

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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## UNLOOKED-FOR ANSWERS.



ASKED the Lord, that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace,  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face.

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;  
But it has been in such a way  
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that, in some favored hour,  
At once he'd answer my request,  
And, by his love's constraining power,  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe,  
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

"Lord! why is this?" I trembling cried,  
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"  
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ,  
From self and pride to set thee free;  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
That thou mayest seek thine all in me."

—John Newton, in *S. S. Times*.

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## Sabbath Recorder.

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### THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not; all our way  
Is night—with thee alone is day.  
From out of the torrent's troubled drift  
Above the storm our prayers we lift—  
Thy will be done!

We take, with solemn thankfulness,  
Our burden up, nor ask it less;  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
Whose will be done!

Though dim, as yet, in tint and line,  
We trace thy picture's wise design;  
And thank Thee that our age supplies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice.  
Thy will be done!

Strike, thou the Master; we thy keys,  
The anthem of thy destinies!  
The minor of thy loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain—  
Thy will be done!

—Whittier.

TIME spent in useless regrets will not be very productive of better results. "Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of." Hence sorrow resulting in sincere repentance, which will be followed by a change of heart and living, and which will insure salvation, should always beget a happy, hopeful, useful life. In this state there will be little room for repining over past follies. The normal condition now and henceforth will be, "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

PUBLIC prayers are sometimes perverted from their legitimate design and made the occasion for the expression of embittered feeling and the administration of severe and sarcastic rebukes to some of the listeners. The press has recently made some criticisms on a prayer offered at a political club meeting which was so partizan as to call forth a round of hand clapping and cheers at its close. Such prayers are little, if any, short of profanity, and cannot be expected to do any good to the hearers, or to avail with God except to call down his displeasure.

THE greatest convention of all was this fourteenth Convention of Christian Endeavorers held in Boston, July 10-15. It may not be possible to know exactly how many were in attendance. However, it seems safe to say there were not less than 50,000. This immense company, according to all reports, was "handled" to perfection. The growth of this wonderful organization is phenomenal. The enrolled membership is now 2,473,740. During the year these societies have contributed \$425,000 for missions, and from their ranks 202,185 have become members of churches. In the last six years the total number recruited from Christian Endeavor ranks to the fellowship of the Christian church amounts to 816,335. This vast multitude of young people in training for useful Christian laborers constitutes one of the most prominent grounds for encouragement and hope.

THE Dowager Empress of China is regarded as one of the world's greatest women. Her life has been an eventful one, and if the closing years shall witness her acceptance of the Christian faith, as she has already accepted the gift of a costly volume of the Christian's Bible, it will be a glorious termination of a remarkable career. The recent gift of the Bible, by missionary women, was accompanied by many fervent prayers for her conversion. The Empress-Dowager was born of poor parents, living near Canton. She was very beautiful. Once, when starvation threatened her parents, she suggested that they sell her as a slave, and thus procure means to keep them alive. A noted general purchased her, and was so pleased with her grace and beauty, that he adopted her as his child. Soon after this he visited Peking and offered his adopted daughter to the emperor, who was so charmed with her intelligence and beauty that he made her his wife. At the death of the emperor she took the reins of government and gave better direction to affairs than most of her predecessors had done. Now if the Christian's faith and joys shall crown her last years, her illustrious example will doubtless go far toward the spread of the gospel in the "Celestial Kingdom."

WE publish in another column an article from the *Times-Democrat*, New Orleans, on the subject of "Religious Persecutions." The *Times-Democrat* is a well conducted paper of thirty-two years standing, and shows, in the treatment of this question, what will doubtless be the general sentiment of enlightened men throughout the country. There is no danger that our country will so far forget its foundation principles as to enter upon a career of barbaric cruelty and oppression, such as disgraced even the "dark ages." It is true that there are isolated instances where these deeds are done through envy or malice; but that is not the settled policy of our government. In some cases resentment is provoked and advantage is taken of the possibilities of legal trial and punishment, because those who observe the seventh-day are provokingly defiant of law and the practice of the majority. We confess to very grave misgivings concerning the wisdom and spirit that prompts men to court such notoriety, if any such instances exist; but far greater is the sin against light and liberty on the part of those who, with embittered feeling and unchristian spirit, seek to annoy and persecute honest men and women who for conscience sake differ in religious belief and practice from the majority of their fellowmen. Such differences are inevitable, and shame be to the man or State denying the sacred right.

QUESTIONS touching individual rights of church members are frequently arising. Membership in the Church of Christ is not a trifling matter. By some it is maintained that since uniting with the church is a voluntary matter on the part of the individual, so his withdrawal from membership, if for any reason desired, should be equally a matter of individual choice, and that the church is under obligation to grant a letter at any time on demand.

But this is not a fair representation of the case. In the first place, the act of joining in membership is not quite as one-sided as is sometimes supposed. True, the individual act must be voluntary, but the church is

equally interested and must be consulted, and upon satisfactory evidence of fitness the church decides the question and accepts the person offering himself to membership. The person may offer himself, but that fact does not obligate the church to receive him. The agreement must be mutual. So also in the case of a proposed withdrawal. It is no more optional with the individual than is the act of uniting, which must conform to the evidences of fitness and the known rules of the church. Cases sometimes occur in which a member, because of some fancied or real wrong done him, hastily demands a letter of dismissal. But he should bear in mind that since he was received at the option of the church, so his dismissal must be at the option of the same body. The church is greater than the individual in its matters of government, and this fact everyone concedes when he offers himself as a candidate for membership. He then admits that the church can receive or reject as it is deemed best. If, therefore, the church does not, at any subsequent time, deem it wise or conducive to the best interests of the individual or the maintenance of its own honor to dismiss a member on demand, its right should be as readily conceded.

The act of joining Christ's Church, so far as the individual is concerned, is, from the nature of the case, a life contract. It is not supposed to be an experiment. It is not like uniting in membership with any other organization. It is a surrender of self and a pledge of loyalty to Christ's kingdom for time and eternity. The contract cannot be severed at will. If the member becomes unworthy, and constantly breaks his covenant relation, and the church fails to restore him to loyalty and Christian life, then the church, not the individual, can sever the relationship.

But cases sometimes occur in which a member desires to change his church relationship. His views may have undergone some modification, and he asks for a letter that will enable him to unite with a church of different faith. There are no charges against him for improper conduct, only the simple fact that he wishes to change his practice; it may be on the question of Sabbath-observance. He asks for a letter. Of course our churches cannot grant a letter of recommendation to any member who contemplates doing what we cannot approve. But there should be no spirit of bitterness or persecution engendered. If, after having exhausted every proper effort in kindness and Christian love, such member still insists in going from us, there should be no unkind spirit manifest, but rather a feeling of satisfaction that instead of becoming reckless and in other ways sinning, he still prefers to be associated with some branch of Christ's family, even though we believe them in error on that particular point.

In such a case we believe it is the duty of the church to grant the brother, on his request, a *letter of standing*. This letter should state clearly just the relation he sustains, and in what particular he has come to differ from his brethren. This will do no injustice to either party, and will leave the departing member to exercise his own right of conscience. Of course if he then departs from the faith of the church there is left only one alternative, and that is withdrawing the hand of fellowship. We know of only three ways in which individual church relationship can be



Scripturally severed, viz., (1) by letter of recommendation to the watchcare of any church of like faith and order; (2) by excommunication for disorderly walk; (3) by death.

In too many instances churches are not sufficiently careful to look after and retain indifferent members. They are very anxious to gather in; but there should be equally as much care taken in nursing, training and strengthening the lambs of the flock.

### NEWS AND COMMENTS.

AND now the Czar's life is in peril. A wide-spread conspiracy against him has been discovered and several arrests have been made.

MACEDONIA is now said to be the seat of a serious insurrection. The Turks have been defeated in several engagements by the insurgents.

In the South of Brazil there is still political disturbance. The rebel forces have been defeated and their leader, Da Gama, has committed suicide.

It has been discovered that the sale of white girls to Chinamen to become slaves has become quite a traffic in New York. Several arrests have been made.

It is stated that only two states have failed to enact a temperance education law. These states are Georgia and Arkansas. We hope they will soon wheel into line.

STATISTICS show about 200,000,000 Protestants now in the world, and 195,000,000 Catholics, 105,000,000 Mohammedans, 8,000,000 Jews, and 812,000,000 heathen.

NEW JERSEY, according to the census for 1895, has a population of 1,600,000, an increase of 200,000 since 1890. Newark, the largest city in the State, has a population of 215,672.

THREE thousand miners in the Michigan iron mines went on a strike July 15th. It is thought that this number will be increased to five thousand, and considerable annoyance and trouble may follow.

NEARLY all of our leading exchanges speak very encouragingly of the hopeful outlook in financial circles. There has been a general increase in wages in many industries, which is said to affect not less than 315,000 workmen.

It is affirmed on good authority that seven-eighths of all the inhabitants of Manitoba are Protestants. It is no wonder, therefore, that they rebel against the order of the Governor-General of Canada to re-open the Roman Catholic schools.

In Baltimore a raid has been made upon the numerous swindlers known as fortune-tellers. Sixteen of them were recently arrested and held for trial. These included mediums, clairvoyants, astrologers and other kinds of silly pretenders who "tell fortunes" for a compensation.

At the recent Commencement of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., there were twenty-nine graduates in the regular baccalaureate course. Among those receiving honorary degrees we notice that of LL.D. conferred upon Prof.

Francis Marion Burdick, brother of the late P. A. Burdick, Esq., of Alfred.

COLGATE UNIVERSITY has elected to its presidency Prof. George William Smith, son of Prof. Samuel R. Smith of Colby University. The new President is a graduate of Colby University, about thirty-two years of age. He spent three years in Johns Hopkins University, and for two years has been in the Chair of History in Colgate.

THE state of affairs in the Far East continues of absorbing interest. The probabilities of open hostilities between Russia and Japan increase. The Japanese are very much excited over the Russian attitude, and are hurrying forward the building of between twenty and thirty vessels of war to add to their present fair equipment.

REPORTS say that the Sultan's health is giving cause for great anxiety. Since the inhuman treatment of the Armenians he has been extremely nervous, and now there are symptoms of paralysis. He is in constant fear of assassination and of a revolution in his own government. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

ON Sabbath, July 13th, New Jersey, Long Island, and a section of New York (Harlem) were visited by a tornado of some importance. It is not often that such visitors come to us in the East. We have come to think them indigenous in the "West;" but now and then they stray away from home. In this case much damage was done and some lives were lost.

FROM the report of the United States Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ending June 30, 1894, it appears that 1,823 railway employees were killed, and 23,422 were injured. There were only 334 passengers killed, out of 619,688,199 carried. That would be only one person killed for every 1,855,353. We know of no other method of conveyance that can show a better record.

THE greatest scheme for reaching the North Pole is now proposed by M. Andree. His plan is to undertake a voyage of discovery, next summer, in a balloon. King Oscar of Sweden has given liberally toward this project. M. Andree is very sanguine of being able to reach the coveted Pole in this way. His balloon is made to be capable of maintaining its required height for one month. He will take provisions for three months and three voyagers with him.

### CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

THE moment you cross the Ohio River southward, the race problem strikes you with a new and startling interest. Whether it bodes well or ill, the colored people are multiplying fast. While the home of culture on the avenue may boast a fair-skinned son and daughter, on the side streets little black faces fairly swarm. The rapid increase of the black population is a matter of recent history. It is not the visionary alarmist, not the cold blooded statistician who suggest the sober problems of the future. The negro is here. Against his own will was he brought here; but he is not to be taken away so summarily. There have been learned papers recommending colonization; but the party in question refuses to be colon-

ized. At this end of the nineteenth century that settles it—the black man is here to stay. What shall we do with him? By no possibility can I think of but one solution—make a man of him—or, better still, let him make a man of himself.

In the few days that I have breathed Kentucky air and imbibed Kentucky opinions, I have discovered three kinds of negroes; "good," "lazy" and "uppish." The "good" seem to be those who "know their place," do their work well, and are respectful toward their employers.

The "lazy" don't work and don't want to so long as any chicken houses remain unguarded. Of this class a fair sample is the big, strapping fellow who contentedly shook his head yesterday when VanHorn offered him a quarter to cut a few weeds. He hadn't any scythe. Couldn't he get one? "Yes, but"—for all I know he is still sitting on the same nail-keg with those magnificent muscles showing through his rotting shirt.

The offenses of the "uppish" negroes are many, and varied; but they might all be summed up in the claim that "a nigger is just as good as a white man." "Aunt Sally" seemed much pleased with the new form of statement to-day when she was asked if she thought that a white man was as good as a colored man if he behaved himself as well. She thought so.

It is not difficult to see how the besetting weaknesses of the colored people are to some extent an heritage from years of bondage. If they are lazy, their forefathers had no opportunity to "get ahead" and no incentive to labor except necessity. The confused ideas regarding *meum* and *teum* point back to the condition of things when slaves, being robbed of their own birthright, were willing to steal in return. Habits of loose morality may be but the harvest of seed sown when the colored child belonged, not to the father, but to the father's master. Impudence and conceit are the natural excesses of rapidly growing boys or races before the years of maturity. This is not the first case where a race of slaves had to wander forty years to prepare for responsibility.

Whether the colored people will always be an inferior race, it is not my purpose to prophesy. They will always be a *separate* race. I do not claim to be any worthier than the young colored man that just passed me on the street. He may be the better man. But we are forever *different*. We belong to separate races and our social relationship can touch only so far. The sooner that fact is recognized by all concerned, the better.

On the contrary the spirit which would keep a man *down* because he has a dark skin deserves nothing but contempt. There are people who have absolutely nothing to be proud of except the fact that they are not "niggers" and they make the most of that. But one drop of manly negro blood will outweigh a grocery full of white loafers. Give every man a chance to make the most of himself and then rate him according to his inherent manliness.

THE every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang from the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—*Longfellow*.



## HOME AGAIN.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Dear Brother:—When I wrote you from Brussels I did not say much about the little kingdom of Belgium, to which I almost lost my heart. Little it is, for the entire population is not far from six millions, not much more than that of the city of London, and yet it is the most densely populated country of Europe. But little as it is, it has a remarkable history and its people are happy. It is too small to be much mixed up with the great political quarrels of Europe, and, like the little boy at school, its larger neighbors see that it is protected from all harm. It is quite rich for its size, and its taxes are not great.

At Brussels, as I told you, I spent the Sabbath (June 22d) quietly and pleasantly. I read and wrote and thought. Early in the afternoon I strolled into the Church of St. Gudule, commonly called the "cathedral." There is there a singularly carved pulpit by Verbruggen, a noted artist. It represents Adam and Eve fleeing from the Garden of Eden, pursued by the angel with a sword of flame. All about are curious animals, monkeys eating fruit, and others, quite grotesque. I noticed that the tree of knowledge formed the centre of the whole, and constituted the support of the pulpit proper. That fact struck me quite forcibly. I sat and pondered. Perhaps pulpit and pew at home may fancy the direction of my thoughts.

I dined and spent the evening with M. and Mme. Bacquet and their charming family. They were glad to learn many things about America and were most hospitable to their guest.

The journey from Brussels to Antwerp was a short one, of about two hours. I left Brussels on Sunday morning arriving in Antwerp in time for a midday *dejeuner*. On the way I saw men and women working on about every farm we passed. Sunday is not a day on which it is a sin to work over here, but it is a day of privilege, on which no one will work unless he has to.

The people seem more like Dutch as one advances northward through Belgium. The Flemish language is a slight variation of the Dutch—a dialect of Dutch, one might say. In noticing the appearance of the people I showed myself very stupid on Friday afternoon in Brussels. I went into a chocolate shop to study a map of the city I had purchased. The very pretty girl who brought me my chocolate had very dark eyes and a decidedly Spanish air. Having struck up a conversation, I apologized for hesitating for a word, and our talk turned upon the subject of languages. She asked me if I were a German, and I in turn asked her if she were Spanish. She said, No, she was a Fleming. In Antwerp I saw a large number of people who looked like Spaniards, when all at once it dawned upon my dull brain that it is natural enough to find people here with Spanish blood in their veins. I had been talking and taking notice of the Spaniards and the Duke of Alva, and their tyranny over these cities in the *past*, and then wondered at the *present* Spanish type of some of the inhabitants! That shows how unreal the most of our historical study is.

In the Cathedral at Antwerp I stood before the two great pictures of Rubens, the "Descent from the Cross," and the "Elevation of

the Cross" and listened to the silvery chime of the ninety-nine bells in the tower. I stopped a while in front of the Cathedral to look at the well, covered with an iron canopy, which furnishes the purest and coolest water. The canopy is the work of the famous blacksmith-painter, Quentin Massys, who, for the love of an artist's daughter, forsook the anvil for the studio, and became a wonderful painter. His chief work, the "Descent from the Cross," I saw later in the *Musee des Peintures*.

I cannot tell of all the wonderful things in Antwerp, but must mention one or two. One is the Church of St. Paul, outside of which is a most curious thing, two centuries old. It is a representation of Calvary, of which I remember to have read, but had wholly forgotten. It is very high, and has at the top a figure of the crucifixion, and beneath this a number of symbolic tableaux of which one of the most significant is St. Peter, with the historic cock above on the next stage. In a cave below is a representation of purgatory, with souls tormented in the flames. In the middle is a sepulchre, with a figure of the dead Christ lying in it. The whole is very lofty, and is composed of rock-work formed of stones, lava, slag, pieces of brick, pottery, nails, glass bottles, and everything else the very ingenious artist could use. It is the work of Quellin, a painter whose pictures are prominent in the *Musee*, and who lived about 1700. At a distance it is very effective, and the marvelous thing about it to me is the way it has stood the 200 years of storm and weather.

Another curious place is *Het Steen*, (literally "The Stone,") a collection of antiquities in a building which was the scene of the tortures of the Inquisition in the days of the cruel Duke of Alva. There may be seen instruments of torture, and other horrible things. I saw in the cellar the place where prisoners went down a dark staircase only to walk into a deep well; also, where they sat chained, with water dripping upon their heads; and where they were compelled to pump water out of the room in which they were to keep from drowning. Of course they were at last too weary thus to keep themselves alive.

I may also mention a fountain in the square in front of the Town hall, intended to represent the origin of the name of Antwerp. It is a monster, headless and handless, at the bank of a river, and a victorious hero, having the head of the giant at his feet, in the act of casting the hand of the giant into the river. The river is of course the Scheldt, whose quaint banks form the most attractive part of the city. The giant is a fabled monster who used to exact payment from all who approached by way of the river. If one could not pay, the giant cut off his hand and threw it into the river. At last came the hero, Brubo or Brabo, who cut off the head of the giant, and then severed his hands as the monster had those of his many victims. From the word *handt* and the verb *werpen*, "to throw," is supposed to have come the name *Handtwerpen*. The Flemings call the city *Antwerpen*, the English *Antwerp*, and the French *Anvers*, and the Spanish *Amberes*.

On Monday, June 24th, I went to Harlem, in Holland, stopping at Rosendaal on the frontier to have my luggage examined, which was a very tame operation, the custom in-

spector forbearing even to open my portmanteau. All along the journey the country grew flatter and flatter, and wind-mills of all sorts more and more numerous. At Haarlem I was warmly greeted by our dear Brother Velthuysen, who took me to his delightfully restful home on the Nieuwe Gracht (New Canal). Of all the places I visited this gave me more of a feeling of genuine comfort than any other. I slept in a Dutch bedstead, being something like a big cupboard with doors. Mrs. Velthuysen said that in the north of Holland the people shut the windows of their rooms and then get into bed and close the doors. It is a wonder that they ever live to tell the tale. But the beds are deliciously comfortable and the air not at all close with open doors.

I spent two or three days very pleasantly in Haarlem and Amsterdam. Amsterdam is a wonderfully enterprising city, and all the cities in the Low Countries seem to be quite "up to date." There are, however, many interesting features of old Holland still left. The canals, which make the city the Venice of the north, are many of them filled up, only the most important being left. This makes usually a good wide street, for there is always a narrow lane at least on each side the canals. It seemed funny in Haarlem to hear the children clattering home from school in wooden shoes, which make a great noise on the brick pavements. In Amsterdam the apothecaries all have for a sign a great wooden Moorish head, with mouth wide open and protruding tongue. The Moorish turban is in reference to the fact that the healing art came from the Moors. There are three explanations of the open mouth. The mouth is open to receive a pill; the tongue is extended for the physician to see it; or, the mouth by its expression indicates the disagreeable taste of medicine. Anyhow, the heads are very terrifying. The diamond-cutting industry, formerly practiced only there, is not so great at Amsterdam as in years gone by. America does a good share of that work now. Though the commercial glory of Holland is in the past, we cannot blame the Dutch for being proud of their history. I went into the waiting room of the station at Amsterdam and saw on the wall, as part of the decoration, the following stanza by Vondel, one of the greatest Dutch poets:

"Aen d'Aemstel en aen't Y,  
Daer doet sich heerlyck ope,  
Sy die als Keyserin,  
De kroon draecht van Europe."

In my stay I managed to learn enough Dutch to translate it as follows:

"On the Amstel and the Y,  
In regal splendor fair,  
Dwells she who right imperially,  
Europa's crown doth bear."

The "Y" (pronounced "I") is a river, at the junction of which with the Amstel the city is situated. It is sometimes written "Ij," perhaps more usually so. Amsterdam is, of course, the "dam" of the "Amstel." People of other nations laugh at the boastfulness of that verse, but it was true once.

The Dutch people are loyal to their little queen, Wilhelmina, who is but fourteen or fifteen years old. Her rather childish head makes the Dutch postage stamps look prettier than the most of the European stamps.

Under the kind leadership of Bro. Velthuysen I saw many interesting places in Haar-



lem. Of course I heard the great organ in the "cathedral" of St. Bavo, the patron saint of Haarlem. This used to be one of the wonders of the world, but alas! there are now many better organs. The organist played the march from "Athalie" by Mendelssohn, and the slow action of the old organ and the terrible echo in the church so jumbled the notes that it took considerable imagination to recognize the piece. The church is a queer place. It used to be a Roman Catholic cathedral, and it is now a Dutch Reformed Church. They have cut off the choir of the church for the celebration of marriages, etc., and arranged chairs and box pews in the nave, just reversing the usual appearance of such buildings. It is a great barren looking structure, and but a small portion of it appears to be used.

In the *Hout* or "Wood," I took a pleasant walk and saw the monument erected in 1823 in honor of the birth, four centuries before, of Laurens Koster, whom the Dutch claim as the inventor of printing. In this wood, on the spot where the monument stands, is said to have stood the tree from which he cut with his knife the letter which, falling upon the sand, by its impression therein, suggested to him the use of type. The honor of the invention is certainly a matter of dispute, but I suppose Gutenberg, Koster, and Faust will all have to yield the glory to the Chinese.

I had the great pleasure of visiting many of the dear brethren in Haarlem, and was gratified to see how firm they are in their loyalty to the Sabbath and how honored they are of God in their faithful service. The Haarlem Church is pure gold, if ever a Seventh-day Baptist Church was. The little branch of this faithful vine in Amsterdam made a pleasant social in my honor one evening, and Bro. Velthuysen, Bro. Spaan, (who is an enthusiastic student of English), and one of the dear young sisters went with me to Amsterdam, where in the little chapel quite a company was assembled. I told them in German the story of my life and how I came to the Sabbath. The most of them understood it, but Bro. Velthuysen repeated the substance of it in Dutch. I then told them a great many things about America which they were anxious to hear. After a little refreshments we went back to Haarlem.

In Amsterdam I also visited the home of Mr. Gerard Velthuysen, Jr., and also the Exposition now open there, where a Temperance Society in which most of the brethren are interested have a *Blaue Winkel*, or a "Blue Booth," erected as a protest against the drinking habits of the people. It is a beautiful witness, and stands there, as one of the Dutch newspapers describe it, "als een klein eilandje in een zee van jenever, bier, wijn en champagne, als een oase met helder water in een verschroeide woestijn van alcohol," which I venture to translate "as a little island in a sea of gin, beer, wine and champagne, or as an oasis of pure water in a howling wilderness of alcohol." Brother Bakker in Amsterdam put up by his shop some temperance posters, and passers-by scrawled over them, "Vive de Jenever!" or "Long live Gin!" So the battle goes on. God bless our little band!

From Holland I went back to England, and after a day in London proceeded to Winchester on my way to Eastleigh, Hampshire, where lives Bro. Wm. O'Neill, one of the

steadfast members of the Mill Yard Church. At Winchester I spent a half-day of keen enjoyment looking over the Cathedral, St. Mary's college, and the old Town hall and cross. There is a great part of the old wall standing and one very ancient gate, known as the Bar Gate. Near the Bar Gate is a part of an old castle, in connection with which are the barracks of the Hampshire troops. The town is full of "Tommy Atkins," which is the pet name the English people give the soldiers, in consequence of the use of the name of Thomas Atkins once in an illustration of how a formal blank should be filled up by the soldiers. Evidently the Hampshire militia are greatly honored. In the Cathedral yard is a grave having a stone with the following epitaph, which I copied:

In Memory of

THOMAS THETCHER,

A Grenadier in the North Regiment of Hants Militia, who died of a violent fever contracted by drinking Small Beer when hot, the 12th of May,

1764,

Aged 26 years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good will towards his comrades, this stone is placed here at their expense, as a small token of their regard and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,  
Who caught his death by drinking cold Small Beer.

Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,  
And when you're hot drink Strong or not at all.

An honest soldier never is forgot,  
Whether he die by Musket or by Pot.

A mile or so from Winchester is the "Hospital of St. Cross," a sort of almshouse established by Henry of Blois, brother of King Stephen, in the twelfth century. There is a lodge, a chapel, a refectory, and a building for the "brothers" who enjoyed the benefits of the foundation. There are thirteen of these, and their places are filled by others at their decease. They wear flowing black robes, and each has a silver cross upon his breast. The crosses are very old, and are passed on from each to his successor. The robes appear to be newer. There is, besides the thirteen, a small number of "reduced gentlemen," who partake of the benefits of an addition to the original foundation. These wear a brown robe. Thus, even in receiving charity, the distinction between a "gentleman" and one of the common herd is kept up! By the terms of the original foundation every one who presents himself at the porter's lodge may receive "a horn of ale and a piece of bread." This refreshment has never been denied a weary traveler now for 750 years and more. The terms are carried out to the letter, for cups of horn are used. Small cups, with silver rims, and little pieces of bread are offered to visitors. But really poor tramps or others are given a generous slice and a large plain horn cup. Some of these are old. I saw one which the attendant said had been in use over 150 years. They are practically indestructible. The "ale" is rather "small," probably similar to that which killed the bold grenadier. In the refectory are many ancient utensils, the most venerable being two great six-quart tankards made of pig-skin, which were used in the earliest time in the reign of King Stephen. Every man then had a daily allowance of six quarts of ale, and the portions were measured in these great tankards. Now they give each man the value of the ale in money, which he may use as he wishes. This refectory has no chimney, and the hearth is in the center of the

floor. There used to be a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke, but since the hearth is no longer used it has been closed up.

From Winchester to Eastleigh is but a short ride on the railway toward Southampton. At Eastleigh (formerly Bishopstoke) I spent a pleasant two or three hours with Bro. O'Neill and his little family. He is an earnest Sabbath-keeper, and in the town where he lives there are a few who keep the Sabbath. I think it would not be a difficult matter to plant a church there. The field is ripe for a harvest. Not a few are convinced of the truth. The Adventists have labored in that vicinity, but many who see the truth about the Sabbath are not ready to accept all the teachings of the Adventists. May the Lord raise up some one to come and shepherd this flock!

I came to Southampton Friday afternoon, where I waited quietly till the steamer sailed at noon on the Sabbath, June 29th. Being obliged to return by the same line, it became necessary to sail when the ship did. England's skies shed a few tears at my departure, but by afternoon the sun shone bright and clear, and the weather was perfect all the way on the return voyage. After six short days—though they were each twenty-four hours and forty minutes long!—we reached New York in time for me to spend Sabbath-day with part of my family at Elizabeth, N. J., and reach home Sunday morning, praising God for a safe return, and thankful that I had been permitted to visit these interesting places over the sea and to learn to know so many dear people whose friendship I shall always cherish.

WILLIAM C. DALAND.

WESTERLY, R. I., July 11, 1895.

#### HUMAN DEPRAVITY AND ITS CORRECTION.

Let us just now utter the truth in other than traditional stereotyped words.

All men need to rise into a purpose and character in which they are not born. The babe's first wailings are necessarily for physical wants, and relate to itself. Before it can have any moral sense it forms habits that will ultimately need control. Only gradually conscience awakes to the calls of obedience and the rights of others. Even then habit is stronger than the new moral impulse. So conscience, which in perfect humanity must rule, is overridden by the lower tendencies. Here is disorder, error, the beginnings of sin.

The little one's first thought of God, and of obligation to him, is indistinct and weak. The babe was not born a Christian believer; it needs to be morally uplifted, born again into faith and loving obedience. Every human being needs a higher life. Even if it were of a perfect constitution, yet it would first err, that is, sin. Without spiritual quickening, sinning is as sure as living. But children are born imperfect, ill-balanced, depraved. Inherited nature is not the best conceivable, is often horribly perverted. How sure, therefore, to go astray!

And all the greater tendency from outward conditions. Nothing will answer our need but faith in the Good and Right, and a continual fight against the seductions of bad self-nature and surroundings.

J. P. H.

GET Christ, and get all; want him, and want all. A man that catches at the shadow loses the substance; but get the substance, and you get the shadow with it.—Walton.



## Missions.

FROM E. H. SOCWELL.

I have been quite busy during the quarter which has just closed, and some progress in the work has been made.

At Welton, the interest continues in a fair degree and all appointments are quite well attended. Especially is this true of our Y. P. S. C. E. meetings, which are held on the evening after the Sabbath and are attended by almost all of our young people. The interest is unusually good, of late, and we look for great good to result. The interest in the regular church prayer-meeting is good, but the attendance is not as large as it should be.

During the month of May we were permitted to visit the baptismal waters, where five willing candidates, mostly young people, put on Christ in this beautiful ordinance. One of these is a convert to the Sabbath. There is one person yet awaiting baptism, and we trust that when it is administered there will be others ready thus to follow their Saviour.

At Grand Junction, the interest is good and seemingly on the increase.

The school-house where we hold our service will no more than accommodate our weekly congregations, when they all attend; while at the evening meetings, which I hold, the house is crowded to the utmost, and sometimes will scarcely accommodate all who come.

I preached on the question of the Sabbath on the last two evenings of my last visit among them, and the house was crowded full of eager listeners. On these occasions the regular seats were all occupied, special seats improvised and all standing room occupied. Many of those present were First-day people, and, so far as I can learn, they received the preaching kindly.

While there the last time we baptized six of our young people into the fellowship of the church, and of that number, two are converts to the Sabbath. We are praying that still others may soon be willing to receive baptism and church membership.

During the quarter I have preached in First-day churches as follows:

At Woodward, in the Baptist church, where I was cordially received and given an attentive hearing by an intelligent audience. Here at Woodward lives our mother in Israel, Mrs. D. L. Palmiter, formerly of Albion, Wis., with whom we enjoyed a good visit. I also, called upon each family constituting the "Church of God," a branch of Adventists, who live about four miles out of town, and enjoyed these calls very much. It was through the kindness of one of their ministers, Elder S. S. Davison, son of Elder Samuel Davison, that the Baptist church in Woodward was secured for me and the appointment made.

While at Woodward, I also called upon Brother E. Rowley, brother of our Elder Charles Rowley, deceased, and had an excellent visit with him and his aged companion. He is now a member of the "Church of God," and of course a Sabbath-keeper. The Baptists at Woodward expressed themselves pleased with my visit and preaching, and invited me to come and preach for them again. They have no pastor at present.

At Dedham, I preached in the M. E. church, and had the hearty co-operation of their pastor. It was a very dark night but the large church was filled almost to its capacity, and

good attention was given. At the close of service the pastor said to me, "Come again and the house will be opened and overflowing." Some of the trustees said the same thing. There has been a strong prejudice in Dedham against Sabbath-keepers, but, judging by my warm reception, it is growing less.

Here, near town, I visited Brother and Sister Thomas Kerns, members of the Carlton Church; also called upon Mr. Ayrhart and family and Mr. Goodwin and family, all Sabbath-keepers and members of the "Church of God."

At Perry I preached in the Baptist church to an appreciative audience and was invited to come again and preach in their house of worship. They had no pastor when I was there. Here I visited Sister Henry Draper, sister to Mrs. Elder J. W. Morton, and a loyal Seventh-day Baptist.

At Knoxville, I preached in the Presbyterian church, where I was warmly welcomed by pastor Schermerhorn and given a fair sized audience of attentive listeners. At the close of service the pastor thanked me, in public, for the discourse and invited me to come again. Here I visited my mother, Mrs. S. S. Socwell, also my sister, Mrs. E. W. Ramsey, and her husband. Mrs. Ramsey sings in the Presbyterian choir, and it was through her influence that this appointment was made.

At Tama, I preached in the Baptist church, where I have preached several times in the past. We have no Sabbath-keepers in Tama, but the appointment was made through an intimate friend, Dr. M. L. Allen.

At Delmar, I have preached in the M. E. church several times and in the Presbyterian church twice, during the past quarter.

During the quarter I have visited Sabbath-keepers at other points than those mentioned, namely: Gowrie, Rippey, Cambridge and Des Moines. I am very hopeful regarding the Iowa field and praying for wisdom and strength that I may develop the work as much as possible. During the quarter it was my privilege to attend our Association at Jackson Centre, O., and there I received much courage and help.

For the quarter I report 26 sermons, 18 prayer-meetings, 71 visits, 2,834 pages of tracts distributed, 11 additions by baptism and one by letter.

WELTON, IOWA, July 2, 1895.

FROM GEORGE W. LEWIS.

Dear Brother Whitford:

Since a correspondent from this place has recently written at some length concerning our condition as a church, I think it quite unnecessary for me to take the time and space to enlarge along those lines, for, as a church, surely we can say, and without boasting, that almost the entire membership is in good working condition, striving not only to maintain our present standing, but also to advance in moral and spiritual living. It was our privilege on Sabbath-day, May 4th, to lead one of our young sisters into the baptismal waters, where publicly she put on Christ in the God-appointed ordinance of baptism. On the following Sabbath morning it was also our privilege to extend the hand of fellowship, in behalf of the church, not only to this young sister, but also to her mother, Mrs. O. J. Muncy, and the second daughter, who were received by letter from the Nortonville Church; also, Bro. R. J. Mills and wife of

Beauregard. May God bless this new union to the good of all.

During the quarter we have made three trips away from Hammond. Early in May we were sent as a delegate from our own and the Congregational schools of this place, to the State Sunday School Convention at Lake Charles, in the south-west portion of Louisiana. A very enjoyable and profitable two-days' convention was held. All came home better fitted for the work of the coming year.

On our way we dropped off at Franklin, La., where Bro. J. E. Shaw's daughter resides, and also at New Iberia, with our much esteemed members, Brother and Sister Benthall. On this trip the privilege of public discoursing was denied us, but we labored as best we could in a private way to encourage these lone Sabbath-keepers in faithful living.

Later on in the month we made our usual trip to Beauregard, Miss., where we found the brethren enthusiastic in the Lord's cause, endeavoring to spread his holy truth to regions beyond. Besides the usual private visitations, we conducted one prayer-meeting, gave two sermons, and on the evening after the Sabbath attended the literary society of the young people, which, by the way, is proving to be quite a success in both instruction and entertainment.

Our third trip was planned to take in the State Convention of the Endeavor Societies at Crowley, La., after which to hold some extra meetings at New Iberia, which is near this point, both towns being on the Southern Pacific line. As we have heretofore stated, it is very difficult to secure a public house in New Iberia, as the people seem so prejudiced against us, partly on account of Bro. Benthall's unswerving position on the truth of God's holy Sabbath-day, and partly because they seem to fear anything and everything outside their own church organization. But this time we thought surely we were all right, and to be well accommodated.

The M. E. Church, South, had just held their District Convention in this city, and, as the attendance was quite large, they appealed to Bro. Benthall to entertain two of their visiting clergymen, to which, in his usual generous and public-spirited way, he responded, with the express and positive understanding that we were to have their church building when I came on from the Endeavor Convention.

But strange (?) to say, the night before we expected to start for New Iberia, Bro. Benthall received a note informing him that some of the official members of that church objected to my using their building because I was "unsound on the Sabbath."

Of course it would have been very comforting if the Scripture that showed me as such could have been forwarded with this bold-faced and thoughtless assertion. On the receipt of the aforesaid note, Bro. Benthall suggested that we remain throughout the entire Endeavor Convention, which we did, and the following day the writer accepted an invitation to preach in one of the churches in Crowley. This opportunity, together with several private talks on our distinctive lines of work as a denomination, and the distribution of tracts among those that seemed interested, caused us to feel that perhaps the trip was even more valuable to our cause and the cause of God than had we been permitted to carry out our original plan.

The sum and substance of it all is, our



cause is fast coming before the people. Some give expression to the same by kind and Christian-like invitations to labor with them; others reject us, and some even criticise, and a very few, no doubt, would gladly persecute us.

But despite the motives of these pursuers, it all helps to get the truth before the people.

Though we have no Sabbath-keepers on the Southern Pacific line, save at Franklin and New Iberia, we were much and happily surprised to find at this great convention so many willing and anxious hearts to know all of the truths of God.

In closing, I want also to say that two of the daughters of Sister Wilson, of Eagle Lake, Tex., have recently paid us a visit, looking to the idea of making this their future home.

May God bless them and us is the prayer of your humble servant.

HAMMOND, La., July 8, 1895.

THE BOSTON RIOT.

Our readers are already acquainted with the facts about this riot through the daily press. On July Fourth, in East Boston, as an orderly procession was going through the streets it was wantonly and fiercely attacked by a Romanist mob, and a sad scene of blood and disorder took place. The procession was composed of members of the American Protective Association, Patriotic Sons of America, and other patriotic orders. The attack was utterly unprovoked. The model of the "Little Red Schoolhouse," carried in the procession, ought to have called forth the cheers of every man. It is also to be noted that the Hibernians, Knights of Columbus, and other foreign societies are accustomed to parade the streets of our cities, without the necessity of police protection, although their parades are generally distasteful to our American citizens.

We have been interested in observing the attitude of the Massachusetts press on this riot. The Springfield *Republican* has strongly condemned the procession for daring to display a model of the little red schoolhouse, but we fail to find any condemnation of the rioters. This seems a strange position for any intelligent paper to take. The Boston *Journal* has taken the right stand in its editorials, while some of the other papers have been non-committal. The American people have been treated to an object lesson. We have in our midst hundreds of thousands of people who desire every right that this free land can give them, but act as though others have no rights that they are bound to respect. There can be no reasonable doubt that these people would stop Protestant worship if they had the power. They have done it in every land where they held sway.

It is in order for some newspapers to denounce the A. O. H. and kindred Romanist societies, who flaunt their emblems on our streets with as much gusto as though they owned the country, and give the A. P. A. a long rest in their editorial columns.

We have no prejudice against our Roman Catholic fellow citizens. We gladly concede to them the same rights that we claim for ourselves. We insist that they shall be Americans, or else go back to the lands from whence they came. Rome cannot yet rule America.—*Christian Secretary*.

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures.—*Romola*.

Woman's Work.

THE MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

"Drudgery, drudgery all the day!  
The grassy green meadows, the breeze swept lakes,  
The fair, sweet flowers among the brakes,  
The birdies that flutter about the trees,  
The flocks on the hillside,—none of these  
Gladden my life. I must throw away  
My life's best days on the homely care  
That falls to the lot of the housewife.  
Bare as the rocks of Hermon the life of one  
Who from dawn of day to the setting sun  
Does nothing grander than sweep or bake  
In ashes the little barely cake!"

"Drudgery, drudgery! ah, to-day  
My lad goes into the desert to keep  
(My shepherd boy brave) his father's sheep.  
He must not know that my heart is faint,  
Or catch the gloom of my sad complaint,  
And shame to me that I've dared to lay  
Across my threshold this bit of rue,  
Forgetful that palm trees about me grew  
Fruitful and fair as the sixty and ten  
That shaded the waters of Elim. When  
I think of my boy 'tis with joy I make  
For his lunch in the desert the barely cake."

The mother toiled on in her home that day,  
But the Master came to the desert place,  
And multitudes followed Him, quick to trace  
The steps of the miracle worker, who  
Dropped blessings into their lives like dew  
That brightened the flowers beside the way.  
A multitude hungry, and whence the bread  
With which these thousands must now be fed?  
O mother, bound close to a lowly task,  
What grander work could your fond heart ask,  
The Master receives from your boy and brakes  
With blessing your five little barley cakes.  
—*Missionary Record*.

"WHEN Christ brings his cross he brings his presence; and where he is, none are desolate, and there is no room for despair. As he knows his own, so he knows how to comfort them, using sometimes the very grief itself and straining it to a sweetness of peace unattainable by those ignorant of sorrow."

OUR OPPORTUNITIES.\*

BY MRS. CARROLL DAVIS.

As a color shows its greatest brilliancy when in contrast with another color, so our opportunities show to a greater advantage when in contrast with those of women of other countries. Yes, or with none others than our grandmother's.

The women of all Asiatic nations are slavishly subordinate and excluded from the advantages of education. In China, wives are held in contempt. In India, the slaves and women are allowed to have but little education. In Persia every morning the wife is required to kneel at the feet of her husband and ask nine times, "What do you wish that I should do?" And having received his reply, she must humbly withdraw to obey his commands. We have all heard or read how women are misused in most European countries. In some instances being yoked with cattle to draw heavy loads and cultivate the soil. In no place is woman respected as in our own dear America at the present day.

Our grandmother's opportunities were not such that we would have appreciated them. Their lives were drudged away at the spinning wheel, at the loom or sewing and cooking for their very large families with no opportunities for mind-culture or any sort of recreation. It was work, work, work with no one to appreciate them or care more for them than for a faithful animal. They had no place in the outside world and were little better than slaves at home. But during all this work their minds were busy. It was they who paved the way, in which we, the happiest women of the globe, are now treading. Opportunities are

\*By request of Ladies' Aid Society for Woman's Hour at the North-Western Association.

now given to us on every hand for education and self-improvement. We stand on an equal business footing with our fathers, husbands, and brothers. For opportunities to do good and to make the world better, we are far in advance. For it is through us the little ones are taught. We cannot realize what a wonderful opportunity is here given us. Our influence goes on and on through eternity. When I think of this great responsibility there is but one way I dare to turn, and that is toward God. May he help us, each and every one of us, to realize what a wonderful opportunity this is.

A short time since, I was out driving with a friend. We met a little bare-foot boy which we both knew. I think I never realized what an opportunity far too many of us are losing, until I saw the expectant smile illuminate the little fellow's countenance as he met us and looked to my friend for the usual greeting. As we met child after child and I saw them speak so lovingly I resolved to embrace those precious opportunities as they came to me, for they are far too valuable to lose.

I think, perhaps, you will more fully realize how the children feel about these things when I relate a little incident that occurred while Eld. Wardner C. Titsworth was pastor of our church. On the road home mother and I heard the faintest little sob from the three year old baby that sat between us. Mother said, "Well Mamie, what is the matter now?" "You did come home before Eld. Ward did speak to me," she said. He never lost an opportunity to show the children that he was interested in them. It is always with grateful feelings of love that we remember him as he quietly moved about among his little flock. Never failing to greet the little ones. Though they are young men and women now, they will never forget him.

I cannot refrain from contrasting him with another pastor who came to our house once upon a time. After sitting near an eight year old boy and talking for about fifteen minutes, he turned and asked whose boy he was. The boy had been regular in attendance at this man's church for two years. How much love do you suppose that boy bears his pastor?

We are standing between two clouds. One is a leaden colored cloud, dark and threatening on which is written in blackest letters, Obscurity, Hatred, Immorality, Disturbance and Death. On the other, a gloriously bright one, is written in burning letters, Purity, Morality, Love, Kindness, Peace and Life Eternal.

Dear sisters, if in the shadow of the dark cloud, it is our opportunity to leave it and stand where the bright one may illuminate our whole lives. May we, with God's, help embrace our every opportunity.

FARINA, Ill.

FROM WESTERN ASSOCIATION SECRETARY.

MRS. M. G. STILLMAN.

Let us be reminded, my sisters, that we *must not* fail to secure the money to pay Susie Burdick's salary and Dr. Swinney's helpers, as we have taken the responsibility of those two things upon our hands, and we must not fail. The plan of sending blank reports to each society to be filled out and returned to the Associational Secretary each quarter, is a new method and may have caused you a little extra trouble, but we believe it will be a good thing for us after we get a little better acquainted with the plan. Those who planned



for the Woman's Board had no thought of doing anything in the way of dictating your ways of working, but to unite in one solid working body every loyal Christian Seventh-day Baptist woman.

It was a new method of work for us, and we have been somewhat slow to fall into line. The few who have had the work of the Board on their hearts and hands have felt that it was difficult, after all, to reach the women of the denomination and bring them into that union of effort that they had hoped for. But we believe it has been a step in the right direction. We need to understand and feel more the tie that binds us together as Seventh-day Baptist Christian women, and in the Woman's Board we find such an opportunity, and is not this work for the Lord which they have undertaken *ours* and *mine*, my dear sisters? Can we not by means of the Woman's Board come into closer relation to each other and feel the strength that comes from union and sympathy?

Oh that we might interest every loyal Christian woman and girl in this Association in this work for the Master. Whether you ever belonged to an Aid Society, or a Board Auxiliary, or even a Missionary Society, if you are a child of God and want to show your love for him by working to spread the gospel truth, come and take your place in the ranks with us, and give us your support as Christian women working to show our love for the blessed Saviour. He left his home in glory, glory such as our poor human eyes never behold in this world, and came down here to die upon the cruel cross to redeem us from the power of sin. Oh what love, what wonderful love, can we comprehend it? What are we doing for him? What real sacrifice or self-denial have we made this year for his dear sake? Many of us have no rare or costly gift to bring, but one penny given to him with the fervent devotion of your warm, loving heart, may be more precious in his sight than many dollars given with any other motive. Can we not all join heartily and continue to work together, and we shall find success will crown our efforts. The Lord is calling us to the advance. Do we realize the responsibility and the opportunities of the times in which we live? When we sit down and look facts in the face, we are almost overwhelmed with the sense of the great need and the lack of funds. When we realize the value the Saviour put upon one human soul and multiply that by hundreds of millions, we have a faint idea of the real responsibility and duty that rests upon those who have known the power of salvation in their own lives and are sent by Christ to tell the good news to a perishing world. We need first of all to pray for a real baptism of the Holy Spirit. Our hearts need to be kindled with a live coal from the heavenly altar, that we may be filled to overflowing with his love and spirit, then we shall be willing to do anything the Lord shall require of us. Then we need the burden for lost souls rolled upon us until we feel the responsibility that rests upon us.

After Christ's ascension, the early Christians went forth in the power of the Holy Spirit, the Lord working with them confirming the word with signs," and he is just as ready to give the Spirit to us here to-night, as to any people in any time, if we only live for it. But we cannot hold to God with one hand and to selfish or worldly pleasures with the other.

We hear the voice of God saying, "Give me thine heart," the whole of it. He calls us out from the world to be a peculiar people unto him, zealous of good works. We must give ourselves and all that we have into his hands if we want and expect to receive that rich indwelling of the Spirit. How it moves our hearts as we read the calls from the different fields and long to send help, but alas where are the nickles, the dimes and dollars to carry forward the Lord's work. David said, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Yea verily, but God's people are his stewards and must give a faithful account of their stewardship. Are we sure that it could not be said of us as Malachi said to the children of Israel: "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me, even this whole nation and ye say wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and in offerings. Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house and prove me now herewith saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Oh what a promise. Is there one here to-night that does not want this rich blessing? No, not one. Then let us do our part and commence to-night to bring our tithes and give them to God. It is high time for us to wake and go to work in real earnest. Ask the dear Lord to forgive our indifferent, selfish Christianity in the past and help us to be faithful, loving, self-denying Christians in the future, making Christ and his cause the ruling motive in our lives.

#### SOMETIME.

BY MARY RILEY SMITH.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here had spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,  
Because his wisdom to the end could see.  
And even as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good,  
And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We had the wormwood, and rebel and shrink.  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink,  
And if some one we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach the face,  
O, do not blame the heavenly Father so,  
But wear your sorrows with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God gives his friend,  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content poor heart!  
God's plans, like lillies pure and white unfold;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if through patient toil we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say: "God knew the best."

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

WESTERLY, R. I., July 4, 1895.

We arrived here this morning after a very pleasant trip on the B. & O. Railroad from Salem to New York, a distance of about four hundred and thirty miles in fifteen hours, and without change of cars. Then on boat up the Sound on a still moonlight night, all conspiring to make one feel that it is easy and pleasant to carry the gospel message anywhere in these times. I think but few roads can boast of as good accommodations,

as obliging officials, and as kind attendants as the B. & O. road can.

I am back here again where I left three months ago to begin evangelistic work. Am to be with the First Westerly Church next Sabbath, then begin the revival work at Charleston on First-day. I am to be here in Rhode Island until Conference time, then to go wherever the Evangelistic Committee, under the Lord, may direct. I am now to give my entire time to this work, for a season at least.

The three months spent in the cause at Salem have been full of anxiety, work and conflict, but with victory and success. Salem College has passed successfully through the work of another year. Since the close of the school last year, by the generous help of the people from abroad and the self-sacrificing efforts of the people of West Virginia, we have paid off much of the debt that was then upon us. After the pledges for this year are all paid we shall still be back about five hundred dollars for current expenses for the past year. We have been obliged in meeting the demands upon us during the past year to pay about four hundred dollars for apparatus, piano, organ, etc. The attendance for the entire year has been the best we have ever had, and as the students each year are becoming more advanced it becomes necessary to have more help in teaching. Surely the work Salem College is doing is a *good work*, and must increase in value as the years go by. The demands upon us as a school are very great. How shall we meet them? If Salem College could be out of debt and have an endowment that would give us one thousand dollars income each year in addition to the tuition, we could live and do an excellent work. Cannot some one pledge us this amount for at least ten years? If there is no *one* who is ready to do it, cannot two or more join together? Give us a trial. It surely is a safe investment. We are in great need of more buildings, but must get along for the present.

The Salem Church has in the past month lifted the entire indebtedness of nearly eight hundred dollars that has been resting upon it for the last five years with great weight. If the money to pay Conference expenses has been sent on, as ordered, the last dollar is paid to July 1st. The people have lifted grandly. This indebtedness was mostly incurred in building a parsonage. They now have a good house and about three acres of land all paid for.

The two years that I have spent as pastor of the Salem Church have been pleasant and I trust profitable ones. In arranging to engage in evangelistic work I offered my resignation as pastor, but was asked by the church to withdraw it, which I did, and a leave of absence was voted the pastor for one year, and Brother Gardiner was asked to serve the church as a supply for the time in connection with his school work.

The Salem Church and the interests represented by our people there are in the best shape financially, and in many other respects, that I have ever known them. It is said that the Salem people are ready for a good revival in spiritual things. We are praying and hoping that one of our Evangelists, either Saunders or Randolph, may visit this church immediately after Conference. I am sure there is no better field in the bounds of our



denomination now for such work than Salem, one so extensively and so thoroughly prepared for it. One of the necessary requisites for a successful revival is that they need it, and need it so bad they feel it.

Other places in West Virginia are anxious for Evangelistic work. I trust it may be so that one of these brethren may spend the entire year in the South-Eastern Association.

J. L. HUFFMAN.

TRACT SOCIETY—BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist Church, Plainfield, New Jersey, on Sunday, July 14th, 1895, at 2.15 P. M., President Charles Potter in the chair.

Members present: C. Potter, I. D. Titsworth, D. E. Titsworth, J. F. Hubbard, F. E. Peterson, A. H. Lewis, L. E. Livermore, J. D. Spicer, C. C. Chipman, J. M. Titsworth, H. V. Dunham, A. L. Titsworth.

Visitors: H. H. Baker, T. B. Titsworth.

Prayer was offered by Rev. L. E. Livermore.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature presented the following report which, on motion, was received, and the action of the committee approved.

Your Committee on Distribution of Literature would respectfully report:

1. That in the matter of publishing a tract on the differences between the Seventh-day Baptists and Seventh-day Adventists, after communicating with Rev. Stephen Burdick and not finding him disposed to undertake the work of its preparation as proposed, and the whole matter having been undertaken at his suggestion, nothing further has been done by the Committee in that line.

2. "The Autobiography of Our Lord," by C. A. Burdick in an edition of 500 was published and distributed as far as called for, perhaps half the number printed.

A. H. LEWIS,  
F. E. PETERSON,  
L. E. LIVERMORE,  
C. C. CHIPMAN,  
C. F. RANDOLPH, } Com.

The Committee on Removal of the Publishing House presented the following report which, on motion, was adopted:

To the Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society:

Your Committee appointed to attend to the Removal of the Publishing House from Alfred to Plainfield, would respectfully report that their task is accomplished, and that the office is now established in commodious quarters in the Babcock Building in this city.

The last No. of Vol. 50 of THE RECORDER was printed at Alfred, and the first No. of Vol. 51, dated January 3, 1895, was issued from its new home here. There was some unavoidable delay in issuing the first few numbers from here, but now the work is thoroughly in hand, so that the paper is mailed on Monday morning, and by getting the advantages of the fast through mails from New York we gain some time in delivery to the greater number of subscribers.

When the plant was first established here it was located in three rooms of the Babcock Building while another part of the building was being prepared for it. When this was completed we moved into it and now have an office all on one floor, with its various departments suitably divided and arranged for the systematic production of our work.

The cost of removal from Alfred to Plainfield and installation was \$342.95.

Inasmuch as the need of new type had been repeatedly urged upon the Board, and as the Publishing Agent was able to make a very advantageous arrangement for disposition of the old machinery and material, either in exchange for new, or by sale to others, it was decided to equip the office with new material when it was moved. In accordance with this decision new type and material were purchased which was largely paid for from the old plant, new machinery purchased and a sale was made of other machinery and material to the Sun Publishing Co., of Alfred, at a figure which was thought to be mutually

advantageous. The boiler and engine were turned over to D. H. Rogers for \$150 in part payment of his account against the office.

The new plant consists of, at cost:  
New type throughout, with stands, cases, cabinets, etc.....\$ 968 38  
1 12 H. P. Electric Motor, set and wired..... 443 78  
1 14x20 Peerless Job Press..... 270 00  
1 32-inch Peerless Paper Cutter..... 265 00  
Shafting, Belting, etc..... 149 92  
Shelving, etc..... 57 90

1 42x60 Potter, 4 roll, 2 revolution Press, donated by Charles Potter..... 3,500 00  
1 Stonemetz Folder, brought from Alfred.  
Imposing Stones, etc., brought from Alfred.

The furniture for the business office and editorial rooms is in the main that which was used in the office of the Society in New York City, and which was kindly sent here when that office was closed up.

The old material sold amounted to \$2,013.29, of which \$752.67 was turned in in part payment for new material, and \$1,100 was sold to the Sun Publishing Association of Alfred, for which we hold their obligation, and \$160.62 to other parties.

It will be noticed that the new plant will inventory at a smaller sum than was last reported. The large inventory reported year after year has apparently been kept up by continuing to add to the cost of the plant all purchases which have been made for it, and all bills for repairs upon it, without making any deductions for wear and tear and depreciation in values, and when a sale was made the actual value was determined.

While the new plant inventories much less, its actual value is much greater than the old, it being up to date and first class in every respect.

The number of employees of all kinds at Alfred was 18, and at Plainfield it is 15, and next year with everything adjusted to new conditions, the office should make a better showing than ever before.

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES POTTER,  
J. F. HUBBARD,  
D. E. TITSWORTH,  
A. H. LEWIS,  
C. C. CHIPMAN,  
STEPHEN BABCOCK, } Com.

The Committee on Exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition reported progress.

The committee appointed to secure a representative of the Society at the Associations other than the Eastern, reported that O. U. Whitford was representative at the South Eastern, and G. J. Crandall, of Ashaway, R. I., at the other Associations.

The Committee on Program for the Annual Meeting reported progress.

The Committee on Louisville field presented correspondence from O. U. Whitford, and recommended that the work as inaugurated by brethren Van Horn and Randolph be continued under the charge of the Evangelistic Committee of the Missionary Society, and the expense be equally divided between the Missionary and Tract Societies. The report was received and the recommendation adopted.

The Treasurer presented report for the months of May and June, which was received and referred to the auditing committee. Treasurer also presented bills due, which on motion were ordered paid.

Time was given to the reading of the Annual Report so far as completed.

Voted that when we adjourn it be to meet Aug. 4th, at 2.15 P. M.

Voted that the preparation in the Babcock Building of a suitable editorial room for the editors of the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* be referred to the Supervisory Committee.

Minutes read and approved.

Adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, *Rec. Sec.*

MOTH PREVENTATIVE.

There is one sure preventative of moths and one which I have never seen mentioned, says a writer. It is tansy. Sprinkle the leaves freely about your woollens and furs, and the

moths will never get into them. When I was a child my grandmother used to send me to the tansy patch on the hill with a large basket in which to bring home plenty of tansy leaves. In the garret were five large hair-covered trunks, studded with brass nails, filled with her best blankets, coverlets, flannel sheets, etc. Some of them had never been used until my grandmother had grandchildren, notwithstanding she always had a large family to provide beds for. But the supply of her bedding, linen and other household articles were in excess of the demand.

This large amount of bedding, tablecloths, towels and linen sheets were spun and woven in her father's house, and the girls were given full liberty to take all they were willing to make up for themselves. That was part of their marriage dower. I can well remember how grandmother took the extra supply out of those trunks in the garret once a year, hung the articles on a clothes-line down in the orchard, beat them, and then put them away again to lie amid the tansy leaves until another year. The fourth generation of her posterity are sleeping under those same blankets and blue and white coverlets now, which proves the efficacy of that remedy of the olden-time.—*Good Housekeeper.*

THE TYRANNY OF TRIFLES.

The mastery of self is the end of true living, and this mastery is shown, not in the negative attitude, by the things we do not do, but by that mental power that compels the mind to the positive attitude—the forcing of the mind to do that against which it rebels. The man gains strength as he works; his ability comes through the doing. Constantly we are met by the disagreeable fact that our happiness, and often our success, is defeated by the tyranny of trifles which, if they were met in the normal way, with healthy attitude of mind, would hardly be discovered to exist. To attach importance to trifles evinces a lack of perspective and a loss of balance in life. The secret of the art of living is to eliminate the ugly to preserve the beautiful; to cultivate the agreeable; to eliminate unnecessary burdens to preserve strength and secure leisure. The test of wisdom is to make the inevitable minister to the whole life by the spirit in which it is accepted. The heaviest burden may be the foundation of success if put under the feet, but it will render us helpless if carried in our hands before us, the lodestone for the eyes of the spirit.

The supreme test of character, that which measures its power for self and the world, is the prayer, "Not my will, but thine, be done." Life, then, is not renunciation, but consecration, and is too holy a thing to be held in check, to be kept from attainment by trifles. Man sees life from the heights of divinity. Lesser heights mark the distance between growth and attainment; they measure the distance between the real self and the ideal toward which every true man struggles.

The great tests are met by the power accumulated in overcoming the trifles borne in each day's battle.—*The Outlook.*

A YOUTH was awaiting his turn in the Paterson (N. J.) police court to answer to the charge of drunkenness. He was indifferently puffing a cigarette when the judge caught the fumes, and calling on the prisoner to rise, addressed him as follows: "I consider the charge of drunkenness against you subordinate to that of cigarette-smoking in court. Everybody in the court-room has suffered from your infliction of gaseous smoke. It is needless to dilate upon such pernicious habits as cigarette-smoking, but instead I intend to make an object-lesson of you for the benefit of other young men. Your sentence is five days for drunkenness and thirty more for smoking cigarettes in court. That judge should distribute himself about our waiting-rooms and other public places.



## Young People's Work

No QUESTIONS or schemes or articles of any sort having come to me this week, I have decided to publish a letter I wrote to the young people at Jackson Centre, thinking that others might make some use of it.

You will find it rather long, especially when you add the annual report which goes with it. I would not publish it if I did not fear that you of the other Associations also need a shaking up in the matter of making your reports.

You see, young friends, that there is no use of our having a Permanent Committee for the General Conference, or of having secretaries in the several Associations, unless we *all* unite and furnish the material and facts which these officers need, in order for them to make any plans for our work. So I trust that you will all read this letter and this report with care, *as a matter of duty*, if you are not interested in them. And if you find anything there which you think good and practical, please begin to practice it as soon as possible.

### A LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY, EDWIN SHAW.\*

Dear Young Friends.

Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ be unto you in great measure during the Association and especially during this session. I, a brother and fellow-worker in the cause of our Master, give you greeting, praying for an outpouring of the spirit of Christ upon you, and for a heart-opening among you to enable you to receive this blessing.

There are many things, dear friends, which I wish to write unto you, but I know not your special needs; I know not your special failings and your special temptations; I know not your strong points or your weak points; I know not wherein you need comfort and counsel, or where you need criticism and correction. I would that I knew you through and through; that I understood your troubles, and the barriers and stumbling blocks in your way, so that I might write you some message of encouragement and counsel, whereby you might be uplifted and inspired and enlightened to do better and more useful, and unselfish service in the cause of Christ. My visit in your midst nearly two years ago was too brief to learn of your needs. I trust that in the not distant future I may have the pleasure of seeing you again, and becoming better acquainted with you and your work. In the meantime be faithful and true to the every-day duties, not looking at them as slight and of little importance, but remember that life itself consists of many little things put together.

I want to commend the diligence of your Secretary, Miss Simpson. Her reply to the blanks sent out to all the societies being prompt and among the first received. And this gives me chance of impressing upon you the importance of diligence and promptness in religious as well as social and business life. Do not be slack and careless in your religious life. Be prompt at church services and at prayer-meeting; cultivate the habit of taking part in these meetings early. If you have a duty to do, do it. If you have pledged five dollars, or one dollar, or ten cents to your pastor's salary, or to the Tract Society,

\* Read at the Young Peoples' Hour of the North-Western Association, at Jackson Centre, Ohio, June 16, 1895.

or any other society, pay it as soon as possible. It is a debt just as much as any other pledge, and ought not to be the last to be paid, when all other debts are canceled, when a new suit of clothes has been paid for, after a new hat, a bicycle, a dish of ice-cream, or a circus ticket have kept the pocket-book empty for weeks and months. Paul tells us to be diligent in business, and the truly Christian man will make a *business* of being a *Christian*. It is a business which he will work at week days as well as on the Sabbath. And so I commend to all of you the promptness and diligence of your secretary. Whether or not she is so all the time I cannot tell, but in this matter she was, and so I feel pretty sure that it is characteristic of her.

I hope, young friends, that you will receive much help and encouragement from the Association which is now being held in your midst. Permit me to point out a few ways in which I trust you will thereby be benefited.

1. It will have a tendency to make you less selfish if you use it in the right way. You are now called upon to entertain the delegates and visitors from other places. You are called upon to sacrifice your own comfort and your own strength, in order to minister to the wants of others; you are called upon to work without pay, to give of your means that the visit of these friends may be pleasant and comfortable. If you do this gladly and cheerfully, you will be greatly blessed; but if you do it grudgingly, although you present a pleasant appearance to your visitors, if you feel that you are working hard and are spending lots of money, then this Association will be a curse to you. The reception which you gave me when I was among you leaves no doubt in my mind that you will be greatly blessed by this gathering.

You will form new friendships and associations. These will doubtless be of a noble, uplifting nature. We are molded largely by our friendships, and the influence of friendships formed at such a meeting as this can hardly be other than good, and strong, and beneficial. Some of the most helpful influences of my life have come to me from the association of grand men and women in meetings like this.

3. Your interest in our work as a denomination will be increased and enlarged. Your views of these things will be broadened, your ideas and thoughts in reference to them will be made more definite and therefore not so narrow and onesided. You will have added interest and sympathy in these lines of denominational work, when you come to see, and hear, and shake-hands with, and talk with, and eat with, and know the men and women who are among the leaders in these works. How much more eagerly you will now read in the RECORDER the articles by men who sat at your table to-day, for whom you have made cakes and pies and puddings, who helped you hitch up the horses to your wagon, who are now in your midst! Without exception the promptest replies to my report blanks came from secretaries with whom I have a *personal acquaintance*.

4. You will be more liberal in your donations to our beloved cause. You will give more money to the Tract and Missionary Societies, and at the same time give more freely to your own church expenses.

These are four of the ways in which you may be blessed because of these gatherings. There

are many others, but I mention only one more. I hope as a result of this Association there will be a grand revival of the religion of Jesus in your hearts and in the whole community, a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon Jackson Centre and all the surrounding country. With a prayer to this end I close this letter, submitting at the same time my Annual Report, which is as follows:

### ANNUAL REPORT.

In submitting this report I have no apology to make for its incompleteness. Blanks were sent to the secretaries in due season, but no reports have been received from Garwin, Farina, Grand Junction, New Auburn, Rock River, West Hallock, Mt. Pleasant, and Berlin. I have not written the second time in any case, but if I should write, it would be to some other member of the society than the secretary, and it would be merely to suggest that a new secretary be appointed. I am most heartily tired of the careless, indifferent way some of our young people have of doing business. I trust that if there are members present from these societies which have been mentioned, you will make it your personal duty to see to it that your society in the future does not suffer from the neglect of your corresponding secretary.

The failure of these eight societies to report makes it quite impossible for me to give you any information regarding the present status of our work which would even approximate to accuracy, for there are but twenty-one societies in all, so that only about 62 per cent of them are represented in this report. Consequently we can only conjecture as to the condition of our young people at the present time, or what their work has been during the past year and what the outlook is for the future. The average total membership of the societies which reported was fifty-three. If the other eight have an average equal to this, the total for the association would be one thousand one hundred thirteen. This is doubtless too large. Allowing me to make a mere guess, I would say there are about nine hundred. Of the societies reporting about 70 per cent of the membership is active. There are then perhaps six hundred thirty active members in the association, a host for good if working together in harmony.

The weekly average prayer-meeting attendance is twenty-seven, or only 50 per cent of the full membership. This is a fact worthy of serious and prayerful thought and then energetic action. Furthermore, it is but 71 per cent of the active membership, just enough to pass on a standing of 70 per cent, but one of which every active member should be ashamed. The reports along the line of finances are altogether too incomplete and obviously inaccurate for me to make even a guess as to results. Here however I have a grain of sympathy for the poor secretaries who will never even hear of this scolding which I am giving them, so it is all right; no, it is *all wrong*.

They ought to hear of it, and I hope they will. But regarding the report of the money matters they have my sympathy (1) because the report blanks were rather vague and confusing; but here I am criticising authority above me, so I will speak no farther but (2) because I have no doubt that the condition of the treasurer's book made it a deep mystery, a confused problem even to the treasurer, and so results were guessed at.



There is no doubt of this, judging from the reports sent in.

Our societies need a good shaking up along the line of business. If we cannot attend to these matters in a business way we had better pass the money matters over to the old people, the officers of the church; they know how to fill out report blanks, *only they don't do it any better than we do.* It is too bad that such is the state of things.

Young friends, suppose we begin a reform, a *real reform* along this line. Promptness and accuracy in the business detail of our religious organizations. Take up the watchword, "business reform," and let us see if next year's report does not put to shame all of our former efforts, and even those of our elders.

The Junior work is the most encouraging feature of the whole report, and should receive our hearty support.

Respectfully submitted,

EDWIN SHAW, *Secretary.*

CHICAGO, Ill., June 12, 1895.

### OUR MIRROR.

Dear Young People:

JULY 1st found me on my way to Nebraska, passing through the farming lands of Iowa, again across the level country of Nebraska with its acres of corn as far as one could see, which looks far different from last year.

Although not an abundance of rain has fallen, yet there has been a sufficient amount to sustain the corn crop, which now promises a good yield. Harvard, with about fifteen hundred inhabitants, is a thrifty, well-kept town with seven churches and no saloons at present. A system of water works was added this Spring, and by the use of sprays three hours each day the lawns are kept fresh and green. Last week a Seventh-day Baptist woman called upon me, I think the only one in this locality. May the young people who are located among people of the same religious belief unite their efforts more, come into closer sympathy, and feel that each has a work to do in keeping together and building up our societies; and that whatever our surroundings are we are in Christ's service.

Yours in C. E.,

RETA I. CROUCH.

HARVARD, Neb., July 8, 1895.

THE society at Marlboro, N. J., is small; nearly half of the members are away nine months in the year. Their meetings are kept up, but their progress is somewhat hindered. We would suggest to such societies that they feel free to draw what encouragement and strength they can from larger societies by correspondence.

REPORTS are received where the blanks sent out for financial reports were incomplete. Some societies contribute to the support of their own churches and aid in local work that cannot be classified under the headings of Tract work, Evangelical, Dr. Palmberg's salary or other Foreign Missions. Will the societies who find it impracticable to report money raised for these purposes, *report* what the money was raised for, and if their reports have been sent in please make out a special report for this and send it at once to the secretary. In this way the Endeavor Societies will be credited for the whole amount of

money they have raised during the year. Please attend to it at once.

THINKING that some may be interested in hearing from the Plainfield Y. P. S. C. E., the following is taken from the report of the secretary for six months just passed:

Eight new members have been added during this time, so there are now sixty active, three associate, and twenty-five honorary members in the society. The monthly business meetings have been held as usual, and a good attendance and full response has been given at the six monthly consecration meetings, as also at twenty-six weekly prayer meetings; all who have been present can but have gained much benefit from them. During six months, \$105 36 was sent through our society to the Boulder (Colorado) Church; \$14 to the Nebraska sufferers; \$10 to Mizpah Mission; and the tuition of a student at school in Alabama has been paid. Through the care of the Lookout Committee many absent members have been heard from. The social committee has given us a social each month, which has increased our financial as well as social interest. The pulpit has been well supplied with flowers or potted plants each week under the care of the Flower Committee. The Literature Committee has introduced several new lines of work. Through them fifteen persons are receiving regularly, papers sent them by some member of the society. The Prayer Meeting Committee, beside appointing the leaders, looked well after them to see that they did not forget the appointment; and through the kindness of the president, furnished each leader with the copy of the "Golden Rule" containing the topic for the date each would lead. "Though we see many mistakes, and many times work might have been done but was not, we think we may feel encouraged and sure that the work of the past six months has not been in vain. We are to take courage, and trusting more in Him whom we strive to serve, work more for Him in the future."

#### LETTER FROM BRO. ASHURST.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER.

Permit me through your columns to return my thanks to the many friends who have so generously contributed to the replacing of my library, which was burned in the depot at Alfred Station early in the spring. I cannot tell you how grateful I am for your valuable contribution; it has been all the more acceptable because of its being so unexpected.

You will no doubt be glad to know that my new library numbers about 350 volumes of very choice books suitable for a pastor's working library.

Permit me to say that this providence has in many ways been a blessing to me already, and if possible, it has strengthened the cords that bind me to you as a denomination.

I lost all excepting my library in becoming a Seventh-day Baptist when I left my native state. I needed, doubtless, to lose absolutely all, to be taught the needful lesson of entire dependence and trust in God.

I am pleased with my new field of labor; I believe the Lord has given me the hearts of my people here.

Interest in all of our church work is increasing; many of us are praying for a revival of religion in our midst. May every one who reads this breathe a prayer for an outpouring of God's spirit upon us.

Fraternally yours,

A. P. ASHURST.

ALFRED STATION, N. Y., July 15, 1895.

## Children's Page.

### THE BOY THAT WASHED DISHES.

BY MARY G. CROCKER.

"No, sir, he shan't play with us." "He shan't be in this game." "Get away, girlie." "Go home to your mammy, Bridget."

Those were the shouts that greeted a manly-looking boy of fourteen on the playground of the Washington School, one early April day, when all the earth was awaking under the magic touch of the sunbeams, and it was a delight just to exist in such a beautiful world. And that made it all the more cruel that the boys should have combined to fling such dreadful taunts at Phil Foster, who did not look at all like a "girlie" or a "Bridget," but who was a lad with a frank, honest face and clear brown eyes that looked at you straight and never flinched.

Phil had always been a rather popular boy at school until late this spring and winter, when the tide had suddenly turned against him, and for some unknown reason he became the target of all the foolish and cutting remarks that boys know how to make. At first he could scarcely believe that his old chums could be so ready to torment him, until the day before our story opens, when they had gotten one of the girls' sunbonnets and stolen a white apron that belonged to Miss Anderson, and compelled him to wear them all noon hour, and called him Bridget, and asked him if he had got his dishes washed and his floors swept before he came to school; and from that time Bridget became his name among the boys; and if you think Phil was a namby-pamby who didn't mind, you had only to look into his eyes that minute, and you would have seen how much anger and useless rage he was capable of—useless, for the reason that there were thirty boys who went to Washington School, and when the other twenty-nine set upon him at once, of course he was powerless; but the way his eyes flashed showed how his soul was stung, and yet he would not try to defend himself against the tide of unpopularity that had set full against him. He saw the uselessness of that. And after the sunbonnet and apron episode he lost faith in his comrades, and tried but little to regain their favor, and from that time kept much to himself.

But on this particular day, when they excluded him from their games, and yelled, "Go home to your mammy," "Take your broom along, Bridget," it was too much; he brushed his sleeve angrily across his eyes, and yelled back angry words at the tormentors, and I think he would have pitched single-handed into the whole twenty-nine, but for one thing. He had just flung off his coat and doubled his fists to pound the nearest boy, crying angrily:

"See here, you, I ain't going to stand this any longer," when Marion Day, who was standing near the partition that divided the boys' and girls' playground, said softly:

"For shame, Phil; have you forgotten your text?"

Marion was a distant cousin of Phil's, and Phil remembered in a flash that at the beginning of the year he had told Marion of the text his mother had given him for the year, and how he meant to make it his motto, and how the text was, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Tom didn't hear Marion, but Phil did, and it was enough; he drew back, and, bursting into tears, went into the schoolhouse and asked Miss Anderson to excuse him for the afternoon, and as he went he heard the jeer that went up from the boys as they shouted: "See the little girl." "Won't fight." "He is a Bridget." "Coward."

Miss Anderson was a wise woman. She knew better than to question him then, but she put up a little prayer in her heart that she might have wisdom to help the lad, and kindness to be patient with him, but even she did not know why it hurt Phil so to be called Bridget. And Phil went away, not home,



though; that would have alarmed the little mother, who sat day after day, and had for a dozen years, in her invalid chair, unable to take a single step. No, the mother must not see traces of tears and anger on his face. He went to the woods, and sat down by the noisy brook, that made a pleasant, monotonous music as it purred busily over the stones and away, and somehow he fell to planning on what he would do this summer—how he would mend his fishing rod and try all the best places for fishing in the big meadow brook, and then he fell to watching the minnows darting here and there in the cool water; and the first thing he knew he saw away through the trees that school was out; and when the last boy was out of sight, he went home, thinking of Marion and the text.

"Hello, mamsy!" he called cheerfully to the little woman in the chair.

"Hello, Phil!" she answered, for the mother was always cheerful.

"Time to get supper, ain't it? I'm late," and the lad brightened the kitchen fire, drew out the table, set it for two, and then, tying a big gingham apron around his waist, he made biscuits, plumped them in the hot oven, broiled a bit of beefsteak, got a tiny dish of preserves from the cellar, and wheeled the mother up to as dainty and well-cooked a meal as any girl could have gotten. Now you have the secret, and know why the thoughtless boys had persecuted Phil for a Bridget and a "girlie." It was just that. His mother was a helpless invalid, and because they could not afford to hire help, Phil did all the cooking and housekeeping that was done in the little cottage, besides taking care of the little mother. Now do you not think he was really as "great as he that taketh a city?"

When supper was over and Phil had washed the dishes and tidied the rooms, he and his mother sat for nearly an hour by the open window, with her white, thin hand on his shoulders; and they talked quietly in the twilight—talked of school, and how he was getting on, and of the summer time, when Phil could wheel his mother out on the veranda, so she could sit in the sunshine while he was at school; and then as they often did, they talked of the time when he would be a man and able to gratify his dearest wish, as well as his mother's fondest ambition for him, and go to college. Those little talks helped him wonderfully for the conflict that was now a daily matter, but down in his heart Phil determined his mother should never know of these conflicts, because it was for her sake, and he loved her.

I said Miss Anderson was a wise woman; well, it was a part of her wisdom that brought about what happened a few weeks after, and its effect on the boys you shall guess for yourself. The plan was this: The boys were on the playground a few weeks later, when Phil, by attracting the attention of those nearest him, finally got the twenty-nine to listen.

"I say, boys," he began, "I'm going to give a party at my house; I'll tell you where it is, and you know we haven't got room for all of you, but you pick out a dozen, and let them come to my house next Saturday, and see if you don't have a dandy time."

Some of the boys said, "It's a fake; he's going to have his revenge; don't let's go;" but others said, "No, he wouldn't be so mean; we'll pick out a dozen and send 'em, and they'll bring back the report."

Well, so they went, one dozen, and they filled the tiny house, and overflowed into the little front yard where a great lilac tree was just bursting into masses of bloom. They had games and a good time, and everybody was good natured; and then Phil passed around among them dainty cakes and cookies, careful to announce so everyone would be sure to hear: "I made them myself, boys. I do all the cooking and dishwashing, and sweeping, and everything, because my mother is an invalid, you see, and can't;" and then some of the lads looked guilty, and murmured something about they "didn't

know," and "it was meaner'n dirt," the way they had done, and every boy came up and shook hands with Phil's mother when it was over, and told Phil what a good time they had had; and when the day was over, and Phil had made his dear invalid comfortable for the night, and had gone to his own room, his heart full of happy thoughts, there, pinned to his pillow, was a tiny note, written by his mother. I think Marion Day had told her something of what had taken place on the playground, for the note said, "I thank God to-night for a son who is 'better than he that taketh a city.'"—*Christian Work.*

## Home News.

New York.

WATSON.—It is very dry in this vicinity. There will be a scarcity of hay in consequence. Corn and potatoes look well notwithstanding it is so very dry. We cannot tell what the consequences will be if it does not rain soon. Grasshoppers are numerous in the "settlement." The parson's garden was nearly all eaten up. The corn and potatoes are not hurt much yet by them but they will soon be finished if they continue.

As a church and people we are trying to uphold the banner of Jesus Christ. We are hoping that the Conference will be one of great power in furthering the cause of Christ.

U. M. B.

New Jersey.

NEW MARKET.—Active steps are being taken to put our church in a better condition before Conference. The inside woodwork is to be finished in oak, the galleries removed, and new pews, cushions and carpets purchased. The church is to be papered within and painted without; stained glass windows are also thought of. We have an efficient and faithful committee, and know that the business will be well attended to by them. During repairs on the church we hold services in the First-day Baptist church.

Two of our oldest residents and church members, Mrs. I. D. Titsworth and John Smalley, have passed away since we last wrote you.

Mr. Abram Dunham, whose life was so long despaired of last spring, is now able to be out a little, but is still very feeble.

Mrs. A. E. Coon, mother-in-law of Rev. L. E. Livermore, is now living with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Satterlee.

Two of our young ladies, Misses Lizzie Boice and Elin Palmborg, are now numbered among the RECORDER's force of compositors.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Titsworth were recently called to Philadelphia by the death of Mr. George Maxson, an uncle of Mrs. Titsworth. Mrs. Titsworth and children have now gone for a two' weeks visit in Hornellsville, N. Y., and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner are spending the summer at their old home, Shingle House, Pa.

Our Ladies' Aid Society met with Mrs. Vars in June, and after election of officers and other business, adjourned until October. Mrs. W. J. Davis was elected president.

Prof. and Mrs. C. R. Clawson, of Salem College, W. Va., are spending the summer with their parents.

Mrs. D. I. Green and baby, of Hartford, Conn., who have been spending two or three weeks with Mrs. Green's mother, Mrs. Lucy Titsworth, start the last of this week for

Alfred, expecting to be joined in New York by Prof. Green.

The disastrous cyclone and hail-storm which visited Plainfield and other places Sabbath, July 13th, spared us. Only a few small hail-stones were noticed here.

Quite a number of our people, especially the Titsworths, joined the excursion to Ocean Grove last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, who have been spending some time with their son, Rev. F. E. Peterson, leave here the last of this month for their home in Seattle, Wash. Mr. Peterson, Sr., is a carpenter by trade, and during his stay here has built a conservatory on the parsonage and made some other minor improvements. He has also made two handsome row-boats for Mr. Rogers and a boat and boat-house for his son. Mrs. F. E. Peterson is spending a couple of weeks in Shiloh and Marlborough, called there by the illness of her cousin, Mrs. Ridgway, daughter of Rev. Mr. Bowen.

Colorado.

CALHAN.—Our little society is here yet. We have nearly all been kept in health, and have been able to hold Sabbath services and Sixth-day night prayer-meetings most of the time during the year. Some weeks ago Elder J. T. Davis, of California, visited us. He gave a few sermons and cheered us very much. In June, Elder Wheeler was with us a week, preaching and visiting, and would have stayed longer but for sickness. The people seemed to enjoy his sermons. One man said, "He makes it so plain."

There is considerable interest in the Sabbath question just now.

The spring and summer has been cool and more rain than usual has fallen. Crops are looking well, and there are prospects for an abundant harvest.

J. S. W.

JULY 10, 1895.

### RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

There is a communication to-day among "Letters from the People" in which the *Times-Democrat* is taken to task by a Thibodaux correspondent for venturing to call the fining and imprisoning of Seventh-day Adventists in Tennessee, Mississippi and Georgia, because they would do field work on the first day of the week after keeping the seventh day holy to the Lord, by the name of "religious persecution."

"E. J. Y." advances nothing to impair or weaken the *Times-Democrat's* argument, albeit he imparts a suspicion of Sabbatarian prejudice into the case, and a distinct odor of that uncharitableness toward our neighbors which the spirit of Christianity deprecates, but which professing, and particularly self-righteous religionists are wont to indulge in. "E. J. Y." shows from the headline which he has placed over his letter that he has not "caught on" to our position. We have at no time committed ourselves to any such statement or sentiment as that "the enforcement of Sunday laws is religious persecution;" nor have we at any time said anything which ordinary intelligence could construe into such a sentiment.

Indeed, had "E. J. Y." been a regular reader of the *Times-Democrat*, he would have seen with what uniform persistency the *Times-Democrat* has recommended the enforcement of the Louisiana statute which is known in this city and State as "the Sunday law," and



which has no more connection with religion than with the canals of Mars. Had there been any genuine and deep religious conviction at the bottom of the opposition to the local Sunday law, the *Times-Democrat* would have been in that opposition, heart and soul; but as it is nothing more nor less than a mere disregard of wholesome restraint which underlies and fosters that opposition, the *Times-Democrat* is for the law while it is a law, all the time. The enforcement of it, however, is not religious persecution, nor persecution of any kind.

The case of the Seventh-day Adventists is of a different color; and we prefer to believe that the religious convictions of these men are genuine, rather than join with "E. J. Y." in his grievous uncharitableness when he says: "The object of these Adventists in wilfully breaking the law and suffering the penalty is apparent. They wish to pose as martyrs to their religious convictions and thus excite the sympathy of the press and the public." "E. J. Y.," who is apt at quoting Scriptures should not forget that wholesome Scriptural advice: "Judge not that ye be not judged." Everything goes to show that the religious convictions of the Seventh-day Adventists are genuine. Apart from working on the first day of the week, after resting and worshiping on the seventh day, in accordance with Jehovah's command, they have the reputation of being people of high moral principle, industrious, honest and law-abiding. This being their general character, who is there who will believe that they are insincere and actuated by a paltry and unworthy motive, when they depart from their usual law-abidingness and honesty in declining to observe the usually accepted Sabbath? Not one person in ten thousand will so judge them; but most everybody will hold that they are devout believers according to their lights, and that, being sincere and devout, where their religious convictions are concerned, the law *pro tanto* should be held in abeyance in respect of their Sabbath-observance, until the law can be repealed. It is the inquisitorial spirit of three or four centuries ago, and that inquisitorial spirit alone, which maintains such laws in a civilized community; and that spirit is as far removed from the spirit which breathes through the Sermon on the Mount as darkness is from light.

"E. J. Y." to the contrary notwithstanding, the *Times-Democrat* must continue to hold that the fining and imprisoning of Seventh-day Adventists for working on Sunday after resting and worshiping on Saturday are religious persecutions; that such persecution is a denial of religious freedom to a portion of the community; and that it is an undoubted stigma on the enlightened civilization of the States which practice it.—*Times-Democrat*.

"SULTAN" AND MISS FANNIE EDWARDS.—Miss Fannie Edwards, 8 years old, lives near Verdon, South Dakota. The *Times* tells us how she gets to school two miles away and home again during the cold weather. Her father hitches a horse to the sleigh, and after tucking her up warmly in the robes starts the horse off for the school-house, where Fanny gets out and the horse returns home, when Owen puts him in the barn until 3.30 P. M.; then he hitches him up again and starts him off for the school-house after his infantile passenger, and he makes the 4-mile trip as regular as clock-work. The horse is a gray Norman stallion named "Sultan."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

# Sabbath School.

## INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1895.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 6.	The Ten Commandments.....	Ex. 20: 1-17
July 13.	The Golden Calf.....	Ex. 32: 1-8, 30-35.
July 20.	Nadab and Abihu.....	Lev. 10: 1-11.
July 27.	Journeying to Canaan.....	Num. 10: 29-36.
Aug. 3.	<b>THE REPORT OF THE SPIES</b> .....	Num. 13: 17-20, 23-33.
Aug. 10.	The Brazen Serpent.....	Num. 21: 4-9.
Aug. 17.	The New Home in Canaan.....	Deut. 6: 3-15.
Aug. 24.	Crossing the Jordan.....	Joshua 3: 5-17.
Aug. 31.	The Fall of Jericho.....	Joshua 6: 8-20.
Sept. 7.	Caleb's Reward.....	Joshua 14: 5-14.
Sept. 14.	The Cities of Refuge.....	Joshua 20: 1-9.
Sept. 21.	Joshua Renewing the Covenant.....	Joshua 24: 14-25.
Sept. 28.	Review.	

### LESSON V.—THE REPORT OF THE SPIES.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 3, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—Num. 13: 17-20, 23-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord is with us: fear them not.—Num. 14: 9.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

In our last lesson we learned of the attempt of Moses to persuade Hobab to join Israel in the conquest of Canaan, and of the three days' journey into the wilderness, the ark leading the procession.

Because of Israel's complaining while at Taberah, the fire of the Lord consumed some, but at Moses' intercession the fire was put out.

Again, they murmured for the want of meat, and great flocks of quails were sent. While they were eating the flesh the Lord's anger was visited upon them in the form of "a very great plague." After leaving Egypt Moses had established civil and religious laws and public worship and organized an army. Now by divine instruction he appointed seventy of the elders to aid him, which, perhaps, was the origin of the Sanhedrim.

While at Hazaroth Aaron and Miriam complained against Moses. The anger of the Lord was kindled against them and he declared that he spoke to Moses "mouth to mouth," but to others in dreams and visions. As a mark of his displeasure God smote Miriam with leprosy, "white as snow." Moses interceded and Miriam was healed. In Num. 13: 1-16, we have the account of the choosing of the twelve spies.

#### EXPLANATORY.

v. 17. "And Moses sent them." The twelve spies, one man from each tribe. In Num. 13: 1, 2, we learn that the spies were chosen and sent by the command of God, but turning to Deut. 1: 20-35, we see that the plan originated in the unbelief of the Israelites. After God, through Moses, had declared that he had set the land before them and that they should fearlessly go up and possess it, they demanded that a committee of investigation be sent into the promised land. Because of this demand God issued his "commandment in direct reference to the moral state of the people." A similar demand was made in the matter of Israel's first king. 1 Sam. 8. "Southward." "South," R. V. A tract of territory extending northward from Kadesh to within a few miles of Hebron, and from the Dead Sea to the Mediterranean.

v. 18-20. Moses gave them instructions to see the land, to ascertain the condition and number of the people, and their manner of living, whether in tents or in fortified cities, and to bring of the fruit of the land in proof of the truthfulness of their report.

v. 23. "Brook of Eschol." Eschol means cluster. In v. 24 we learn that the place took its name from the cluster of grapes which the spies cut down. Travelers inform us that clusters weighing ten or twelve pounds are now raised in this valley. "Pomegranites." The fruit of a bush eight or ten feet high. "It is of the shape and size of an orange, three or four inches in diameter, divided into longitudinal apartments, in which the grains lie as compactly as corn on the cob, and look much like a pale-red Indian corn save that they are nearly transparent."—*McClintock and Strong*.

v. 25. "Returned . . . forty days." They quickly passed through the land of Canaan. The frequent communication between Egypt and Syria probably aided them in the expedition.

v. 26, 27. The report of the spies to the unbelieving congregation camped at Kadesh confirmed God's word concerning the land. See Ex. 3: 8; 33: 3, and the fruit made all Israel realize that the land truly flowed "with milk and honey."

v. 28. "Nevertheless." Ten of the spies reported that insurmountable difficulties were in the way. The people were giants, renowned warriors, living in great walled cities. Even the names of the nations inspired terror.

v. 30. "Caleb stilled the people." He and Joshua faith-

fully reported the obstacles in the way, but recommended a prompt entrance into the land. Faith in God led them to say, "We are well able to overcome it."

v. 31. "We be not able." The majority, not willing to trust God for strength, were discouraged by the difficulties in their way, and truly, without God's help the enemy was stronger than Israel.

v. 32. "Evil report." The report was evil in that it showed the unbelief of their heart and discouraged the people. "Eateth up." Subject to invasions. "We were . . . as grasshoppers." A statement of their conscious inferiority, and showing their faint heartedness and lack of faith.

### THE JEWELED COBRA.

In India there is a common superstition to the effect that the jeweled cobra, a most poisonous reptile, can never be found without its precious stone. The natives assert that as soon as a cobra loses its stone or has it taken away, it eventually dies a lingering death or commits suicide. These snakes are rather rare, otherwise this superstition would have ceased to exist; however, an entomologist of an inquiring turn of mind and a dabbler in electricity, recently returned from India, tells the following incident showing how electricity can even serve the double purpose of exploding mines and false theories.

It appears that he was anxious to catch a number of Indian fireflies, and as a decoy he used a half candle-power incandescent lamp, current being furnished by a small sulphate of mercury primary battery. The battery and lamp he deposited upon the ground in a neighboring thicket or jungle and awaited developments. It should here be mentioned that only the male fly is provided with the brilliant light, while the female gives but a faint glow, and does not leave the ground.

The first night that the lamp remained on the ground very few of the male flies came near it. This he surmised to be due to the fact of the light being too intense; so the next night he set the decoy again, dimming the lamp, however, by covering it with some tissue paper.

He laid this down by a tree and, net in hand, awaited the coming of the male flies. They came, too, in short order, and in quite a little while he had secured a fine lot of specimens.

Suddenly, however, the air was free from flies; they disappeared as if by magic. Just then the entomologist, thinking that the case of their sudden departure must be due to something unusual, looked down to see if the light was still burning. It had gone out. Stooping down, in the darkness, he placed his hand where he thought the lamp ought to be, and, to his great horror, he found that he had touched the moist skin of a living cobra. The reptile had swallowed the lamp, thinking it to be a "cobra's jewel."

It is almost needless to say that there was a mutual surprise, but it is comparatively easy to tell which was the more frightened.

The snake slurred off, and as the battery was a little too heavy for him to drag along, the wires being strong, the lamp was forcibly removed from his mouth.

This incident led to an investigation, and it was found that the cobra, while young, makes a search for a phosphorescent pebble, composed probably of barium sulphide, which upon being slightly heated produces a light which resembles that emanating from the female firefly. This he lays upon the ground immediately in front of his mouth, and as the winged insects approach they become an easy prey to this most venomous reptile.—*Julian A. Moses, in Electrical Review*.

WHEN I stood in Antwerp, and heard the chime of some fifty or sixty bells, I could not bear to go any further, lest I should get out of the sound of those exquisite peals that rolled every hour, and half hour, and quarter hour, filling the air with a weird and yet wonderful sweetness; and I thought to myself, "There, just such are the thoughts of a father's heart, when it is lifted up with hope, and all things ring at every hour, and half hour, and quarter hour, and minute, of the return of some wandering child."—*H. W. Beecher*.



## Popular Science.

THE French people are planning for a monster balloon, to carry people skyward at the World's Fair in the year 1900. The balloon is to be 144 feet in diameter, and to ascend to an elevation of near 2000 feet, or twice the height of the Eiffel Tower. It is to be managed by machinery and a wire cable, and to be capable of carrying a hundred persons at each ascension.

At the present time crude petroleum is being quite extensively used as fuel under steam boilers, and is usually thrown under the boiler in a spray by a jet of steam.

An improvement on that, and more scientific, would be to use partially heated, compressed air, as the oil would be nearly converted into gas before igniting under the boiler. By using more oxygen, instead of hydrogen, to spray the oil or gas, a gain would be made in the heating power.

THE scientists of Berlin are being interested in ascertaining the pressure and temperature of the atmosphere at high altitudes. To accomplish this, they equipped a balloon with self-registering instruments, and a time instrument to open a valve, that it might be made to descend in due time.

The balloon was sent on its mission, and came down in Bothnia, all in good order. The instruments showed that it ascended to an elevation of 53,872 feet, over ten miles, and the spirits had fallen to 52° degrees below zero, the lowest it could record.

Pretty cold weather, ten miles up. \*Warmer we think, ten miles up from Mars.

THE horseless carriage, as it is called, we think before many years, will become as popular in this country as the bicycle, or as this carriage is now in France.

A motor has been constructed by which a certain proportion of gas, and atmospheric air, when mixed in a heated box, explodes, and by its expansion the driving power is obtained. This tube or box is heated by a small common lamp, at an expense of one and a half cents per hour for kerosene for each horsepower. There is no pent-up pressure as in steam, no smoke, no noise, not a thing in sight to indicate how the carriage moves. By simply turning a valve there is no power, the thing is practically dead.

There are two large manufactories in Paris. One for motors and the other for carriages. There will soon be two large factories here. One for motors, at Steinway, near Astoria, on Long Island, and the other will be erected by Mr. A. L. Washburne, who has an office at 35 Broadway, New York. One of the Paris carriages, carrying two persons, ran 750 miles at the rate of nearly 16 miles an hour. The carriage that received the first prize in the race from Paris to Bordeaux carried four persons.

Now, our Yankee people having taken hold of the horseless carriage, and the first to patronize is the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Animals, I would suggest that as the horse is to be the beneficiary, that horse-racing with all its cruel, obnoxious and immoral features be abolished, and in its place take a splendid ride with a party of four or six to Philadelphia and return. Allow me to predict that in a comparatively short space of time the labor now performed by the horse will be superseded by a motor as easily managed, more kind and gentle, as it cannot kick or bite. H. H. B.

### SABBATH-SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

The Sabbath-school Institute held at Albion June 19, 1895, was very interesting, including three sessions. The forenoon session consisted of papers on Duties of the Superintendent and Teachers, read by members of the Sabbath-school, also papers read by Elder Clarke.

The afternoon session was devoted to a question-box, and several papers relating to the Sabbath-school work, such as the Duties of scholars, How to study a Sabbath-school lesson, How to conduct the Sabbath-school music, How to conduct a teacher's meeting, etc., also short talks by Elder Clarke, illustrated by crayon and blackboard work, which was very interesting, especially to the children.

In the evening a sermon was preached by Elder Clarke on "Parents and Teachers as Discerners of Motives." These papers and talks were interspersed with music, such as Sabbath-school music, duet, solo, and quartets. Such institutes as these are very beneficial to Sabbath-school workers, and we feel very grateful to Elder Clarke for his kindness in conducting this institute in such a helpful way.

NETTIE SHACKELTON.

Sec. of the Albion Sabbath-school.

### "SINK LIKE A MAN."

In an article in the *Strand Magazine* on Sir Andrew Clark, the following incident is recorded as an illustration of the attitude the eminent physician took in regard to the use of stimulants:

"A clergyman complained to him of feeling low and depressed, unable to face his work, and was tempted to rely on stimulants. Sir Andrew saw that the position was a perilous one, and that it was a crisis in the man's life. He dealt with the case, and forbade the resort to stimulants, when the patient declared that he would be unequal to his work and ready to sink. "Then," said Sir Andrew, "sink like a man!"—*Classmate*.

### A TRIBUTE

To The Memory Of Mrs. Martha J. Hills.

It is with a sense of loss to us that we learn of the death of our sister, Mrs. Martha J. Hills, who was a former member of, and co-worker in, the Woman's Evangelical Society of the First Alfred Church. But we know that to her has come the entering into that perfect rest prepared for the children of God. As she walked among us, we instinctively felt that hers was a life "hid with Christ in God." Later years of faithful service, both North and South, have shown wherein her strength and wisdom lay. We would extend to her husband, the Rev. Geo. W. Hills, our sympathy in his sorrow for her who was both wife and co-laborer, and for his loss which he must feel both in the home and in his work. Our words seem so inadequate to the measure of his grief, we can only point him to Him who said "I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee."

By order of the Society.

MRS. W. C. TITSWORTH, } Com.  
MRS. J. B. CLARKE, }

ALFRED, N. Y., July 10, 1895.

### A Card of Thanks.

The Woman's Missionary Society of Calhan, Colo., desires to express sincere thanks to those ladies who have aided us. There are five quilts nearly finished, and we have thought perhaps it would be best to send them to Mizpah Mission, as Dr. Swinney does not need them now.

J. S. W.

### CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Permit me to correct a mistake that appears in the list of those who prepared the lessons for the present quarter in the *Helping Hand*.

I did not prepare the lessons for July. It was U. M. Babcock. I only wrote the lesson stories. I do not wish to wear honors which belong to another.

Respectfully,

R. L. BABCOCK.

### Special Notices.

#### ANNIVERSARIES.

GENERAL CONFERENCE, Plainfield, N. J., August 21-26.  
SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION, Fouke, Arkansas, Oct. 31, to Nov. 4, 1895.

PERSONS west of Chicago who wish to attend the General Conference at Plainfield, N. J., will do well to confer by letter with Ira J. Ordway, 205 West Madison St., Chicago.

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.

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.  
M. B. KELLEY, Pastor.

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 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, 509 Hudson 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.

THE QUARTERLY MEETING of the Otselic, Lincklaen, Cuyler, DeRuyter and Scott Churches will be held with the Otselic Church, beginning Sabbath morning, July 27, 1895.

#### SABBATH MORNING.

Preaching by L. R. Swinney.

#### AFTERNOON.

Short sermon, followed by conference.  
Preaching in the evening.

#### SUNDAY.

10 A. M. Business Meeting.

11 " Preaching by B. F. Rogers.

7.30 P. M. Preaching by O. S. Mills.

Come brethren to serve the Lord, encourage the little church and receive a blessing.

P. R. B.



**A GREAT MAN'S SIMPLICITY.**

It is not always safe to gauge the importance of a man by his clothes and general appearance. In Mr. Henry Ruggles' book on Germany, he illustrates this fact by the following anecdote:

When Von Moltke is traveling, or away from home on a pleasure-trip, he wears nothing in his dress to distinguish him as a military man. Last summer he took a run down to Switzerland, and at some of the hotels he revealed his identity, and at others he was *incognito*.

His traveling experience, as related by his friends, and his want of pride in his personal appearance, remind one of the stories told of Horace Greeley.

During his Swiss tour he arrived one afternoon in Ragatz in the Engadine. As the hotel at which he was to stop was but a short distance from the office where he was left by the diligence, he started off with his traveling bag in his hand instead of waiting to be transported in a carriage.

When he appeared before the landlord and asked for a room he looked fatigued, dusty, and decidedly travel-worn, and the landlord was on the point of telling him he had no rooms to spare.

He finally told the waiter to show "the old man" to a small room in the upper story of the house, and, after toiling up several flights of stairs and through several long, narrow halls, the great general was ushered into a room which looked as if it belonged to a hospital ward.

The waiter left him there, and, after a short absence, made his appearance again with a little book and asked the new arrival to inscribed his name.

It was quickly done, and the waiter made his exit again. What was the landlord's astonishment on taking the book and reading the name "Field-Marshal Von Molke, Berlin!"

There was a commotion in the hotel at once. Said the landlord, wringing his hands, "What have I done? I have put the great general into one of my servant's bed-rooms! my hotel will be ruined!"

And he flew about as if he was half crazy.

All the waiters in the hotel were summoned, and the handsomest suite of rooms in the house was ordered to be put in immediate readiness.

The conscience-stricken landlord departed for the upper regions to make his apologies to the seedy-looking "old man" and to transfer him to more elegant quarters in the lower part of the house.

"I beg, your Excellency, ten thousand pardons, I would not have done it for the world, but I did not know that it was your Excellency—ten thousand pardons!" said the quaking landlord, half out of breath.

"But what have you done that you should need to be pardoned?" asked the general.

"This room—it is not the room for your Excellency. It was a mistake. I did not know it was Gen. Von Moltke. I have rooms for you below—an elegant suite of rooms—may I beg you to

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have your baggage removed to them at once?"

"May I ask what is the matter with this room?" inquired the general, who had stripped off his coat and vest, and rolled up his sleeves preparatory to taking a wash after his dusty journey; "I have slept for years in quarters not so good or comfortable as this."

"It is too small for your Excellency, and the furniture is too ordinary. The rooms which I have for you below are those which I reserve for princes and distinguished guests."

"What is the price of them?" inquired the general.

"Only one hundred francs a day, your Excellency."

"And the price of this room is how much?"

"A bagatelle, your Excellency—but three francs."

"Well, as my stay in Ragatz is short, you must excuse me if I do not change my quarters. I think I shall sleep as sound on that bed as on any bed in your house."

And the great military strategist, who had more to do in bringing about the great victories in the Franco-Prussian war than any one else, was allowed to remain undisturbed, much to the annoyance and chagrin of the landlord.

**A YOUNG MAN'S READING.**

When a young man's room has nothing in the shape of reading material beyond a fourth-rate novel and an evening paper, it is not a promising interior. It does not follow that its inhabitant plays the fool, but there is no visible barrier against low vices. His mind is empty and ready for any visitor—the first to come may be sin. What leads many a man wrong is simply the deadly dullness of his life and his craving for variety. Let me describe another interior from life. Here is a hanging bookcase of two shelves with forty volumes, the beginning of a library. The Bible—a mother's gift—is supported by a good Shakespeare, a pocket edition also of some favorite plays for a walking tour. Do you notice dear old Don Quixote, who jests at the dying chivalry with a tear in his eye, has a place, and he is supported on right and left by Lowell and Kingsley. A felicitous idea, for more than any other poet has the American taught us to do our duty by the oppressed, and the English parson was most truly a knight of God. Two or three Scotts one now expects, and Henry Esmond of course. Charles Lamb—but that is enough. One is satisfied, and is introduced to this man before he enters the room. It were unpardonable to warn this man against the dangers of idleness and folly. His armful of books

have naturalized him in another world.

When one has this taste he will gratify it at any cost; he will do without gay clothing and luxurious food, he will be content with a smaller house and plainer living, but he will have his books. As he prospers—and most bookmen do prosper—he will treat himself to first editions and large paper copies, books with creamy edges and delicate tooling on morocco. While he is still busy this man will have other things to think of than buying and selling, and when age comes he will not be afraid to retire lest time hang on his hands. He never loved his office so much as his study, and at last he will settle with a sense of perfect rest in the room that has been stored with the wisdom of the world and been to him the gate of heaven. People will notice that in his youth he was free from its faults—from crude ideas and rash judgments, from vanity and self-conceit; in old age from bigotry and querulousness; they will admire his ripe wisdom, fine insight, and wide charity. But they that know him will not wonder, for the secret is as old as the bookshelves in his first room. He has lived for fifty years in the best society, and its grace has passed into his soul.—*Ian Maclaren, in The Congregationalist.*

**THE ROBIN AT CHURCH.**

"It was the night before Christmas in England," says an exchange, "and snow was falling." A little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

After awhile an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in without being noticed.

The Sunday-school children had been there with their teachers, trimming the church with holly and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home.

Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome their

little supper was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stair, tucked his head under his wing,—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly berries. There was, indeed, a royal feast in robin's eyes,—enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather.

The hours flew on, and the happy children came and sang their Christmas carols.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from the birdie's little throat, high above, among the green branches—a true Christmas carol.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

**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.

TRUMAN.—In Otselle, N. Y., July 9, 1895, Leon J., only son of Delbert and Minnie Truman, aged 3 months and 20 days.

ROGERS.—Near Otselle Centre, N. Y., July 11, 1895, Mr. Charles A. Rogers, aged 66 years.

He was a worthy member of the Otselle Seventh-day Baptist Church of which he had belonged for 16 years. He leaves a widow, two sons, one sister, and many friends. To his friends he left the testimony that his trust in God was unflinching and that his preparation for eternity was all right. "The righteous hath hope in his death." P. R. B.

BARBER.—Mary D. Barber, of Ashaway, R. I., was born September 15, 1840, and died in Westerly, R. I., July 1, 1895, in the 55th year of her age.

May 19, 1866, Sister Barber was baptized into the fellowship of the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist Church, and her character was wrought out in Christian faithfulness. She leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her departure, but with the comfort that their loss is her eternal gain. A. J. C.

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