

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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## CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS.	
'Twould Make a Better World—Poetry.....	210
Paragraphs.....	210, 211
NEWS AND COMMENTS.	
Paragraphs.....	211
CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.	
Paragraphs.....	211, 212
The Power of an Old Hymn.....	212
Letter From J. L. Huffman.....	212
He Leadeth Me—Poetry.....	212
Off and On.....	212
No Day Without a Line.....	212
POPULAR SCIENCE.	
Paragraphs.....	212, 213
"He's No Deid".....	213
A Shameful Boycott.....	213
Blood Money.....	213
MISSIONS.	
Paragraphs.....	214
From F. J. Bakker.....	214
Missionary Sacrifices.....	214, 215
Kindliness.....	215
He Worked on Trust.....	215
The Christian Dispensation.....	215-217
Christian, "Fear Not"—Poetry.....	217
Keep the Commandments.....	217
Incontrovertible.....	217
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.	
"Rhode Island for Jesus!"—Poetry.....	218
Our Mirror.—Paragraph.....	218
A Reward of Persistency.....	218
An Anecdote of Webster.....	218
CHILDREN'S PAGE.	
Fearless and Honest.....	218
WOMAN'S WORK.	
Sympathy—Poetry.....	219
Is Pity Needed?.....	219
Three Noble Women.....	219, 220
Woman's Board—Receipts.....	220
Fireworks in the Ocean.....	220
HOME NEWS.	
New York, Iowa, Kansas.....	220
The School Population.....	221
SABBATH-SCHOOL.	
Lesson for April 13, 1895. The Wicked Husbandmen.....	221
Alcohol.....	221
Sunday Law in Delaware.....	221
Binders for RECORDERS.....	221
Correspondence.....	222
The Birdie's Sunbeam.....	222
SPECIAL NOTICES.....	
A Peck of Apples.....	223, 224
MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.....	
223	
LOCAL AGENTS.....	
224	
BUSINESS DIRECTORY.....	
224	

## TRUST.

**W**ITH my small humansight, why God should lead  
This way or that for me, I cannot see;  
I only know He saith: "Child, follow me."  
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times  
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;  
I only know God could keep wide the door;  
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset  
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,  
And often have but strength faintly to pray;  
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand  
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,  
If ripened fruit will there be found.  
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm  
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath:  
But this I know, God watches all my path—  
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil  
That hides the unknown future from my sight!  
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;  
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,  
To see while here the land beyond the river;  
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;  
So I can trust.

—London Evening Magazine.

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# Sabbath Recorder.

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## 'TWOULD MAKE A BETTER WORLD.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,  
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;  
If Love's work had more willing hands  
To link this world with the supernal;  
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,  
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;  
If "yours" and "mine"  
Would once combine,  
The world would be the better for it.

—M. H. Cobb.

UNLESS our coming associations shall be marked by a rising tide of spiritual power, and each meeting close with clear evidence of gain in Christian life, we shall have lost the opportunities God places within our reach for this very purpose. The expenditure of time and money in these annual gatherings ought not to be simply for social pleasure. Let the way be paved in advance by earnest prayer and conscientious preparation to meet God as well as his people; then will we "teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

REMEMBER that May and June are the months for the recurrence of five of our annual associations, commencing in West Virginia on the fifth day before the third Sabbath in May,—(May 16). In many of our churches there have been precious seasons of spiritual refreshing during the year, and this spirit ought to be prominent in all of these coming meetings. Will the clerks of these associations please send us a card mentioning the church where his own association is to be held, also the name of the preacher of the introductory sermon, in order that we may publish a brief announcement.

AN EXTRA edition of the *Alfred Sun* is to be published in May by the ladies of Alfred in the interests of the University. This enterprise, though somewhat novel, is by no means an unheard of experiment. Similar efforts have been made elsewhere with good results. If some one in every church and society of our denomination would undertake to sell from 100 to 1000 papers, at 10 cents each, a fair sum of money could be realized for the effort. It will serve the double purpose of advertising the school, and bringing in much needed aid. In the column of Special Notices will be found further particulars. Give the enterprise your hearty support.

MANY Christian people entertain strong hopes that the war between China and Japan, which we believe is now nearing its termination, will result in great advancement to the cause of Christian missions. We deprecate wars, and do not believe that they are usually of God's ordering; but he allows them to exist, and overrules such sanguinary and selfish struggles of blind and wicked humanity for the greater good of the world. History is full of evidence that in many instances the gospel has been introduced and rapidly propagated through the agency of war. Already the doors of China are swinging open as never before. Bibles are being distributed,

under official sanction, throughout the entire army, and every facility is offered. Missionaries already have free access to the barracks of soldiers, which opportunity a little while ago was denied them. Permission has now been given for the appointment of army chaplains, and several native Christian workers are offering themselves. This action of high officials will make its deep impression on the minds of the soldiers, and the gospel will be more readily accepted by them. Thus, instead of breaking up and scattering the missionary stations, they will be multiplied and strengthened.

"The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears."

WHILE France has for many years been regarded as pre-eminently a nation of unbelievers in the Christian religion, Germany cannot be said to be very much behind the French. There is more deliberation and cool philosophy with the German. His is a refined rationalism not to be encountered in the French schools. Still, in its conclusions it is scarcely less objectionable. Some of the more devout and Bible-loyal Teutons have recently taken alarm, and it is said that a bill has been introduced into the Reichstag proposing fines and imprisonments for all atheists. To this there is serious opposition, for it is feared that the cost of providing jails and a force to execute the law would be too great an undertaking. Such laws could not well be executed by a minority. But at this juncture in the religious, or more correctly, the irreligious, aspect of things in Germany, special note is made of the fact that a new religious force has appeared. A very devout and able man, called "a new prophet," has arisen. His name is Friedrich Naumann, a pastor at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Within three years he has come into great prominence. He is an able pastor, writer of books, and editor of a paper. He has already attracted the attention of statesmen and scholars. The *British Weekly* says of him: "In Pastor Naumann the silent millions have found a leader penetrated through and through with Christian enthusiasm, and with a singularly rich and varied intellectual equipment." Let us hope that there are brighter days in store for the Christian's faith and loyalty to the Word in Germany.

CERTAIN enthusiasts have for several years been busy with the very impractical, and, we think undesirable, project of merging the various bodies of Christian believers into one general church organization. It is claimed that since there is a great diversity of opinions and beliefs in almost every individual church, and yet they are in a sense united in one organization, so also individual churches with their peculiar beliefs could hold these minor points in the background and unite under one general name and for general Christian work.

However desirable such a result may be, and however probable and even certain that such a result must be in the future, it is very evident that the good time has not yet arrived. When the time comes that Christians can "see eye to eye," that problem will solve itself. Christians will be found so enlightened and so filled with the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of love, service and obedience, that no one will be required to spend any time in an endeavor to bring them together. In the very nature of the case they will be together.

And then it will not matter whether we are called by my church name or your church name, only that "we are all one in Christ Jesus."

But there is a movement already inaugurated in New York City which embodies all that is really practical, and, perhaps, in our present state of Christian attainment, all that is desirable. In this plan it is proposed to form a federation of all the churches of the city for the purpose of united Christian work in those parts of the city that are so needy and so destitute of good influences. In this proposition there is no thought of distinctively denominational work. It does not propose to establish churches; let them follow in their natural order if desired. But it is designed to work to improve the condition of the poor; to lift up and cultivate the depraved; to form circles and clubs for mutual improvement; to let in the sunshine into the lives of the outcasts and those who never taste of real pleasure. In such work all can unite, and it is believed that there is power enough in the Christian churches of that great city, if thus united, to work wonders of righteousness.

WHILE great efforts are being made, in New York city, to reform the municipal government and free the city from the scandal of rum and Tamany rule, herculean efforts are also putting forth to save the endangered craft. The love of sin is not easily eradicated. Satan and his supporters do not surrender without a struggle. Hence, it is not a surprise that the rumsellers of the city are clamoring for permission to sell the liquid death on Sunday. As the matter now stands, the law prohibits selling on Sunday. That is right, as far as it goes. It ought to prohibit it on all days. But even one day of legal protection for the people is better than none. A sufferer from rheumatism or gout would be inexpressibly thankful to be guaranteed even one day in seven of exemption from pain. But while good citizens are not surprised that those whose craft is in danger should cry "great is Diana of the Ephesians," and call mass meetings to stir up a sentiment against reform and good order, they are and ought to be shocked that any clergymen should join in the effort to extend, rather than to suppress, the traffic. At a mass meeting held at Cooper Union in the interests of opening liquor saloons on Sunday, two prominent clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church were present, and made speeches in favor of opening. These clergymen were W. S. Rainsford, D. D., of St. George's Church, and J. H. Rylance, D. D., of St. Mark's.

These professed representatives of the gospel of Christ are making a poor showing of gospel order in their plea for the extension of the rumsellers' privileges. It is true their arguments are based on what may seem to them worthy motives and principles, but to most good people, judging from the extensive press comments, they stand in a very unenviable light. First, it is argued that the law prohibiting selling liquors on Sunday should be repealed, because it is not enforced. This is an old and stale argument, and would apply to any law in existence that forbids crime. Second, it is claimed that the law, as it now stands, does not deal fairly by the working classes, i. e., that those who cannot get time to patronize the saloons during the week ought to have the privilege on Sunday!

Third, that this measure will diminish drunkenness! and, fourth, it will take the saloon out of politics! Such were the principal points in these clerical arguments in favor of Sunday saloons. People generally will not be able to see how the removal of restrictions on the saloons can diminish drunkenness. Why do so many good people "lose their heads," when they begin to argue on this wicked business? Such flimsy reasoning would not be resorted to when discussing other forms of transgression. Why not be consistent and deal with this hydra-headed monster as with other forms of wickedness?

### NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE insult to Bismarck has been the occasion of many unexpected demonstrations in his favor in Germany.

GREAT preparations are in progress in Boston for making the Christian Endeavor Convention in July the grandest success of all.

LATEST dispatches indicate that the attempted assassination of Li-Hung-Chang, the Chinese peace envoy, is likely to prove fatal.

YELLOW fever is reported to have broken out among the Spanish troops in Cuba, and may prove to be a more formidable enemy than the insurgents.

It is said that Japan has given as her terms of peace with China, the independence of Corea, the cession of Formosa, and the payment, as indemnity, of \$250,000,000.

THE Christian Endeavor delegation from Maine are planning to come to Boston by steamer, and retain the steamer for their headquarters during the convention.

GENERAL NEAL DOW, one of the oldest and ablest temperance reformers in the world, has just passed his 91st birthday. He has run a long race with the saloons, and is still of good courage.

THE strike of the building trades, which has lasted for more than one month, was declared off March 21st. Between 7,000 and 8,000 men have been idle, and no special advantage, as usual, to the strikers.

FOUR hundred millions of dollars are expended in this country annually to maintain our jails, and fifty millions for our churches. Three-fourths of the expenditures for jails are caused by the liquor traffic.

A COWARDLY attempt was made Sunday, March 24th, to assassinate Li-Hung-Chang, the Chinese peace envoy, by a young Japanese. The rascal was promptly arrested, and will, doubtless, be punished by death, or life imprisonment.

THE *Scientific American* of March 23d, gives two fine illustrations of power applied to locomotion. The first is a new steam tricycle, and the second an electric carriage. Each represent possible achievements that may be of much practical use in travel.

THE February issue of the *Sabbath Outpost* is an excellent number, and contains interesting and instructive matter. It would greatly encourage the editors of this worthy paper if many who take the RECORDER would take the *Outpost* also. Address Rev. J. F. Shaw, Fouke, Ark.

THE most valuable and important electrical laboratory in the United States, the property of Nicola Tesla, was destroyed by fire over a week ago, in New York. This man is regarded as without a peer in electrical science, and great sympathy is expressed for him on account of his disappointment, and loss in his work.

MUCH of the crime perpetrated by boys at the present day seems to be traceable to the corrupt literature, which should be promptly suppressed. The making of counterfeit money, or even highway robbery, are not crimes of such fearful magnitude as the vending of obscene and pernicious literature among the young.

ENGLAND'S hasty demand upon Nicaragua for \$75,000, to be paid within seven weeks, or before April 16th, seems likely to open some rather important diplomatic questions. The United States will not allow the British crown to seize and occupy that isthmus in default of payment. The trans-isthmian passage is a matter of great interest to our government.

DISPATCHES from Jacksonville, Fla., speak of an alarming epidemic of rabies among the animals of Baker county, about 30 miles west from Jacksonville. There was never such a reign of terror from a similar cause. Not only dogs, but hogs, cows, and even geese are included; and people do not dare to step out of doors unarmed.

AT the close of the Crimean war the English people gave Miss Florence Nightingale £50,000, or nearly \$250,000. She is now seventy-four years old, and her heart is still full of love for the soldiers who suffer from wounds and sickness, and it is quite likely her fortune will be devoted to nursing those who suffer, if her country should ever again become involved in war.

SOME very quaint and interesting literature has been given to the public through the efforts of the publishers of the *Lancaster Intelligencer*, Pa. A large centennial number of this paper has been published, and fac-similes of the first number issued. On another page the editor of the Historical and Biographical Department has presented the readers of the RECORDER something of special historic interest from this source.

THE "Testimony of History to the Truth of Scripture," is the title of a book of 240 pages, published by H. L. Hastings, Boston. This book is compiled by Rev. Geo. Rawlinson, M. A., Professor of Ancient History, Oxford, with additions by Prof. Horatio D. Hackett, D. D., LL.D., and a preface by Editor H. L. Hastings. These names are a sufficient guarantee of the value of the book. They bring much collateral proof of the truthfulness of the Scripture record, drawn from secular history, tradition, monumental records and inscriptions, and show conclusively that there are many valuable corroborative proofs not generally known.

SELDOM does the German Reichstag (corresponding to our Congress) become the scene of such intense excitement as occurred on March 23d. The occasion was the approach of Bismarck's eightieth birthday, and the proposition to authorize President Von Levetzow to convey to Prince Bismarck their

congratulations was voted down by 163 for and 146 against. There are many who are called Bismarck-haters. The President of the Reichstag promptly resigned. The whole German empire is intensely excited. This rash act will awaken widespread sympathy for the old German hero, and react powerfully against the unwise majority.

### CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

WHO was it that said there were two classes of things that we ought not to worry about: first, those we could help; and second, those we couldn't help? If there is something disastrous impending that *can* be helped, let us help it. If it can *not* be helped, what is the use of worrying?

GRUDGES in the Christian church are a compound of wrongs and misunderstandings—the latter element usually predominating. When the spirit of God is in the heart, it will not take longer than from one meal time to another to explain a part of the trouble and forgive the rest.

Whose place is it to make the first advances? The one who has the most Christian spirit. "If thy brother hath aught against thee," or "if thy brother hath sinned against thee," in either case go to him, and it shall be for the glory of God.

IN the bright columns of Caleb Cobweb's answers to correspondents in the *Golden Rule* we find some personal advice to a local Christian Endeavor Society which might well be passed along to all:

"Remember that the success of the society depends not on numbers, but on consecration and power. Do not think about the success of your society, but strive through your society to make the church successful. . . . And in this way I am sure your society will speedily take on new and vigorous life."

THE divinity students of Chicago University have been discussing the question, "Does Society Owe Special Favors to Ministers?" Professor Burton thought the ministry was to-day as well paid as any other class. He did not believe that a minister merited special favors, and thought he was a sneak if he accepted them. These rather uncharitable views were opposed by others who held that if it were not for half fares many churches would be out of pastors, and if it were not for special favors many theological students would go hungry.

The golden mean, perhaps, was hit upon by Professor Johnson, who favored accepting, but not asking, favors. "Society," he said, "owes only one favor to the man who is always holding out his hand—that is to kick him out." Certain it is a minister of the gospel should present the highest type of manliness and self-respect, and should accept no favors which will discredit that standard.

TO-NIGHT, March 19th, marks the end of the second week of gospel meetings at New Auburn. The work began under peculiar difficulties, the opening service having an attendance of only about fifty. The congregations and interest, however, have been increasing night by night until Sunday night the crowd was the largest ever seen inside the church. Old difficulties between church members are being settled on the gospel plan, and the peo-

ple are praying in faith for a mighty work of grace which shall sweep throughout the community. Some have accepted Christ. Others have asked prayers. There were probably one hundred unconverted people present at the last meeting. Brother Crofoot is practically the pastor of both the Seventh-day and First-day people, and has the respect and love of all. For ten years he has remained here laboring faithfully in the face of discouragements, praying "for such a time as this." He believes that the day has come for the greatest religious awakening in the history of the community. To this end let all pray who are interested in God's work in Minnesota.

#### THE POWER OF AN OLD HYMN.

A certain notorious character, one of the important witnesses in the Senatorial investigation of vice and crime in New York, had been a desperado, according to his own testimony. One of his eyes had been shot out, and there is a bullet in his head. His face and body have been cut and scarred with knife wounds. He is undersized, the smallest boy that ever went to the State prison. It was necessary to make his prison suit to order. He says that he was not brought up as a child, but kicked up. His father was a murderer, and is now serving a life sentence. His mother's record deserves charitable silence. Attorney Frank Moss is responsible for the rest of the story.

Nobody ever spoke a kind word to that boy or man until he was served with a subpoena. The detectives of the Society for the Prevention of Crime took him in hand. They thought they saw a change of heart in him and a change of thought. So they took him to Rev. Thomas Dixon's church. He stood between them when the audience sang:

"There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains."

And then the singers reached that other verse:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away."

This man, trembling, and with eyes afire, punched one of the big-hearted men with him, and in a voice that betokened a suffering and newly-awakened heart, said, "That means me. That mean's me." I do not know whether the process of this man's conversion is complete, but the anecdote illustrates anew the fact that some of the older hymns have been gospel hymns in the sense that under God they have had heart-reaching power.—*Rev. James H. Ross.*

#### LETTER FROM J. L. HUFFMAN.

The revival here with the First Westerly Church has been running with increasing interest for a little over two weeks. The weather and roads are good, and attendance large for a country place. The Lord's presence is manifest in great power. The membership of the church has been quickened and are taking hold of the work nobly. For such a small church they have an excellent band of workers. The music, led by Misses Mamie Langworthy and Addie Macomber, is excellent. About thirty have been forward for prayers, the most of whom have expressed themselves as having found hope. Others have expressed a desire to become Christians. We are to have baptism next First-day.

Next Sabbath I am to be at Ashaway and administer the ordinance of baptism to a number that have found hope in Christ at different points where I have held meetings, Hope Valley, Niantic, and Hopkinton. We meet there that we may have the advantage of using the baptistry in the church. I am to leave this very interesting field and work the first of next week for my home and work with the church in Salem, W. Va. I only wish it was so I could stay another three months on this field. New calls for work are coming all the time. Surely the harvest is great, but the laborers are few. I have never seen the time when the fields were so ripe and sheaves could be so easily and bountifully gathered in as now. Sinners everywhere seem to be waiting to have some one point them to Christ.

DUNN'S CORNERS, R. I., March 27, 1895.

#### HE LEADETH ME.

BY MRS. D. A. GRANT.

In pastures green and fair and bright?—O no,  
Not always so;  
Sometimes in paths of gloom and deepest night  
He bids me go.

O'er desert wastes where no sweet flowers are nigh  
Laden with dew;  
And trackless wilds, where deepening shadows lie,  
He leads me through.

And when in weariness I sometimes pray,  
"Father, how long?"  
He answers still, with smile as sweet as day,  
Trust and be strong.

Thy God commands thy strength—let faith embrace  
The promise true;  
Thou mayest not know why life in shady place  
Is cast for you.

O give me strength and faith to count each loss  
Good in disguise;  
If from the conflict nearer to the cross  
I may arise.

—*Review and Herald.*

#### OFF AND ON.

A lawyer noted for his success on cross-examination found his match in a recent trial, when he asked a long-suffering witness how long he had worked at his business of tin-roofing. The answer was "I have worked at it off and on, but have worked at it steady for the past twelve years."

"How long off and on have you worked at it?"

"Sixty-five years."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-five."

"Then you have been a tin-roofer from birth?"

"No, sir; of course I haven't."

"Then why do you say that you have worked at your trade sixty-five years?"

"Because you asked how long off and on I had worked at it. I have worked at it off and on sixty-five years—twenty years on and forty-five off."

Here there was a roar in the court-room, but not at the expense of the witness, and his inquisitor hurriedly finished his examination in great confusion.—*From the "Editor's Drawer" in Harper's Magazine for April.*

#### NO DAY WITHOUT A LINE.

It was a heathen poet who wrote, "*Nulla dies sine linea*"—"No day without a line"—but it should be every Christian's motto. Every day brings many opportunities to do good, to learn new truth, to lay deeper and broader the foundations of Christian character, to assist others up the scale of spiritual progress. Each day's labor should skill our hands for better work on the morrow. Every day's effort should develop new strength for added achievements. We should grow riper with age, growing into a fuller likeness of the Master, doing for God and righteousness with a more natural hand as the years go by.

## Popular Science.

PLACE a silver half dollar on a plate of clean glass and then make some sparks from an electric machine fall upon it; remove the half dollar and to all appearance the surface of the glass has not in the least been affected; then let your breath pass over the surface of the glass and the image of the half dollar will at once be seen, and on close inspection it will be found to have been engraved on the glass surface, for you cannot easily rub it off.

At the World's Fair there were several exhibits of mineral tanned leather by a new chemical process. The principle involved is the conversion of the fiber of the skin into a compound by treating it with chromic oxide, instead of tannic acid. It makes a very strong and pliable leather and which will not be permeated by water like leather tanned by the bark of either the oak or the hemlock. This process of using chromic oxide is coming into use quite extensively, especially in the manufacture of morocco and the lighter leathers. Should any one desire further technical information as to this new process of tanning they can address Professor Sadtler, of Philadelphia, Pa.

It may not be generally known that paper is an excellent insulator for cables, but such is the fact, and one is now in full operation at the bottom of the Hudson River near New York. The cables are made by covering each strand of wire with prepared paper wound spirally and then a number of strands, perhaps a hundred, are put together and protected by a substantial leaden pipe. The cost of such a cable is only about one-fifth of those covered in the usual way with India rubber, and to all appearance thus far will prove as serviceable and durable.

THE years cannot be made up of three hundred and sixty-five days and one-fourth, and by adding this one-fourth every four years as a day to February; this would make the year end beyond the time when the sun would return to the point in its path (called the ecliptic) from which the computation started. In figures our year is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 51 2-5 seconds closely. By this mode of reckoning there would accumulate to be disposed of, three days, two hours and sixteen minutes nearly, in four hundred years from the time this arrangement went into effect. To remedy this effect in measuring it has been decided that in every fourth hundred to leave out the added days in February, which will so correct the time as to bring us only twenty-eight hours beyond the very point from which we started five thousand years before.

PLANETONDS are a group of small planets revolving round the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and they are remarkable for the excentricity of their orbits. The first one was discovered by Piazzi, an Italian astronomer, on January 1, 1801, and was called Ceres; not long afterward three more were discovered and named Pollas, Juno and Vesta. Since 1847 no year has passed without the discovery of new planetoids; ten were discovered in 1888, and six in 1889, and five in 1890. By a specially constructed lens from six to eight inches diameter, mounted on an equatorial telescope, Wolf of Heidelberg

and Charlois of Nice discovered forty in 1893, most of them by Wolf; further discoveries since increased the number in 1894 to three hundred and seventy-two. Many of these have been formally adopted as members of our Solar system and have received their designated numbers. The largest of these minor planets is estimated to be about four hundred and fifty miles in diameter, while the smallest are from twenty to thirty miles. There may be hundreds more to come into view as the instruments for observation become more and more perfected. Is it unreasonable to suppose that at some period all these planetoids constituted one planet between Mars and Jupiter, but were burst and torn assunder and scattered by some internal power, perhaps not unlike the one we find underneath us which at times causes our earth to tremble from its center to its circumference? H.

#### "HE'S NO DEID."

BY GEO. F. PENTECOST, D. D.,

Pastor of the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London.

I was conducting an evangelistic meeting in Aberdeen, some years ago, in the great Music Hall in that granite city. The hall seated about 2,500 people, and had been packed to the doors for a week or ten days with all classes and conditions of people. The large platform was occupied by the choir and ministers, and its utmost space was being taxed. Finding it necessary to make some alterations, I had asked the committee to remain after the meetings were over one night. The hall had been full to overflowing, though the night was cold, bleak, and full of rain. There had been a large number of inquirers, and the interest was very deep. But now at half-past ten o'clock all the people had gone. The gas was turned out, except upon and just over the platform. I was consulting with the committee in respect to some alterations I wished made for the better accommodation of the choir. In explaining these matters I had occasion to walk back and forth in front of the platform, or stage, which extended all the way across the hall.

Presently I noticed that I was being followed back and forth by a little girl, who kept at my heels like a little dog. Finally I turned to her and asked, a little sharply,

"Lassie, what do you want? Why are you not away home with the rest of the folk?"

Then, for the first time, I scanned her a little more carefully. First I was attracted by her face, none the cleanest, and there were evidences that great tears had been plowing furrows through the dirt on her cheeks. Her eyes were large and hungry looking, and still suffused with tears. She was barefooted and barelegged half way up to the knees. Her clothes were of the poorest, "all tattered and torn," her hair hanging in long unkempt strings over her neck and partly over her face. An old tattered shawl was thrown over her head and shoulders, and altogether she was a forlorn-looking little creature, I should say about twelve years old—a child of the poor. Distressed as was her poor, little, pinched face, miserable as she was in all her physical condition, she was still a bonnie child. When I asked her what she wanted, I had fully expected that she was wanting some money to buy bread; indeed, that she was a little beggar. Well, so she was. A beggar, and for bread; but it was the bread of life she was after.

"Lassie, what do you want?" One falls into the sweet Scotch way of speaking after having been for a year or two working among the people of "Bonny Scotland," as I had been doing for all of that time.

Then the little lassie reached up on her tiptoes and whispered into my ear, as I bent to catch her words:

"I want to get saved."

Surprised and startled at the intensity of her whispered words, I drew back and looked her eagerly in the face, and repeated her own words for answer:

"You want to get saved?"

"Ay, sir, I do," oh, so pathetically, and still in a whisper.

"And why do you want to get saved?"

Again on her tiptoes she reached up and whispered in my ears:

"Because I am a sinner."

This was so satisfactory a reason, and by this time the child had so interested me that I drew her to one side, away from the gentlemen who were standing by, that I might talk with her more unreservedly.

"How do you know you are a sinner? Who told you so?"

"Because God says so in the Book; and I feel it right here," laying her little dirty hand on her breast, as the publican did.

"Well," I said, do you think I can save you?"

Hitherto she had spoken in whispers, but now, drawing away from me, her eyes talking fire and her whole tone assuming that of a polemic, her words rang out short and clear:

"Na, na, man; you canna save me. No man can save a sinner," and she looked at me as if much offended at the bare suggestion.

By this time, my interest still deepened, I drew her down beside me on one of the benches, and, taking her little hand in mine and speaking as kindly as I knew how, said to her:

"You are quite right; no man can save you, much less I. Tell me, why, then, did you come to me? I cannot save you. Who, then, can save you?"

Again she dropped into a whisper, and almost touched my ear with her lips. There was an infinite pathos in her voice as she said:

"Jesus can save me."

"Yes, my dear, you are quite right. Jesus can save you. But tell me how he can save you? What has he done to save you?"

Again the lips to my ear, and again the eager whisper—if possible more pathetic and tender:

"Oh, sir, he died for me."

I do not know why I made answer as I did. Perhaps it was curiosity to know how the little waif, who had so hotly repudiated the idea of man's ability to save, would answer.

"Then he is dead, is he? How can he save you if he is dead?"

The little thing sprang from her seat, and again those eyes, just a moment ago suffused with tears, flashed upon me. No whisper now, no timid putting of lips to my ear, but her voice ringing out as once before:

"He is no deid! Jesus is no deid!"

"But you just now said that he died for you. If he died for you he must be dead. And how can a dead man save you, however good and loving he may have been?"

She looked at me as in amazement, and, lifting her little bare and lean arm in striking gesture, she declared again:

"Man, Jesus is no deid. He died for me, but he is no a deid man. He is God's Son. Man, did you no tell us this vara nicht that God raised him from the dead. He was deid, but he is no deid noo. Oh, man, I want to get saved!" and her voice dropped into the old pathetic tones.

"Do not fash me, but tell me a' about it and how I can get saved."

I had preached that night from the text, "He was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification." Here was a little theologian who had grasped the whole blessed gospel with a clearness that I have only seen among Scotch children, all of whom, however poor, have been taught the Scriptures from their youth. Now she knew she was a sinner—she knew that only Jesus could save her. He had died, but God had raised him from the dead, and now he was able to save.

I need not say that the little one soon went away glad and happy. And I went away glad and happy. "He is no deid." He died for me; but he is no deid." How often these words have come back to me. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained strength!"—*The Independent*.

#### A SHAMEFUL BOYCOTT.

The official testimony on which the following statement is based lies before us as we write. The story is one of such incredible meanness that we should not venture to report it on anything less than this official testimony. The firm of Searle, Dailey & Co., of New York City, manufacturers of straw goods, have a factory at Medfield, Mass. This factory employs several hundred hands, and is in charge of Colonel E. V. Mitchell, the resident partner of the firm. He had an interest in a hotel in the town, in which liquor was illegally sold. Some of the citizens, including certain clergymen, proceeded by law against this hotel for these illegal sales; the charge was made that the hotel was a "liquor nuisance;" and the result was that the proprietor was compelled to pay a fine for unlawful selling. In revenge, Colonel Mitchell publicly threatened to drive out of town the Rev. Nathan T. Dyer, pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Medfield, and one of

the clergymen concerned in the prosecution for liquor-selling, if "it takes all the money I have got—and I have got a lot to lose." Then began a species of boycott of the most contemptible kind. Colonel Mitchell commenced systematically to discharge those employes of the factory who in any way, directly or indirectly, supported the church; he coupled insult with coercion, promising to retain those who would sever all connection with the church; he refused to employ persons who bought their groceries of a storekeeper whose wife was a member of the church; he compelled others of his work people to remove horses which they kept in a stable owned by a member of the parish; he made it impossible for any of the people working in his factory to live in rooms or houses owned by attendants at the church. The church appealed to the New York firm, which refused to interfere, dismissing the affair as "a local matter." It then appealed to the State Board of Arbitration of Massachusetts, on the ground that the action of Searle, Dailey & Co. constituted a "lockout" under the law. The State Board has just rendered its decision that no "lockout," as defined by the law, existed, and that the Board has, therefore no power to interfere. From a careful examination of the official evidence given at the hearing before the Board, we do not see how any other decision could have been rendered. The only remedy is the public scorn and indignation of all honorable men against such methods. The firm recognize the dishonor of their actions by the fact that they made no attempt to answer the official accusations and evidence at the hearing before the Board of Arbitration, either in person or by a legal representative. The press throughout the country ought to publish this story of an attempt to drive a citizen out of town for no other offense than participating with others in an endeavor to compel a lawbreaker to obey the laws of the Commonwealth.—*The Outlook*.

#### \*BLOOD MONEY.

The following is an extract from a sermon delivered by Dr. J. W. Bashford, president of Ohio Wesleyan University, before the twenty-first annual convention of the W. C. T. U. at Chicago, and published in the *Union Signal*:

When I was pastor of a small church in Boston I remember well a young man, the son of wealthy parents, who had broken his mother's heart through drink, and whose father at last ordered him from his home, and took his name off the family record. Broken hearted, the young drunkard turned to a Christian neighbor for help, and penitently but weakly started in the Christian life. Christians found a temporary home and work for the young man, and one of us called upon him daily to encourage him in this new life. One day, alas! an old friend met him on the street, and enticed him into a saloon, and he fell. I shall not soon forget my visit to that saloon keeper an hour or two after the young man's fall. The saloon keeper was an old man. When I entered the saloon he was upon the point of pouring out some liquor for some boys. But he set back the bottle and ordered the boys out of the saloon without their drink. I said:

"Mr. I., you are an old man, and I have not come over to abuse you. I have simply come with a solemn message. You have sent more young men down to hell than any other man in this ward. You took Mr. A's money and furnished him liquor for months, when you knew you were breaking his mother's heart. You had heard about the awful tragedy at his home. You knew that the church had been struggling for weeks to get this young man upon his feet, and now, for the petty profit on a few drinks of liquor, you send him reeling down to ruin again. I believe in hell; and as sure as there is a hell, you are on the road to it. You are an old man, and the rest of the journey will be short."

"The old man's face turned white, and then red, and then he became pale again. He stood hesitating for a moment, then turned to the wall and took down a license and laid it upon the bar, and pointing to it said, 'Read that.'"

## Missions.

OUR evangelistic work is going on grandly, and the Lord is greatly blessing it. Bro. J. L. Huffman is laboring with the First Western Church at the Post Road, R. I., but closes his labors there April 1st, and returns to Salem, W. Va. We were with him for two evenings. Some twenty came forward for prayers; quite a number of them had found Jesus precious to their souls. Bro. E. B. Saunders is at Adams Centre, N. Y., and Bro. L. C. Randolph was to be at New Auburn, Minn. We presume he is there. The prospects at these places are favorable for a good work of grace.

THE next regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society will occur April 17th. The Treasurer has sent to the clerks or treasurers of the churches which have missionary pastors blank postals to be filled out to be returned to him. The Missionary Secretary has sent out blank reports to the missionaries and missionary pastors to be filled out for his use. If anyone has not received such a blank, please inform him and one will be immediately sent. The quarter closes March 31st. We hope there will accompany these blanks, filled out, a general report of the condition of the field, the result of the labor performed, and all items of interest.

SILENT forces are the most powerful. There is more power in the silent force of gravitation than in roaring cataracts. Who can measure the power in the silent growth of the grasses? It is beyond the power of the mighty billows of the ocean. So it is in religion. Shouts, hallelujahs, ejaculations, great spiritual demonstrations manifest power, but not any way equal to the quiet, consistent, devout, spiritual, Christly life of a man before his fellowmen every day in the week, and every week in the year, and every year of a life time. Words, true and loud they may be, for Christ, have power, but every-day living for and in Christ in every relation and duty of life is more potent in influence and effect. The Christian Church needs greatly such power.

THE regular prayer-meeting of a church is pre-eminently the people's meeting. It is in this meeting the various spiritual gifts of the people are to be brought out and have more play, and by the exercise thereof to grow and develop. It is the place and opportunity for God's people to pray, testify, exhort, sing, and use their gifts, and thereby become strong in those things. It is a place and time to rest in Jesus, to meditate, to commune with Christ and with one another. It is a time and place for mutual sympathy and helpfulness, where heart beats with heart, and voice mingles with voice in praise and worship. It is not the place for preaching, for lectures, for speech making, for displays of learning, but a place and time for God's people to draw nigh to him in praise and prayer, in testimony and in communion. The Lord bless our prayer-meetings and make them spiritual.

THERE are, no doubt, some of our people who would like to ask, What do you think of the South as a place for us to settle in and make us homes? In a trip of short observation in Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina,

and Virginia, we came to some conclusions like these:

1. There are great undeveloped resources in the South. It is a great field for Northern enterprise and capital. The Southerners are anxious for Northern people to come among them, will gladly welcome them with their enterprise, thrift, different methods and capital. Near Attalla a firm from Massachusetts is putting up a large cotton mill. We were surprised to see so many mills and factories run by Northern people, and so many Northern merchants in their cities and towns.

2. It is a good place for Northern farmers. They have a climate free from the rigorous cold of winter as a rule, a good soil, and plenty of water. Where we went, among our people, the best soil for general farming is in Attalla, Ala., and St. Just, Va. In Attalla and vicinity the soil is rich, especially in the river bottom, and will raise big crops of corn and cotton. There is no tame grass cultivated now. Some of our people who have moved there are going to try grass and grazing. It is a good section for fruit. In North Carolina where our people are the soil is light and sandy. It is good for garden products. Early potatoes, sweet potatoes, peanuts and small fruits will do well. In Virginia, where we went, corn, winter wheat, oats, potatoes, grass, do finely. The soil is a red loam. Water soft, excellent, and plenty of it. Land is cheap in all these places.

3. School and social advantages in most places are far from what we have North, but they are greatly improving. Our people can colonize in the South at an advantage in climate, in resources, in many respects, and it will not be like frontier life to do it. There will be prejudice to meet, peculiar manners, ways and methods, gray-haired conservatism and old-fashioned ideas to come in contact with, yet a kinder people, a more hospitable people, it is hard to find, and they are as ready to adopt better methods and new ways as are most people anywhere, and accept the truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Whoever desires to settle in the South should by all means visit it for himself before he purchases, that he may be satisfied with locality, soil and resources. Sec.

### FROM F. J. BAKKER.

Dear Sister Wardner:

Now I will give you an account of my work this last quarter. Through the goodness and mercy of our heavenly Father I was always able to do my work in every way and direction. To serve every Sabbath for our little church, (we have two meetings, including Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting); also my work upon the ships and amongst the emigrants, distributing tracts, papers, and other kinds of reading matter on the steamers, ships, and everywhere on the streets; also to work for the temperance cause in different ways,—in short, to do all that I can do, in word and deed, which seems to be good and will lead to the honor of God and the welfare of men. Several times I visited a captain (and his wife) of a large sailing ship, a Dutchman. They both confessed baptism according to the Word of God, and he also spoke of the Sabbath as all right.

I could make 70 visits and calls here and there, and had many occasions to give testimony or witness of the truth in several ways and for several kinds of persons. And because I and our brethren do try to help in all good

work the people soon learn who and what we are. In the last weeks we did not have as many emigrants as before, but every week one steamer goes from here to New York, and I try as I can to meet them and supply them with tracts.

On Sabbath last, 2d Feb., we had baptism at Haarlem—when we have a candidate for baptism we always go to Haarlem—one young woman who was married to one of our brethren several weeks ago, and keeps the Sabbath, was baptized then, and also a young man from Amsterdam, who will be a member of the Haarlem Church, and that young sister will be of our number. I administered baptism to them both. It was on Sabbath evening last, 7 o'clock. I spoke from Acts 8:12. The chapel was well filled with people. After the sermon and baptism we observed the Lord's Supper. Bro. Velt-huysen and I served at the Lord's table. We did have a good time, a lovely feast that night. All was closed at nearly ten o'clock. Several brethren were from Amsterdam, six from Rotterdam, one sister from Zutfer, and all those who are at Haarlem. Very seldom are we together in such a great number in our country. On the Sabbath-day the Haarlem Church had their yearly meeting, and on the afternoon we held an open tea meeting. All the day we heard many, many a good word of comfort, exhorting, joy and gladness. Many letters did we hear, and a letter from you, dear Sister Wardner, to Bro. G. Velt-huysen, Jr., Amsterdam, in the case of Bro. Van der Steur, at Magelang. We all have many reasons to praise our God for his goodness, when we learned from our Bro. G. Velt-huysen, Jr., that Bro. Van der Steur received this last year for all his work in general branches, for his 34 children, etc., etc., the large sum of f6,000, or £500. And this money did come for the greatest part from those who do not love him for his Sabbathism and baptism, but for his broad Christian work which he tries to do for orphans and soldiers. To our God be all the praise!

Some weeks ago a young man of 22 years of age commenced to keep the Lord's Sabbath. As soon (he is a teacher) as his principal knew it, he told him that he had to leave, within two months, because he, his principal, could not use a person with such strange principles. He is what we call a Darbist. That young man is not baptized yet. We hope and pray that he will put his trust only and alone upon the promises of the Lord. His mother is a widow and is very much against him, and as you can easily suppose, all his friends. May the Lord help him. I have to close now, dear sister. Many thanks to you and all our dear brethren and sisters who help us to carry the work on in his name.

ROTTERDAM, Feb. 4, 1895.

### MISSIONARY SACRIFICES.

BY THOMAS PARRY.

[Concluded from last week.]

If you desire to be in the party that wins, you must join the confederacy of Jesus Christ. His candidates are ever winners. I look over the map of Europe, and I discover that he has secured all the best places for his disciples. All the crowned heads claim to be his followers. Of the sixty members of Victoria's cabinet, during Gladstone's reign, fifty-five confessed personal attachment for Jesus Christ. We find that every member that has ever been on the Supreme Bench of the United States, every chief justice, has been

a member in the Church of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ gives to his disciples the best places, the highest honors, and the most enduring rewards. His saints shall judge angels. The governments of the civilized world are in the hands of his servants—kings, cabinet officers, senators, judges, archbishops, bishops, and nearly all the masters of progressive thought.

Here is a remarkable fact: The King of Men, whom the ungodly call a hard man, reaping where he did not sow, and sacrificing female beauty to save the heathen—this king has secured places for his servants at the head of all educational institutions of the world, has committed to them the law-making power, and all places which win affection and respect.

One of Christ's enemies, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, wanted the governorship of Illinois. Did he secure it? No. Why? Christ wanted the place for his man. Then Col. Ingersoll said: "My infidelity lost to me the governorship of the State of Illinois." Ingersoll, like Julian, had to exclaim, "Oh, Galilean, thou hast triumphed!" Serving Christ, we become more than conquerors, through him that loved us. How great witnesses are these to the generosity of Christ as a master! On its bosom Christianity wears six medals, rewarded by the supreme court of civilization. These medals represent the superior strength and nourishment by Christ to the elevation of mankind. They bear inscribed upon their face (1) equality among men; (2) fraternity; (3) the suppression of war; (4) the elevation of the poor; (5) the love of truth; (6) the diffusion of knowledge.

A master who wears six such medals as these should not have his heathen cursed if he happens to ask a beautiful girl to go and teach them.

Some one may say, "You are overdoing the matter. Christians do not wield all the mighty influences in our land; Christians are often defeated, and are in the minority." I grant that there are high places, mighty powers on whose thrones Christians are not stationed—that of the brewery, of the distillery, of the saloon, of the houses of prostitution, of bull-baiting, of cock-fighting, of schemes of legislature corruption, of boodle, of anarchy, of lotteries, of horse racing, of obscene literature, and of vast monopolies to grind the faces of the poor—these high places of Baal, these powers of darkness, Christ has nothing to do with. The emissaries of these are they who curse the heathen.

The fourth question I asked myself was, "Do foreign missions drain life of its vigor more than the ministries of our native land?" I discovered that some foreign fields were unpropitious. Missionaries were oppressed in swamps, malarial districts, and in portions of the tropics. But for every missionary that has died in India prematurely in mission work, a thousand of English young men have given up their lives there in unholy war. For every missionary that has shortened his days in China in mission work, a thousand men of Europe have dropped dead in prime of life, and that in cursing China with opium.

If a good Christian or two have been eaten by cannibals, thousands of strong men have gone among savages and have been eaten up of their own lusts. How many thousands of the most heroic of Europe and America were swallowed up of the East India Company? Of the West Indies? Of the Hudson Bay? Yea, even at the Panama Canal? Human life was mowed down by heat, cold, storms, and malaria, as in a holocaust of tens of thousands of victims. Out of greed, wars in foreign lands, the streets of Europe are objects of pity; the cripples and maimed and noble lives, wasted with sickness, move us to tears. Yet parents are eager to raise sons for the army, and to educate children for the foreign office. But they wasted millions of money, and the carcasses of their armies, decaying and bleaching upon foreign shores, were sanctified to shed innocent blood; while the few martyrs of Jesus Christ have caused cannibalism to cease, barbarity to take its

flight, and blood thirsty enmity to be consumed. The secular arm tied the savages, as the Sepoys, to the mouth of the cannon; the missionary went there to bestow life more abundantly.—*Christian Alliance*.

#### KINDLINESS.

Never be unkind to anyone, or anything. Kindness is sweetness, and sweetness is so necessary here. Say, and do, kindly words and deeds wherever and however you can; little, trivial acts, thoughts and words of love are unconsciously making the world and yourself brighter and better as the night is coming on. Love one another, love thy neighbor, love thine enemy. This is the way to permeate the great mass of human selfishness, and to make the world feel the humanizing and spiritualizing forces of the Holy Spirit in making even this life more tolerable, more loving, more blessed, bright and beautiful, and thus live and cause to be re-lived the golden lessons of the sweet and gentle Nazarine. "Love is blind," said a dear brother whose heart seemed filled with envy, jealousy and selfishness; and his unkind words were aimed by the shafts of unfeeling judgment until in his unkindness he would gladly have been made a leveling engine to break down and destroy the workers and the work of the Lord.

What a mistake! He lost his own influence for good, accomplished nothing, and made himself and every one connected with him feel unhappy long after he had gone away, and will always leave unpleasant memories behind him. Oh, let us "be kindly affectioned one to another, . . . in honor preferring one another." This is the only way to make everything truer, brighter, and better. Speak kindly, even if you cannot give. The Holy Ghost is so gentle, loving and kind. Quietly he enters: not harsh, hard, nor vindictive, but so unobtrusive and pleasant: dovelike he hovers to alight, and all in motherly love. Give everybody a kindly word. Speak gently, not in a supercilious manner, to the poor, the down-fallen, and to sinners of the deepest, darkest dye.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged." Jesus was so kind. Never strike any who are down, but help up by kindness. Seem to help, even if you cannot. Care to care for others, and thus scatter rays of sunshine into dark hearts and homes. Inspire courage into crushed lives and broken hopes by kindness. The Holy Ghost dislikes, so it seems to me, any Pharisaical "holier than thou" acts or words. Suspicious personages who scent wrong in every action, who think evil of everybody and see only darkness in the midst of light, are not in favor with the Blessed Spirit. He is only kindness.—*The King's Messenger*.

#### HE WORKED ON TRUST.

A day or two ago some one writing for one of the newspapers preached a sermon in two or three paragraphs by telling the story of one who had been a laboring man, who had met with all of the discomforts, and had experienced all the dead weight which any body who is engaged in labor ever encounters, and by labor is meant here manual, physical labor.

The person of whom this correspondent wrote was in 1857 a mechanic in a machine shop in New Haven. As a lad he had been bred in the country, and, therefore, began life as farmer's boy. He chose the trade of a machinist rather than the vocation of a farmer, and he became an apprentice and afterward a workingman.

When he began to receive fair wages he hired a little tenement of three rooms, brought a wife to it, and he seemed to have no other future before him than that of daily labor, a weekly wage and such accumulation as he could manage penny by penny to keep from his living expenses.

After the panic of 1857 there came an industrial depression such as the country now so dismally experiences. Some of the workmen went on strike. Others were thrown out of employment because there was no employ-

ment for them, and that was the case with this young mechanic.

But he began to think, so that in a few days he went to his former employers and said to them that he could not be idle, and if they would let him go into the shops, use the tools and go on making machine lathes, they need not pay him a cent, but they could credit him for the time that he was at work, and that he thought they ought also to allow him a small percentage when business so improved that a market could be found for these lathes.

He had \$200 or \$300 of savings, and with that he proposed to satisfy the landlord, the grocer, and the butcher, until he could make full payments to them.

The employers were pleased at such a suggestion as this, and let the young mechanic have his way. So while his old shopmates were loitering around he every morning was seen going to the shop, his tin dinner pail in his hand, and some of them reviled him for working on trust.

When the good times came the lathes that he had builded were sold, and he received cash for his time and a percentage, so that he found himself possessed of about \$1000, enough to pay the tradesmen what he owed, and to leave a little surplus for the bank.

A capitalist had seen this mechanic going to work in those dismal times, and being interested made inquiry about him, and when the employers told this capitalist his story he sought out the mechanic and offered to lend him a little money to go into the manufacturing business himself. Thus he became his own employer and the employer of a few hands, the number of which was increased from year to year until by and by he had one thousand working for him.

The qualities that prevailed in his favor as a workingman and as an employer of labor brought to him the respect of the community, so that by and by he was named as the candidate of one of the parties for mayor and was elected.

Then again his party named him as its candidate for governor, and thus, twenty-five years after he was a mechanic swinging his tin dinner pail upon the streets, he became governor of Connecticut.

That was the way that the influences in this country served one who began as a workingman, the late H. B. Bigelow.—*Selected*.

#### THE CHRISTIAN DISPENSATION.

BY W. D. TICKNER.

Are we living in the closing period of the Christian dispensation, and what relation has Sabbath Reform to this time.\*

When shall these things be; and what shall be the sign of thy coming; and of the end of the world? Matt. 24: 3. Thus did the disciples question Christ. To look into the future has ever been the desire of man. That this is a laudable desire, is evidenced by the fact that God has, at various times, spoken to his prophets and to them has revealed a history of earthly events before they occurred, and, while Christ answered these questions so briefly that it would be very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to determine our whereabouts in the panorama of events, yet we are not without evidence. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, Amos, Mica and Zechariah have left us their testimony, and while the language is in some measure metaphorical and mystical, yet we are not left altogether in the dark. Changes are constantly taking place in the political, social, and religious world, and who will presume to say that they are without significance? We are indeed living in a peculiar age, the like of which never before existed. Ancient, medieval and modern his-

\* A paper read at the Ministerial Conference at Albion, Wis., Feb. 23d, and requested for publication in the Recorder.

tory is filled to repletion with the account of war and bloodshed. Until within a very few years, war settled nearly all national grievances or misunderstandings. To-day nearly all the world is at peace. Arbitration now settles difficulties that formerly cost the life-blood of the nations bravest and most patriotic sons. A few nations live, as in the past, in the old world that is fast passing away. A few more years of progress in this direction, and what then? Turn to Isaiah 2: 4, for the answer. They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. As yet we have not arrived at that stage of national perfection when we can claim that prophecy as applicable to our times, but the signs are propitious, and already indicate that we are fast hastening to that time.

When will that be? Verse 2d of this chapter informs us that it will be in the last days. This is confirmed by Micah 4: 1. Other events of signal importance are mentioned by these prophets, Isaiah and Micah.

Isaiah says: The word that Isaiah the son of Amoz saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem. And it shall come to pass, in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains; and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths, for out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the law from Jerusalem. Isaiah 2: 2, 3.

From this we infer that previous to this the Jews will have returned to their own land. That such return will take place previous to that time, is corroborated by Isaiah 11: 11, 12. And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall set his hand the second time to recover the remnant of his people which are left, from Egypt and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea, and he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.

And again Isaiah 27: 12. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall beat off from the channel of the river unto the stream of Egypt, and ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel.

Who that carefully reads the papers of to-day does not see in these prophecies a faithful portrayal of events, as they are actually taking place at the present time? So slowly as to excite only a passing comment from the press, are the Jews returning to the land of their fathers; yet many thousands are already gathered there.

A further description of these days is found in Isaiah 11th chapter. We read, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them." Has it occurred to any one here that the beginning of the fulfillment of this prophecy is already in the past? "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain," adds the prophet, evidently referring to some condition that will then exist in the religious world. We notice that

the wolf is a wolf still, and the lion a lion still, but the wolf is content to dwell in peace with the lamb, and the leopard with the kid, and the lion and the fatling shall be led together by a little child.

So in our Y. P. S. C. E. gatherings of to-day the elements are these, that only a few years ago were as unlikely to unite in their devotions, as were the wolf, leopard and lion, to dwell with the calf and kid, and it is the child that leads them. Such a gathering of young people from out of the different denominations of Christians, united by the common tie of Christ's love, is peculiar to the times in which we live. A few years ago such a society could not have existed.

This charity for all is not confined entirely to the Y. P. S. C. E., but it is the under-current that is broadening and deepening the Christian culture of Christ's followers all over the land. Not that we have attained the full fruition of our hopes in this respect, but it does seem like the rising of the day star that heralds the coming of the morning.

Again, we read in the same chapter, "And there shall be a highway for the remnant of his people which shall be left, from Assyria.

In the 10th chapter and 23d verse we read, In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt into Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptian shall serve with the Assyrian. Less than two years ago, a railway was completed from the sea to Jerusalem, having Jerusalem as its eastern terminus, and if the reports are true, the intention is to extend the road into what was once called Assyria. This done, Isaiah 11th and 16th will be fulfilled. In this we see also only the beginning of the fulfillment of the prophecy. When these prophecies shall be fulfilled, then shall also that prophecy which says, "For behold I create a new heaven and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind." That this is not spoken of time after the judgment day, is evident from the 21st verse of the same chapter, (Isa. 65) for it says, "They shall build houses and inhabit them, they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them." The earth of the ancients is to-day fast passing away. No longer a thin disk with the heavens, like a great dome, resting on its periphery; its true shape and relation to the other orbs of the heavens are recognized. The heavens, that were of old, began passing away when Galileo dared, amid persecutions, to say of the earth, "It moves." To us, to-day, the heavens and the earth, as they existed in the minds of the ancients, have passed away and seldom do they even come into mind. Ignorance and superstition are fast giving way to broad culture of mind as well as body. Now as we see these prophecies fulfilling, the question naturally arises, How long to the consummation?

Although it is impossible to determine the day or the hour, yet there is, we believe, sufficient data that will enable us to approximate the time. In Daniel 9: 24, 25, we read, "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy city, to finish the transgression and to make an end of sins, to make reconciliation for iniquity and to bring in everlasting righteousness and to seal up the vision and to anoint the Most Holy. Know therefore and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jeru-

salem unto Messiah the prince, shall be seven weeks, three score and two weeks; the street shall be built again, and the wall even in troublous times, and after three score and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off but not for himself. There are three dates that may claim attention as being the beginning of the 69 weeks, viz., 536, B. C. when Cyrus issued a command to restore and build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem; 519 B. C., when Darius confirmed this decree after work had been caused by Artaxerxes, to cease; 445 B. C., when Artaxerxes sent Nehemiah to build again the walls of Jerusalem. See Ezra 6: 14. And they builded and finished it, according to the commandment of the God of Israel, and according to the commandment of Cyrus, and Darius and Artaxerxes, king of Persia. The time when the 69 weeks or 483 days ended, is made plain by Christ, for shortly after his baptism be declared, The time is fulfilled. Chronologists place Christ's baptism in A. D. 27. Allowing this to be approximately correct, we conclude that the 69 weeks, or 483 days, extended from either 536, 519, or 445 B. C. to A. D. 27. The theory that these 483 days (69 weeks) represented 483 years, has for its foundation only conjecture. God's unit of measure may not be like any of our units of time measure. In A. D. 27 (approximate time) Christ said the time is fulfilled. The testimony of the sure word of God is, that this time must have commenced in either the 1st year of Cyrus (B. C. 536) Ezra 1: 1; the 2d year of Darius (519 B. C.) Ezra 4: 24; or the 20th year of Artaxerxes (445 B. C.) Nehemiah 2: 1-8; hence the 483 days (69 weeks) must equal either 563, 546, or 472 years. By dividing each of these numbers of years by the 483 we obtain the three possible lengths of one prophetic day. If it was possible to determine which of the three dates was the correct one from which to reckon the 69 weeks, we could then determine which of these resulting units of measure is correct; but in the absence of such knowledge, we shall use each of the three in the following, thus limiting time in either direction. In Daniel 8: 13, 14, we read, "Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto that certain saint which spake; How long shall be the vision concerning the daily sacrifice and the transgression of desolation to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot?"

And he said unto me unto two thousand three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed.

Again in Daniel 12: 1, 12: "And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be one thousand two hundred and ninety days. As the vision concerning this event was to be for 2,300 days, and as after the setting up of the abomination that maketh desolate there were to be 1,290 days, it follows that the 2,300 days must have included the 1,290 which followed the setting up of the abomination of desolation, and also the time which preceded that event, but subsequent to the date of the vision. Applying to the 2,300 days each of the three units of measure previously found, we obtain approximately, A. D. 2,145, 2,081, or 1,802, only one of which is of course correct. As the 2,300 days were to extend to the overthrow of the little horn of Daniel 8: 9, it only remains to be seen the relative time



of his destruction compared with other events. That this destruction occurs at, or only a short time before, the coming of Christ, is inferred from the fact that in the recorded vision of Daniel 7: 11-13, the two events are closely associated, and in Paul's second Epistle to the Thessalonians, we find these words: "For the mystery of iniquity doth already work, only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming."

From Daniel 11: 12, we learn that after the 1,290 days allotted to the little horn, there were to be at least 45 prophetic days; for it says, "And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be one thousand two hundred and ninety days." Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh unto the one thousand three hundred five and thirty days. Applying to the 45 days each of the three units of measure previously found, we obtain approximately 52, 51 or 44 years. Comparing Thessalonians 2: 7, 8 with Daniel 7: 11-13 and 11: 12, we conclude that this brightness to be visible, at least, 44, 51 or 52 years before the advent. As the advent did not occur in 1816 A. D., 44 years 1802 (the date corresponding to the expiration of the 2,300 days, obtained by using the smallest unit of measure) we must of necessity discard that unit and its consequent finding as incorrect.

What is this brightness that is to destroy "That wicked," 51 or 52 years before Christ returns to earth? In Rev. 19:21. Christ is represented as slaying the followers of the "beast" and the "false prophet" with a sword, "Which sword proceeded out of his mouth."

In Ephesians 6:17, the sword of the spirit is declared to be the Word of God.

From this we conclude that the Word of God shall so mightily prevail, that the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea, as recorded in Habakkuk 2:14, and this shall destroy the wicked one about 51 or 52 years prior to the advent of our Lord and Saviour, which advent, according to the above calculation, would take place about A. D. 2,292 or 2,027. Clearly then we have an important work to do. Ours to stand by the Word of God as opposed to him who thought to change times and laws. Ours to openly and fearlessly proclaim the Sabbath of the Lord as opposed to the heathen festival which this lying power has substituted in its place, in order to draw the multitudes from fealty to the Word of God.

Our peculiar work is in this direct line. Clearly God has called us to this work, and unless like Esther of old we go bravely forward, deliverance will come from another quarter, but we and ours shall suffer.

God grant that we may gird on the whole armor of God, and go forth to battle with superstition, tradition, and sedition against God's laws; that we may win the world back to Christ.

A SAD RETRIBUTION.—A little Southern girl, who is a remarkably well-behaved child, one day confided to her aunt that she thought the Jones children were "awful." "You can't imagine how bad they are, auntie. They tell stories, and disobey their mother, and everything; and if they are so bad when they are little, I just expect they'll every one grow up to be Yankees."—*Ex.*

## CHRISTIAN, "FEAR NOT."

BY MARYL.

Fear thou not; thy God is with thee;  
Be strong in Him and courage take;  
It is the Lord who goes before thee;  
He will not fail thee nor forsake. (Deut. 31: 6, 8.)

Fear thou not; for I am with thee;  
I am thy God; be not dismayed;  
I will with my right hand uphold thee;  
Will strengthen thee and give thee aid. (Isa. 41: 10.)

Fear thou not; I have redeemed thee;  
And by thy name I thee have called;  
Thou art mine own; I will be with thee;  
In danger be thou not appalled.

When thou passest through the waters,  
The waves, though deep, shall not overflow;  
Nor shall the flame upon thee kindle  
When through the fire I bid thee go.

I for thee have paid thy ransom,  
And in my sight thou precious art;  
I am the Lord, thy God and Saviour;  
I will be with thee; fear thou not. (Isa. 43: 1-5.)

Fear not; 'tis thy Father's pleasure  
His kingdom to bestow on thee;  
With Him to spend thy life immortal  
From sin and pain and sorrow free. (Luke 12: 32.)

## KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS.

BY CHARLES E. BUELL.

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

From the Old Testament standpoint the fourth commandment is made the greatest commandment, because its observance stands as an indication of the keeping of all. A failure to keep it resulted in a gradual descent to such a lawless condition that destruction was made necessary.

Philo-Judæus divided the ten into two groups, the first five as the first commandment, and the remaining five as the second. In the original these commandments were not numerically divided, but the ten distinct injunctions were called "the ten words."

Paul, in Romans 13: 9, groups the last five of the ten commandments as one in these words: "For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

A law-maker of the Jews asked Jesus, tempting him, "Which is the first commandment of all?" Jesus replied, "The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment." And continuing he said, "And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; there is none greater than these." Mark 12: 29, 30.

In this classification of the commandments it is disclosed that Jesus quoted from Deuteronomy 6: 4, and from Leviticus 19: 18, respectively, in making his reply. These two passages group the Decalogue under two heads, the first four commandments which relate to the worship of Deity, and the last six which relate to the dealings between man and man. The last group is here given second place, but not made less important in its bearing upon the plan of salvation. The first, or greatest commandment, involves the recognition of God to the exclusion of any worshipful thing, a refraining from the vain use of his name, and as a crowning act of honor to Jehovah, the remembrance of the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.

The greater commandment finds its outward expression in the keeping of the fourth commandment to "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

If there is any significance in the space which this fourth commandment occupies in the tables of stone, written by the finger of Omnipotence, the only manuscript by Jehovah, then this is the greatest, for it occupies one-third of the space devoted to the entire ten. There must have been a desire to fully explain and make clear the fourth commandment, when so much space was devoted to it. Then again, this commandment is more frequently repeated and dwelt upon than any other, and, unlike any of the rest, it is made the subject of prophecy, and moreover, is fraught with the richest promises of any in the Decalogue.

In the writings of John we are taught, "Everything was by his hand, and without him was not anything whatever that existed." John 1: 3, Murdock's Syriac.

This was written of Christ; therefore Christ was the author of the fourth commandment. He then instituted the Sabbath-day. He is by right, then, "Lord of the Sabbath." His was the manuscript on the tables of stone.

Paul tells us that in his death Christ removed everything in the way of written ordinances. "He by his mandates blotted out the handwriting of our debts which existed against us, and took it from the midst, and affixed it to his cross." Col. 2: 14, Syriac.

Those things which placed men in debt, the ceremonial law, were handwriting by men, on paper, and were blotted out, were nailed to the cross; but that which was written in stone was not blotted out, was not nailed to the cross, and did not perish.

It is false, not true, that the fourth commandment was specially selected from the very center of the ten, and blotted out, nailed to the cross.

The great stress laid upon the writings of Paul which may be made to appear as bearing upon the supplanting of the true Sabbath by a spurious one, or anything that can be made to do duty in this work of ruin, shows, by singling out the commandment about the Sabbath for the attack of the enemy, that this is considered by those who support the Sun day, that they consider it the greatest commandment. To supplant this one will work out the necessary result with all the others. Root this out of its place in the center of the ten, and anarchy will spring in its place, and will work ruin on either side of the place this commandment held in the Decalogue.

## INCONTROVERTIBLE.

Little Daisy had a pet cat to which she was so devoted that her anxious mother undertook to lessen her devotion.

"My dear," she said, "you love your pussy too much. What would you do if she were to die, for you would never see her again?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," replied the little one confidently, "I would see my pussy again when I went to heaven."

"No, Daisy," said the mother, "animals have no souls, and when they die that is the end of them. They cannot go to heaven like people."

Daisy's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed triumphantly:

"Animals do go to heaven, for the Bible says the promised land is flowing with milk and honey, and if there are no animals where do they get the milk?"—*Baltimore American.*

## Young People's work

### "RHODE ISLAND FOR JESUS!"

(Christian Endeavor State Song.)

BY CHARLOTTE LEAVITT SLOCUM, PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
Tune.—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

We come with our banner, Rhode Island's own children,  
Though last in Columbia's circle our state;  
Our greetings we bring in His name who hath promised  
Endeavor to crown, and the small to make great.  
The state Roger Williams for liberty founded  
For freedom in Christ shall expend her best powers;  
The state that gave Perry, with courage undaunted,  
Shall still meet the foe, and shall find they are ours.

Chorus:

Rhode Island for Jesus! Rhode Island for Jesus!  
In Him we are mighty, though evil be strong.  
With faith for our anchor, and hope for our watchword,  
And love for our guide, we will vanquish the wrong.

When Washington led us to win Independence,  
Rhode Island sent forth to the front every man.  
From youngest to eldest, from sixteen to sixty,  
They swerved not a line when the conflict began.  
And shall we not rally for Jesus, our Captain,  
And fight to the death a more terrible foe—  
Bring young men and maidens, and old men and children,  
Yea, all the wide world, our Redeemer to know?

Chorus:

Rhode Island for Jesus! etc.

### OUR MIRROR.

THE Christian Endeavorers of Rhode Island are requested by the President of the Rhode Island Christian Endeavor Union, Rev. W. C. Daland, to learn the words and music of the State song printed this week. It is to be the rallying song for Rhode Islanders at Boston in July. Become perfectly familiar with it, and then let the Christian Endeavor world know that "Little Rhoda" is alive!

#### A REWARD OF PERSISTENCY.

##### A TRUE INCIDENT.

They worked together in the same store. For convenience, we will call them Arthur Duniway and George Vickers. Arthur was a young fellow of some nineteen summers; his companion, a man of thirty, or thereabouts. George had a wife and two children; Arthur was the youngest of three sons. But nevertheless they were congenial.

They were much together, and George would receive more advice from his young friend than from many men much older. George's one fault was drinking. Every Saturday, regularly, as he received his salary, he would spend a part on liquor, and remain drunk over Sunday, coming around again all right Monday.

Arthur, however, determined to put a stop to these weekly excesses, and deliberately set about doing it one Saturday, not long after he had formed the determination.

They received their salary together, as usual, and, while Arthur was putting on his coat, George slipped out and was gone. Arthur hurried after him. He knew he doubtless would be in a certain saloon across the street, and, total abstainer as he was, he rushed in. There was George.

"Oh, I say, come on!" said Arthur.

And, coaxing and wheedling, he got George, who had had only a couple of glasses, to follow him out.

"Now, I want you to go home," said Arthur, when they had gained the street.

"What for?" growled George.

"Because I want you to keep sober over tomorrow; and you know you won't do it if you don't go home."

"Well, let me have one more drink, and I will," replied the older man.

"Will you take what I do, if I go in with you?" asked Arthur.

He assented, and they went into the next saloon, where Arthur called for ginger ale for two. George was not entirely satisfied, but, as Arthur paid the bill, he drank his mild substitute, and came away without a word. Once more in the street, the old passion seized him.

"I will have some liquor!" he cried, wrenching his arm from his companion's,

"Very well," said Arthur, calmly. "But wait just a moment. Do you see Striver over there?"

George looked, and beheld one of his customary companions lying senseless on the edge of the road. It was a dark, cold night, and the rain began to drip steadily down. The thin clothing of the poor wretch in the road clung to him, water-soaked.

"Now, Striver's awful drunk, and I've got to get him home," continued Arthur, in a confidential tone. "I can't do it alone, though, and so you'll have to help me."

George was willing, and together they lifted the prostrate man, together they got him home. He chanced to live next door to George, and Vickers, partially sobered by his exertions, was induced to go in and lie down. Arthur stayed near the house for an hour or more. The rain came relentlessly down, like remorse, upon a contrite soul. Still Arthur stayed and waited, until all fear that George might get out again was passed; and then he walked away.

Monday morning came, and with it George to the store. The sun was warm and bright, and the whole earth seemed tenfold more glorious for its late tears. Upon seeing Arthur, George rushed up to him with outstretched hand.

"God bless you, my boy!" he said. "I had a grand good Sabbath yesterday, with my wife and the little folks. 'Pon my honor, sir, I thank you! I haven't been sober a Sabbath in many a day before."

And he turned hastily away, with a half choke in his voice.

Arthur breathed a little prayer of thanks, and went cheerily on with his work.—*S. S. Times.*

#### AN ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

The interesting sketch of Daniel Webster in the September *Century* took me vividly back to a scene in Philadelphia in 1831 or 1832 in which that remarkable man and orator played a prominent part. The occasion was the gathering of many merchants and other business men to protest against the "removal of deposits" from the Bank of the United States to a custody more pleasing to the administration. The meeting had been preceded by a vigorous collection of signatures to a petition to Congress deploring such a transfer; and when the list of names, fastened end to end, were gathered and hung in festoons upon the walls of the place of meeting, they presented a unique and striking decoration. Mr. Webster, then on his way to Washington, had been requested to make a speech, and to take charge of the protest formally, and to advocate it in the Senate. The meeting took place in the afternoon in Musical Fund Hall, in Locust street, near Eighth, and never before had there been a larger audience in that well-known building. I was then about fourteen years old, and, having been directed by my employer, a prominent merchant to solicit signatures, in which I was very successful, I was rewarded for my efforts by permission to go to the "Hall," which I gladly did, and, boy-like, chose a position near to, and in front of, the stand from which the address was to be made. Quite early in that wonderful speech, with a grace and dignity natural to him, after denouncing the financial change and its chief author, the President, Mr. Webster, pointing to the documents fluttering about him, exclaimed in that matchless voice of his, "And he shall see the hand-writing on the wall," to which *instantly* some one in the crowd in clear and distinct words replied, "Yes; and a Daniel will interpret it to him." During the applause which followed, and which continued long and loud, the great senator stood as erect and imperturbable as a stature of New England granite.—*A Seventy-niner, in Century.*

TEACHER in geography class—Jim Smith, can you name ten animals peculiar to the arctic regions? Jim Smith—Yes, sir. Teacher—What are they? Jim Smith—Five seals and five polar bears, sir.

## Children's Page.

### FEARLESS AND HONEST.

A Scotch lad landed at Castle Garden, the brightest, yet the loneliest, passenger of an immigrant ship. He was barely fourteen, and had not a friend in America, and only a sovereign in his pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow-passenger, who had befriended him during the voyage from Glasgow, "don't you wish that you were safe now with your mother in the old country?"

"No," said the boy, "I promised her when I left that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make as well as my own, and I must have good courage."

"Well, laddie, what can you do?" asked a kind voice behind him.

"I can be loyal and true to anybody who will give me something to do," was the quick response.

A well-known lawyer, whose experience with applicants for clerkships in his office had been unfavorable, had taken a stroll down Broadway to ascertain whether he could find a boy to his liking.

A canny Scotchman himself, he had noticed the arrival of the Glasgow steamer, and had fancied that he might be able to get a trustworthy clerk from his own country.

Sandy's fearless face caught his eye. The honest, manly ring in Sandy's voice touched his faithful Scotch heart.

"Tell me your story," he said kindly. It was soon told. Sandy's mother had been left a widow with little money and a child to bring up. She had worked for him as long as she could, but when her health failed she had bought his passage for America, and given him what little money she could spare.

"Go and make your fortune," she had said. "Be fearless and honest, and don't forget your mother, who cannot work for you any longer."

Sandy's patron engaged him as an office boy.

"I'll give you a chance," he said, "to show what there is in you. Write to your mother to-day that you have found a friend, who will stand by you as long as you are fearless and honest."

Sandy became a favorite at once in the office. Clients seldom left the office without pausing to have a word with him.

He attended night school and became an expert penman and accountant. He was rapidly promoted until he was his patron's confidential clerk.

After sharing his earnings with his mother, he went to Scotland and brought her back with him.

"You have made my fortune," he said, "and I cannot have luck without you."

He was right. When he had studied law and began to practice at the bar, his fearlessness commanded respect and his honesty inspired confidence. Juries liked to hear him speak. They instinctively trusted him.

His mother had impressed her high courage and sincerity upon him. His success was mainly her work.—*The Household.*

YOU CAN'T CATCH A YANKEE BOY.—A Buffalo paper tells a story of a New Hampshire boy's quickness at repartee. He was traveling in the country at Stoddard, where it is all rocks and boulders, abandoned farms, and farm houses going to ruin. He saw a boy of twelve or fourteen hoeing in a corn field on the side of what would be a pasture land on any one else's farm. The corn was poor-looking. The traveler reined in his horse and spoke to the boy. He said to him, "Your corn is rather small."

"Well," said the boy, "we planted dwarf corn."

"Well, it looks yellow, poor, and thin."

"Well, we planted yellow corn."

"Well," said the traveler, "I don't mean that. It don't look as if you would get more than half a crop."

"I don't expect to. I planted it on shares."

## Woman's Work.

### SYMPATHY.

BY MARY BASSETT CLARKE.

'Tis said, that once amid a brilliant crowd  
Of rev'rent worshippers, (though rich and proud),  
A bold, bad woman came,  
Stung by her guilt and shame—  
Impelled by fear within,  
And consciousness of sin.

Through stained glass fell the sunshine's softest rays,  
The organ pealed forth hymns of lofty praise,  
The preacher bowed and prayed,  
Then fervently he made  
Appeal to heart and sense,  
With zeal and eloquence.

But all unmoved the woman stood, her heart  
Still harder, as the time came to depart,  
And on her tearless face  
No touch of soft'ning grace,  
But only sin and stain  
And scorn of her own pain.

Then suddenly, a child's soft hand was laid  
On hers, and timidly, as half afraid,  
A pair of clear, blue eyes,  
Where only sad surprise  
And loving pity shone,  
Looked up into her own.

"I'm sorry for you," lisped the little one,  
Then parted by the crowd were both swept on,  
To home of purity,  
Or place of infamy,  
While night spread over all  
Her dark and solemn pall.

Ah! well, it had been long since baby hand  
Or ought so pure, had touched with magic wand  
That woman's hard, cold heart,  
She had been held apart,  
As one whose sinful fall  
By touch polluted all.

And soon alone with God, her room within,  
She lowly bent, in penitence for sin,  
As when in infancy  
Beside a mother's knee,  
She had been won't to bow,  
And breathe petitions low.

Once more made kindred with humanity  
By that one touch of loving sympathy,  
Hope sprang within her heart,  
She felt her guilt depart,  
And heard, like one before,  
"Go thou, and sin no more."

THE Woman's Board are now prepared to fill orders for the photographs of our missionaries, the Rev. D. H. Davis and wife, cabinet size, at 25 cents each. Also for photographs of our Girl's Boarding-school in Shanghai, China, on cardboard 9x11, at 40 cents each. Please send orders to Mrs. E. M. Dunn, Milton, Wisconsin.

### IS PITY NEEDED?

"How I pity him." We were talking about a young missionary in China who had seemed to have more than his share of trouble the past year. In fact he said that every month seemed to bring him some new trial. Among other things his wife had been dangerously sick, his only child had died of cholera after a day's sickness; when there was no one in the house but the father and mother, a Chinese mob had attacked the house and the family were thankful to escape with their lives, and a fellow missionary had accused him of insincerity in Christ's service.

As I spoke the words which begin this article, I was turning the leaves of a missionary magazine and my eyes rested on an article written by this same missionary, and the first words I read were, "Pity is wasted utterly when bestowed upon missionaries." So I thought he does not care for my pity, but why is it so? And I read farther, "The testimony of every one whom the Master has truly called to his work could be adduced to show that our gracious Lord supplies more abundantly the joys of friendship with him as he calls to more lonely or difficult service.

It is not our pity, but our help, that the missionaries need. We can help them by our sympathy with them in their trials, but we

must remember that they are to receive an added blessing for everything that they give up for God in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. It is easier to pity the missionaries and think about what a hard time they are having than it is to deny ourselves of some luxury that we may send a little larger offering to help them.

I wonder sometimes if those who are at work in the foreign fields realize what an inspiration their lives are to those who are at home. We think of all they have given up and our own trials sink into insignificance, and we should not pity them but rejoice that they can live so close to their Master in this life of sin. If we have given up all for Christ, although it is not our privilege to go to the foreign field, we can get into the closer relation with him where our sorrows and trials will be but steps to the blessed oneness with Christ that we hope to attain in heaven.

L. E. W.

### THREE NOBLE WOMEN.

BY ANNA C. RANDOLPH.

Ann Hasseltine was born in Bradford, Mass., Dec. 22, 1789. She received a thorough education; very early she became deeply interested in religious matters. She met Rev. Adoniram Judson in 1810 when he was preparing himself for missionary work at Andover Theological Seminary. February 5, 1812, they were married, and the same month sailed for India, reaching there June 18th. She was the first woman to go to foreign lands as a missionary. The East India Company were bitterly opposed to the introduction of the Christian religion into the province, so they went to Rangoon; here they met with many trials and privations, but she bravely endured and was a valuable helper in the missionary work. From the severity of her labor and the debilitating effect of the climate, her health gave way and it was deemed best for her to return to America for rest. This she did, but it was not a time of idleness; she lectured in the cause of missions, and wrote a history of the Burmese mission, which was received with praise, both in this country and abroad. She returned to Burmah in 1823; while she was in the United States Mr. Judson had gone to Ava and received the loan of some land to build a mission house; leaving the work at Rangoon in the care of others, they returned to Ava, soon war broke out between the English at Bengal and the Burmese government; the missionaries were thought to be spies and their lives were in danger. Mr. Judson was seized in his own house and taken to what was known as the "death prison." Mrs. Judson was strictly guarded in the mission house, which had been stripped of all its furniture; even her clothing was taken, the rough guards treating her brutally. At last she was able to get a petition to the governor of the city, by this means and by bribing the inferior officers she succeeded in relieving her husband from some of the horrors of his confinement. He was saved from actual starvation by the heroism of this noble woman, the jailors not furnishing any food for the prisoners.

For a year and a half Mrs. Judson, with her babe in her arms, followed her husband from one prison to another, looking in every way to secure his release. He with others were several times condemned to death, but her earnest pleadings with the governor had such power that her husband would be preserved though

the rest were executed. During all this time her own destitution and suffering was intense, but so great was the anxiety of her mind in these trials that she says she "seldom reflected on a single occurrence of her former life, or recollected that she had a friend in existence outside of Ava." When peace was declared and her husband released, they established a mission at Amhurst; here it was hoped she might regain her health which had become much weakened by the long strain upon her. God's ways are not ours; she was attacked with the fever; she could not rally, but passed away Oct. 24, 1826, about two months after they had formed their new home. Her babe soon followed her. Thus ended the earth life of one who had been the living embodiment of God's thought, "man's helper." It has been said that her "name will be remembered in the churches of Burmah when the pagodas of Gautama shall have fallen."

Mrs. Judson, with the aid of a native teacher, translated the Burman catechism and the gospel of Matthew into the Siamese, helped prepare a Burmese grammar and made some translations for the use of the Burmese.

Sarah Hall was born at Alstead, N. H., Nov. 4, 1803. She married George Dana Boardman in 1825, and the same year they were sent as missionaries to India. They founded the noted Raren mission at Tavoy; here they were compelled to overcome great difficulties and discouragements; bravely she bore the hardships and sufferings. In 1829 Dr. Judson joined them at Maulman, it becoming the chief seat of the Baptist mission in Burmah; here schools and a house of worship were built, the missionaries being generously aided by Sir Archibald Campbell. In 1831 her husband died, leaving her and her little son alone in a strange, unfriendly country. For six years she had faithfully labored with her husband to sustain the mission; after prayerful deliberation she dreaded to remain and continue the work. In 1834 she married Dr. Judson and for nearly ten years rendered invaluable service to the mission cause in Burmah.

Her health failed at last; it was deemed best that she should return to America. Dr. Judson, herself, and children took passage for home. When near the Isle of France Mrs. Judson grew rapidly worse at sea. Sept. 3, 1845, she fell asleep in Jesus; they buried her on the island of St. Helena. Dr. Judson and his motherless children continued the journey homeward.

Arriving in America, he warned the Board that he could not make public addresses, for he said "in order to become an acceptable and eloquent preacher in a foreign language I deliberately abandoned my own. From long disuse I can scarcely put three sentences together in the English language. His health at this time was very poor, but he addressed large audiences through an interpreter. In 1846 he sailed for Maulmain, taking with him as his wife Emily Chubbuck, of Utica, N. Y., a lady in every way qualified to take the place of the two devoted women whose lives had been given to the great cause the Doctor represented.

Emily Chubbuck was born at Morrisville, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1817. Her parents were poor; before she was twelve years old she worked in the woolen mills in the summer and attended the district school in the winter. She would rise early in the morning to attend

to her work, and spend many hours of the night in study; when she was fifteen she became a teacher in the Utica Female Seminary. At this time she was a writer both in prose and poetry. She wrote a number of books for children, which were published by the Baptist Publishing House. In four years, from the proceeds of her industry, she settled her parents in a comfortable home. While on a visit to New York, June, 1844, she wrote a light sketch for the *New York Mirror* under the name of "Fanny Forrester." This attracted attention; encouraged by the editor, she furnished a series of brilliant sketches which were afterward published in the two volumes bearing the title of "Alderbrook," a name that she gave to her beautiful native place.

At the request of Dr. Judson she wrote a biographical sketch of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson. In the same year (1846) they were married and sailed for Maulmain. She was noted for her deep interest in the cause of missions. After Dr. Judson's death in 1850, she returned to the United States; the rest of her life was filled with literary work. She wrote the life of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, which was published in New York in 1850. June 1, 1854, she passed to the higher life from Hamilton, Madison county, N. Y.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

#### WOMAN'S BOARD.

Receipts for first half of Conference year.

Tract Society.....	\$ 136 77
General Missionary Board.....	54 07
Home Missions.....	30 90
Miss Burdick's Salary.....	181 49
Helper's Salary.....	61 08
Board Expense Fund.....	43 79
RECORDED FUND.....	34 43
Medical Mission.....	17 49
Bed in Hospital.....	60 00
Photograph Fund.....	67 50
Dr. Palmberg's Outfit.....	16 80
Kindergarten Fund.....	28 65
For Education of Sian Mae.....	25 00
Shanghai Mission School.....	5 00
	\$ 762 92

Mrs. E. B. SAUNDERS, Treas.

ADAMS CENTRE, N. Y., March 26, 1895.

#### FIREWORKS IN THE OCEAN.

The ocean, too, has its lanterns, or phosphorescent animals, and among these the jelly-fish and sea anemone are very numerous. Sometimes they look like pillars of fire, sometimes like stars, and sometimes like fiery serpents, flashing out red, green, yellow, and lilac rays.

Many luminous sea creatures are very small, not larger than a spark, but these gather in such masses that in the Indian Ocean the water looks like a sea of molten metal; and a naturalist who bathed among them in the Pacific said that he found himself illuminated for hours afterwards, while the sands on which the insects were stranded at low tide, gleamed like grains of gold.

The bottom of the ocean is magnificent with its star fish and sea pods, some in rich purple, shedding a soft, golden light, while others send out silver flashes, and the lamp-fish carries on its head at night a golden light. Another fish seems to be decorated with pearls, and it is evidently the fashion there to be brilliant in some way. Even crabs in hot climates seem to set themselves on fire, and when captured and teased, they blaze all over with indignation. A species of shark, too, is intensely brilliant at night, and one that was drawn up shone like a splendid lamp for some hours after it was dead. Naturalists have long been at work on this curious subject, and the source of the illuminating power is supposed to be contained in the body of the animal.—*Christian Observer*.

FIND your niche, and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be hever of wood or drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.—*Spurgeon*.

## Home News.

New York.

ALFRED STATION.—The people of our church and community are encouraged and hopeful that a new era of spiritual life and growth has begun in our midst. For nearly five years Rev. L. C. Rogers has very acceptably supplied our desk, giving us most excellent gospel sermons and much endearing himself to us by his faithful Christian example; but his duties as professor in the University gave him little time to devote to the church aside from the Sabbath service. Feeling that the needs of the church demanded the work of a pastor, settled among us, Rev. A. P. Ashurst, of Quitman, Ga., was invited here early in January, with a view to calling him to the pastorate, should it be mutually agreeable. Bro. Ashurst is a Sabbath convert, and has, by his self-denial, fully proven his loyalty to Seventh-day Baptist principles.

At a church meeting called for that purpose, March 13th, it was unanimously voted that he be given a call to settle with us as a pastor, which call he accepted. We consider ourselves fortunate in having been able to secure one of his ability and Christian consecration, and we pray that in our relations, as pastor and people, we may rise to a higher life in our Lord Jesus Christ, and greater effectiveness in his work.

There seems to be a good interest in our Sabbath-school, and it is a matter of encouragement that the attendance has been larger during the winter than for some years past.

The Christian Endeavor meets regularly every Sabbath evening, and the prayer meeting room is usually nearly full. Many are faithfully trying to live up to their pledge and win souls for Christ, while in some we would like to see more earnestness and seriousness. For the past few months the society has been engaged in a work new to it—that of having in charge a weekly outpost meeting—which we hope has been of benefit both to the society and the people with whom the meetings are held. The little Juniors, too, seem to be eager to do all they can in the cause of the loving Saviour who blest little children. H.

Iowa.

WELTON.—We are having beautiful spring weather, but are not having our usual amount of rain, the ground being quite dry, and farmers are feeling a degree of alarm lest we do not have sufficient rain to start crops to growing.

Three of our young people will soon leave us to attend school at Milton, while another one who is spending vacation at home will soon return.

We were permitted to have a series of temperance lectures during the past winter by Wm. Murphy, and the condition of our town was much improved by his earnest effort. Many confirmed drinkers were reformed, and wholesome temperance ideas were instilled into the minds of the young. Mr. Murphy is a man of ability and reputation, and will receive a warm welcome at Welton whenever he may return.

Bro. N. B. Mills, wife and son, recently removed from us to Alfred, N. Y., where Bro. Mills will enter school. Their many friends wish them an abundant success in their undertaking.

Mrs. E. H. Socwell was recently called to the

home of her parents, near West Hallock, Ill., by reason of the sickness of her mother, and soon after her arrival she telegraphed to Eld. Socwell, who was then on his missionary work in Western Iowa, and he also returned to their old home. On the following Sixth-day, March 15th, the mother of Mrs. Socwell died and was buried on the Sunday following.

L. H. Babcock, of the *Gowrie News*, is visiting his brother, Dea. J. O. Babcock, and many friends in Welton. \*

MARCH 21, 1895.

Kansas.

NORTONVILLE.—We are located at quite a distance from the main part of the denomination, but we can shake hands with you through the medium of the SABBATH RECORDER, for which we prize its weekly visits, as well as for its excellent articles.

The weather at present is rather unfavorable for farmers, it being very dry. We have had but little rain or snow through the fall or winter.

The Sabbath morning services are usually well attended, and we are favored with the faithful preaching of the gospel by our pastor, Eld. J. M. Todd; his kind and tender appeals show he loves the souls of men and longs to do them good. Some, we know, are benefited by it, while others, we fear, do not realize their blessings. The singing, which we believe is an inspiring part of worship, has been very much improved of late through the efforts of its leaders, which many appreciate. The Sabbath-school follows the morning service, and the main part of the congregation remain. We hope Bible truth implanted there will bring forth fruit in noble Christian lives. The Friday evening prayer-meeting is not as well attended as it ought to be, but those who do go are strengthened by it.

The temperance cause also receives its share of attention. A temperance meeting was held in the church on the evening of March 16th, when a good audience listened to a well-prepared programme under the leadership of our friend, Isaac Maris, who is an earnest man on the temperance question and Bible-school work.

Some families have come among us from the drouth-stricken counties of Western Kansas. Some aid has been sent to these places. Several large boxes of clothing with various needful article were sent about Christmas by the Methodists, aided by the surrounding country, and a few weeks ago a carload of clothing and provisions were sent from Nortonville and vicinity, accompanied by one of Nortonville's ministers and a Seventh-day Baptist deacon.

Eld. E. S. Eyerly has gone to Somerville, Mo., as a volunteer missionary. He is a good preacher and a very earnest man. We miss him here, but we bid him Godspeed in the sacrifice he has made, and in the noble work he is doing. That place also suffered by drouth last year. The society here have aided them some, for which they have expressed thanks. There has been an unusual call for aid this winter, and the people generally have responded to the best of their ability. S. T.

THE love that comes through gratitude is beautiful; but the love that comes through service is Christlike. There is joy in loving those by whom one has been served; but there is a noble joy in loving those for whom one has toiled and sacrificed. He who would be chief in loving must be willing to become the servant of all.

THE SCHOOL POPULATION.

In all the schools of the United States, public and private, elementary, secondary, and higher, there were enrolled in the year 1894 about fifteen and one-half millions of pupils. This number includes all who attended at any time in the year for any period, however short. But the actual average attendance for each pupil did not exceed ninety days, although the average length of the school session was 137. Sixty-nine pupils were enrolled out of each 100 of the population between the ages of five and eighteen years. At this rate of attendance the entire population is receiving on an average a little less than four and one-half years' schooling of 200 days each. In some States this average falls as low as two years, and in others it rises to nearly seven years (as in Massachusetts).

Out of this entire number deduct the private and parochial schools of all kinds, elementary, secondary, higher, and schools for art, industry, and business, for defective classes and Indians, and there remain over thirteen and one-half millions for the public school enrollment, or nearly 88 per cent of the whole. In the twenty-four years since 1870 the attendance on the public schools has increased from less than seven millions to thirteen and one-half millions. The expenditures have increased somewhat more, namely, from sixty-three millions to one hundred and sixty-three millions of dollars per annum, an increase from \$1 64 per capita to \$2 47. To account for this pro rata increase of 50 per cent in the cost of the common schools one must allow for a slight increase in the average length of the school term, and for the increase of the enrollment from less than 17 to more than 20 per cent of the population. But the chief items of increase are to be found in teachers' wages and the cost of expert supervision. These account for more than two-thirds of the 50 per cent, while the remaining one-sixth is due to better apparatus and more commodious school buildings.

The transformation of an illiterate population into a population that reads the daily newspaper, and perforce thinks on national and international interests, is the great good accomplished by the free public school system thus far. It must be borne in mind that the enrollment in school of one person in every five of the entire population of the country means the same result for the South as for the North, the Gulf States, in fact, enrolling nearly 22 per cent of their total population, colored and white, and the South Atlantic 20.70, while the North Atlantic and the Western, Mountain, and Pacific divisions enroll 18 per cent, having a much smaller ratio of children of school age. In a reading population one section understands the motives of the other, and this prevents political differences from becoming too wide for party solution. When one section cannot any longer accredit the other with honest and patriotic motives, war is only a question of time. That this general prevalence of elementary education is accompanied by a comparative neglect of the secondary and higher courses of study is evident from the fact that out of the number of pupils enrolled more than ninety-six in every hundred are pursuing elementary studies; less than three in a hundred are in secondary studies in high schools, academies, and other institutions; only one in a hundred is in a college or school for higher studies. It is poor comfort to know that the proportion of pupils in grades above elementary, as compared with the whole population, is no larger in the nations of Europe, although in some particulars the instruction may be superior to our own.—From "Recent Progress in the Public Schools," by W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, in Harper's Magazine for April.

A HEALTHY body is good; but a soul in right health—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessed thing this earth receives of heaven.—Thomas Carlyle.

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1895.

SECOND QUARTER.

April 6.	The Triumphal Entry.....	Mark 11: 1-11.
April 13.	<b>THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN</b> .....	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 II.—THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN.

For Sabbath-day, April 13, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—Mark 12: 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—They will reverence my son.

INTRODUCTORY.

Since our last lesson, Christ going from Bethany to Jerusalem came to a leafy fig-tree, professing thus to have fruit, which it had not; he pronounces a blight upon it; entering the temple he cleanses it, and the Scribes and Pharisees being greatly offended, seek to destroy him. In the evening he leaves the city, and returning next morning, the disciples call attention to the withered fig-tree. He teaches them a lesson of faith and forgiveness in prayer, and upon entering the temple again the Scribes and Pharisees ask, what authority he has for so acting, and they are put to silence by refusing to answer a question propounded by him. He then opened his mouth in parables, of which our lesson is one.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

"And he began to speak to them." To the inquisitive Scribes and Pharisees, there was however a great multitude about him. "By parables." A parable is a placing of one thing along side of another, that the two may be compared; similitudes. The Scribes and Pharisees are compared with the wicked husbandmen. Mark 4: 2, especially Mark 4: 11 and 12. "Planted a vineyard." Christ uses natural and familiar objects and occurrences, for object lessons. Palestine was emphatically a wine-growing country; a vineyard was a well-chosen and carefully-prepared parcel of ground. "Set a hedge about it." For protection from wild animals. "And digged the wine vat." Wine vat. Two basins were scooped out of a sloping rock, one above the other, so when the grapes were trod in the upper one, the wine would flow down into the vat. All preparations were made for a harvest. "Built a tower." To command a view of the vineyard and to serve as residence for the watchman. Another means of protection. "Let it out." Leased it for his own interest. "Husbandmen." Earth-workers. Those who tilled the vineyard. "Went into a far country." Went abroad. "At the season." Vintage time. "Receive from the husbandmen of the fruit of the vineyard." The share that was rightfully his own. "Beat them." That is, clubbed them. "Another servant." Perhaps, one with more authority. "Wounded in the head." More severe usage. Dangerous wounds. Note the progress in their cruel treatment, finally leads to murder. "Shamefully handled." Disrespected and reviled. "Sent another." What great forbearance he had. How many times God had sent his servants unto the Jews and, as often, they were shamefully handled. "Killed him." Their sin had so developed that this time they murder as easily as they beat at first. "Many others." Note the opportunities for repentance. "Having yet therefore one son." The last hope, last prospect of success. Uses every means to prevail upon them. "His well beloved." More so because his only son. What a sacrifice! "Reverence my son." The verb signifies "a self examination;" that is, they will come to see themselves and be ashamed. "This is the heir, come let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." That they might have entire independence. It would naturally go to their heir and they thought that if they killed him, the owner had been so lenient, he would just let them go on without punishment. "What shall therefore the lord of the vineyard do?" Question probably addressed to the audience, and no doubt Christ paused for a reply. "Destroy the husbandmen." They will meet a violent death. What they deserve. No one can deny that. "Give the vineyard to others." To more worthy husbandmen. "Have you not read this Scripture?" Do you not understand the application? Psa. 118: 22. "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner." Probably refers to some incident in the building of the temple. Some stone, being disapproved, was at last the one fitted for the most conspicuous position. Isa. 8: 14, 15, Dan. 2: 44. "This was the Lord's doing." The

Lord overruled to this end. "Marvelous in our eyes." Calls forth our admiration. "They sought to lay hold on him. The Scribes and Chief Priests. "Feared the multitude." The multitude were more inclined to believe our Lord's teachings, and if the Priests lay hold of him, it would call forth a decisive action on the part of the multitude. "They left him and went their way." They could make no more of their case, so they went away. They were present only to catch him in his words, if possible.

ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is, perhaps, the most deceitful drug in the whole *meteria medica*.

All drugs have a primary and secondary effect, and are usually prescribed for the former; but where, as in the case of alcoholic beverages, large quantities are apt to be taken with great frequency, the secondary effects of the remedy become of great importance.

The first action of alcohol is to stimulate the circulation and brain; it borrows from the vital resources a sufficient amount of force to make a display of apparent strength, but at a great cost to the organism, and a too frequent repetition of the draft must eventuate in physical bankruptcy. But, unfortunately, the very process which enables a man to make this display of seeming health and energy soon destroys his ability to correctly gauge his vital reserve, and the neurotic taint, sole inheritance of many, clamors more and more vehemently for the stimulant which shall make its unfortunate possessor the momentary peer of any man.

The inception of the drink habit is the first step in the process of mental, moral, and physical suicide; and the physician whose faulty judgment recommends alcohol in any form for indigestion, debility, etc., shoulders a weight of responsibility which no honest man should willingly assume.—*Medical Brief*.

SUNDAY LAW IN DELAWARE.

The Delaware Legislature has before it a bill, which contains the following paragraph: "If any person, corporation or firm engaged in business of any kind, shall attempt to carry on or operate the same, or shall attempt to carry on or operate the same on the Lord's-day, commonly called Sunday, or shall engage, employ, or hire any person to carry on or operate the same on the Lord's-day, or Sunday, he, it or they shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall pay a fine of \$100 and costs of prosecution for each and every such offence, and may also be imprisoned one month, in addition to such fine and costs." In reading this, there arises in the mind of the unskillful the question, how the guilty corporation is to be imprisoned? Suppose, for example, (which is the case fifty-two Sundays in every year), that the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio railways run their lines through the State of Delaware, would the State proceed to arrest and imprison all the stockholders and bondholders? But passing this point (which is incidental), it will be observed that there is no exemption for any one who, having conscientiously observed another day of the week, with equal conscientiousness obeys the precept, "Six days shalt thou labor." We sincerely trust that the legislature of Delaware will pause before placing such a law upon the statute books.—*The Examiner*.

The *Examiner* is to be much commended for its defence of righteous laws and religious liberty in the matter of Sabbath-keeping.

BINDERS FOR RECORDERS.

We are prepared to send an excellent binder for the RECORDER by mail, postpaid, for \$1 10. This is at wholesale price and therefore without much profit to the publishers, and is done to accommodate our patrons who wish to preserve the RECORDER for reference. We mean to make it worth enough to our readers to justify this outlay for its permanent preservation year by year.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM LONE SABBATH-KEEPERS.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Thanks for your cordial invitation to "Lone Sabbath-keepers," to have a little conference meeting through the columns of the RECORDER. I have long proposed, in my heart, to do this, so am doubly glad to know that I am welcome. It is almost five years since the study of the true Sabbath was brought to my consideration. I had for over forty years been a member of the First-day Baptist Church, and was very strict in keeping what I believed to be the Sabbath, and when God graciously opened my eyes to the truth, in answer to my earnest petition, that if I was in error he would lead me out, I was almost overwhelmed. I had never seen a Seventh-day Baptist, knew nothing of them, but set myself diligently to work to find them out. I heard of such a church at Milton Junction, and wrote directly to their pastor, Dr. N. Wardner, who, after a little correspondence, came to see me. I felt somewhat as the Disciples did when the Brethren came to meet them at Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, thanked God and took courage. I have borne some trials, incident to a change of one's faith; but, through them all have found such a sweet peace as is known only, when the will is yielded to God. I have felt very anxious to live near a body of my own faith; but am now resigned to have God's will done in me. I am saying, day by day, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and I am doing the little things he gives me to do, day by day. I commenced work with my twin sister, sending her Dr. Wardner's little book, "Nature's God and His Memorial." She and her daughter have both accepted the Sabbath; and, at my request, have each sent a communication to the RECORDER of their change of views. A year ago I sent her the RECORDER, also the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook*, which she says are a great help to her, and I have been thinking that if each of us "lone Sabbath-keepers" would send these papers to some others, who are willing to investigate truth, we might be doing some service in the vineyard of the Lord.

Please find enclosed four dollars, to renew my subscription for one year; also, for sister, Mrs. Julia Vose, Station R., Los Angeles, Cal.

With fervent prayers for the spread of the truth as it is in Jesus, I am yours sincerely,

Mrs. J. M. AINSWORTH.

MONROE, Wis., March 24, 1895.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER.

About six years ago my attention was called to the Sabbath question by receiving a letter from my twin sister, living in Wisconsin, relating her experience in the change of the day, and urging me to at once look into the subject for myself. I was not at all enthused, but for the sake of my love for her, I promised that I would investigate the subject; but as I was then visiting my two married daughters, where I remained a year and a half, I did not make much progress, until I returned to Illinois, when, occasionally, I would give some time and thought to it, but was not convinced for a long time; and when I began to think that the seventh-day ought to be the Sabbath, then the thought came to me, it is not fair to take this side of the question without looking into the arguments of the First-day believers. So I sent to Chicago for a book I had seen highly recommended on that subject, and was surprised to find it

was conspicuous for the absence of Bible proof. But when my mind was fully convinced that the seventh day was the Sabbath, and after I determined that I could and would keep it as such, I have found I am much in the condition Paul was, after his conversion, when he assayed to join himself to the disciples, they were all afraid of him. Some of the clergy here tell us that the Seventh-day people have done more to hurt the cause of Christ than all the infidels and sinners in the world! (What a pity.) But it is as true now as in the days of the apostles, when they were scattered; the Word was sown faster. The Seventh-day question is agitating a number that never gave it a thought before, and are desirous to know both sides of the question; so I think it but right to let these two little books go together—"Nature's God and His Memorial," by Nathan Wardner; and "Sabbath Observance," by Mrs. Josephine C. Bateham, Williamsburg, Ky.

We are enjoying our Sabbaths, and the Lord is opening up new avenues of work in his kingdom, in which I hope and pray we may prove faithful.

Yours in the work of the Master,

MRS. JULIA VOSE.

STATION R., LOS ANGELES, Cal.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

How I was lead to change from the first to the seventh day. My mother, who had been investigating the subject for a long time, became convinced that Christ did not change the Sabbath-day. She began observing the seventh day with the beginning of the year 1894. After awhile I began reading the literature on the subject, and particularly a little booklet entitled, "Nature's God and His Memorial." I also became convinced that Christ did not change the day; but the question which troubled me was, did my Heavenly Father wish me to make the change now, after observing the first day as the Sabbath all my life, and particularly as the Christians would still observe the first day. I had been praying over the matter for some time, and one day, after washing, as I was taking my rest, and praying for light, a "Voice" said to me, "Why not begin next Saturday?" I replied, "I would plan my work accordingly, and if the way was made clear, I would do so." I arranged my work in order to get through on Friday, and as the path of duty was made very plain, I observed Saturday, August 13, 1894, as the Sabbath-day, for the first time. Since that time, mother and I have continued to observe it together, and have never regretted it. The Saviour is very near, and I wish to win many souls to him during the year 1895.

Respectfully,

MISS MARY VOSE.

STATION R., LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 12, 1895.

## THE BIRDIE'S SUNBEAM.

Gerty had been sick, and was getting well. The days were long and she felt cross, and thought she had a hard time. "O mamma! I wish Dick wouldn't sing: he makes my head ache," she cried, as the canary burst forth into a glad song.

"Poor Dick! You see that he sings, although he is a prisoner," said mamma.

Gerty still fretted; so mamma covered Dick's cage with a cloth. The bird did not like this, and for some minutes was silent.

Mamma had not covered the cage very closely, and soon the bird, spying a ray of sunlight, again raised his glad song of thanksgiving.

"There, Gerty," said mamma, "is a lesson

for you. Dick is thankful for one ray of sunlight. Don't you think you should be as grateful for your blessings as birdie is for his?"

Gerty raised her face from the pillow and said: "Yes, mamma; I am ashamed for my crossness. I will try to look for sunbeams."

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

AN extra edition of the *Alfred Sun* is to be published in May by the Ladies of Alfred, for the benefit of Alfred University. The price of the Extra is ten cents. Send your subscriptions and write for advertising rates to ALFRED SUN EXTRA, ALFRED, N. Y.

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.

A PECK OF APPLES.

The level fields on the Primrose place were covered with them—fair yellow porters, handsome astrachans, little red apples, and round green apples, and apples and apples and apples.

John raked them up and fed the pigs with them, and Mollie and Round Robin ate all they wanted, and still there were pecks and pecks wasting.

Little Mrs. Primrose used to sigh and say, "How I wish the poor little city children had these!" and visitors strolling over the Primrose fields exclaimed, "What a shame! And so many poor people!" and then little Mrs. Primrose always felt guilty, as if she somehow had got the poor people's apples by mistake and ought to get them back to them, and she couldn't for the life of her see how she could do it! Tiny and Tom got it into their little heads, and Papa Primrose used to say in a nice, comfortable way, "I really do wish somebody had those apples;" and out of it all grew the idea of putting some apples out by the front gate-post.

It was a bright thought of Tiny's, the "youngest" of the Primrose twins, as people always called her because she was smaller than Tom. You think, I suppose, that Tom was a boy, but she wasn't.

"Really, papa, we must leave it off and call her Marion. You see we named the twins Marion and Christina, after the two grandmothers, but papa began to call Marion 'Tom,' because, he said, 'she ought to be if she isn't—he said he would have a boy somehow—and it sounded so funny when she was little that we all called her so; and she's such a romp now that papa says it is more appropriate than ever, and really Marion doesn't know any other name. But I'm sometimes quite ashamed to have my little daughter called by a boy's name."

Mrs. Primrose's little cheeks flushed, but Papa Primrose laughed heartily.

But Tiny was always the leader, though she was little and delicate, and Tom was round and rosy. The twins were light, with blue eyes, and Tiny had long, wavy hair, but Tom's was "shingled." It curled more than Tiny's, and was lovelier in color, but Tom would give nobody any peace until it was cut. It had never grown long.

So it was Tiny who asked, "Mamma, mayn't we put some apples out by the gate, and then, perhaps, some poor people may take them as they go by?"

And Mamma Primrose said, "Yes, do. You and Tom pick up some in the peck basket, and pile them round the gate-post," and Tiny and Tom rushed away to do it.

All that day long people walked by and rode by, and some people looked at them as if they thought it was a queer place to keep apples, and that was all. Nobody offered to touch one, and Tiny and Tom were so disappointed!

It's no use, we'll have to give them to Mollie and Round Robin, after all, I believe; and Round Robin is so fat now that he can

just see! His eyes are little specks and that's all. Papa says he is the fattest pig he ever saw, and Mollie is almost as fat. They don't need any apples!"

The twins drew deep breaths and pondered.

"Mamma! They didn't know they *could* take them, they didn't know they were for *them*, mamma. They must have thought we put them down there for somebody in *particular*, or spilled them, or something!"

They pulled Tom off to the lounge, and they whispered together awhile, and then Tiny came again.

"Mamma, can't we write a little sign and invite them to take some? Tom says she can make one."

Mrs. Primrose smiled and papa said, "Let them," and the next day there was a sheet of white card-board stuck up over the apples with "Please take some" in a big, childish print. The twins did not go far from the gate-post that day. The piazza overlooked the road, and sometimes they watched from there, but oftener they ran into the parlor and peeped from behind the draperies.

The first one that stopped was a man with a whole teamful of children. He read the placard, and said, "Get out if you want to," and out they went, over the side and down in front and over the tail-board, and Tom dashed out from the parlor and swung her piazza cap at them, and such a shout as they set up! After the team drove away, the twins capered down to see if there were any left. "O yes, they weren't a bit greedy."

Then two young men rode by and jumped out and took some. Not a soul was in sight.

"That's a jolly lark," one of them said, and went off munching a delicious Porter.

After a while a lady and gentleman came driving by, on a long journey, and the lady saw the apples and pointed to them. The gentleman hesitated, but finally got out and picked up two Porters for himself and two Astrachans for his wife, and the lady smiled and said, "Thank you," to him and said, "Thank you, little sweethearts," and threw two kisses to the two little girls on the piazza, and Tiny and Tom were out of their wits for joy.

And people went walking by and sometimes stopped to pick up an apple, and they always looked toward the house as if they wanted to thank somebody, and so it went on all day.

"Such great fun!" they told Papa Primrose that night, and Tom was up the next morning and picked the basketful before Tiny was dressed, but Tiny made her promise not to do it again.

A week after the twins went to town with their mamma, and Tiny asked permission to take some apples to give to poor children. She was very much afraid that she wouldn't see any to give them to, but she spied one on the train quite near her, and whispered to mamma to ask if she might. Mamma Primrose was talking very busily with a gentleman, but his eyes followed the dear little girl as she put the ap-

ples into the lap of the other child and saw them smile at each other. He interrupted Mrs. Primrose, nodding towards the children.

"That's a pretty sight. Did your little girl bring them purposely?"

Then Mrs. Primrose told him about the apples in the fields, and the pile round the gate-post, and the invitation that Tom had printed, and how they all disliked to see them wasted, but they couldn't give them away because all their neighbors had apples of their own, and they couldn't reach the city people who really needed them.

Mr. Hurling leaned forward over the back of the twins' seat and began to be sociable.

"I'd give them away for you if I had them at my store down on Commercial street," he said; there are so many children down round there, and they look so wistfully at my apples, and some of them say, 'Please, mister, won't you give me the rotten ones?'"

"Oh," and Tiny and Tom looked at each other with big eyes, "and mamma won't let us eat one that has any bad in it!"

"That's right, my dear," said Mr. Hurling, with something that sounded like a sigh cut off halfway up; "but the little folks I spoke of can't be particular. They're only too glad to get the specked one. Seems a pity, doesn't it, Mrs. Primrose? Why, I met a milkman last week that said he couldn't give away his fall apples, and he never had handsomer ones either. Well, here we are. Good morning, Mrs. Primrose, good-bye, little girls. I'd like to hear how your gate-post apples go to-day." Mr. Hurling smiled.

"He's a nice man, isn't he, mamma?"

The twins thought so, and so he was.

The next morning the little girls came rushing down stairs pell-mell.

"O, mamma, we've thought it all out in the night! Where's papa? Has he gone? O dear, we wanted to ask him! And now we'll have to wait till night!"

"Yes, papa's gone. What is it?"

"O, I wish I'd got up earlier! 'Cause it depends on papa. We'll tell you, mamma." First one and then the other talked.

It's the apples, mamma. That Mr. Hurling said he'd give them away for us, and I know he would, don't you think so, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I suppose he would, but how could we get them to him. Papa would hardly feel like paying fifty cents express every day."

"O, but mamma, we've thought it all out. Tom and I

(Concluded on page 224.)

MARRIAGES.

WHITMORE—CRUMB.—In Lincklaen, N. Y., at the residence of W. H. Whitmore, March 20, 1895, by Pastor O. S. Mills, Mr. Pearl W. Whitmore of Lincklaen and Miss Lettie Eunice Crumb, of McGrawville, N. Y.

FLETCHER—WITTER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Witter, Wausau, Wis., March 20, 1895, by Rev. Perry, Silas C. Fletcher, of Grand Marsh, Wis., and Jennie Witter, of Wausau.

SAUNDERS—MARR.—In Big Spring, Wis., March 5, 1895, by Rev. J. W. Hadden, Mr. Egbert Saunders, of the town of Jackson, Wis., and Mrs. Annie L. Marr, of Spring Lake, Wis.

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.

COON.—In Toledo, Ohio, Feb. 12, 1895, of heart failure, Wm. Milton Coon, third son of Elijah H. and Prudence C. Coon, in the 56th year of his age.

MONROE.—In Alfred, N. Y., March 14, 1895, Charity A. Monroe, aged 72 years, 10 months, and 18 days.

The deceased was born in Massachusetts, and came to the town of Alfred when she was eleven years of age. Her maiden name was Campbell. She was baptized and became a member of the First Alfred Church fifty-five years ago. Her husband, Joseph L. C. Monroe, preceded her in death a number of years since. Three sons and two daughters with many grandchildren are left to mourn her departure. w. c. w.

PERKINS.—In Nile, N. Y., March 6, 1895, at the home of her son, Eugene Perkins, Chloe Ann, widow of Nathaniel Perkins, in the 71st year of her age.

She was the daughter of George and Weighty Rosebush, who, at the time of her birth, were living in Frankford, Canada. While she was still young her father moved to New York State, where, in 1843, she was married, and together she and her husband were baptized and united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Independence, which was her church home until 1889, when she united with the Friendship Church, where she has since lived as one of its faithful members. Her husband died in 1872. She was the mother of eight children, seven of whom survive. She is missed in her home, in the community, and in the church. But we trust that our loss is her gain. M. B. K., JR.

MAIN.—In Portville, March 14, 1895, Mrs. Theda Main, widow of the late Milton M. Main, in the 91st year of her age.

"Aunt Theda," as she was familiarly called by all who knew her, had been a resident of this town for nearly sixty-three years, having been among the first settlers who came to this place when it was a dense wilderness, and is the last of those sturdy pioneers, all of whom are now sleeping in our quiet cemetery in Main Settlement. She was a happy Christian, and possessed the rare and beautiful trait of being always cheerful. She was ever a pleasant companion for the young as well as the old. Her funeral was largely attended from the M. E. Church in Portville, of which she was a worthy and much loved member. "A mother of Israel" was the theme of the discourse preached by her pastor. L. M. M.

CORNELIUS.—In the town of Ward, N. Y., March 20, 1895, of spinal meningitis, Levey E., eldest child of Franklin S. and Georgia A. Cornelius, aged 4 years, 7 months and 3 days. B. C. D.

LANGWORTHY.—In Alfred, N. Y., March 21, 1895, Gladdys Laura, youngest child of Daniel B. and Catharine E. Langworthy, aged 1 year, 2 months, and 29 days.

"Our happy hearted darling,  
The angels loved her well;  
And ere the storms of winter  
She went with them to dwell."

B. C. D.

LUKECART.—At her home near West Hallock, Ill., March 15, 1895, Mrs. Harriet Lukecart, mother of Mrs. E. H. Socwell, aged 71 years, 1 month, 5 days.

Though she never made a public profession of Christianity, yet she was a trustful believer in Christ, and was highly respected by all who knew her.

"All is well, life's journey's done,  
All is well, new joys begun,  
All is well, temptations past,  
All is well, safe home at last."

E. H. S.

SWEET.—In Boulder, Colo., March 13, 1895, of hemorrhage of the brain, after some weeks of sickness, Franklin G., son of Newell E. and Hattie L. Sweet, aged twelve and a half years.

Frankie was a promising boy. He was the oldest child, and the parents have the sympathy of the neighboring friends in this sad bereavement. S. R. W.

CLARKE.—In Berlin, Wis., March 20, 1895, Mrs. Harriet A. Clarke, wife of Henry F. Clarke.

Mrs. Clarke was born in Genesee, N. Y., July 26, 1833. She attended church the Sabbath before her death, and was apparently as well as usual. She died of inflammation of the bowels. She leaves a husband and four children, and a large circle of friends to mourn her decease. Funeral services were conducted by the writer March 22, 1895, from the Berlin (Wis.) church. D. B. C.

WILBUR.—At Otter Creek, in the town of Milton, Wis., March 19, 1895, after an illness of only four days, of scarlet fever, Gordon Wilbur, son of Nelson and Rose Heritage Clarke, aged three years and ten months. G. W. B.

LIVINGSTON.—John Livingston was born in Virginia in 1819, and died in Milton Junction, Wis., March 20, 1895.

When he was about four years old his parents moved to Springfield, Ohio, where he grew to manhood. While living in Ohio he experienced religion and united with the Disciples Church. He has lived in the vicinity of Milton Junction nearly fifty years. He was an uncle of the Rev. John L. Huffman, of Salem, W. Va. The respect in which he was held in the community was attested by the large attendance at the funeral on March 22d. Funeral services were conducted by the writer of this notice, assisted by the Rev. O. W. Stephens, pastor of the M. E. Church of Milton Junction. G. W. B.

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OH! IF I ONLY HAD HER Complexion! Why it is easily obtained. Use Pozsoni's Complexion Powder.

A PECK OF APPLES. (From page 223.)

will pick them up, and we won't put in a single rotten one, and we'll put them in a barrel and when John carries papa to the station he could take the apples down. Papa would ride in the express wagon just for two or three miles, mamma, wouldn't he? Just so that the poor little boys and girls could have some apples. I know papa would. He's so good."

"And mamma" it was Tom's turn, "Tiny says she knows the man whose railroad papa rides on, because she was with papa one day when he and papa were talking, and she's going to ask him if he won't take the apples in for us."

"Oh, won't it be fun?" Off the twins went in a caper.

"And, mamma, mamma," catching her round the neck—Mrs. Primrose was laughing—Tiny's turn this time, "don't you think Mr. Hurling would let his team go to the station and get them? You know the grocery men do go everywhere, and we'd do it as long as the apples lasted. O mamma, isn't it a nice plan, and mayn't we do it?"

When Papa Primrose came home they had the apples picked up.

Papa didn't manage it in quite that way, to be sure, but he followed the plan very nearly. He did see the freight agent and the freight agent spoke to somebody above him, and as Papa Primrose was a big business man and sent a great deal of freight over the road, the freight agent and the somebody above him smiled effably and said, "Certainly, Mr. Primrose, we shall be very happy to accommodate you."

And Tom and Tiny rode down every morning in the express wagon and watched their apples put on the train, and they put only a few round the gate-post, "'Cause we can't spare them," and they gave Mollie and Round Robin only the decayed ones and the parings that Mary made in the kitchen.

And this was what was done with the fall apples on the Primrose place this year, but Tiny and Tom have heard of other apples lying in other fields, and they talk of taking in partners, and next year it may be an apple mission as big as a charity hospital for all I know.

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