

# THE SABBATH RECORDEE.

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

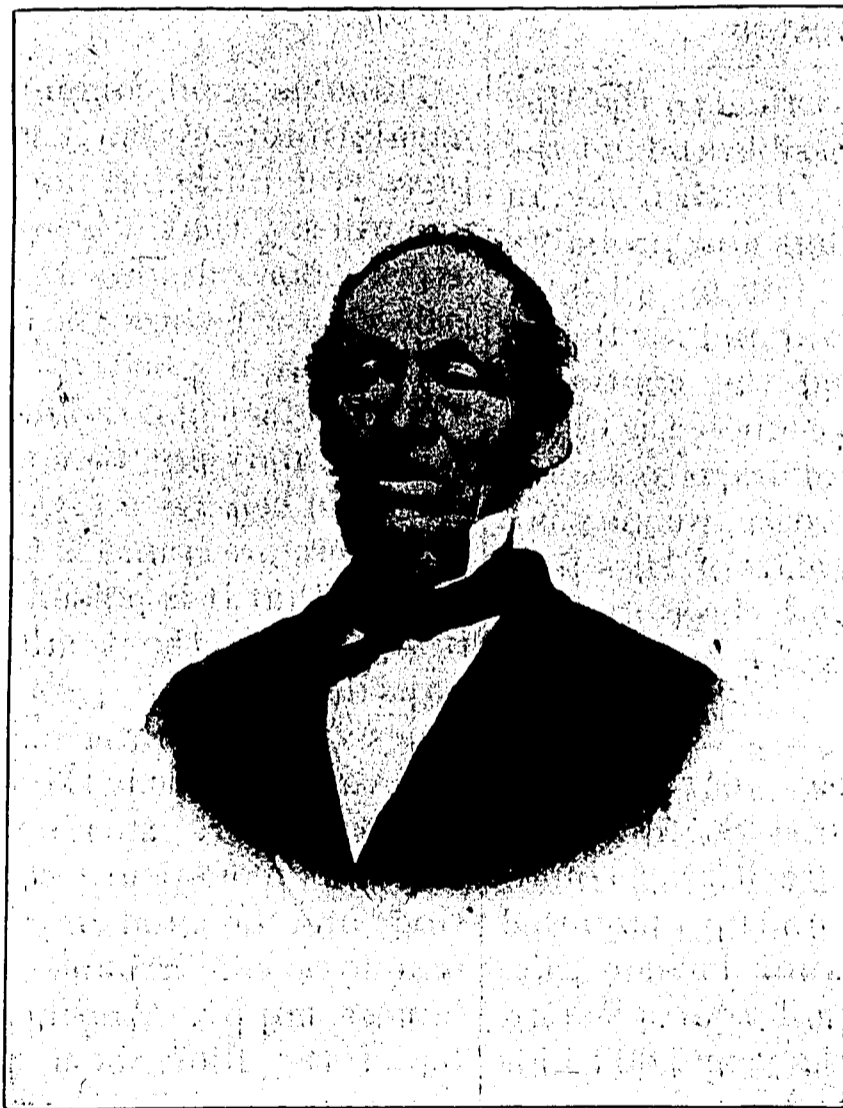
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JOHN MAXSON.

\$2.00 A YEAR

BABCOCK BUILDING

PLAINFIELD N. J.

# Sabbath Recorder.

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## "TO-MORROW."

Some say "to-morrow" never comes,  
A saying oft thought right;  
But if "to-morrow" never came,  
No end were of to-night.  
The fact is this; time flies so fast,  
That e'er we've time to say  
"To-morrow's come," presto! behold!  
"To-morrow" proves "to-day."

WILL not pastors and others who have not reported the *names* of those who intend to come to the Conference, please do so as soon as possible. It is not sufficient to simply say six, ten, or twenty-five will come from our Church—but give the names, so that people can be assigned definitely to the homes of those who will entertain them.

WE CALL special attention to a statement on page of this issue from the entertainment committee of the Plainfield Church. All who will attend the General Conference, commencing August 21st, should carefully read and heed the instructions. The best thing that can be done on reduced fares is to take advantage of the Knights' Templar excursion at that time to Boston.

ALL will be interested to turn to the Missionary page as soon as possible and get the latest news from Shanghai. Dr. Swinney, in care of Miss Susie Burdick, has now probably reached the Pacific coast. Let us all hope and pray for their safe arrival and for the recovery of Dr. Swinney, and the continued blessing of kind Providence upon the China Mission. While we may not hope to see the Doctor at our coming Conference, we may undoubtedly count on the presence of Miss Burdick and the consequent good cheer and inspiration which her unexpected coming will give.

THE year 1894 was a great year for gifts for public causes in the United States. The aggregate of gifts from private citizens, counting only those from \$5,000 and up, amounted to \$32,000,000. This does not include gifts for denominational and philanthropic purposes. It is thought that the year 1895 bids fair to out-do the previous year in the same line. The *Chicago Tribune* estimates that more than \$10,000,000 have been given to educational institutions alone since the year began, and that too "by donors less than the fingers on a man's hand." It will greatly please us if our own educational institutions may be permitted to share largely in these uplifting and needful donations.

THERE is no truer aphorism than this: "A person is known, by the company he keeps." If a person's most intimate friends are good, that person will also be good. No one of low and mean impulses will long take delight in the company of the virtuous and noble. Heaven itself would appear like a wretched place for a vile person. It is no arbitrary law that as-

signs one man to heaven and another man to hell. These are cases of "natural selection." Every man makes his own choice. If any person does not choose to be in my company I shall have no quarrel with him. Let him have his choice, and I will have the same privilege. But I feel a deep and constant solicitude for all who do not choose the company of Christian people in general rather than to be with those who are vile. To each of these we should continually say, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

UNDER the heading "Advancement of Women," the *Christian Standard* of July 6th says: "Over 40,000 women are now attending the various colleges in America, yet it has been only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was open to women, Oberlin College being the first to admit women." A correspondent in Ohio writes the *Standard* correcting the above mistake and stating that Westminster College was open for women from its beginning in 1852. The *Standard* of July 27th admits its error and says: "It is due also to Geneva College, formerly in Ohio, and now at Beaver Falls, Pa., to say that it, too, has been open to women from the first, and that dates back of 1852."

To the list, thus started, we desire to inform the *Christian Standard* that it should, in fairness, now add two more American Colleges, or, at least, one university and one college, viz., Alfred University, N. Y., founded in 1836, and Milton College, Wis., founded in 1844. These schools have from the first given equal advantages to women, and thus far ante-date any others mentioned.

THERE is good common sense in a recommendation we recently saw to this effect: "Express your faith, but not your doubts." Some one will say that it is as manly and honest to express one's doubts as his faith. But a little reflection will show the fallacy of this position. Your faith is positive, doubts are negative. The very fact of a doubt is evidence that your position may not be correct. To illustrate. One man believes a given article to be poison, and therefore counsels to let it alone. Another doubts that it is poison, and therefore tastes it and suffers the penalty in sickness and perhaps death. The person who was positive was safe, the doubter only suffered. One man believes the Bible is the Word of God and a safe counselor. Its requirements and its prohibitions constitute the unalterable law of God, and demand implicit obedience. This man is on safe ground. He is trustworthy, honest, happy. Another doubts the authority of the Bible, is not careful to obey its mandates, and is, therefore, untrustworthy, dishonest, unhappy. Which is the better man generally, the man of faith, or the doubter? The believer thinks his position is safe; the doubter is not sure that he is right or safe. Doubting the value of the Bible and its superior system of ethics cannot make any one better than believing and obeying. Therefore encourage poor, weak, struggling humanity with your faith, and do not force upon others your misery and fear through the expression of doubts.

WHAT shall be done about future Y. P. S. C. E. Conventions? It is evident that large numbers of those who attended the recent Convention in Boston went to their homes greatly disappointed at not seeing and en-

joying more of the great Convention. The reason is easily found. One of the chief attractions on such an occasion is to see the vast number of Christian workers in one grand assembly. But this has never been possible since the numbers in attendance became so great. There were about 30,000 in attendance when the Convention was held in New York, while the vast audience room of Madison Square Hall would seat only little more than half that number. Multitudes went away disappointed then and have not attempted to attend another International Convention since. The same experiences were common in Cleveland last year with 40,000 present in the city. This year there were probably 50,000 in Boston, thousands of whom could not even see the honored President and Secretary and other leaders in this mighty movement. The simple fact is, the organization has so far outgrown itself as to render such Conventions impractical. It seems to us that a better plan would be to hold an Annual Convention for the transaction of business made up of a limited delegation from each State and county, that would not aggregate more than a few thousand, who could be accommodated in some large assembly room. Then let each State hold its Conventions at different times so that the general society might be represented in each Convention, and thus all Endeavorers could be accommodated. It would be a delightful thing if all Christians throughout the world could unite in one grand assembly, and could cultivate a spirit of Christian fellowship and acquaintance, but such a thing is simply impossible here; it will doubtless be realized in the great assembly of the redeemed hereafter. As the membership of the Christian Endeavor Societies increases, the practicability of gathering any fair proportion of these millions together in united conventions will decrease.

## JOHN MAXSON.

On our first page will be found this week the picture of Deacon John Maxson, who was the first editor of a weekly periodical among us, and who figured conspicuously in the literature of Seventh-day Baptists more than three score years ago. In 1829 John Maxson, then residing in Homer, N. Y., proposed to the General Conference convened at Hopkinton, R. I., that with the encouragement of that body he would undertake the publication of a weekly denominational paper. The Conference approved the plan and recommended such a publication to the patronage of the people. The work was undertaken, and *The Protestant Sentinel* was published. The labors of Dea. Maxson were favorably received, and at the Conference held at Alfred, N. Y., in 1830, the following expression was made:

*Resolved*, That this Conference approve the labors of the editor of the *Protestant Sentinel*, and that we recommend to all friends of the Sabbath to use all reasonable exertions to extend the patronage of that paper.

The paper was removed from Homer to Schenectady, and was published two years, when it was removed to DeRuyter and published from that point until it was finally discontinued, for want of sufficient patronage. Dea. Maxson was a man of much intellectual vigor, strong religious convictions, and strictly Puritanic in his ideas of religious faith and practice. For many years he resided in DeRuyter, N. Y., and was prominently identified with the Seventh-day Baptist Church and the DeRuyter Institute as long as it was con-



tinued as a denominational school. He was born in Newport, R. I., Jan. 25, 1792, and died in DeRuyter, May 19, 1876, in the 85th year of his age.

#### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Not long since we attended a service in which the history of the American Flag was discussed. It may be of interest to some of our readers to review some of the facts we have gleaned from the *American Farmer*, (Washington, D. C.), a paper published in July. On June 14, 1777, Congress decreed that the flag for the thirteen original states should be "stripes, alternate red and white," the Union to contain on a blue field "13 stars, representing a new constellation." This flag was designed, and the first one made under the personal direction of George Washington. It has been supposed that the design was taken from, or at least suggested by, Washington's family crest, which was a shield with stars and bars, though this is now thought to have been only a coincidence, just as it was also a singular coincidence that the baptismal robe of the infant Washington is said to have been of white, bound with red and trimmed with blue ribbons.

The first official flag was made by Mrs. Betsy Ross of 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, who afterward held the position of "Manufacturer of flags for the government."

The house is still standing, and bears a sign to the effect that "In this house was made the first American Flag, by Betsy Ross." Each year, on Memorial Day, a flag is raised over her grave in Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, the ceremony being conducted by U. S. Grant Camp, Sons of Veterans.

This first flag was changed in 1795 to one of 15 stars and 15 stripes, in view of the accession of Vermont and Kentucky to the Union. In 1818 the rule was adopted which still holds; the stripes were permanently reduced to 13, representing the original states, and the stars were henceforth to be as many as there should be states at the time—at present 44.

The flag of 15 stars and 15 stripes is the "Star Spangled Banner" of the well-known song.

#### NEWS AND COMMENTS.

CHOLERA is making havoc in Japan. Out of 9,000 cases reported, 5000 have proved fatal.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY will issue a catalogue with the opening of the coming school year, in September.

THE largest sea monster known is the rorqual, of the whale species, and is said sometimes to attain a length of 140 feet.

LAST year the number of immigrants arriving in the United States was 276,000, while the year before there were 311,000, a falling off of 35,000.

THE Rev. Edward Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, died at his home in Brooklyn, Sunday morning, July 28th, at the advanced age of nearly 92 years.

THE Spanish General Campos appears to be losing his hold upon his troops and is evidently, thus far in the Cuban war, out-generated by the insurgent leaders.

SENATOR James A. Bradley and five others were rescued from drowning, at Asbury Park, N. J., July 27th, by the timely service of the Life-Saving Crew. For a time the excitement among those on shore was intense.

MILTON COLLEGE has issued a very neat and creditable catalogue for 1894-95. It also contains a general catalogue of graduates, honorary degrees conferred, and much useful information relative to this flourishing school.

THE *Christian Advocate* in its issue of July 25th has a very interesting and illustrative educational supplement, showing something of the progress and present status of Methodist colleges and universities. It is a creditable showing.

AT Ocean Grove, some hotel-keepers have been found selling tobacco to their guests, contrary to the laws of the Association. President E. H. Stokes has notified all such parties that "They must desist at once and forever."

M. ANDREE, in Paris, is soon to start in his balloon for the North Pole. It has long been thought that the aerial passage to that objective point offered the least resistance, and the test will soon be made. He proposes to take two other scientific persons with him, and provisions enough to last four months.

IT is stated that the Gentile population of Utah is not over 50,000 in the total of 250,000. The Mormon missionaries are bringing in from 3,000 to 5,000 Mormons annually as recruits. Polygamy is not openly practiced now, but the chances for the controlling influences of Christianity in that territory seem rather slim.

THE Liberals, in England, have suffered a most overwhelming and continuous defeat. The Conservatives are now in complete control. Liberals, Radicals, Labor candidates and Socialists have been placed in a smaller minority than for many years. Just what has been the cause of this revolution in political affairs it is difficult to see. But the liquor element is strong with the Conservatives.

THE fact that Kansas City has grown into one of the greatest live-stock markets in the world, and in pork and beef packing ranks second only to Chicago, could not be explained if one did not know that Kansas sends her droves and herds very largely to that market. But this fact, together with the large number of swine shown to be in the state, is good evidence as to what is done with a large portion of the great corn crop of Kansas.

A TAILOR'S strike, now 16,000 strong, is going through the delightful experiences so common in these times. This strike in New York and Brooklyn will only be a repetition of others—idleness, no income, deeds of violence, hungry families, permanent loss of position and property to very many, disappointment at the outcome of the strike, nothing gained, useless regrets and recriminations for their leaders' avarice and their own folly.

MR. SOVEREIGN, the Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, has issued a manifesto to all of his followers and all "lovers of liberty," that after September 1st a boycott shall be begun against the

National Banking System. That is, genuine and good currency must not be accepted, because it is imagined that when thus boycotted, then the banks will cease. In some way the banks are regarded by these fanatics as hostile to the people.

THE Otsego Presbytery now stand a chance to be taught a lesson by the New York-Synod of the Presbyterian Church, because the former body, contrary to instructions from the General Assembly, has committed the grave offense of licensing a student of Union Theological Seminary to preach. Since Union Theological Seminary retains Dr. Briggs as a Professor, it is maintained that the graduates from that school must come under the same ban as the Doctor. This case will probably lead to much more church litigation.

THE soil of southern Florida comprises a great variety of humus, or animal and vegetable matter, loam, marl, and sandy loam and muck, which is underlaid with clay and soft limestone rock. These lands have a durable fertility, as will be seen from the large size of the trees and the rank growth of native grass in the timber, where stock grazes the entire year without other sustenance. Since recent frosts have so seriously injured some of the tropical fruit prospects in Florida, people are turning their attention to other and more hardy lines of industry.

QUITE a sensation was caused among Americans in Kissengen, Bavaria, last week over the arrest of Mr. Louis Stern, of 32 West Twenty-third street, New York. Mr. Stern was present at a ball, having his son with him. The rules of the occasion did not allow children under fifteen years to be present. He was ordered to take his son away, but Mr. Stern refused, stating that his son was over fifteen, and therefore had the right to remain. Whereupon Baron Von Thuengen, Superintendent of the Garden, offensively caused the arrest of Mr. Stern. Indignation against the Baron runs high, and his dismissal will probably be demanded by our government at the same time with the release of Mr. Stern.

LIQUOR dealers contrive all manner of devices for concealing their doings. A dispatch from Boston describes a new one as follows: "One of the cleverest devices that have lately come to the notice of the police was discovered on Wednesday at a South Cove house. The police felt certain that the occupant of this house was dealing in liquor illegally, and they searched the place repeatedly, but failed to find any substantial sign of guilt. At last one man while making a search at this house happened to open the door of an innocent looking tall clock, when, lo! a faucet was revealed to his sight. He turned the handle of the faucet and beer flowed from it freely. Tearing the clock from the wall he saw a pipe which led him to a cutely covered hole in a dark cellar, where seven barrels of beer were found."

THERE are in Texas some wonderful deposits of bat's guano in two immense caves, known as the Uvalde and Cibolo. The deposits of this kind in these caves cover an area of more than two square miles, and the depth at many places is found to be fifty feet. These deposits have been accumulating for an unknown period, and the accumulation still continues. At the approach of night,



myriads of bats begin to make their exit from these caves, and this continues for hours, so dense at times as to obscure from view the sky over them; as the daylight comes on the wanderers return to their shelter. These deposits are estimated at several millions of tons, and the guano is as rich in ammonia as the best Peruvian. Chemical tests have established its great value as a fertilizer, and it is now finding its way to the market in large quantities.

#### "THE PASTOR'S HEART."

AN OUTSIDE VIEW.

*My Dear Nephew and Neice:*—Thank you for sending me your paper. I have read the article to which you alluded, "The Pastor's Heart," and see, as you say, that it is right in line with the talk we had together, only it is from the other side—the inside. If I repeat much that I have already said to you, you will excuse me, for there is a pathos in the appeal of the writer for a responsiveness and support to his ministry to souls that emphasizes the points I tried to set before you; and I am sure that if the wisdom and experience I try to impart has been partly gained through my own mistakes you will prize it none the less, rather the more.

Doubtless you both think that you will never again complain that your pastor is boyish now that he is soon to lead your boy of eleven into the baptismal waters. Do you not see that it is a cause for thanksgiving instead of complaint? I pray that his heart may be always young for the sake of the young hearts he may more readily lead to Christ. You can now give thanks that he has, through that same boyishness and ready sympathy, won the confidence of your boy; for it is, with Stephen, part and parcel of that "beginning of confidence," which, if held steadfast, will make him a "partaker of Christ." My dears, it rests largely with you that it shall be steadfast. For the sake of your own children you can never afford to criticize your pastor with the least shadow of depreciation. Something my father once said emphasizes this truth. My younger brothers were under a teacher with whom they frequently found serious fault. Father would never listen to it, and by word and conduct always manifested respect for that teacher until his term of service had expired, then he freely and frankly expressed his disapproval of him—even then not before the boys. I asked him if he really thought so all the time, why he so carefully concealed his opinions. I shall never forget his answer. "Children have a deal of *logic* but are sadly deficient in *discrimination*. If they lose respect for a teacher they immediately esteem his teaching of no worth. His conceit and lack of self-control affected neither the principles of science, the truths of mathematics, nor the facts of history, and the boys were really making good progress in each of their studies; at the same time they did not sufficiently admire him to copy any of his faults." Do you see the point I wish to make? Undermine the confidence of a child in a religious teacher—be he pastor, Sabbath-school superintendent, or teacher—and you largely destroy his confidence in sacred truths.

The full and unconstrained criticism of everything and everybody which is to-day so prevalent is, I believe, one of the greatest curses of the age. When one realizes that

nearly everyone participates in it, it is a matter of small wonder that the young man of to-day boasts of his skepticism, and thinks church attendance suited only to the elderly men and to the women and children. How many of those parents who are grieving over the fact that their son has outgrown church and Sabbath-school realize that they themselves are responsible for it, rather than that the sermons or lessons were dry or uninteresting? O John, don't you ever dare say again that you think you can get more benefit staying home and reading the best sermon ever printed than in going with your family to hear your pastor! He could, doubtless, get a larger salary, a wider and more hearty appreciation as he acceptably filled a chair in some university, but he stands in your pulpit because he obeyed the call of God to do so; and should you "hinder the gospel" you would do it at your own loss.

But there is sometimes a reflex influence of this free criticism, perhaps not so disastrous to the youth as disagreeable to the parent. The pastor or teacher is freely condemned for advocating so-called *new* ideas, theories, renderings, or for new ways of looking at old facts in the light of more recent research and discoveries, with the frequent result that a college course of study brings the son to accept the *new* ways and discredit the parents' discernment and to set them down as doubtless well-meaning but decidedly narrow and bigoted. Many vexed questions are better left for time—that sifter and preserver of true worth—to settle, rather than to attempt a final decision to-day. The to-morrow will bring a stronger light to bear upon them.

But to return to that paper, do you know, I think your pastor might have written it, judging from what I observed while with you. You complained of the *deadness* in your prayer-meetings. Do you not suppose that he was more keenly alive than you to the lack of responsiveness, the indifference of those before him? Did you help to relieve the burden of depression by sitting silent all through that last meeting I attended with you? I know you said, when I remarked upon it, that you went there with your mind full of beautiful, helpful thoughts given you in your study of the topic for the evening, but that the apathy and evidence of wandering mind in those around you dispelled them all and made it impossible for you to express yourself. Put yourself in your pastor's place for awhile, and then thereafter do as you know he would like every earnest Christian to do your best to second and support his effort to make the service an odor of a sweet smelling sacrifice, an oblation joyfully offered unto the Lord. You are just as responsible, as far as your duty lies, in the making of such a meeting a success as is your pastor. He gave much time, thought and study to the preparation of that lesson, and, I was convinced, came direct from his closet, with heart and soul aglow with the precious radiance enkindled before the throne. You might have been before ready to enter heartily into the spirit of just such a season as he had planned and prayed for, but *you didn't*. How did he know that you also came there from your knees, that you prayed especially for the illumination of the Spirit to rest upon him, when you remained as dumb as the most apathetic and indifferent one there! You pray for your pastor, I know; but does he know it? Rest assured that he hears of

your criticisms. I want to ask you a question. Can *true* prayer and adverse criticism for the same object, come from the same heart? See Rom. 8: 25 and Heb. 11: 1. Faith and patient waiting exclude criticism. When we ask for a definite, spiritual work to be done in another's soul in whose way, in whose time, and by whom is that work to be done? Considering these questions, is not criticism under such conditions an arraignment of God for not answering our prayers in the way and time marked out by ourselves? Often the very faults we pounce upon are evidence of the working of the Spirit within. The sure intimation of the refining and purifying process wrought within the crucible is the throwing to the surface of the dross. Let us not pick at it but rather pray in faith, then we must praise him who sits as refiner, for he will not err, nor fail, until his own image is clearly reflected in flawless beauty. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Do you recall that the day I attended church with you that you said of my thanking your pastor for the pleasure and help his sermon gave me, "Why did you say that? He will suppose that we think him all right!" Bless the man, he was all right! I was not surprised at your writing that Stephen said that sermon was the one which made him see his duty to publicly give himself to Christ. Can't you see that your spiritual appetite is different from, perhaps more mature than that of the majority, is why you crave strong meat? That sermon of which you complained that it fell short of what you expected from the text fed many more souls because suited to their appetite than one would if preached just to suit you and your band of like-minded ones. It is too true that there are many in the church who, as Rev. Stephen Merritt puts it, "ought to be able to digest strong meat and do solid work for the Lord, who are still in swaddling clothes and have to be dandled upon the knee, fed upon pap, and to be amused and tickled with the rattle of church entertainments and festivals." The blame for this lies as much at your door as at that of your pastor. If you possess a more abundant treasure and are filled with a more abounding and healthy vigor, why do you not manifest them in a way to make others hunger and thirst after your favorite diet? Your pastor knows that those like you can assimilate strong food, and he also knows that you are, in a measure, able to search it for yourselves from the Word. He ought not to feel you as a tax and burden upon him, but rather as a source of strength and cause for rejoicing. Let the dear Lord enable you to thus share in your pastor's ministry.

The *Temple Builder* has something so good on this point that I quote it for you: "It is said that years ago the now famous Brick Presbyterian Church of Rochester, N. Y., called a young man to become its pastor. Soon after his arrival five or six of the leading members were discussing the situation. While all recognized his earnestness and untiring industry, yet there was some doubt as to his ability to preach well enough to hold the congregation. At length one of them proposed that they each begin to watch for good points in his sermons and "talk them up" among the people. Accordingly the next Monday each of this little company began to say to those whom they met on the street or in their stores, 'Did you hear our minister yesterday?'



"No." "Well, you missed a good thing then." Thereupon he would proceed to give him some of the best points in the sermon. Others did the same. As a result strangers began to flock in, the church filled up, and the minister, encouraged by such support, was led to exert himself to the utmost. This was the beginning of one of the longest, as well as most successful, pastorates on record, and the name of Dr. Shaw ranks among the first of American ministers. If you want to get good work of your pastor or people recommend, their good qualities. Praise them when you can honestly do it, and the best that is in them will thus be brought out."

Many other pastors might have become as powerful and efficient as this one, had a like support been granted them. Who is responsible that they did not, but in some instances became over-sensitive, shy and timorous—cripples, where they should have been mighty men of valor in tearing down the strongholds of the enemy and building up the kingdom of Christ? When a pastor is ordained and placed over the church a charge is delivered to the church as well as to the pastor, but who ever heard of the church as *having a charge* thereafter? Enough is said of the duty of the pastor to his charge to make this instance of the church remembering that it had also one refreshing.

Dearly beloved, acquit yourselves of the sacred duty resting upon you and prove that the blessing and the benefit will not, by any means, be gained all on one side. Prove that you are each a sound, well-filled leaf in the "Pastor's Prayer Book," and you will soon realize that one page of each leaf has become a psalm of praise. Such has been my experience, and that which was begun years ago as a duty has become fixed habit and a source of delight. True, I have differed with my pastors upon some points of belief—upon some which I have proved, and am still proving, to be as real and vital as is my life—yet the dear Master whom we each delighted to honor has never let such differences affect my hearty appreciation of, and sympathy with, them. I have left them with the dear Lord, praying not that one should be brought to see as I saw, but that we might each see all things as through the eyes of Christ.

I find myself praying over the prayer-meetings and for the sermon with a continuous persistence and an intensity of desire that has led me to question their source, and my soul is filled with deep humility and glad thanksgiving that I am expecting no exclusive personal benefit but desire only that which I know my dear Master himself desires, and so know that that which fills my soul is begotten of the Holy Spirit and is but a tiny tithe of his fulness and longing. Can you not understand that I feel as a partner in a service over which I have had such "witness of the Spirit," and that it would be a cross to stay away from it? Once when the pastor had given me the text for his sermon, asking me to pray for him over it, it seemed given me to see, in a measure, just how the Lord would be glorified in its treatment. Day by day through the week richer blessing and deeper meaning was found in it, and I prayed that it might be yet more abundantly revealed unto the one who was to voice its truth. On the Sabbath, point after point which had so impressed and possessed me, with others not noted by me, were so clearly and

forcibly presented there seemed no way of evading them. Do you wonder that my heart was filled with joyous thanksgiving? While upon my knees pouring out praise for the blessings manifested in quickness of perception, clearness of exposition, power and readiness of utterance and for the courage given to present the truth, there came to my mind this passage, "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy, he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing." Zeph. 3: 17. I wondered at it and said, "Dear Lord, I bless thee that thou hast given me to know of thy joy over me in a little measure, but I was praising thee for another and not for myself at all," when the passage seemed repeated with tender insistence, and immediately followed by, "He shall see the travail of his soul and be satisfied." Isa. 53: 11. Then I saw that, as I had shared in the travail of soul of the Holy One over this service of another, so now he had also given it unto me to share in his joy over another.

Dearly beloved, you can taste no joy sweeter, more holy nor more satisfying than such as he thus gives. Tasting it, you know how the joy of the Lord becomes our strength. That he may grant unto you to share more and more abundantly with him in all his ministry, whether of suffering, service or in rejoicing is the fervent prayer of  
AUNT MARY.

FROM CAT MEAT TO PLUM PUDDING.

BY J. LIVINGSTON.

In a testimony meeting in a neighboring city the writer saw a man arise, about five feet two inches high, with broad brow, full and flushed cheeks, classic nose, well-cut mouth, which was appropriately adorned with a mustache black as the raven's wing. With great composure he folded his short arms just above a greater girth than even his ample chest afforded.

Looking the audience squarely in the face, he said:

"Frens, talk about merakels, I wonder wot greater merakel could be than to 'ave Hed Hem stand up 'ere to-night and tell yez of  
THE LOVE OF JESUS?"

"I tell yez I 'ardly know myself. Wen I think of wot I wuz—a poor, wuthless drunkard and me name no good—no!—no good fer nuthin, me wife and childern a hidin like skered pidguns wen they seed me cumin 'ome; and now a standin 'ere to-night in a church like this among so many nice people, and 'avin the love of Jesus in my soul [which was emphasized by giving his heaving bosom a tremendous thump with his chubby fist]. Oh! this love of Jesus! Oh! this love of Jesus! 'ow it do fill this poor soul of mine! Oh! this love of Jesus! Glory be to God!"

This story had been often told the same audience before, but none too often, for when Ed sat down every countenance was radiant with gladness, while tears like glittering diamonds sparkled in many an eye. Our own soul did not miss the electric current, but exulted in the common joy that Christ Jesus came into the world to save the chief of sinners.

My interest in Ed being aroused, the pastor assured me of his earnestness and promised me an interview at an early date. So one morning shortly after breakfast I found myself seated in the parlor with the burly form

of my new-found friend before me, sitting well forward in the broad chair, that the tips of his toes might find a resting place on the carpet. I was saluted thus:

"Well, Brother L. Ise awful glad to meet you. Your preachin 'ave been doin 'em 'eap of good, and wen you wuz a preacher on a "Runnin to Win" and describin that 'oss a comin down the track with eyes protrudin, and nostrils extendin, and the froth a flyin from 'is mouth in ropes of foam—well, say-mister, it did bring to my miu' wen I used to ahind my 'oss with my eye a fixed right on the point of 'is ear, and a gist 'oldin 'em lines so stiddy, an a sayin, 'Now old boy member there is no money ahind in this race, it is all in the front, old boy, and don't forgit.' And say, mister, 'e would jist git down to near touch the groun, and all 'e axed me to do wuz to sit there and 'old 'im stiddy. But oh! say (leaping to his feet and assuming an intensely dramatic attitude) those days are all passed and gone, and Ime a

RUNNIN ANOTHER RACE,

a lookin unto Jesus, a runnin to win. Glory to 'is name! Ise on the straight road and going 'ome on the run.

"But, mister, wot a sinner I wuz only God knows. I wuz about gone for good. And, mister, I've gone 'ome nights wen the stars seemed to look down and say, 'Hed, nobody loves you.' Then I would try to sing 'No one to welcome me 'ome.' And, mister, Ise ashamed to say it, but my wife and little uns got to 'ate me.

"Mister Shivveree frum New York kum 'ere and wuz 'oldin meetins. I crowded on the galleree one night as full as usual. 'e said, 'the drunkard aint no good. 'e feeds his childern cat meat fer dinner' (meat the butcher sweeps into a corner) and, says I, 'My God, Hed, that is you!' fer 'ow often I did that thing! I said I must reform or die. I stayed in my shanty fer three weeks, I could not risk myself where the whiskey wuz. At the end of the third week our grub wuz all done. I went out and asked two bakers to trust me fer a loaf of bread. One said 'Drink less whiskey and pay fer your bread,' and the other, 'No, not if yer tongue wuz out the length of me arm.' Then said I 'Hed, you are no good. No, no good fer nuthin.' I went in to the stable were Spot wuz eatin straw as though it wuz the sweetest clover 'ay; 'e turned around and licked my arm—somethin 'e 'ad never done before or since. I put my arms around 'is neck and said, 'Ise glad, Spot, there is some one who cares for me.'

"I 'erd somethin say 'Shut the door.' And then, 'Hed, pray.' So I knelt down at the manger were Spot wuz, and said, 'Lord Jesus, I don't know much about you, but I know, Jesus, you wuz born in a manger. Oh! save me Jesus!' and quick as a flash I felt my bones to rattle, and my soul swept clean of every sin. Glory to Jesus!

"We had nuthin fer Sunday. We 'ad eat everythin fer supper. I told Jesus and 'e said it would be all right. Quarter to eleven that night Mr.— opened the door and said, 'Hed, Jesus told me to come around;' and he 'ad 'taties, bread, butter, tea, meat and a dish of 'ed cheese. And say, didn't we feast on Sunday! And weve had plenty ever since. And now wen Christmas bells is ringin, cat meat is fergotten, as Hed, wife and children feast on roast beef and plum puddin.'"—*Ram's Horn.*



## Missions.

### NEWS FROM DR. SWINNEY.

WESTERLY, R. I., July 30, 1895.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

I received this afternoon the inclosed letter from Mrs. Susie Burdick to Mrs. Whitford, which informs us that Miss Burdick and Dr. Swinney are on the way to the homeland, and probably are quite near it at this time. I received a letter by the same mail from Bro. D. H. Davis in which he says: "Dr. Swinney and Miss Burdick embark this evening by the 'Empress of India' for Nagasaki, Japan, where they take the China P. M. Steamship. They are due in San Francisco on the 3d of August. May God be with and bless them all the way, and soon restore Dr. Swinney. When restored we would be glad to have her return to China, but on no account should she be sent back until she is fully restored. I sent the statement of the doctors regarding the return of Dr. Swinney to Mr. Chester. At the service to-day five of the boys from the Boarding school were baptized, and also the coolie connected with the school, and united with the church." The date of Bro. Davis' letter is July 6, 1895. We rejoice that Dr. Swinney is improving and hope and pray that she may be fully restored and be able in due time to resume her dearly loved work in China.

Yours, O. U. WHITFORD.

Homeward Bound

JULY 7, 1895.

My dear Mrs. Whitford:

Mr. Davis wrote your husband, I think, that we were starting on our way, Dr. Swinney and I, for America. What a disappointment it will be to our people! I have felt this so keenly and it has been so unexpected that it has been as sad business getting ready. We are, beyond all telling, grateful that Dr. Swinney is recovering from the prostration of mind; is quite herself. Her lungs are not yet clear and the opening into the plural cavity has not yet closed. We are hoping much from the voyage for her. If she is much tired we shall break the journey a little by short stays at San Francisco and Chicago. At Nagasaki, Japan, it is our plan to take the "China" for San Francisco, and we are due there Aug. 2d. In all this I have been clinging to the conviction that it is right or it would not have been permitted. With love,  
SUSIE BURDICK.

FROM J. H. HURLEY.

The time for my report is at hand, so I hasten to give it. During the month of April I spent five days visiting in the outpost places near North Loup, preaching once at the Barker school-house, once at Calamus, and twice at the brick school-house. In the neighborhood of the brick school-house there is some interest manifested in the study of the Sabbath question. I think this an interesting field and a hopeful one for evangelistic work.

We came to Big Springs, So. Dak., on May 16th, and began the gospel tent meetings on the 17th, continuing them until the evening of June 9th. We found a strong prejudice existing here. The general impression seemed to be that we had come to flood the country with Sabbath doctrine. After being on the field more than two weeks, holding meetings most of the time both afternoon and evening, some of the good First-day brethren ventured to ask us when we were going to begin preaching our doctrine. After assuring them that

we expected to continue to give them the same kind of doctrine that we had been giving, they said they were surprised; they supposed we had come there to preach our Sabbath doctrine. When this fact became known outside we could feel a difference in the spirit of the meetings. The last evening we were there one young man arose, stating by so doing that from that time on he intended to live for Christ. Some backsliders returned to the Saviour and to duty. Since leaving that field we have learned that some are deeply concerned about the Sabbath of the Lord, and are making a careful and prayerful study of that question. One has made free to inquire of me personally in regard to this precious truth. This one stated to me also that others about Big Springs were concerned about the Sabbath. Pray for the people at Big Springs that the truths of the gospel may burn in their hearts.

On the morning of June 10th we left for Smythe, So. Dak. Began work there on the 11th. The presence of the Lord was felt in loving power. Backsliders were reclaimed and sinners were converted. We closed the meetings there on Sunday evening, June 23d. The next morning we drove over to the river and led five willing, happy candidates down into the baptismal waters. Four of these were First-day people, all one family; the father, mother, son and daughter. What a precious sight to see them starting hand in hand and heart in heart on the way of life together. They are also thoughtful in regard to the Sabbath.

We reached Trent on the evening of June 24th, and began the meetings the 25th. Sunday, June 30th, we baptized four here at Trent. Three of these are the results of the work here last fall. The other one has found Christ as her Saviour since we came this time. These all join the Dell Rapids Church. The good work still goes on. Sinners are still seeking the Saviour. We expect to continue the work here in Trent until the evening of July 7th.

This South Dakota field is ripe for gospel harvest. It seems too bad to let this tent work stop for a six weeks' vacation. Pray that God may send the reapers to gather this golden harvest.

DELL RAPIDS, So. Dak., July 1, 1895.

FROM S. R. WHEELER.

The work has been steadily attended to during the past quarter. I was away one Sabbath at Denver, and two Sabbaths on a tour to Calhan. But the services at Boulder were maintained each Sabbath. The second Sabbath in June was Children's Day with us. Also the last Sabbath in June was an extra occasion. The efficient superintendent, Bro. A. L. Clarke, arranged a fine programme, which was well carried out. On both these occasions the house was nicely decorated with flowers, and the services were of unusual interest. It is a great satisfaction to us to have a house of our own where we can feel at home, and which we are at full liberty to use, as circumstances require. Elder J. T. Davis, of California, was with us the first Sabbath in June. This was our communion day. Bro. Davis preached a good sermon with earnestness, and then we partook of the emblems, in remembrance of our crucified Saviour. Prayer meeting on Sabbath eve is attended every week. It was omitted once during the quarter, on account of continuous rain that

night. Although the number present is sometimes less than twelve, yet these meetings are gracious seasons. The young people maintain their weekly meetings with great interest, nor are they backward in sustaining the weekly prayer meeting of the church. Thank God for our Christian young people. As to our numbers some go and others come, and thus our congregation keeps up to some 50 or 60 each Sabbath. We are encouraged with the prospect of others joining us this fall.

Now that we have a house of worship, we do hope arrangements can be made for a series of evangelistic meetings sometime between the months of October and April. We have offered many prayers for a thorough work of grace in our midst. Our prayer now is: Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt, and grant us this gracious blessing. It seems to me that we owe to ourselves, and especially to our fellow citizens who have encouraged us so much, that we give them a grand opportunity to act for Christ. "There shall be showers of blessing." "Send them upon us, O Lord." The church at Calhan is doing good work. Many settlers have come into that vicinity and learned of Seventh-day Baptists for the first time. They are thinking on this subject, and some are convinced. There is a wide, open field for missionary work on that broad, rolling prairie.

Thus we work, and thus the cause moves. There will be reaping in large measure by and by. Individually, a few years more labor and many of us will be called to our eternal rest. But younger ones are coming on to fill the ranks.

BOULDER, Col.

### FIERY LOVE.

Pure love is fiery; it burns while it soothes. Divine, Holy Ghost fire is Perfect Love: and this casts out all fear. Fiery Love burns out lust, and destroys selfishness, and fills all the being with the warmth of God. This is God himself, for God is Love. This is the need of the hour. There is but little love. God created man with a loving nature, and all his commands to us were to love God with all the heart and our neighbor as ourself. Now this is the right way. All persons are lovable, and if we really love God we will surely love every one else, for "persons are love's world." We cannot love without the Lover. He is the teacher. A Person brought within the range of our comprehension, and who harmonizes humanity, and individualizes every individual, so we are taught by this Person to love every person. This Divine Person must come in contact with our person and inbreathe in us himself, and he is the spirit of Love. Thus does the Holy Ghost. Now this love makes us free—free indeed; makes us grand, gloriously grand; it develops the Godly and destroys the animal; it perfects our entire nature, physical, mental, spiritual; it elevates above the selfish, carnal, sordid world and brings us into conformity with Jesus who loved and died, who arose and ascended, who is coming again because of this love. The want of it palsies our spiritual life and growth; makes ice-houses of our churches and homes; and sinks us to groveling, selfish, lustful worms of the earth instead of children of God and heirs of heaven. It is the lack of love that ruins nations, destroys republics, and damns souls. The world needs a baptism of love, a baptism with the Holy Ghost.—*The King's Messenger.*



## Woman's Work.

### DISAPPOINTMENT.

"DISAPPOINTMENT! His appointment,"  
Change one letter, then I see  
That the thwarting of my purpose  
Is God's better choice for me.  
His appointment *must* be blessing,  
Tho' it may come in disguise,  
For the end from the beginning  
Open to his wisdom lies.

"DISAPPOINTMENT! His appointment."  
Whose? The Lord's who loves me best,  
Understands and knows me fully,  
Who my faith and love would test;  
For like loving earthly parent,  
He rejoices when he knows  
This his child accepts, unquestioned,  
All that from his wisdom flows.

"DISAPPOINTMENT! His appointment,"  
"No good thing will he withhold"  
From denials of't we gather  
Treasurers of his love untold;  
Well he knows each broken purpose  
Leads to fuller, deeper trust,  
And the end of all his dealings  
Proves our God is wise and just.

"DISAPPOINTMENT! His appointment,"  
Lord, I take it then as such,  
Like the clay in hands of potter,  
Yielding wholly to thy touch.  
All my life's plan is thy molding,  
Not one single choice be mine;  
Let me answer, unrepining,  
Father, "Not my will, but thine."

—Selected.

### JOSEPH HARDY NEESIMA.

The life of Joseph Hardy Neesima has been called a "miracle in missions," and surely in his life we see the hand of a divine Providence who "works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Neesima belonged to a family which served a Prince of Japan, and when he was fifteen years old he was obliged to begin the service of the Prince. This consisted in paying obeisance to the Prince when he went out or came home, and in keeping some records; but the chief occupation of his servants was to spend their time in "silly gossip, talking, laughing and frequent tea-drinkings." Naturally studious, this way of passing the time was very displeasing to the young Neesima. As much as his delicate health and constant attention to the Prince allowed, he devoted himself tirelessly to study. Through a friend various books came into his hands, and among them a few Christian works. Through their perusal a new world was opened and a new life begun. Since there were no missionaries to whom he could go for explanation or help, he greatly desired to go to a land where the gospel was freely taught. He said: "I am no more my parents', but my God's." He now felt that his first duty was to the God whom he recognized as his Heavenly Father.

This thought led him to decide to leave home and country temporarily. When we consider that Japan had persistently closed its doors to foreigners and to foreign civilization, that to leave Japan without royal permission meant death if captured, that no outside help had come to him, that it was the waking of a soul to the will of God himself; when we think of all this we cannot wonder at the decision of this young man to seek America. The young stowaway, however, was under the protection of a mightier master than the Emperor of Japan, and after many adventures he reached America and was taken to the owner of the ship, Mr. Alphaeus Hardy, of Boston. The courage and noble desires of the young man impressed Mr. and Mrs. Hardy so much that they decided to undertake his education. The first requisite was of course the mastery

of English, so he was placed at school at Phillip's Academy, Andover. He remained here two years, then went to Amherst College; later he returned to Andover for a theological course.

The records of his life during this time are marked by a nobility of character and a humble Christian spirit. His one purpose was to fit himself to return to his native land to preach the gospel there, and everything that came into his life he made to turn towards that end. "I have a plow in my hands," he quaintly says, and we find this expression again and again as we turn the leaves of his letters and journal.

His gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Hardy was unbounded, and in no way did he take unfair advantage of their kindness. His gentle disposition and noble purposes won for him many friends among those with whom he was associated. The Japanese minister at Washington becoming interested in his young countryman obtained a passport for him from the Japanese government permitting him to remain in America and carry on his studies.

In 1872 a very important embassy came to America from Japan to inquire into the American system of education and Neesima was summoned to assist them. He remained with them over a year, rendering them valuable assistance in their business with the government of the United States and Europe. The embassy realized the worth of his service for, on their return, they made him flattering offers to return to Japan with them and help put their new found educational theories into practice. Neesima was eager to return to Japan, but he felt that he must go as a missionary of the gospel and not as a servant, so he declined their offers and turned again to his theological studies.

His residence in this country convinced Neesima of the need of Christian education for his country, and for this he worked and prayed. The embassy had carried back Western ideas and theories to incorporate into their school system. Neesima would also carry the knowledge of the true God. He made several appeals in behalf of this dearly-loved project and enough was subscribed before he left America to lay the foundation of a Christian college in Japan.

With this joy in his heart and an eagerness to bear the gospel to his countrymen, after ten years in America he returned to Japan, the first ordained evangelist of his race. Very touching is the account of his meeting with his family after the long separation. He at once began to preach the gospel, and as soon as practicable laid the foundation of the great university which will ever be a monument to the earnestness and consecration of this noble man. The name of this university, Doshisha—one purpose in one endeavor—is significant. Neesima felt that this was the work to which he was called, for he had had special preparation and opportunity from his long residence in America and his association with the embassy. The university was begun in a small way, but through the earnest efforts of its founder grew to its present size. There are various departments—theological, scientific and academic—and in these various departments are enrolled more than six hundred pupils, and all these come under the influence of the gospel.

The great strain of raising funds and caring for the growth of the Doshisha was too much for Neesima's delicate health, and he died, in 1891, at the age of forty-seven. He died, but his work lives on and from the walls of the Doshisha go forth every year those who by their lives and works will help to win Japan for Christ.

EDITH B. HANSON.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

### AUNT ZANIE'S PRAYER.

MARY G. BURDETTE.

Did you ever hear of Lucy Henry? We knew of her first as a little girl in one of Miss Jackson's Industrial Schools for colored children in Richmond. Well, Lucy grew to womanhood, with a good education received at Hartzhorn Memorial Institute, and a practical knowledge of Christian work learned as a pupil and helper of Miss Jackson. By and by she was employed by the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society; and shortly after, there appeared on the scene Rev. J. J. Coles, a missionary from Africa, and he said: "That's the woman, and that's the work needed in Africa," and he married Lucy and took her back with him. Nobly they toiled together for the people in the land of their fathers, their hearts burdened with the vastness of the field and the scarcity of laborers. In a few years, in the providence of God, Mrs. Coles returned to the United States to plead for reinforcements. She went from State to State and from church to church among the colored people of the South, and in course of time she came to Houston, Texas, and in the Shiloh Church, told the thrilling story of Africa's need.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come in," said Miss Peck, the missionary, in response to a knock at her door the following morning.

The door opened and revealed a neat little brown-faced woman, in clean calico gown and long gingham apron, her head wrapped in a plaid cotton bandana. The face wore a troubled expression, so unusual, that the missionary exclaimed:

"Why, Aunt Zanie, what's the matter? Come in."

"No, honey, I hasn't time to come in; just stopped a minute to ask you to pray to de Lord, dat he show me how to do mo' fo' Africa."

The missionary grasped the situation. Aunt Zanie was poor. On her arm hung the implements by which she earned a living for herself and a little grandchild. A wooden pail in which she carried scrubbing brush and cloths. She was noted for honesty, thrift, piety and generosity. Never was a good cause presented and a collection taken, but what Aunt Zanie with quick step and beaming face was ready with her offering. Everybody who knew her, wondered how she could give so much.

"Oh, Aunt Zanie! don't be troubled! The dear Lord knows what you can give and he does not wish you to grieve because you cannot do more. I am sure you give enough."

"Sister Peck, I didn't come dis mo'nin' to have you tell me I do 'nuff; I jes come to ask you to pray to de Lo'd dat he show me how I can give mo'."

"Well, well, Aunt Zanie, I will; and if there's any way, I'm sure the Lord will make it plain to you."

The little woman turned and went on her way to her daily toil. Several days passed, and again Aunt Zanie appeared at the door of the Missionary home. This time with beaming face to say, "Good mo'nin', Sister Peck. I've come to tell you the Lo'd done answer prayer."

"How, Aunt Zanie?"

"Well, Sister Peck, I jest went about all dese days with a heavy heart, a praying to de Lo'd to show me how to do something mo' fo' Africa. But pears like he dunno no way, fo' not a bit of answer did he give me. But last night I came home from my wo'k, and I jes'



set my ole bucket on de flo', and I kneeled down by a cha'r and I poured out my heart to de Lo'd, and I said, 'O Lo'd, isn't der no way I can do somethin' mo' fo' Africa?' For a long time I prayed, then I stopped, and everything was jest as still!—and I heard a voice speak right to my heart—'ZANIE, CHILD, LAY DOWN DAT PIPE.'"

Aunt Zanie had learned to smoke that pipe when she was a little slave girl, lighting the pipe for her mistress, and now she had passed her three score years, and for a long, long time it had been her *one* personal indulgence, her *one* luxury. Is there wonder that the missionary asked,

"Aunt Zanie, do you think you can?"

"If de Lo'd say so?" was the wondering response.

"Yes, Aunt Zanie; if the Lord says so, he will enable you."

Again the blessed little woman was gone, and again days went by, until one morning she came to the missionary, and laying twenty-five cents in her hand, exclaimed joyfully, "Here, Sister Peck, *here's Aunt Zanie's first 'bacco money for Africa.*"

The days have grown into years since we gazed upon that bit of silver in Miss Peck's hand and heard her tell this story, but from then until now Aunt Zanie's tobacco money has been conscientiously and joyously devoted to the nobler purpose of sending gospel light into dark places.

Reader, do you hear the repeated calls for help? Are you doing all you can to relieve the need? Have you a pipe? Some carnal pleasure? Some cherished indulgence? *Can* you give it up, and let the Lord use the money it costs? *Will* you?

Do you pray, dare you pray, as did Aunt Zanie, with honest purpose to obey, "*Show me how to give more?*" Then wait upon him as she did with strong pleadings for the answer, and "*Whatsoever he saith unto you do it.*"

When Christians thus pray and thus give, then will the treasury overflow, sowers and reapers be multiplied, deserts blossom, parched ground become a pool and thirsty land springs of water. How does the sacrifice compare with the boon? Will you lay down your pipe?

#### A HINT ON THE USE OF PERFUMES.

Lillie M— came to see me yesterday, and after she had gone Maria G—, who was putting a new braid on my second best gown, said:

"That Miss Lillie uses very nice perfumery. It's so faint and fine, not anything you can smell a long way off, but something which makes you think of roses or violets when she passes you on the street? How does she manage it?"

Maria G— likes perfumes, but does not know how to use them.

"Not by putting cologne on her handkerchief," I answered, decidedly. "Nobody should carry about scents poured on their garments." I had to say this.

Perfumes are used sparingly by elegant people, yet a touch, a vague sense of fragrance, does add something of daintiness to a girl's toilette. It is right for you to have perfumes about you if you love them.

Fresh rose-leaves thrown into your bureau drawers and scattered in the boxes where you keep your laces and handkerchiefs, and sprigs of lavender or lemon verbena left there to dry will impart a pleasant sweetness to whatever lies among them. Orris-root powder in little sachet bags of China silk, or strewn lightly between folds of tissue-paper, will give to your clothing in closet or ward-robe a delightful faint odor of violet. If you use delicate soap with a sweet clean perfume, not of musk or anything strong and pronounced, and put a few drops of alcohol or ammonia in the water when you bathe, you need not be afraid of any unfavorable comment on your daintiness. Perfect cleanliness is always dainty. Soil and stain, dust and dirt, are never anything but repulsive.—*Harper's Round Table.*

#### THANKFULNESS.\*

Oft do I see a gloomy night,  
 Yet God doth never leave me quite.  
 When night comes on, I'm thereby taught  
 That light from darkness will be brought.

These gloomy nights will pass away—  
 Happy the soul who now doth pray,  
 Kind Jesus lead me through the dark,  
 Be thou my pilot and my ark.

He was the pilot Israel had,  
 He with his manna made them glad,  
 He poured forth water from the rock  
 To slake the thirst of his own flock.

Christ in the wilderness did lead,  
 His chosen flock and did them feed  
 Once in his judgment with the quails,  
 Yet grace and kindness never fails.

With the dark cloud he led the way;  
 And thus he leads in this our day.  
 By darkest providences kind  
 His flocks are led to know his mind.

God's darkest providences I know  
 Suit well the road on which I go.  
 Straits, sickness, temptations, all  
 Do make me on the Lord to call.

The way I own has many a crook;  
 By darkest providences I look  
 Unto my way, and steer more straight,  
 Thus darkness does me kindness great.

It was a black cloud by day did guide  
 Old Israel to their Canaan's side,  
 'Tis a black cloud of grief and woe  
 That guides us in the way we go.

Yet in the dark he gave them light,  
 A fiery pillar shone so bright  
 That they could see the safest way  
 Which led them on to Canaan's day.

#### A PASTURE WITH A ROCK IN IT.

"No, I don't go away summers," said good old Aunt Abby. "Oh, yes, I know; most folks do, the best of folks—ministers and all. And they tell me I'd ought to go; say its refreshing and wakening and lifting and broadening. The church at the Hollow, and the one at the East road, and Mr. Edwards', all shut up for three weeks at a time in warm weather; and we don't have any Sabbath-school at all in July and August.

"Mr. Edwards says he gets more strength of body and mind, more help for his work and points for sermons, in his vacation at the seashore or the mountains than in all the year besides. I dare say. But I don't exactly see my way to going; there are things to see to here, and it costs something even at the cheapest places. And I've got a way of my own of having a vacation. I don't know but after all I'm lifted and broadened and strengthened as much, and get as many points out of it, as the rest with all their traveling. Maybe you'll smile when I tell you where I go, and what kind of a place it is. It's nothing in the world but a pasture with a rock in it.

"It isn't half a mile from my house, though I'm right in the busiest part of Factoryville, you know. You go down to the bobbin-mill, and then along north as far as Giles' store; then you turn to the left and keep right straight ahead. And there 'tis—a good bit of pasture land, and a big boulder nigh about the middle of it.

"I came upon it two years ago. I hadn't lived here long, and wasn't used to a big bustling town like this; and when the hot weather came I did just ache for fresh air and growing things and woodsy places.

"I went out one day, and walked and walked, trying to find big trees and bushes and such things. By and by I saw something green ahead, and 'twas this. I stopped at the rail fence, and looked over. Just at first it didn't seem very inviting when I thought of the woods at my old home, all dark and cool, with soft, wet moss for your feet to step

\*Copy of some stanzas written by Rev. Enoch David on the margin of a book containing a sermon by Rev. Gilbert Tennant, on the "Necessity of Thankfulness for Wonders of Divine Mercy." Psa. 136: 2, 4.

on, and brooks running along; and I says to myself, but out aloud, 'It's nothing in the world but a pasture with a rock in it.'

"Well, do you know I hadn't more than spoke those words than I seemed to see a wonderful meaning in them. I forgot all about the heat and the dusty road, and I crawled through the rails and went over to the boulder and sat down on the grass, and I began to think. 'Why,' I went on to myself, 'what's religion, when you think of it, or, come to that, what's heaven itself, any more than that—a pasture with a rock in it? I began to love that place then and there. I can't tell you what's been to me, and all the thinking and help and brand-new light I've found there. Points for sermons! Why, it's just bristly with them. I find a fresh one every time I go, and I haven't near come to the end yet.

"Some days I'll be so tired I can't do a mortal thing but just stretch myself full length out on the grass and keep still, and then'll come into my head that verse out of mother's favorite Psalm—I guess 'twas your mother's too, 'tis most folks' mothers—about 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.' Deary me! I don't want a better sermon; and again I'll get to looking at the grass. There's red-top, and timothy, and a little herd's grass there, and it looks so pretty, shaking in the wind. And I recollect how our Lord took notice of all such little things. 'If God so clothe the grass of the field,' you know; and, before I know it, that's led me off into the most comforting, beautiful thinking.

"And then there's the rock; I can't hardly talk much about that, but you know what I mean. 'Green fields beyond the swelling flood,' as mother used to sing, is all sightly and beautiful; but, after all, it's the Rock up there that's such a thing to lean on and look to. And down here in this world, too, lying down in green pastures and watching the grass is nice and comforting in fair days; but come to storms and rough weather, a rock is what we want after all.

"I believe I get more points out of that boulder than I do out of the pasture. On a hot afternoon I get on the east side of it in the shade, and then I think of the 'man that shall be the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' Sometimes there comes up a storm with such pouring rain, and I creep under the lee of that boulder, and keep safe and dry. And then I am sure to get thinking of the 'strong rock for a house of defense,' and of father's hymn,

'Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.'

"Sometimes it's Moses hiding away in the rock to watch the Lord pass by; again it's the rod bringing water out of the rock; and lots of times it's about that tomb hewn out of a rock, that new sepulchre in a garden wherein was never man yet laid. Or by spells I think of David keeping his father's sheep, and leading them out in the pastures; or Isaac going out into the fields at eventide, and that beautiful story of the shepherds abiding in the fields around Bethlehem.

"But, after all, I come back most times to the thing itself, just as it struck me the first time I ever saw it,—a pasture with a rock in it. So I don't go away in warm weather, and I never expect to now. For I'm getting on in years, and there's plenty of things in my own little watering-place here to last as long as I



shall for points to think about, and for strengthening and lifting and widening. It won't be long at the most, before I go away for good some summer. I shall be satisfied when I awake up there; but I can't help hoping the place will be a little like a pasture, and I'm certain sure there'll be a Rock in it."  
—Annie Trumbull Slosson, in *S. S. Times*.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Former students at Alfred will, no doubt, feel interested in the changes in assignment of recitation rooms which were adopted at the last annual meeting of the trustees. They are as follows:

The Departments of Chemistry and Physics have been installed at the Gothic; the south wing of which will be used as a Chemical Laboratory; the north-east wing, for recitations in chemistry and physics; and the smaller room between the north-east and north-west wings, for a store room for physical apparatus.

The Chemical Laboratory is about the same size as the room in the Chapel Building so long used by Dr. Coon. It is well lighted, having windows on both sides and one end, and has a supply of water immediately at hand. It will no longer be necessary to limit the student's laboratory practice to a stated hour in order that the gases generated in the course of his work, as well as the noise incident thereto, may not annoy and disturb classes at recitation, since the recitations will be heard in another room; and by giving over the entire room to laboratory practice, a larger number will be able to carry on their work at the same time.

The large and valuable collection of apparatus and machinery for use in the study of physics will be stored in a room by itself, where the gases arising from the work in chemistry will have no opportunity to corrode the metals of which the apparatus is composed or destroy the fine bearings and adjustment of delicate machinery. The facilities for practical illustration in this department may now be increased by the addition of much needed new apparatus, for the purchase of which there is a considerable fund available; the income of the Babcock Chair of Physics applicable to this purpose having been permitted to accumulate for some time past, as it was deemed unwise to expend the same in the purchase of apparatus that could not be used or stored advantageously in the room heretofore used jointly for physics and chemistry.

The north-west wing of the Gothic will be devoted to modern languages and Greek; the northern half of the wing being occupied by Prof. Martha B. Saunders; the southern half by Prof. Tomlinson.

The rooms in the Chapel Building vacated by Dr. Coon and Prof. Tomlinson will be occupied by Prof. Earl P. Saunders and Prof. Inez R. Maxson, for the Teachers' Training Class, bookkeeping, penmanship, English composition, etc.

Pres. Davis' classes in theology and philosophy will recite in the room in the Chapel Building where Prof. Ida F. Kenyon for many years met her classes in modern languages.

The other classes in theology and the classes in biblical languages and literature and English language and literature will recite in the room in the tower of Kenyon Memorial Hall, second floor.

H. G. W.

UPS AND DOWNS.

We have our ups we have our downs,  
While in this world we tarry,  
The downs sometimes may cause us grief,  
They are so hard to carry.

We feel sometimes quite forsaken,  
Clouds shut out the light of heaven;  
But when we wholly lean on God,  
More strength and light is given.

Sometimes our hearts are made to mourn,  
We are so faint and feeble,  
And when the heavens seem to frown  
Our path is full of trouble.

But when the clouds have rolled away,  
And the sun shines out more fully,  
Then in heart we do rejoice  
We have a pleasant journey.

Could we have died when little babes,  
How much we would have given;  
We might have been like them  
A praising God in heaven.

Now let us see, bright angels stand  
All ready to receive us,  
And bear us safe to Canaan's land  
Where Christ has gone before us.

SENEX.

THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO.

Young people are very apt to wait until they are grown older before they begin to do anything for Jesus. It is not the great things that do the most good, but the little words of kindness, which we speak to those in trouble or sorrow, which have the best effect.

In our great cities where so much sorrow is caused on account of the saloons, we see so many young men and boys walking about with sad faces and disappointed looks; they appear careworn, and they seem older than they really are. Why do they not go home and find shelter there? It is because there they are no better than in the street. They have left their parents and their comfortable homes to take care of themselves, and this is why we see them on the streets, considered by all who see them as mere drunkards.

Away down in these hearts there is a tender place, which we may reach if we ask Jesus for help. An interesting little story is told by a lady living in one of our large cities. She was passing a saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man into the street. He was very pale, and his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone on the road to ruin. With clenched fists and loud oaths he threatened the saloon keeper who had treated him thus. He was so excited and so blind with passion that he did not see this lady, who stood very near him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and asked in a gentle, loving voice: "What is the matter?" This startled the young man. At the first kind word he drew back as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly around; he was paler than before, and trembled from head to foot. He looked earnestly into the lady's face and said: "I thought it was my mother's voice; it sounded like it, but her voice has been hushed in death for many years." "You had a mother then," said the lady, "and she loved you?" Then the young man burst into tears, and sobbed out: "Oh, yes, I had a mother, and she loved me; but since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost, lost forever." "No, not lost forever. God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady. The young man stood in wonder. Then she spoke a few more kind words and went on her way home. He followed a little behind her until he saw where she lived. He wrote down the name he read on her door plate, then turned away, feeling deeply sensible of his guilt, and very sorry. Then in his

heart he determined to try to follow the advice she gave him.

This was a little thing for a Christian lady to do, and she forgot the little conversation she had with him that morning until years had passed away. One day a noble-looking, well-dressed man called to visit her. Great was her surprise when he said: "I am the young man whom you advised to turn away from a drunkard's life and seek Christ." When he recalled the circumstance he said: "Your words, 'no, not lost forever,' followed me wherever I went, and seemed to me like my mother's voice speaking from the tomb. I began to follow your advice. It was hard to break away from drink and old associates, and ask respectable men to give me a place to earn my living; but my heart was sad, and the way you pointed out promised me peace. I repented of my sins, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me. God has helped me to do this, and I am now his child."

This is only one little story showing us how God's children may do service for him in the dark places where sin rules, but every Christian may do as much as this, and God will use it to save some soul. Shall we not think and pray more about these who are held by Satan's power, and are rapidly going down to the drunkard's grave? As we pray let us work, and God will give us some of these whose mothers have prayed so long for them. Shall we not have them for stars in our crown? Children, are we not going to work harder to win them than ever before?—*The Lily*.

WILL IT PAY.

BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

When some venture in business is brought to our mind,  
The question we study with care,  
And we stop to consider the points of the case,  
To see if the prospects are fair.  
And before we launch out in the new enterprise,  
The chances we carefully weigh;  
We pause to glance thoughtfully on every side,  
And ask of ourselves, "Will it pay?"

Now in matters of morals, as well as finance,  
'Tis well to go cautious and slow,  
And just stop and consider the chances ahead,  
And ask, "Will it pay?" ere we go.  
When companions entreat us to join in the sports,  
Which from right will lead us astray,  
Let us view the results, ere we answer them yes,  
And ask of ourselves, "Will it pay?"

Ah! the cup that holds wine, it can never hold fame,  
Nor honor, nor wisdom, nor wealth,  
It can never hold happiness, joy, nor content;  
It never holds long life nor health.  
Oh! this life is too rich and too precious, my boys,  
To carelessly cast it away,  
So before you take up the foul, death-dealing cup,  
Just ask of yourselves, "Will it pay?"

MARVELOUS OIL WELLS.—President Eaton, of the Oil-Well Supply Company told a Bradford correspondent of the *New York Sun*, that he had been over to Europe to take a look at Russia's phenomenal oil spouters, and was astonished. The daily production is between 30,000 and 35,000 barrels. It could be increased to 50,000 barrels per day, but the flows are controlled by gate valves, because there are inadequate storage facilities and an insufficient demand. One peculiarity of the wells in Russia is the mountains of sand at the openings. One mound was found to be 600 feet long, ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom and six feet at the top. The sand is thrown up by the oil. The big wells in America cannot be compared to the Russian geysers. Mr. Eaton says he saw one well flowing at the rate of more than 40,000 barrels per day, and was told that another produced nearly 60,000 barrels the first twenty-four hours, and averaged the first 32 days 28,000 barrels per day.



## Young People's Work

Dear Young Friends:

THIS is not the first time that I have spent an hour or more in writing to you from the depot at a railway station. During the past two years, on a number of occasions, I have used the time while waiting for trains in writing for this page. I am now in the station at Janesville, Wis. I remember spending the time between two and five o'clock one winter morning at Lima, Ohio. One blistering hot summer afternoon was passed in "pencil meditation" at Waseca, Minn. At two different times I have written from Jefferson Junction, Wis., and once from Fond du Lac, of the same State. You may wonder how I happen to have suitable writing-paper with me on all these occasions. The truth is, I do not. The patient printer could give amusing accounts of all sorts of paper which come to the office. This is written on the back side of a poster advertising a "cheap excursion to Palmyra Springs and Waukesha." I tell you this that you may be gentle in your criticisms, when you come to know the unsuitable circumstances under which the matter for this page is often written.

The longer I live and the more boys and girls I see grow up, the more I am impressed with the importance of teaching children to complete any task which has been given to them. I see young men and women fail in business, I see them begin a term of school with every prospect of success, and then see them drop out before the term closes. I see them accept positions of honor and trust where work is required, and then give up in a short time. I see them begin to work at something and then, before they have given it a fair trial, change to something else. In nearly all the cases where I have had the chance to know of the early life of such people, I have found that they were never required to stick to anything until it was finished. If the child became tired, or had a "headache," or made a fuss about it, why mother or father, or some one, took the work. Now this is all wrong. Parents often do their children great harm by so-called kindness. We are never too old to learn, but while we are still young, let us cultivate the habit of patient perseverance, and we shall find that in our later years we shall be stronger men and stronger women for the effort now spent.

Do the various committees in your Christian Endeavor Society have regular meetings? I hope they do, and as often as once a month. I think you will find that the committee which has regular meetings, other things being equal, will do the best and the most work. But we will suppose that all the committees have regular monthly meetings, how are they conducted? Are they sort of informal gatherings where the members visit and laugh and talk of most everything else but the particular work of the committee? Now I do not believe that "form and ceremony" are essential to salvation or to success, but I do believe that they are helpful agents toward those things. I believe that every committee meeting should begin and close with prayer, no matter if it is a meeting of the flower or literature committee. Again, I believe in discussing topics which have something definite about them. If your chairman does not propose something in some definite form, then do you make some motion which shall bring

before the committee some plan or topic in a definite form. If you can think of nothing better, move to adjourn, after prayer by the chairman. Better kneel in prayer and go home than to waste the time in idle talk. For after two or three meetings at which nothing is accomplished, or nothing definite proposed, the members will one by one cease to attend, saying that it is useless, as it really is. I think a decided forward movement can be made in all of our societies by having regular meetings where something definite is done by the committees. Divide the work among the various members of the committee, making each one responsible for some certain duty, no matter how slight. In this way more and better results will be accomplished, and you will soon have the reputation of being a real live society. This is reform number two. Number one, remember, was along the line of promptness and accuracy in doing the business work of the society.

But the time draws near for the train to arrive, and the depot, not long ago almost deserted, is now alive with noise and confusion of people coming and going. So, for now, good-bye.

### PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Just a word to our young people about the great Christian Endeavor Convention which is now a matter of history. We could not be there, but hope that some of our people were, who will write it up for us, especially the spiritual side. Write us a "Book of John" on this the greatest religious, or convention of any kind in the history of the world. As I sit by one of the beautiful lakes of Wisconsin, reading the *Golden Rule's* account of the great meeting, I imagine I am there. I try to locate myself; which one of the overflow-meetings am I in, as most every body there were evidently in the overflow; (this is usually my luck) when I looked up to see what should confront me, not the fifty thousand faces of those delegates, not even the ten thousand faces of one of the overflow meetings, but two things did confront me; the millions which have never yet heard the name of Christ, the thousands about us who refuse to hear it; but right in my immediate vicinity I see the rector of a city church breaking camp preparing to return to his arduous and sacred task of helping save the world. I said he was breaking camp; the women are more especially breaking camp, while he, our consecrated friend, is (burning incense) smoking a cob pipe. This settles it, I am in no Christian Endeavor Convention.

Seven thousand seven hundred and fifty new Christian Endeavor Societies organized last year, making 41,229 in all, with a membership of 2,473,740; of these only 4,712 are outside of the United States. Secretary Baer reports 202,185 coming into the church through the societies since the last year's Convention. What an army in a year; and in the past six years 816,335 have been added. The State having largest number of societies is Pennsylvania with 4,139; New York follows with 3,822; Ohio, 2,787; Illinois, 2,446; Indiana, 1,762. Money reported raised and given to missions in past year was \$149,719 09; this with other gifts amounted to \$340,603 54 in all. It is believed that the societies actually gave to missions last year over four hundred thousand dollars. As to the denominations having most societies, the Presbyterians lead with 7,552, Congregationalists follow with 5,898, Disciples 3,549, Baptists 3,487; not

Seventh-day Baptists. We only have about 60 societies, but we are not afraid of numbers or the Bible. E. B. SAUNDERS.

### THE STORY OF "CHILDREN'S DAY" IN PLAINFIELD.

June 15th was "Children's Day" with us, and an ideal day it was, clear, bright, and not too warm. The exercises for the day were in charge of the Societies of Christian Endeavor. Early in the morning the Flower Committee was busy, and the result was most satisfactory. The audience room was decorated with daisies, the children's flower, great masses of the white and gold relieved by tall, feathery ferns, adorning the platform. On the organ was a Greek cross and a C. E. monogram in daisies. The only bit of color was a little chair covered with roses, to indicate that the Juniors were to be particularly prominent on the programme.

At the hour for the service, half-past ten, there was a "processional" of the Juniors, nearly forty in number, to the strains of the State Junior Hymn. These girls, dainty in their white gowns, and the sturdy boys, our future men and women, were truly a pleasing sight as, singing, they marched about the church. Just before taking their seats, the bunch of daisies that each one carried was deposited on a table, to be used later as a remembrance for their friends who could not be present.

The programme was arranged by the Social Committee of the Senior Society, and was in charge of Mrs. Henry M. Maxson, Superintendent of Junior Work. The Juniors' part of the programme consisted of several songs, a very pleasing quartette by four of our boys, a Bible reading on the subject of the day—Love—prepared for them by their superintendent, and the Lord's Prayer by the congregation, led by the Juniors. The beautiful anthems by the choir were in harmony with the theme of the day. A pleasing and instructive address to the Juniors was made by the Rev. L. E. Livermore. The contribution for the day, amounting to \$23 50, was divided between the two societies. The Juniors, at their meeting the next day, voted to send \$15 to the Fresh Air Fund, to be used in hospital work for the children. Again, at the Sabbath-school in the afternoon, the Boys' Quartet, consisting of Lawrence Miller, Charlie Neagle, Charles Titsworth, and Raymond Gorton, gave us a song; Ethel Titsworth a recitation, "The Children's Hymn;" and the Juniors a song entitled "God is Love." Thus ended our "Children's Day," and still not ended, for it had shown to our people our sturdy band of Juniors and their promise of future strength, and left with all a pleasant memory.

### OUR MIRROR.

THE Westerly (R. I.) Y. P. S. C. E. took entire charge of the Sabbath-school service, July 20th, and under the direction of its Sabbath-school Committee gave a report from the recent International Convention. A programme entitled, "Echoes from Boston, '95," was given in place of the usual exercises. Mrs. James Jolly, chairman of the Sabbath-school Committee presided. "Onward Christian Soldiers," and "Throw out the Life Line," favorite hymns at the Convention, were sung, and prayer was offered by Rev. W. C. Daland. A solo, "Scatter Sunshine," was followed by a paper, descriptive of the opening session of the Convention in Tent Endeavor, by Miss



Clara J. West. A quartet sang "Send the Light," and a paper describing the remainder of the day which the delegates spent in Boston, including the noon prayer-meeting in Jordin March & Co's store and the Baptist Rally in Tent Endeavor, was presented by Miss Winifred J. Curtis. The quartet sang "Tell the Glad Story," and the Superintendent, Mr. George H. Utter, gave the school an excellent talk on the general significance of the Convention. The delegates who were present throughout the Convention not being at home, only one day was reported. The meeting closed with the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," and the Mizpah benediction.

The Society is cheered by the return of our pastor, after his two month's absence in Europe. He led the prayer-meeting Sabbath afternoon, July 20th, the topic being "A Clean Life," and gave the young people some good advice. He suggested the practicing of five virtues, the first letters of which spell "clean." These were chastity, love, earnestness, abstinence, nobility. An excellent conference meeting followed, many thoughts in regard to the virtues mentioned being brought out. The Society voted to give \$5 to the New Mizpah Mission for Seamen.

APPRECIATION OF AUTHORS.

BY REV. ROBERT H. WILLIAMS.

If the money paid to authors is any evidence of the estimation in which authors were held, then we can say that, until recently, they were held in little esteem.

Pope, it is said, was the first author who made anything like an independence out of literature. The work that brought him the most money was his "Translation of Homer," for which he received £8,000.

Luther and Calvin, and Baxter and other authors, wrote a great deal, but never realized much money from their works.

Milton, it is said, was paid five pounds for "Paradise Lost." And other authors have written works of lasting merit, and fared no better.

Indeed, many whose names and works grew popular as time passed on, were sorely tried by neglect and opposition.

Galileo was told "to repress his intense and fiery enthusiasm for investigation; to write no more books; to keep his glorious discoveries to himself." But he answered: "I will wait a century for a reader, as God waited six thousand years for an observer."

The Duke of Wurtemberg wanted Schiller to submit everything he wrote to him before publishing. This he refused to do, and was imprisoned for insubordination.

A great living author says of Bishop Butler, who wrote the Analogy: "Even with his aid I may often have been wrong; without him I think I never should have been right. And oh! that this age knew the treasure it possesses in him and neglects."

One of our poets says—"that at first he was ridiculed so much for his attempts at verse, that the passion for writing well nigh died out of him."

Comparatively few authors have had substantial evidences of appreciation. After their decease some of their productions have risen into notice and brought their writers lasting fame.

The writing of books, for the most part, has been a labor of love, and nothing shows more clearly the delight that men may have in the study than the steady, persevering efforts of authors in the face of want and neglect, and even persecution.

Children's Page.

TOMMY TROUT'S GRUMBLE MEETING.

"I don't see what mother wanted to go off to praise-meeting for to-night," whined Tommy Trout, rubbing the knees of his pants before the blaze of the little sitting-room fire. "I don't see what any of us have got to praise God for anyhow. Here we are just as poor as—I couldn't have a sled this winter 'cause we couldn't afford it, and mother has to pinch every way now—that—last year—." Here a great lump stuck in Tommy's throat, and made it ache, and his eyes smarted.

"I know," said grandma, from the other side of the fire, as she laid down her knitting and took off her glasses to wipe them. "Last year there was a dear, good father to come home at night with comforts that his strong hands had earned, and who never left us in the morning without a kiss and a kind word; but he went up to heaven. Don't you remember how he told his boy, just before he went, to be sure and serve the Lord, and be a comfort to mother, and get ready to come and live with his father some day?"

Tommy wiped away the tears, but sat still without replying.

"I'll tell you," said grandma, after a little pause, "let's have a grumble meeting."

"A what?" said Tommy, looking up with wide-open eyes.

"A grumble meeting. You don't see what we've got to praise God for; let me see what we have to grumble about. We've seen trouble this year, that's sure; we're not the only ones, but we feel it more than we do other people's troubles. Now I know a little boy who hasn't lost his father by death as you have. Oh, no! but one cold day last week he and his mother and baby sister were all day without any fire or food, because every cent that the poor, crazy thing, that he calls father, earns goes over the bar of the saloon for drink. Once he beat the mother black and blue, and kicked Freddy until they were afraid he never would get over it. The neighbors had him arrested, but he was worse than ever after he got out."

"Oh-h!" said Tommy, drawing a long breath and looking a little foolish.

"Shan't we complain a little because you haven't such a father, instead of one waiting to welcome you in heaven? No? We don't seem to get started well on this meeting. Let's take something else. We are poor, that's a fact. You can't have fine clothes, nor half the playthings you want. Mother has this little home that father bought, and she has steady work, and I turn in my little income, but what is that? What did you have for supper?"

"Nothing but bread and milk," said Tommy, the whine coming in his voice.

"Now we've got a good start. If you only had the nice, light meal that I saw two little folks have there might be something to be thankful for. They were standing outside an old shanty, and the older one was eating snow, but the younger one was crying bitterly. I stopped and asked what was the matter, and she said, 'I'se so hungry.' The older one said, 'We've had nothing to eat since morning. I eat snow, but she don't.' Don't you think you might have something to praise God for if you had been in their place?"

Tommy hung his head.

"Then these two little girls had on some old shoes that grown folks had worn out; I saw the bare toes through the ragged stockings. Now, mother don't keep you dressed in any thing but good flannels, and stout, warm clothes, though they are a little patched. Shan't we grumble over that?"

"N-no," said Tommy, faintly, and turning red, for that very morning he had fretted about those very patches.

"Then," grandma went on cheerfully, "There's mother. It's a shame the way she treats you. If you had some mothers, now, you might have something to be thankful for

—like Billy McGranaham's for instance, who lets him run the streets, and never sends him to school or Sabbath-school, nor mends his clothes, nor washes him, nor acts as if she loved him. Why, all the little mother does is to work all the day for her little son, as bright and cheerful as though her heart wasn't sore with her sorrow, and tuck him up in a warm bed at night, with a kiss and a prayer, and teach him and train him so that he may grow up to be a good man. Don't you think we had better have a big grumble over her?"

"O, grandma!" and sorry tears came into the little boy's eyes.

"Then there's the great good Father, who has given you all these blessings, who knew what was best when he took father away; who loves us, and cares for us every day, who is preparing a home up there for us. Shall we grumble, Tommy?"

"No, no!" cried he, jumping up to throw his arms around her neck and kiss her, "don't. I don't wonder that mother wanted to go to praise meeting!"

"Bless me!" said mother, coming in that moment, her cheeks pink and her veil frosty, "what bright faces! You must have been talking about something pleasant."

"We've been holding a grumble meeting," said grandma.

"And we turned it into a praise meeting," said Tommy. — *Dinnie McDole Hayes, in Sunday School Times.*

WHAT A DYING CHILD SAW.

Some people living on Macomb street entered a house to find father and mother beastly drunk on the floor, and their child, a boy four years old, dead in his cradle. The parents looked like beasts—the child wore the sweetest, tenderest smile on its white face that any of them ever saw. It had been ailing for days, and its brief life had been full of bitter woe, but yet the women cried as they bent over the old cradle and kissed its cold cheeks and felt of its icy hands.

Father and mother lay down at dark the evening before, and people passing by heard the child crying and wailing. It was too weak to crawl out of the cradle, and its voice was not strong enough to break the chains of drunken stupor. When the sun went down and the evening shadows danced across the floor and seemed to grasp at him, the boy grew afraid and cried. The shadows came faster, and as they raced around the room and scowled darkly at the lone child he nestled down and drew the ragged blanket over his head to keep the revengeful shadows from seizing him. He must have thought his parents dead, and how still the house seemed to him.

"It's dark, mother—it's dark!" the neighbors heard him wail; but no one went in to comfort him and to drive the shadows away. The night grew colder—the feet of pedestrians ceased to echo, and the heavy breathing of the drundards made the child tremble and draw the blankets still closer. His little bare feet were curled up, and he shut his eyes tightly to keep from seeing the black darkness.

By-and-bye the ragged blanket was gently pulled away, and the child opened his eyes and saw a great light in the room.

"Is it morning?" he whispered, but the drundards on the floor slept on.

Sweet, tender music came to the child's ears, and the light had driven every shadow away. He was no longer afraid. The aches and pains he had suffered for days past went away all at once.

"Mother! Mother! hear the music!" he cried, and from out of the soft, white light came an angel.

"I am thy mother!" she softly said.

He was not afraid. He had never seen her before, but she looked so good and beautiful that he held up his wasted hands and said:

"I will go with you."

The music grew yet softer, and the melody was so sad and tender, and yet so full of love and rejoicing, that the drunkards on the floor moved a little and muttered broken words.



Other angels came, and the light fell upon the boy's face in a blazing shower, turning his curls to threads of gold. He held up his arms and laughed for joy.

"Heaven wants you!" the angel whispered. "Earth has no more sorrow—no further misery. Come!"

And he floated away with them, leaving the sleepers lying as if dead. The golden light faded out, the music died away, and the old house was again filled with the grim, threatening shadows, which sat around the sleepers and touched their bloated faces with their gaunt skeleton fingers, and laughed horribly when the drunkards groaned in uneasy slumber.

When people came in the shadows went out. The sleepers still slept their sodden sleep and no one minded them. Men and women bent low over the dead child, smoothed back his curls and whispered:

"Poor, dead boy!"

They knew not that he had seen the angels, and that they had borne him to heaven's gate.—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### DR. PARKHURST'S ADVICE.

The first and fundamental thing that the home has to do for the child in the way of education is, then, to help make of him a little moral vertebrate, writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in a vigorous article on "The Training of a Child," in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. There needs to be developed an osseous shaft running up and down him that shall form the axis around which his growing personality shall gather itself in compactness and fixity. That will make the boy mean something, and make him mean more and more till the end of time, and clear on into eternity. It is the only thing that will make him worth calling a personal integer.

To learn to obey is the hardest even as it is the most valuable lesson a child can ever acquire. It is not only valuable for what it is in itself, it is also valuable for what it serves as the basis of. One of the first things told us of Jesus has to do with this same matter. It is related to us that he was subject to his parents; and the narrative immediately goes on to remark that he grew in wisdom and in favor with God and men. The close juxtaposition of the two seems calculated to teach that obedience was the seed kernel out of which his intelligence and holiness waxed.

#### HELPING THE PEOPLE AT HOME.

There are very few of us earning our living who have not some one else to care for, and that is much to the credit of the American girl, writes Ruth Ashmore in a very sensible article on "The Girl and her money," in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. Sometimes it is the people at home; sometimes it is a younger sister who is to be helped with her education, but always a helping hand is needed. You laugh at the idea of making a will, but no matter how little you have, if it is nothing but your gold watch, you ought to attend to its disposition. And if there are people depending upon you, stop the soda-water, stop the candy and have your life insured. You will not die any the sooner, and you will feel that the mother or the young sister you love so dearly will not, when you cease to be here, depend upon the hard charity of strangers.

#### SCHOLARSHIP AND BRAWN.

The other day while the journals of this country were filled with the news of the athletic contests going on between our various colleges, and the wrangling concerning them, while the cheers which followed the Cornell crew down the harbor had not yet died out, the English papers were painting the portraits of the young men who had won the Senior wranglerships and other scholastic honors in their great universities.

It may not be wise or timely or sportsman-

like to suggest that men with trained minds ought to play a larger part in the world's economy than sprinters, jumpers, oarsmen, and ball-players, but it may not be taken amiss if we say that in giving recognition to the young men who win scholastic honors the English papers are not wholly wrong. Certainly most of the students of a university are there for the improvement of their minds, and the ostensible object of a university is teaching.

The sound of the modern college challenge, and the tone of the modern inter-collegiate discussion, are beginning to resemble too much the swagger of professionalism. A little more of this spirit, and these manners would put an end to inter-collegiate sport altogether. And this would be regrettable. The body of the young American of to-day has been vastly bettered by the athletic contests in which he has engaged as a student. The stimulation which inter-collegiate contests have afforded to physical exercise has been so marked that the physical condition of the whole body of students has been greatly improved. Rather than have inter-collegiate contests abandoned, we would have them extended, but they must become once more the recreation of amateur gentlemen, or they must be abandoned. There is a tendency to make the track, the ball-field, and the boat-house the school of professionalism. Manners ought to be and are softened by generous rivalry, and manliness and self-respect are thereby increased. Properly conducted contests develop character as well as muscle, and there is no reason why the danger that threatens should not be averted before the inter-collegiate games bring about that boastfulness and that trickery which inevitably characterize professionalism, and that thoroughly unsportsmanlike feeling which puts the prize of victory above the pleasure of a fair contention for it.

But all this good cannot be gained unless the athlete is taken down from his pedestal and put upon a level with his fellow-students. When he goes out into the world, if he has been an athlete and nothing else in college, he finds that many a classmate whose name was never in the newspapers in youthful days is vastly his superior in the important affairs of life. Why should not the real student have some recognition in undergraduate days? Why should he wait until he is a judge on the bench to find himself on a par with his old-time muscular demi-god who passes his old age as a judge of boat-races? Even more important, however, than the rights of the scholar are the fine results in athletic contests themselves that would follow their proper subordination to the real work of the universities.—*Harper's Weekly.*

#### FROM MILL-YARD CHURCH.

BY MAJOR T. W. RICHARDSON.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

As our American brethren have shown so great an interest in our poor little church over here, they may like to hear a little from us from time to time.

Last Sunday (July 7th) we held our third annual "Garden Party" at my house. Invitation tickets were sent to each member, whether living at home or abroad; and to those within reach extra tickets were sent for friends. It has been my desire for years to cultivate the social aspect of our church. Though I have been a member just fifteen years, till

quite recently I had but a very vague idea as to who were members and who not; and as to where they lived I knew still less. Our Party this year has proved a decided success. Though our numbers were by no means large, we had doubled those of former occasions. One lady visitor has been a Sabbath-keeper for many years and has promised that if she joins any church it shall be ours. Another, the wife of one of our members, is seriously thinking of being baptized, in which case I have no doubt she will also join the church. Our organist, who is a Wesleyan, has applied for baptism but cannot see his way to leave his church.

But to return to our Party; we spent a very pleasant afternoon at croquet on the lawn before and after tea. I managed to take some photo. groups, one of which (unmounted) I sent to our brother, the Rev. W. C. Daland, whom we were very sorry not to have had with us on that occasion. His visit was one of great pleasure to us all around.

At 8 P. M. our members withdrew from the Party to hold a church business meeting, at which a letter was read from a brother applying for re-admission to church membership. The vote was taken and he was duly re-admitted. I am sorry to say that as a result, one of our members has so far shown his lack of Christian charity as to resign his membership. I may add that he never attended a single service of our church since the death of our late respected pastor, the Rev. W. M. Jones, D. D.

The Church, amongst other business, unanimously resolved to request the Rev. W. C. Daland to act as our delegate to the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference at its coming meeting.

On our Church meeting being ended we again joined the rest of the Party, and the remainder of the evening rapidly passed with music, singing and other family amusements, ever bearing in mind that in whatever we do, to do all to the glory of God. "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." Now I must close this letter with our fraternal greetings. In "the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus."

WOOD GREEN, Eng., 14, 7, 1895.

#### A DILEMMA.

With an abandon born of vindictiveness (the more's the pity to have to say it) the Baptist minister at this place, of whom the readers of the RECORDER have recently heard, in this department, followed up his public deliverances by writing up an account of the *modus operandi*, with which he put the whole Seventh-day question in a hole, so to speak.

Evidently it was intended to set forth the prowess of the redoubtable gladiator, and really would have shown up as an alarmingly sanguinary affair, had his opponent kindly come to time in the last round, but he failed to do this, and so he and the cause he stands for, in this connection, were counted vanquished.

This remarkable letter consisting of nearly a column was published in the Baptist *Christian Chronicle*,—the organ of the Missionary Baptists in this part of the country. It afterward appeared in the *Hammond Graphic*, a copy being furnished the editor by one of our own members. He was afterward taken to task by the redoubtable ex-coriator, when he



told him that the malignity with which the article teemed was aimed solely at our own people, therefore he couldn't understand why he should have objection. He replied that he didn't write it for Hammond readers.

After that declaration it is hardly worth while to say anything further, not even that ordinarily a sense of honor constitutes one of the cardinal virtues, nor that it is altogether an exceptional case where it seems to be entirely wanting in a gospel minister.

This letter has evidently done no harm to any except the writer of it. On these several occasions of a public nature wherein the services of a minister have been desired since this tirade was published, Mr. Lewis has officiated. Expressions of good-fellowship are especially profuse since the published onslaught.

At the sitting of the Grand Jury of this parish, a few weeks since, close following the Sabbath controversy, five of us Seventh-day Baptists were hauled before that body at Amite City, fifteen miles distant, on Sabbath-day. Since we do not purpose posing as martyrs, we went. It was done for the purpose of criminating two of our people for selling goods on Sunday. At this juncture there seemed to be a consuming desire on the part of one or two people to purify the public morals of Hammond so far as Seventh-day Baptists were concerned, (and the effort was directed solely to them) while, as we have since ascertained, the conditions of success were largely more apparent in several other quarters had their eyes not been "holden" for a purpose. At this date we have not far to go, to satisfactorily account for the source of inspiration to this unusual procedure.

It goes without saying that it is a very unsatisfactory business to waste time in publishing any refutation of even public utterances that consist largely of malicious misrepresentation—hence there has been no effort, nor will there be.

This for those who have expressed a desire by letter to know more of this matter. P.

HAMMOND, La., July 21, 1895.

THE STRANDED VESSEL.

It was a fearful night off the coast of W—. The wind blew terrifically—howling down the chimneys and rattling the doors and casements, so that sleepers were startled in their beds, and breathed a prayer for the poor mariners. The morning dawned, and I hastened to the beach. The gale continued with unabated fury, and the sea lashed the bold cliffs with a grandeur rarely seen. The white foam whirled through the air, and the billows broke high over the pier and lighthouse of the port in sheets of spray.

The scene was intensely grand and exciting. A vessel in distress was off the coast—no other sail appeared on the horizon. Many an eye was watching her with doubt and anxiety, as she struggled to keep off the rocks and labored hard to make the port. The glass revealed her condition. All the sails but one were in shreds—and only a portion of that remained—her only hope; her masts were splintered, and her spars dangled among the ropes. For some time we watched her dubious course, as she was beaten nearer and nearer the shore. And now, on, on she sped, driven by the wind and the incoming tide! It was a moment of exciting suspense! Will she—can she make the port? Now she stands fair—now—now—she enters! Backward again! Now! There! Oh—oh! Just missed! and in five minutes more she lay a stranded hulk upon the beach!

Oh, to be so near the port, and just to miss entering!—what could be more melancholy and disappointing? But this was only a

ship—a lifeless thing of timber. What must a stranded soul be? Alas! there are souls—precious souls—yea, thousands, who are in a similar case! See how they work and toil for the port! No sail but is unfurled, and no rope is left untouched! How they strain, but 'tis no use. The pilot is not aboard; Jesus is not there. They will never enter; there is no alternative—they will be stranded.

Oh, man—woman—how is it with your bark?—your soul—something infinitely more valuable to you than the greatest ship afloat, even were you the only proprietor. Whither are you bound? Is the Word of God your chart and compass? Are you trusting only in the precious blood of Christ? Ah, when it is too late, "many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able!" Luke 13: 24.

THE COMING CONFERENCE.

The committee on reception and entertainment of delegates to the General Conference desire to call attention to the map on the sheet enclosed in this week's RECORDER, showing the location of the Plainfield Railroad Station and the Seventh-day Baptist Church, so that delegates and friends may have no difficulty in finding the church on their arrival. The frequency of the trains arriving in Plainfield, and large numbers of strangers coming daily, make it impracticable for the committee to meet them all at the Station, and they request the friends to come at once to the church, on their arrival, where they will be assigned entertainment. Bring your hand baggage and baggage checks with you, and the Baggage Committee will attend to its delivery.

Let the map remind you that you have not yet sent your names to the committee, if this be so, and acting on the reminder, send your name at once to J. D. Spicer, Plainfield, N. J. Do this whether you are invited by friends or whether you have been provided with entertainment or not, as it is necessary for the committee to know all who are coming.

Trains leave New York by New Jersey Central Railroad, foot of Liberty Street, as follows: 7.15, \*8.00, 8.40, \*9.10, 10.00, and 11.45 A. M., and 1.10, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, \*3.45, 4.00, \*4.30, 5.00, 5.15, \*5.30, \*5.45, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 7.00, \*7.30, and 8.00 P. M.

Trains marked thus \* are express trains.

NO TOBACCO FOR LUNATICS.—The city of New York has passed a law prohibiting the use of tobacco by the insane in its asylums. If this law were enforced in such a manner as to suppress the use of the weed by all the lunatics who are now smoking, a much-needed reform would be inaugurated. It is a great comfort to know that there are public institutions in the State of New York in which the air is not contaminated by the noxious fumes of tobacco. One cannot enter a great hotel, lecture-room, hall, or scarcely a church, in all the great commonwealth, in which one's nose is not saluted with the nauseous effluvia of tobacco. If the use of the weed continues to increase at its present rate in New York, as well as elsewhere, the time may come when it will be necessary for one to flee either to the country or to a lunatic asylum to get rid of this monstrous nuisance.—*Good Health.*

A GENTLEMAN once asked a lawyer what he would do provided he had loaned a man \$500, and the man left the country without sending any acknowledgments.

"Why, that's simple; just write him to send an acknowledgment for the \$5,000 you lent him, and he will doubtless reply stating it was only \$500. That will suffice for a receipt, and you can proceed against him if necessary."—*Harper's Round Table.*

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1895.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 6.	The Ten Commandments.....	Ex. 20: 1-17.
July 13.	The Golden Calf.....	Ex. 32: 1-9, 30-35.
July 20.	Nadab and Abihu.....	Lev. 10: 1-11.
July 27.	Journeying to Canaan.....	Num. 10: 29-36.
Aug. 3.	The Report of the Spies.....	Num. 13: 17-20, 28-33.
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 VII.—THE NEW HOME IN CANAAN.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 17, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—Deut. 6: 3-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou shalt bless the Lord for the good land which he hath given thee.—Deut. 8: 10.

INTRODUCTORY.

The wanderings of the Israelites were drawing to a close. Moses, too, was soon to be taken away, but in this last month before Israel entered Canaan he gave three discourses to the assembled multitude. In the first he recapitulates the doings of God to them during their wanderings. 1: 6; 4: 40. The second is a recapitulation of the moral and ceremonial laws given at Sinai, with modifications and additions. 5: 1; 26: 19. The third may be entitled, "The Blessing and the Curse." 27: 1; 30: 20. Our lesson is found in the second discourse.

EXPLANATORY.

v. 3. "Hear . . . observe." The prosperity of Israel in the promised land was conditioned upon their hearing and obeying God.

v. 4. "The Lord our God is one God." This was the great truth which Israel was chosen to confess and establish in the world. The ancestors of Abraham "served other gods," but he was called out to be a witness of the one true and living God among the idolatrous nations of his time. The fact of the unity of the Godhead was constantly brought before Israel. See Joshua 24: 2, 14-17, 23, Isa. 42: 8. Nevertheless, Israel often forgot this truth and went into idolatry.

v. 5. "The Lord thy God." They were not only told that the Lord was one God, but also that he was *their* God. "Love the Lord . . . might." Although God's chosen people, they needed often to be reminded of the conduct suitable to such a relationship. Theirs was not a service of formal constraint, but of loving obedience.

v. 6. "In thine heart." God's words were to be at the very source of the actions of life. Words and acts would thus be regulated. Because of this the Bible constantly emphasizes that the cleansed heart retain the Word of God. "It is a divine antidote against coldness, deadness, and formality, all of which are so hateful to God." How far this is from outward formal obedience. God's word in Israel's heart was the prominent thing in this, as in other parts of Deuteronomy.

v. 7. "Teach . . . children." It was proverbial in Solomon's time. "Train up," or "catechise a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Looking at the waywardness of Israel while in the wilderness, we see how necessary it was that the children who were to settle the promised land be established in God's word.

v. 8, 9. "Thou shalt bind them." Figurative language to forcibly indicate the influence of the word of God upon their words, habits, and business transactions.

v. 11, 12. Moses looked into the future and saw the fulfillment of the promises long before made to the patriarchs. Great and goodly cities were awaiting Israel. Shortly the multitude with scanty household possessions would enter homes luxuriously furnished. Water would be plentiful in cisterns already dug, and valuable vineyards, olive yards, and fields would yield their fruits and grains to those who so long had fed on manna and quails. Doubtless Israel would eat and be full.

v. 12. "Then beware." Enjoying these easily acquired possessions, they must not forget Him who brought them through such difficulties to the enjoyment of such privileges.

v. 13. In verse 5 they were told to "love," in v. 13 to "fear." Love and fear of God, as agents in our spiritual growth, cannot be overestimated. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Fear of God acts as a powerful check upon evil thoughts, evil words, evil acts; in fact, upon all evil.

v. 14. "Ye shall not . . . gods." Surrounding nations were idolatrous, and Israel must not abandon the worship of the true God, and yet Baal, Chemosh, and Ash-toreth frequently received their worship.

v. 15. "Jealous." Ex. 20: 5, Deut. 4: 24. "Lest the anger." The eye of God was upon them, and if, by their disobedience, they aroused his anger, he would severely punish them. Famine, invasion, captivity and death are evidences of the truthfulness of God's promise.



## Popular Science.

It is laid down as a scientific fact that water will seek its own level, and if any is extracted the fountain will supply the deficiency and maintain the level. The Pacific Ocean, at Panama, is said to be higher than the Atlantic, at Aspinwall, but that is accounted for by the action of the Gulf Stream in sending constantly a large body of water northward.

I will here present the facts and leave it for some level-headed student to inform me, through the RECORDER, where the fountain is probably located. Anderson & Price, managers of the Mount Pleasant House, White Mountains, have been sinking an artesian well, and at a depth of 409 feet (all but ten of which was through solid rock), they struck an ice cold stream. The pressure on the water raised it 384 feet, or within 25 feet of the surface. They pump daily through the hole made by the drill 51,840 gallons, thus showing a never-failing supply. Where is located this fountain?

THE science of electricity is rapidly unfolding its wonderful capabilities. It is within our own recollection when the first telegraph line in the United States was laid between the Capitol and the White House, in Washington, and when, soon after, it was extended to Baltimore, and people could communicate that great distance almost instantly. It was a most wonderful development of science that lightning could be made to transmit intelligence.

From that time the march of improvement has been steady and rapid, and to-day we see oceans spanned by cables, lines extended to "the ends of the earth," and communication with the people is had daily in all parts of the world.

Electricity, whatever it is, by its activity seems to permeate everything, and yields on scientific principles a willing assistance in every form and kind of industry where force is needed or quickness desired. Its wonderful power cannot be measured or its speed accurately determined. From the tiny motor of a few years ago which could not drive even a sewing machine, we now have in operation at Niagara Falls the first one, of 40 dynamos, of 5,000 horse-power each.

Nicolas Tesla, who knows more than any other living man about electricity, tells us that a 100,000 horse-power each can be transmitted by wire to New York, and even to Chicago.

We are told that it circumvents the earth from west to east continuously in the fraction of a minute, thus forming the circuit, and as proof the grounding of the wire at San Francisco and New York forming the circuit, one-half the distance being traveled in the earth.\* As further proof of activity let two flat iron bars, of equal form and size, be laid on the earth, one north and south and the other east and west; one of them in time will become magnetized and assume polarity, the other will not. I am informed that our railroads are thus electrically affected.

There is no calculating the possibilities of this wonderful agent. There are more men

\* Since writing the above the statement has come to hand that if a good conducting wire could be put up around the world at the equator seven times, in a continuous circuit, the electric current would travel that distance and report in a second of time.

to-day engaged in solving problems and making appliances of electricity than in all the other agencies of power put together.

Will not Nicolas Tesla, or some other one of the multitude of electrical Ph. D.'s, inform us whether electricity is a fluid or a solid, and of what it consists, and how, or in what way its wonderful traveling capacity is produced?

H. H. B.

### A REFORMATION NEEDED.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER.

In the RECORDER of May 30th, 1895, p. 339, under the head of "Contributed Editorials," are sketches from prominent men, giving their views why the churches do not prosper more in a spiritual way. Also in the RECORDER of June 6th, on p. 359, is a piece entitled, "Why is it so?" It sets forth some very plain things that ought to be heeded by all members of churches, but I am sorry to say it is too true to deny.

Reading these two pieces causes my mind to run back to a copy of the RECORDER, of last fall (the date I cannot give), in which was printed the "Articles of faith and practice of the Seventh-day Baptist Church." One of these Articles reads nearly like this: "We be in the Bible as our only rule of faith and practice." The Seventh-day Baptists claim as a Church to believe it is just as binding on them to keep the fourth Commandment as any other of the ten. This is my belief also. Now I wish to give some of my views. I believe that we are under just as much obligation to take other parts of the Bible "as our guide," as we are to take the Ten Commandments, and if this is true, I wish to ask if the women of the Church *do* follow that as a rule. Let us see for a moment. The women of our Church to-day do not think of going to the house of worship without first "frizzing" their hair, then their hats must be "of the latest style" with such ornaments on them that the persons sitting behind them cannot see the preacher, or they cannot go to Church because they "have nothing to wear on their heads," and their dresses must be of the "latest fashion," or they "cannot go looking as well as others do." Some with sleeves from the shoulder to the elbows must be large enough to almost fill the width of the church door as they go through it, filling the seats equally as bad, while the lower part of the sleeves are tight to the arm, and the body of their dresses must be trimmed with costly trimming. Their shoes must fit so tight that their feet are next to those of the Chinese women, who suffer so much with small feet, and to whom we send missionaries to convert them to Christ. Now I wish to know if they "take the Bible as their only rule of faith and practice." Where in it do we find anything to uphold such fashions? Where in the Bible are we taught that Christians should follow the fashions of this world? See Rom. 12:1, 2 1 Tim. 2:9, 10, and 1 Peter 3:1-5 inclusive. Is the devil "beguiling" them now as he did our mother Eve? Now what is it to be a Christian? Webster tells us on page 228 of his Unabridged work what it is. Let us read 2 Cor. 6:16-18. Now in what way do they "come out from among them," *i. e.*, the world's people? "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:16. Are such acts, done by professing Christians, such as will lead sinners to Christ? I have heard wicked people say

that "if such an one goes to heaven I believe I shall, for they do not live any better than I do." Do we as Seventh-day people wish to be classed with those spoken of in Matt. 23:24? If not, let us return to that "Article of faith and practice," and try to be more consistent with *all* of God's Word; that with the poet we can say,

"Then will I tell to all around  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood  
And say 'behold the way to God.'"

ENOCH COLTON.

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

## 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 undersigned desires to call the attention of those interested in the California Colony to their ad. in this issue of the RECORDER, and shall be glad to meet any such at Plainfield, N. J., during the General Conference.  
J. T. DAVIS.

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 Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches, of Southern Illinois, will be held with the Bethel Church, commencing Friday, September 27, 1895, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Eld. C. W. Threlkeld is appointed to preach the introductory sermon. Eld. T. J. VanHorn, alternate.

Papers on the following subjects have been assigned:

1st. "Some of the Influences Leading our Young People Astray, and how to Counteract them." Howell Lewis.

2d. "How can our Evangelists and Missionaries more thoroughly Arouse the Consciences of the People in Regard to the Claims of the Bible Sabbath?" Eld. C. A. Burdick.

3d. "Three Essential Conditions of Church and Denominational Growth." Mrs. A. B. Howard.

We hope to see a good delegation from all the Churches, and pray for God's blessing on the meeting.

B. L.



HOW KATIE WAS FOUND OUT.

Grandpa came slowly down the back stairway into the kitchen, where Katie sat eating an apple and trying to look as if she had never done any mischief in all her life. He came directly toward her, and, sitting down in his rocking chair, drew her up to him and patted her hair lovingly, while he looked rather seriously into her blue eyes.

"This morning," he said, "a little girl went up to my room, where her mother had forbidden her to go, climbed up at the foot of my bed, holding on by the tall bedposts, and walked all the way up to the head; then she reached up to my watch and took it off the nail, and, sitting down on my pillow, looked at the watch as long as she wished. Having done that, she walked carefully down to the foot of the bed and jumped off, thinking that nobody saw her."

"Who did see me?" said Katie, letting out the guilty secret.

"Please get me my Bible, my dear, and I will tell you."

Katie stood quietly by while her grandpa put on his spectacles and slowly turned the leaves till he found what he wanted.

"Read that, my dear."

But Katie could only spell out the words and it took her some time to make it out. After two or three trials she succeeded in reading distinctly, "Thou God seest me."

Then grandpa talked very seriously with her about the sin of disobedience and the guilt of covering a sin, and Katie was very penitent, and resolved then and there to be a better girl. She looked at Grandpa with great awe.

"God told him," she said to herself. Oh, how dreadful to have God look right at me, and then tell grandpa, all alone in his room, what I did! How good grandpa must be to have God talk with him. Seems to me his face shines just like Moses' when he came down from the mount."

"Did you take off your shoes, grandpa?"

"My shoes? What for my dear? What do you mean?"

"When God talked with you upstairs, and told you I walked on your bed, did you take off your shoes, like Moses?"

"Oh, my dear little girl," said grandpa, with rather a queer expression on his face, "God does not now-a-days talk to his children face to face; but he leads and directs them just as truly as he did in the time of Moses. I think he led me to go to my room this morning, and to see on my soft feather bed the deep footprints you had left there; and then, seeing my pillow, that your mother had smoothed so carefully, all tumbled and wrinkled, and observing as I did your little mistake in hanging my watch with its face to the wall, I could not help knowing what you had done."

"Now, grandpa's face was very serious. "There is one verse in God's Word, for my little Katie, that it would be well for little girls and boys—and grown-up men and women, too—to remember: 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'"

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And I don't think Katie ever forgot it.—Zion's Watchman,

WILLIE'S GOLD MINE.

"If I were rich, I'd never go to school another day!" exclaimed Willie, as he threw his books and strap upon the sofa in the cosy sitting-room. "What's the use bothering away one's time in school, anyway!"

"Well, Willie," inquired grandma, cheerily, from her pleasant corner, "how would you like to own a gold mine—your very own?"

"A gold mine! My! I'd like it awfully, grandma; but," continued Willie, slowly, "I don't s'pose I'll ever own one."

"I see no reason why you can't, if you really want one," replied grandma, smiling.

"How? Do tell me quick!" cried Willie, eagerly. "I guess Jim West won't feel so big if I get a gold mine." And Willie whistled gaily at the thought.

After a moment's silence, Willie continued, thoughtfully: "I can't buy a gold mine, for I've only two dollars in my bank, and a mine will cost heaps."

"Sit down a minute while I explain," and as she spoke, grandma fondly drew her pet to her side. "You can't buy this gold mine with money and no one can give it to you; you must work for it, and work hard, too, Willie."

"Oh, grandma, I'll do anything, sure! See how big and tall I am." And Willie actually grew six inches taller all at once, by standing on his tip toes.

"You can't get your gold mine in a hurry, either," went on grandma. "You must get it little by little. It isn't like some gold mines, that are full of wealth in the beginning—you must fill this mine yourself."

"Will it take long to fill it, grandma?"

"Yes, a number of years. Each day you can add some valuable bit to it, and by and by, lo! you will have an inexhaustible treasure. No one can steal your mine from you, Willie and you can never dig it dry."

"My!" exclaimed Willie, with sparkling eyes. "When can I begin to get my gold mine, grandma?"

"At any time. You have already begun to fill your treasure house, and by going to"—

"I know, grandma," interrupted Willie. "It's an education that you mean; that's the gold mine."

"And isn't that a fine one, Willie?"

"Y-e-s, and I'm going to begin now to fill it up. Hurrah for grandma and the gold mine!"

"And the school, too," added grandma.

"Why, of course," laughed Willie.—Presbyterian.

REMEDY FOR SQUEAKING SHOES.

"A man who wears squeaky shoes is a nuisance," said a modern girl. She directed her glance toward a young man who was crossing a tiled floor. Some women know more than men, and if I had that young man in my care for ten minutes I would give him some good advice. He does not make much money and cannot afford to buy expensive shoes, and has to be content with ready-made ones. Nearly all ready-made shoes squeak, and the reason is this: When the inner and outer soles are put together there is generally some grit between them, and the action of the foot causes the little pebbles, which are harder than the leather, to work like ball bearings of a bicycle, and thus the squeak. A dealer told me a way to remedy this. When your shoes squeak go to a shoemaker and have them put a peg in the middle of the sole, and there will be no more loud proclamations. Another thing, when you buy a new pair of shoes and they hurt you, put water in them and let it remain for a minute, then pour it out, and if your shoes burn or hurt you after that you can say I am wrong. The water takes all the natural heat out of the leather, and makes the shoes comfortable.

FIRE-PROOF HOUSES.

— They build fire-proof houses in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo without thinking of it, and while using all the wood they can afford to; and they use neither iron nor the arch. Trees are scarce in the neighborhood, and timber has to be brought down from the upper waters in hard woods. Being dear, a little of it is made to go as far as possible. The floors and the roofs are supported by joists of hard wood, as among us; across these are laid flat rails of the same, and the spaces between these are bridged over by thin bricks thirteen inches and a half long, with their ends resting on the rails; another layer of bricks is then laid with lime, and generally on this a layer of flat tiles. The doors and windows have no boxes, but simply frames, which are set up when the walls are going up, and built in. There is no lathing or wainscot, or skirting at the bottom of the walls. A house thus built cannot be burned.

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DEATHS.

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

COON.—In Brookfield, N. Y., June 29, 1895, DeWitt C. Coon, in the 84th year of his age.

A life-long resident of this community, a man of sterling integrity and deep convictions, he was one who will be much missed. For nearly sixty years he had been a professed follower of Christ and over forty years a member of the Second Brookfield Church. As long as he was able he was attentive to all the appointments of the church, and active for its welfare. He leaves a wife, a son and two daughters. C. A. B.

JORDAN.—In Brookfield, N. Y., July 6, 1895, Samuel Jordan, aged 79 years.

The subject of this sketch was born and reared in this vicinity where he died. In former years he carried on a large business in a tannery. At the age of seventeen he met with a change of heart, but made no open confession of faith. When evangelist Saunders held meetings at Brookfield this spring, he became interested and made his first public profession of Christ during them. At the time of baptism he was sick or he would have gone forward with the others. He never recovered from that sickness, but died happy in his faith. His wife, (Mary Ann Babcock,) survives him. C. A. B.

SPOONER.—In Brookfield, N. Y., July 24, 1895, Francis M. wife of H. L. Spooner, aged 57 years.

Perhaps no woman of the community could have been taken whose loss would be felt more than that of this one. At the age of thirteen she was baptized by Eld. Eli S. Bailey and united with the Second Brookfield Church of which she has since been a helpful member. A faithful teacher in the Sabbath-school, a zealous worker in the church, a refining factor in society, she will be greatly regretted. Her death was like her life, peaceful and composed, and her mind was very clear to the last. The beautiful floral tributes and the undigested grief of kin and acquaintance showed the love in which she was held. Husband and son mourn her. C. A. B.

HALLOCK.—Hannah Grover was born April 25, 1813, at Warrensburgh, N. Y.

At the age of thirteen months she was left an orphan. April 3, 1831, she was married to the late Dea. Noah H. Hallock, and settled two miles west of Ulysses, Pa. In 1844 she was baptized by Rev. Rowse Babcock and united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Ulysses. When that church was disbanded she with her husband became members of the church at Hebron, Pa., of which she remained a faithful member until called home, July 10, 1895, to join her husband who had preceded her on November 18, 1894. She was a firm believer in the near approach of the millenium. Funeral at the house in Wells-ville, N. Y., and burial near Ulysses, Pa. "Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness." H. L. J.

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