction. "Hosanna." Oh save! Originally used by captives in supplicating mercy from their conqueror or lord. "Blessed is He." A devotional desire, really, May God bless him! "Who cometh." All along the ages they had looked for his coming, now he was on the way, and not many of them even realized it. "In the name of the Lord." In Jehovah's name. The Messiah was to be sent, an apostle. Psa. 118: 25. "Coming kingdom."

Messianic kingdom, kingdom of God, kingdom of heaven. "Entered into the temple." Seems to be the final goal in view. His Father's house. "Looked round about upon all things." He had a right to inspect the place; he now uses the right. v. 15-17. "Eventide." Late in the day. "He went out unto Bethany." Home of Martha and Mary and Lazarus, where Christ made his home when in the vicinity, and probably the city was overflowing with worshippers.

THE POWER OF GOD;

What it Can Do, and Has Done.

History has recorded many instances of the wonderfully transforming influence, which the power of God exerts upon individual mind and character. Omitting a large number that might be named, I will mention only two very marked instances of it, the first of which occurred in the infancy of the present dispensation. I allude to that remarkable man, the Apostle to the Gentiles, Paul. Every one familiar with his history, as given in the Acts of the Apostles, and what he says of himself in some of his Epistles, cannot help knowing what a wonderful change this mighty power made in his character and life, when he was struck down by that wonderful manifestation of it, on his way to Damascus. Almost instantaneously, like a flash of electricity, he was changed from an outward, formal Jew of the "straightest sect," to what he calls one "inwardly;"—in other words he was changed in his heart from a bigoted persecuting Jew, to a very humble and meek Christian. From a bitter opposer of Jesus, in whom he had no faith as the Messiah, he becomes his most able defender, and one of his most humble and ardent followers. That murderous spirit which he possessed, in relation to all who believed in the Saviour, was changed to that of the most affectionate love, so that he could almost wish himself "accursed" if others of his own nation could be brought into the same experience with himself. What intensity of feeling does the following words of his express: "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer, for Israel, is, that they may be saved." This great change was accomplished by nothing less than the power of God.

The second instance which I notice is of comparatively modern date, though living in the mid-day of human life, 200 years ago,—I refer to that remarkable woman, Madame Guyon, who was born in 1648, and died in 1717, at 69 years of age. Though always living in the Roman Catholic Church, she was a woman of the deepest, most devoted and self-denying piety, as well as of rare and extraordinary mental talents. I think the church in which she lived must have been better than that it is now, for there were many besides her who made the same high attainments in the Divine, or "inner life," as she termed it that she did. The rich experience in her religious life was not the result of much attention to the forms and ceremonies of the church in which she lived, such as signing her person with the cross, the use of holy water, mortifications, penances, fastings, genuflections, etc., so much observed by Catholics, but the secret of it was simple faith in the merit of the atonement of the Lord Jesus the great doctrine of Protestants, resulting in a life of obedience to the requirements of God as far as she understood them. In her experience and life she exemplified the principle of total abandonment to the will of God, as expressed in his word and providences. She was a living example of the doctrine of sanctification by faith alone, and of the power of God to sustain under the greatest trials, and severest persecutions.

J. T. HAMILTON.

WHITEWATER, Wis., March 20, 1895.

## ROMANISM AND SECRET SOCIETIES.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

In your issue of March 14th is an editorial on the recent interdict by the Papal Church of certain secret societies, the probable reasons for such interdict and the remissness of that Church on the temperance question. I am not a defender of the wisdom or expediency of Papal edicts, but it is always wise to give to all the credit that is their due, and to attach blame only so far as it is deserved. That the Church of Rome has been exceedingly derelict on the question of temperance is abundantly evident, but so also have the Protestant Churches. So long as members of evangelical churches buy, sell and use intoxicating drinks, and so long as the great majority of them consent to the license system, it will hardly be in order to cast stones at their fellow sinners in the Church of Rome. If we have made somewhat more progress on this question, let us be thankful, but let us not forget that the Papal Church is also advancing. Her position on secret societies is held in common with a number of Protestant denominations. She has not singled out the orders specified, as the *only* ones that are prohibited, but Freemasonry especially has been under the ban for more than a century. The secrecy of these orders is not the *sole*, nor is it the *main*, reason why many Christians protest against them. The special reason is that most, if not all of them, maintain a religious worship that is not Christian worship. This is especially true of Freemasonry, Oddfellowship, and the Knights of Pythias. There is one essential characteristic of Christian worship that is always wanting in the rituals of these orders. Christian worship always recognizes Jesus Christ as a divine mediator, and is always made in his name. Now all of the forms of prayer that are provided in the rituals of these orders *always omit any mention of Christ*. Nor do they recognize either the Holy Spirit, the need of repentance, or any atoning sacrifice for sin. Freemasonry even mutilates the Word of God by excluding Christ's name from its Scripture readings. This is true of the degrees of the Blue Lodge and Chapter. In the nature of the case, these orders cannot have a Christian worship, since they are made up of persons who may be Jews, Christians, or those of no religion, and all such are expected to unite in the common prayer. The law of Freemasonry, as laid down by Dr. Robert Morris, in his digest of Masonic law, is thus stated. After saying that Jews and Mohammedans, as well as Christians, may be members of Masonic lodges, he adds, "Prayer in a Masonic lodge should always be of a general character, and should contain nothing offensive to any conscientious Mason. In theory, the whole Masonic world is assembled in every lodge, and prayer and religious instruction should be directed accordingly." The forms of prayer laid down for use in Oddfellow lodges are the same in this respect, and repeated decisions of grand lodges have declared that, if objection is made, the name of Christ may not be used in the worship of the lodge. Doubtless, truly Christian prayers are sometimes made in the lodge, but we hold the orders responsible for what they *profess* and *provide*.

As to secrecy, I do not see how any church can, with due self-respect, permit any of its members to belong to organizations of

questionable character, and into whose esoteric character it is not permitted to inquire. When Dr. Leonard Bacon was asked whether it was proper to admit to membership in the church those who belonged to oath-bound secret societies, he said, "Ask them what oaths they have taken? If they answer correctly, you can judge whether the taking and keeping of such oaths is consistent with Christian character; but if they will not answer, they may and ought to be ruled out for contumacy." If the Church of Rome has sometimes tithed mint and rue, and neglected judgment and mercy, let us remember that "these things ought yet to have done, and not to have left the others undone."

H. H. HINMAN.

OBERLIN, O., March 15, 1895.

## LETTER FROM LONDON.

13 KELROSS R'd, Highbury, London N., March 7, 1895.

Dear Elder Livermore:

I sent, a few days ago, an obituary notice of my late father, for which I am indebted to the kindness of the Editor of *Present Truth*, the Seventh-day Adventist paper published in London. Similar notices appeared in the *Baptist*, *Freeman*, and other notices in the *Times*, *Daily News*, *City Press* and other papers.

My father had been considerably worried for two or three weeks about some church affairs, and preached on Sabbath, Feb. 9th. He seemed fairly well till Thursday the 14th, when he took a short walk and unfortunately took a chill, there being a very cold wind that day. He kept his bed on Friday, but on Sabbath afternoon got up and dressed and seemed fairly cheerful, but did not go out. On Sunday he was much worse and I had a neighboring medical man in and we had a consultation. He was then suffering from influenza and exhaustion, being delirious part of the time. He gradually got weaker, though he was quite conscious at times, and fell asleep in Jesus at 1.30 A. M., on Friday, Feb. 22d.

The funeral services were held on Feb. 26th, at Abney Park Cemetery, and were conducted by the Rev. G. J. Hill, of the Seaman's Christian Friend Society, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Waggoner, of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. The service was a very impressive one and was attended by about fifty persons, the body being laid to rest in the same grave in which the Rev. W. H. Black, F. S. A., was buried, and close to the spot where Dr. Watts composed many of his hymns. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

W. BLACK JONES.

## THE MARTYR PRESIDENT.

The Martyr President's tender heart is clearly visible in the following pathetic narrative. One day in May, 1862, while the great war was raging in America between the North and South, President Lincoln paid a visit to one of the military hospitals. He had spoken many cheering words of sympathy to the wounded as he proceeded through the various wards, and now he was at the bedside of a Vermont boy of about 16 years of age, who lay there mortally wounded.

Taking the boy's thin, white hand in his own, the President said in a tender tone: "Well, my poor boy, what can I do for you?" The little fellow looked up into the President's face and asked: "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," answered Mr. Lincoln; and calling for a pen, ink and paper, he seated himself by the side of the bed and wrote from the boy's dictation. It was a long letter, but the President betrayed no signs of weariness; when it was finished he rose. "I will post this as

soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?" The boy looked up appealingly to the President. "Won't you stay with me?" he asked. "I do so want to hold your hand." The kind-hearted President at once perceived the boy's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist, so he sat by his side and took hold of his hand. For two hours the President sat there patiently, as though he had been the boy's father. When the end came he bent over and folded the thin hands over his breast. As he did so he burst into tears, and when soon afterwards he left the hospital they were streaming down his cheeks.—*Selected*.

## COPIES OF CONFERENCE MINUTES.

We have at this office copies of Conference Minutes as far back as 1872, though no complete sets from 1872 to 1882. From 1882 to 1894, a few complete sets can be had. Any person desiring odd numbers or complete sets can have them at cost of postage (six cents), or binding and postage (\$1.25 per volume of five or less issues each). This offer will be withdrawn before the 1st of May. Order at once if you desire any of these Minutes.

SOME people pray for dying grace, when what they need most is grace to make them live within their means and pay their debts.—*Christian at Work*.

## Special Notices.

ALL persons contributing funds for the New Mizpah Reading Rooms for seamen will please notice that Mrs. W. L. Russell is the Treasurer. Please address her at Plainfield, N. J.

It is now six months since last Conference, and there are yet thirty-seven churches which have not paid their apportionment for Conference expenses. The treasurer is waiting for money.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD.

ALFRED, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1895.

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 2.30 P. M., Sabbath-school at 3.30 P. M. 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 Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the last Sabbath in September and in each month following for public worship, at 2 P. M., at the residence of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Sabbath-keepers in the city and adjacent villages, and others are most cordially invited to attend.

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.

THE First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services in the Boys' Prayer-meeting Room, on the 4th floor, near the elevator, Y. M. C. A. Building; corner 4th Avenue and 23d St.; entrance on 23d St. Meeting for Bible study at 10.30 A. M., followed by the regular preaching services. Strangers are cordially welcomed, and any friends in the city over the Sabbath are especially invited to attend the service. Pastor's address, Rev. J. G. Burdick, New Mizpah, 86 Barrow St.

THE Sabbath-school Board of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference through its Secretary requests the Vice-President for the North-Western Association, H. D. Clarke, to arrange for Institutes in said Association during the present Conference year. Will the Sabbath-schools of the North-Western Association act upon this matter, and through their Superintendents or Secretaries communicate with Rev. H. D. Clarke, Dodge Centre, Minn., in regard to time when they would like such an Institute. Two or more schools near each other might unite in such a profitable convention.

WHERE TO FIND HEAVEN.

There was a Methodist preacher who preached one day on heaven. The next morning he was going down town and he met one of his old, wealthy members. This man met the preacher and said:—

"Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven, but you never told me where heaven is."

"Ah," said the pastor, "I am glad of the opportunity this morning! I have just come from the hill-top yonder! In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is sick in bed with the fever; her two little children are sick in bed, and she has not got a bit of coal or a stick of wood, or flour or any bread. If you will go down town and buy \$50 worth of things, nice provisions, and send them up to her, and say, 'My sister, I have brought these provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour;' if you ask for a Bible, and you read the twenty-third psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray, if you don't see heaven before you get through, I'll pay the bill."

The next morning he said, "Pastor, I saw heaven, and spent fifteen minutes in heaven as certainly as you are listening."—*Exchange.*

A QUESTION OF BALANCES.

The French-Canadians are not without a considerable sense of humor, and they highly appreciate the following story, told of a prosperous baker in a town not far from Quebec:

The baker was in the habit of buying his butter in pound balls, or rolls from a farmer with whom he did a good deal of business. Noticing that these butter balls looked rather small, he weighed them, and found that they were all under a pound in weight.

Thereupon he had the farmer brought before the magistrate and accused of dishonest practices.

"These butter balls," said the judge to the farmer, "certainly weigh less than a pound. Have you any scales?"

"I have," answered the farmer. "And have you weights?"

"No, no weight."

"Then how can you weigh your butter balls?"

"That's very simple," said the farmer.

"While I've been selling the baker butter, I've been buying pound loaves of bread from him, and I use them for weights on my scales!"—*Selected.*

APPLYING THE RULE THE OTHER WAY.

A Chinaman, says the *Christian Advocate*, applied for the position of cook in a family in one of our Western cities. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servants. So when John Chinaman appeared at the door, he was asked:

"Do you drink whisky?"

"No," said he, "I Clistian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No, I Clistian man."

He was employed and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright,

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correct, and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a "progressive euchre party, and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called to serve the party, and did so with grace and acceptability. But the next morning he waited on the lady and said he wished to quit work.

"Why, what is the matter?" she inquired.

John answered: "I Clistian man; I told you so before, no heathen. No workee for Melican heathen!"—*Selected.*

MARRIAGES.

LYON—KNIGHT.—In Scott, N. Y., March 12, 1895, by Rev. B. F. Rogers, Mr. George Lyon and Miss Eunice Knight, all of Scott.

BARBER—POTTER.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. J. Potter, in Scott, N. Y., March 20, 1895, by Rev. B. F. Rogers, Mr. Lucian C. Barber and Miss Rubie A. Potter, all of Scott.

DEATHS.

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

CRANDALL.—At Waterford, Conn., March 15, 1895, of pneumonia. Mrs. Frances Crandall, wife of Mr. Thier N. Crandall, in the 85th year of her age.

Mrs. Crandall was born in Westerly, R. I., May 14, 1810. Her maiden name was Saunders. She was thrice married, and was for years a faithful member of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist Church. At the last covenant meeting of the church a most interesting letter was read from her, in which she spoke of her unflinching trust in the Saviour. She leaves one son, Mr. John A. Frazier, of Los Angeles, Cal., and one daughter, Mrs. Joseph A. Ferris, of Brooklyn, N. Y., besides her devoted husband, who in somewhat feeble health, greatly mourns her loss. Funeral services were held in Waterford, Conn., March 18, 1895, conducted by the Rev. Andrew Potter. Interment in River Bend Cemetery, Westerly, R. I.

ROBINSON.—March 12, 1895, Edith May Robinson, daughter of W. V. and Susan Robinson, at Lowville, N. Y., of acute laryngitis, aged one year, three months and nine days. Sermon for the occasion from 1 Kings 4: 26. U. M. B.

WILDER.—March 14, 1895, Mrs. Elsie Butts Wilder, relict of Dorin Wilder, of pneumonia, in Watson, N. Y., aged 80 years, 4 months and 26 days.

She and her husband were converted to the Sabbath and joined the Watson Seventh-day Baptist Church, May 16, 1863. Mr. Wilder died March 9, 1888, since which time she has made her home with her son Francis. She was an estimable old lady, a consistent Christian, and was beloved by all who knew her. Her funeral was very largely attended; people coming many miles and filling the church, which showed their estimation of her whom they had so long known. U. M. B.

BROWN.—In Leonardsville, N. Y., March 8, 1895, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Brown, in the 77th year of her age.

Mrs. Brown was the daughter of Richard and Betsy Randolph, and was born in Shiloh, N. J., April 13, 1818. She came to Leonardsville many years ago and resided for a time with the family of Eld. Wm. B. Maxson. In 1845 she married Isaac Brown, a prominent business man of Leonardsville, who died twenty years later. Three children blessed their union, Edwin R., of Chicago, Byron L., of Saginaw and Nancy, wife of H. D. Babcock, of Leonardsville. Since the death of her husband Mrs. Brown has continued to make Leonardsville her home, spending her later days in the home of her daughter. In 1853 she became a member of the First Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist Church, and remained faithful and loyal to all for which the church stands to the last. Of a bright, sunny disposition, intensified by the love of God contained in her heart, her life carried sunshine wherever she went. Her end was like her life, quiet and peaceful. Taken with an apoplectic seizure while asleep, without a moment's suffering she passed on to the reward of the faithful. Funeral services were conducted at the home of Bro. Babcock, Wednesday, March 6th, by the pastor. J. A. P.

FRINK.—In Milton Junction, Wis., March 11, 1895, Roland H., son of Russel A. and Mary I. Frink, in the 11th year of his age.

On March 3d, while skating, he fell on the ice in such a way as to cause concussion of the brain, resulting in spasms and partial paralysis. A day or two after, his symptoms seemed more favorable and hopes were entertained of his recovery, but only for a short time. He was a bright, reliable, manly boy. By his cheerful temper he won the affection of his playmates and the respect of those who were older. The funeral was largely attended, the teachers and pupils of the public school, Superintendent and members of the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor attended in a body. The school and Junior Society furnished beautiful floral pieces, and many more were contributed by other friends. At the cemetery the children of his department of the public school marched by the open grave, each one depositing a bouquet on the coffin. He manifested strong religious tendencies and had expressed to his mother a desire to be baptized. G. W. B.

BUTON.—Gertrude Buton was born in New Market, N. J., Feb. 28, 1843, and died at her home in Morgan Park, Ill. Feb. 3, 1895.

In early life she was converted and united with the New Market Church. After a few years she came with her mother, Elizabeth Dunham, to Wisconsin and settled in Milton Junction. Here she was married to F. C. Buton, and for some years they lived at Milton Junction, where she became a constituent member of the Milton Junction Church, of which she remained a respected member till removed by death. Though for several years separated from the church of her faith, she still held strongly to the Lord and his Sabbath. Her remains were brought to Milton Junction for interment, where they were laid to rest beside her little daughter. A husband and two children are left to mourn their loss. Funeral services conducted by the writer. Text, 1 Cor. 15: 56, 57. E. A. W.

Literary Notes.

THE illustrations for the romance entitled "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," the first installment of which will be given in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, are by F. V. DuMond.

"Four American Universities" is the title given to the new book on Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia—a book with one distinctive merit that will be understood by every college man the instant it is suggested: it brings together in a single volume the views of a representative of each of the universities named above. The most characteristic features in the life of each of these famous seats of learning are presented vividly, picturesquely, authoritatively; the opportunity thus offered to compare, to contrast, to try as in a balance the claims of four honored and generous rivals is exceptional and attractive. The article on Harvard is written by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, that on Yale by Professor Arthur T. Hadley, Princeton is described by Professor William M. Sloane, and Professor Brander Matthews writes of Columbia. (Harper & Brothers.)

"The Detective of Fiction and the Detective of Reality," an article by Inspector Thomas Byrnes, in *Harper's Young People* for March 19th, will be read with uncommon interest. Another good article in the same number of the *Young People* is a description of the daily life of the little Queen of Holland.

*Harper's Bazar*, published March 16th, has for its frontispiece "A Luxurious Evening Cloak," from Worth, the Paris dressmaker, drawn by Sandoz. Among the literary contents is a bright dialogue entitled "A Butterfly of Fashion," by Frances Bacon Paine. Timely Suggestions for "A Saint Patrick's Day Luncheon" are given in an article by Mrs. Burton Kingsland.

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