

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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### "NOT AS I WILL."

**B**LINDFOLDED and alone I stand,  
With unknown thresholds on each hand;  
The darkness deepens as I grope,  
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope.

Yet this one thing I learn to know,  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That doors are opened, ways are made,  
Burdens are lifted or are laid,  
By some great law unseen and still  
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill.

Blindfolded and alone I wait;  
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late:  
Too heavy burdens in the load,  
And too few helpers on the road;  
And joy is weak and grief is strong.  
And years and days so long, so long,  
Yet this one thing I learn to know,  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That I am glad the good and ill,  
By changeless laws are ordered still.

The sound grows sweet  
Each time my lips the words repeat,  
Not as I will, the darkness feels  
More safe than light when this thought steals  
Like whispered voice to calm and bless,  
All unrest and all loneliness,  
"Not as I will," because the one  
Who loved us first and best has gone  
Before us on the road, and still  
For us must all his love fulfill,  
"Not as I will."

—Exchange.

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## Sabbath Recorder.

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THROUGH love to light! O wonderful the way  
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!  
From darkness and from sorrow of the night  
To morning that comes surging o'er the sea,  
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,  
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light.

—R. W. Guildler.

How a saloon-keeper catches flies: "I strew the counter with sugar and saturate it with whisky and beer, which is greedily pounced upon by the flies, who soon become drunk and roll over on their backs in a comical way, when they are easily swept to their doom." Young men, do you see any resemblance between the rummy's method of catching flies and catching men? Any difference in their doom?

THE Christian's faith rests upon Christ as the "Rock of Ages." The Bible reveals Christ. That is its object, and the one thing for which the Word stands. The Old and the New Testaments are united in this revelation; the one a prophecy, the other the fulfillment. Nineteen hundred years have passed and no critic, high or low, no enemy learned or ignorant, has ever yet been able to find one flaw in Christ's character. Here is the only spotless character in all history.

AND now it is our former friend and collaborer in the office of the SABBATH RECORDER, O. W. Pearson, who is under arrest and awaiting trial for quietly working in his office on Sunday in Summerdale, Ill. "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." Because, when mad they do such rash and foolish things. Already there is evidence of a wholesome reaction along this whole line of religious persecution. Good and reasonable people are ashamed of the spirit and results of this movement to enforce religious observance, and malicious people are by no means as happy as they seem to be. A day of retribution is coming.

ALTHOUGH this paper bears date of Aug. 22d, and Conference opens the 21st, the fact that press-day precedes the opening of the meetings, precludes even a notice of the first session. But it is the purpose of the publishers to give to our readers as full a report of the Conference proceedings in our next issue as time and space will permit. In fact, we hope to make the RECORDER for Aug. 29th the "Conference edition." It is hoped, in this effort, to bring the doings of Conference to our people who cannot attend, and thus, in some good degree, to make up to them the loss they feel in not being present. But to accomplish this the paper will necessarily be delayed a day or two in its issue. Please be patient, and read the more carefully when it comes to hand.

It is generally believed that the next Legislature in the State of New York will pass a local option bill, thus leaving the question of license or no license to the votes of the voting

people. This movement is looked upon with favor by many advocates of temperance and prohibition. It works well in other States. One thing is certain. The liquor traffic can never be suppressed until the people so decree. It will require a majority of the voters either on the principle of local option, or legislative enactments. If the majority elect legislators who are committed to the principles of prohibition, and secure prohibitory laws in that way, the result would be no better than if the Legislature refer it to the people and it is decided by towns and counties. If the temperance people are not strong enough to vote prohibition under a local option law they are too weak to obtain it by electing prohibition officers and legislators. But even under the local option prerogative, the victory in many places will not be an easy one. The saloon advocates will not yield their traffic and chance for unholy gain without a desperate struggle. The battle will be fiercely fought and every inch of ground hotly contested. Let temperance people be ready for the conflict, and the God of battles will be your defender.

IN an article in the *Catholic Mirror* of Aug. 10th, on Religious Statistics, it is shown that the Roman Catholics in the United States lead Protestant denominations in numbers, being there put down as 6,231,417; while the highest Protestant showing is the Methodist Episcopal Church, 2,240,354. The *Mirror* still further says, "It is well known that this does not represent the actual number of Catholics. Generally they are put down in round numbers as about ten millions, but there ought to be, in the opinion of judges, at least two millions more." As evidence that the estimate should be at least twelve millions, instead of six or seven, the *Mirror* says, "There are thousands of Catholics who never attend church, but who are Catholics at heart. Then there are those who never attend church of any sort, or who may go to a Protestant Church, or to a Spiritualist meeting, who upon being asked about their religion will say, 'Well if I am anything, I am a Catholic. My people were Catholics, and my convictions, if I have any, incline that way.'" In this way our ambitious cotemporary doubles the "actual number of Catholics." But what denomination of Protestants would be willing to double its numbers in that way? Counting all who admit the validity of the claims of the Bible Sabbath, and all whose people were Sabbath-keepers, what a showing Seventh-day Baptists could make! The figures would not stop with doubling, but they would be many times multiplied.

FROM the first conception, or at least announcement, of the purpose to hold a great Parliament of Religions in connection with the World's Fair, in Chicago, there were wide differences of opinion on the part of thoughtful men as to the propriety and probable outcome of such an experiment. After the lapse of nearly two years, and opportunity to observe and carefully weigh the influences and results, it does not appear that the more conservative brethren, who did not become enthusiastic in support of the proposed mixing up of religions, have ever changed their opinions respecting its utility; while, on the other hand, there have been frank confessions of disappointment by those who hoped for

some substantial advantages to the Christian religion. That there was a sort of commingling of discordant elements and an appearance of union that really did not exist, and a clapping of hands and pretended approval of things that really were not approved, and a glossing over of world-wide and fundamental differences in religious belief that might leave the impression that such divergencies were not vital to true faith and salvation, were common observations.

But, on the other hand, there were many wholesome influences exerted, some erroneous prejudices dispelled, and rare opportunities for studying the great "religions" of the world, in this extemporized school of Comparative Religion.

Recently there has been held in Toronto, Canada, a similar gathering under the name of "The Pan-American Congress." So far as we have seen accounts of this "Congress" about the same things might be said of it that have been said of the "Parliament." Oil and water do not readily unite. By constant and rapid stirring there can be a forced, apparent union, lasting, however, only while the excitation continues. Each quickly assumes its own separate sphere. The oil does not seem to be injured by contact with the water, but careful investigation will reveal the fact that the once pure water is left with a rancid, oily flavor. This is somewhat significant, and, perhaps, in keeping with the oft-repeated cautions of Scripture to watchfulness and separation from all unholy alliances.

FOR several years the question concerning the best place and way for holding our General Conference has been in the minds of many people. That the Conference has outgrown the practicability of free entertainment in most of our Churches is a well-known fact. There are not more than four churches in our strongest Associations that can reasonably invite the Conference, and even these dread to do it. The cost and care are so great that there is little pleasure in the entertainment.

Now, there are other methods of accomplishing the work of the Conference that will not impose a heavy burden upon any Church, and will at the same time admit of large and even prolonged gatherings. Some convenient place of meeting could be agreed upon and made suitable for our annual convocations, say at some point like Chautauqua Lake. Those who were so disposed could build cottages and occupy them as their summer resort, including the time of Conference. Cottages or tents could be rented or tents could be owned and shipped; and the time of Conference could be lengthened out to cover a period of ten days or two weeks. In this way the gathering could be made both pleasurable and profitable. Individuals or families could take care of themselves, at no great cost, and thus equalize the burden that now comes heavily upon the entertaining Churches. This would give ample time for the business and religious work of all our Societies and Boards, and at the same time give all needful opportunity for rest and recreation. In view of the natural division of the most of our churches into Eastern and Western, it has been suggested that there be two rallying points on the above plan and that the Conference meet alternate years in these places. This plan would have some advantages over one central point.

Another plan is to have the Conference go



among the Associations as hitherto, but to such churches as are located in villages or cities where board could be obtained at reasonable rates at public and private houses. This would add a little to the expense of attending the Conference, but would be far better than the present burdensome method.

Still another plan is to have the Conference entertained by Associations. In this case some church convenient of access, would invite the Conference and all the Churches would share in the expense by assessment on the basis of membership.

Other suggestions might be made, but we simply throw out the above, hoping that there will be time at the coming Conference to give the matter more attention than it has hitherto received. The impression is almost universal that some improvement on our present method must be adopted.

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE International Series of Sabbath-school Lessons now so generally used was first introduced in 1873.

NINETEEN people in a trolley-car near Chester, Pa., were severely injured last week in a collision with an engine on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

ACCORDING to a decision of the Court of Chancery in England, Lady Henry Somerset has been denied the right to close a liquor bar on her own estate.

CHINESE authorities have promised a speedy trial of the outlaws who were guilty of the massacre of missionaries at Ku-Cheng. Several arrests have been made.

In the French Senate a bill has been introduced to prohibit workingmen and all employees of the State and of railway companies from engaging in a "strike."

THE peach crop in Delaware this year is estimated at 1,500,000 baskets, and at 50 cents per basket will be worth \$750,000. This is the largest crop in ten years.

It is reported that the Populists of Ohio have nominated the meteoric Coxey for Governor. Is the raid on Washington of two years ago the only evidence of fitness for this important position?

NEW YORK CITY is the third city in the world in population. If it should ever embrace all the cities which are separated from it by only the North and East Rivers it would become the largest city in the world.

ESTIMATES now place the probable corn product of this country this year at 2,400,000,000 bushels. This will be greater, if realized, than any previous crop in our history. Cotton bids fair to produce 9,000,000 bales.

ONE of the famous co-laborers with Wm. Miller in promulgating the theory that the world was to be destroyed in 1844 was Joshua V. Himes, who died in South Dakota, July 28th, at the age of 91 years; and the world still stands.

THIRTY-ONE years ago Gen. Sherman marched upon Atlanta, Georgia, and captured it. In a little while thousands of Northern people will be pouring into that fine city to

witness the great Exposition of the South and other States and countries.

DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, now abroad, writes to the New York *Independent* with a vigorous pen concerning the enforcement of law and order in his city. Certainly a great reform has taken place in the police force of New York within the last four years.

THE massacre of ten Christians in China—eight women, one man and one child—may lead to serious trouble. Even the religious press is calling for national interference, and a lesson that China will not soon forget. The United States and the British Government are called upon to seek redress.

A NEW continent is said to have been discovered, lying in the Antarctic circle. It is said to be larger than all Europe. It was recently described before the International Geographical Congress in session in London by the only man who is known to have set foot upon it, a Norwegian by the name of Borchgrevinck. Three expeditions are now planning to explore the new continent.

MORE Chinese outrages upon missionaries are reported. A dispatch from Hong Kong tells of an attack of a large mob of infuriated Chinese upon American and British missions at Fatshan, near Canton. This is the second massacre of Christians by the Chinese recently, and the situation is becoming serious. Both of the above governments have been appealed to for immediate steps to protect their subjects.

THE CUBAN rebellion is admitted to be stronger to-day than when it was first inaugurated. The purpose of the Chief Spanish General, Martinez de Campos, to crush the rebellion speedily has not been realized, and indeed seems not likely to be. He has commanded 40,000 of Spain's best troops and has lost at least one-third of them. Those most familiar with Cuban affairs and most competent to form opinions, believe that Cuba is destined soon to be free from Spanish rule.

JUDGE J. W. F. WHITE, of the Court of Common Pleas in Pennsylvania, recently declared as follows, concerning the curse of the liquor traffic in our land: "Liquor is the cause of four-fifths of the crime, the poverty, the wretchedness, and the sufferings of humanity. In all my experience upon the bench I never had a capital or a murder case in which liquor had not played its part. I do not mean that the murderer was always drunk, or even directly under the influence of liquor at the moment of his crime, but that at least indirectly its subtle, devilish influence could always be felt, and the slime of its trail, like that of the crawling snail, could always be traced."

THE enterprising New York *World* has for some time been engaged in encouraging a project for solving the question of practical aerial navigation. Some who read the *Recorder* have seen Prof. Carl Myers, of Herkimer, N. Y., and have witnessed his balloon ascensions (or those of his wife, under his direction). According to the *World*, a successful experiment with an airship was made a few days ago over New York City. The operator caused this vessel to float at will, with or against the wind. It is claimed that it can be maintained in the air as long as the operator desires, go in any direction, and land at his pleasure. If this is all true we will doubtless soon hear more from it.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

"COMMIT thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

Two weeks ago there came to the gospel tent at Louisville one night, a seedy looking fellow who asked the privilege of sleeping there. The brother in charge hesitated. He doubted whether he could sleep soundly and safely with such a companion under the same canvas, and he did not care to encourage tramps. But remembering "I was a stranger and ye took me in," and realizing some of the possibilities of being friendless and alone in a great city, he said "yes."

For several nights regularly the stranger was on hand to claim his privilege. He had been seeking work, he said, for weeks, and had found nothing. His clothing had become shabby and he was fast taking on the habit and appearance of a tramp. In the Sabbath morning meeting he stood up and gave his heart to God. The next Monday forenoon he found work.

I am not prepared to say that every man who trusts God will at once glide into worldly prosperity; but that when a man takes Christ for better or for worse, he will find it is always for better. God does not bribe men to serve him. He does not tell them before hand just how the future will be shaped, but when they let go other things and trust him, he certainly "will bring it to pass"—perhaps in ways of which they never dreamed.

SOMETHING of the effects of a bad business and bad associates upon character might be noted in a passing glance at the champion prize fighter, Corbett. When he first came into national notoriety, he was reported as a new kind of pugilist, viz., a gentleman. He drank milk, used good language, had a devoted wife and a happy home. Whether or not the drop to the level of a bully and an adulterer is entirely the work of the past two years, is not of the essence of this discussion. However that may be, the defendant goes out of the divorce courts a blackened man. A gentleman cannot be a prize fighter nor a prize fighter a gentleman.

"MINCE pies like mother used to make." There was something very attractive about that advertisement as it faced me night and morning on the elevated train. "Two pies made from one package of mince-meat,"—it certainly was no harm to try it.

Of course it was a fraud. Anyone might know it. In the first place the *victuals* and *drink* apples that mother used are not in the market—too delicate to stand shipping. The luscious white quarters went into one big wooden bowl. The pieces of tender beef into another, and the girl and boy each took a chopping knife, while mother rolled out the crust. Across the years the fragrance of those pleasant mornings comes floating. The sweet country air blew in through the south windows. The black-birds were singing in the Lombardy poplars. Father, swinging his hat with that trick of manner which lodges in the memory, was leading Dan and Peggy out to water. While the chopping knives flew up and down we sang our simple songs. Mother never sang this side of heaven, but that busy, helpful life was a grand, sweet



song. Yes, it took all this to produce "Mince pies like mother used to make."

They ship apples by the car load now, and butcher beeves in ten minutes. They turn out mince meat by the hogshead. It is a fast and wonderful age; but in the rapid rush of progress, many of the delicate flavors of life are likely to be sacrificed. There are two ingredients which go into every product which holds a place at the heart's fire-side, and these are *love* and *care*. No invention can supplant them. It might be no great matter to the world, were the recipes for the old-time mince pies forgotten. It would be a loss inestimable if the loving care which made the old-time homes great, were crowded out in the rush of modern life.

TO-NIGHT was the fourth night of the "Louisville Campaign" in the new tent with the quartet. The audiences have been steadily increasing from one hundred the first night until to-night two hundred people were in and about the tent. The prospect is bright. Now may God's people pray that his power melt the hearts of the multitude and make men glad to do his will.

#### DEATH AS A DOOR.

There is one beatitude which is generally reserved for funeral occasions. It is the text of many a discourse over departed saints. But it is good, also, for meditation at other times. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them." One cannot die in the Lord unless he first live in the Lord. There is nothing in death itself which sanctifies or makes holy. The divine grace does not peremptorily seize upon a soul, as it comes to the end of life, and save it as it leaves the body. Many appear to think so; at least they live as though they thought so. They are not willing to ask pardon while they are strong; but have a vague idea that salvation will be thrust upon them in the moment of death. But how shall one die in the Lord, unless he first repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?

We seldom think of death as a blessing, or as the gateway to another and higher life. We think of it, as we see it, as a separation. It separates our dearest friends from us. It takes them out of our sight, beyond the reach of our voice. It comes in the guise of a destroyer, consigning the bodies of those we love so dearly to the process of decay and final disappearance into dust. It is to many the most dreaded event, and they prefer not to think about it.

But here is a blessing pronounced upon those who die. "Blessed are the dead." "How can this be? How can the dead be blessed? How can an event, which we look forward to with the utmost dread, be a blessed event?"

There is a higher view of death than we are apt to take. As we see it all around us it seems to us the great catastrophe, the end of existence, the end of thinking, of working, of loving. We never see any one come forth from the grave; we never hold conscious fellowship with the spirits of those who have passed on before. They seem gone from us forever. This is the merely human, or earthly, view. It is not God's view; it is not the view of his Christ. Death wears a very different aspect to them. It is the door of life; it opens into

a freer life, a more perfect life. Those who have passed on before know that death is not destruction. It is escape from everything that fetters life, and saddens it, and makes it hard and fearful. It is final and complete escape from all pain and grief and suffering, from all crushing cares and disappointments; from all disease and danger of death, and from all forms of sin. It ushers the soul into all delightful experiences, out of the mixed experiences of earth. It is a blessed thing to pass from the presence of death to where there is nothing but life, abundant life.

If we have some joyful experiences here in the body and life sometimes is very sweet to us, do we not always live in the presence of death? We are always beholding the ravages of the destroyer; and many of us during our whole lifetime, as the book of Hebrews has it, are subject to bondage through fear of death. The dead who die in the Lord are finally and forever delivered from this fear. Paul said: "Our Saviour Jesus Christ hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

They are blessed not only because they have run the race and won the crown, kept the faith and finished the course, but also because they rest from their labors. Life, after all, is long enough. We crowd into its three-score years and ten sufficient of sorrow and suffering, trial and disappointment, aches and pains. If, by reason of strength, our span of life be increased to four-score years, "yet is their strength, labor and sorrow." Beyond the period of our probation, wherein opportunity is given us to cultivate the fruits of the Spirit, to serve humanity and lay up treasure in heaven, life is not profitable. Those who die in the Lord, take their works with them. After the seed-sowing comes the harvest. "Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed, he shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."

Those who die in the Lord do not go out empty-handed. If they have sown the seed of the gospel in their own hearts and in the hearts of others, they have their harvest. They take their sheaves with them. Good deeds never die; the labors of good lives do not stop with the grave, but they go on multiplying themselves in glorious results. If you cast a stone into a placid sheet of water you disturb at first only a little circle of the surface; but the wavelets increase in number and circumference until the whole surface of the lake is agitated. Just so a life devoted to the cause of God accumulates results for eternity.—*The Independent*.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Jane H. Clawson, widow of the late Rev. David Clawson, was born in New Jersey in 1803, was married January 25, 1823, and she, with her husband, embraced religion and united with the Piscataway, N. J., Church in 1825.

In about 1836 her husband was called to the work of the ministry, and ordained at a meeting of the General Conference at Alfred Centre, N. Y. She proved to be a faithful helper to him as long as he lived, and continued her work for Christ and the salvation of souls during her long and useful life. Her mind remained clear and bright, never letting an opportunity go by for doing good, and advising all to look to Jesus and improve the Christian religion. By her example and daily life she strove to impress all with whom she

associated with the necessity of a preparation for death, and yet her cheerful countenance, lively nature, and conversation would prove to all that religion, instead of making one gloomy and sad, had a tendency to make one cheerful and happy, and capable of enjoying all the innocent pleasures of life.

A young person whom she visited a few years since sent a message to her which she received a few days before her death. She says, "Give her our fondest love, tell her our memories of her are sweet ones to be cherished always, that to us she is the ideal of a beautiful Christian life." Her memory was good; for years she made a habit of committing a verse or more of Scripture every day, and this spring, although her eyesight had failed so she could not read, her knowledge of the Scriptures was so great that when her daughter would commence to read to her she would join in and repeat chapter after chapter of the Word of God, and one could scarcely find a place in the New Testament or Psalms that was not so familiar to her that she would not repeat it with you. She had selected many pieces of poetry and committed them to memory while she could see, but since the failure of her sight her daughter has repeated several selections to her until she had them fixed in her memory. The following she considered particularly adapted to her case:

The years roll on a rushing tide,  
More fleet as now I nearer glide  
O're life's great sea so vast and wide,  
To home so bright.

My busy thought to-day perchance,  
On more than ninety years may glance,  
And view the scenes that have enhanced  
My soul's delight.

But children's joys have passed away,  
And many friends who used to stay  
Around my home so bright and gay,  
In years gone by.

My hair is changed to silvery gray,  
And dimmer now the light of day,  
My step once firm now needs a stay,  
But I don't sigh.

For wisdom's way I sought in youth,  
Took for my guide the Book of Truth  
That all these years my heart did say,  
By faith press on.

Though clouds sometimes obscure the day,  
And sore afflictions still hold sway,  
I'll trust in God and try to say,  
Thy will be done.

Life has its burdens all must bear,  
A heavy load has been my share,  
But I will not in God despair,  
But trust His Word.

And day by day through life's decline  
May cheerful faces around me shine,  
And willing hands unite with mine  
To lift the load.

And when doth gleam life's latest ray  
May faith and hope be then my stay,  
And Jesus come to lead the way  
And ope the door.

I'll bear the cross till life is done,  
And one day wear a shining crown,  
And sing God's praise around the throne  
Forevermore.

#### UNEQUALLY YOKED.

Our associates have the greatest possible influence in forming our opinions, shaping our characters, and determining our destiny. The more intimate the association the more complete are these influences. Abram to become "the friend of God," must be separated from kindred of other cults. Had God's chosen people done as commanded and left none of the inhabitants of the land who did not know God to mingle with them, they would have been saved from the evil associations which led to their destruction. They were to form no allegiance with the people of the land; "neither shall thou make marriage with them." But they did not obey, and the first influence which is named as leading them



away from God is that "they took their daughters to be their wives, and gave their daughters to their sons, and served their gods." "Therefore the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he sold them into the hands of their enemy." The laws of social influence are unchanged. Disobedience to divine command will always incur divine displeasure and punishment.

The commandment to keep the Sabbath of the Lord holy, for reasons therein given, still stands unchanged, a central truth in the law of God. To disbelieve and disregard that commandment by substituting another day and keeping it for reasons which God has not assigned, constitutes flagrant unbelief, and separates believers and unbelievers widely apart as worshipers. To disobey the divine injunction, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, brings as terrible results now as in the days of Othniel, Solomon and Paul. "If ye do in any wise go back . . . and shalt make marriage with them . . . know for a certainty that . . . they shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish. How many young Sabbath-keepers, both men and women, have fallen into these snares? Look around and count them. Many yield and bow at once with their companion in Sunday worship. Others compromise conscience, supposing that they may keep the Sabbath while their companion does not, forgetting that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," and that the commandment to keep the Sabbath includes the son, daughter, man-servant, maid-servant, cattle, the stranger within thy gates, and most certainly both husband and wife. Again, conscientious girls are often snared by hope or promise that the lover will change to keep the Sabbath at a convenient time. The convenient time never comes; snares are never safe. What a man will not yield as a lover he will certainly never yield as a husband. Besides, such a motive is unworthy. Duty to God alone should decide the question of keeping the Sabbath. This is as true of the woman as of the man, but she being the weaker party, more generally yields and keeps the Sabbath with her husband. Yet then, if she has changed for a lover motive, she cannot teach her children the truth because it will reflect on her parents. The children of such marriages are not generally loyal to the Sabbath. The Bible rule is the only safe guide, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Ask those who have had years of experience what are the scourges in their sides, the thorns in their eyes. Let the wife of the Sunday-keeper tell of her longing for companionship and a quiet home on the Sabbath, and for the privilege of attending Sabbath worship when her duties to a toiling husband and family forbid. Let such a mother tell of the thorns as she has nursed and taught her child, but dared not instil into its mind God's Sabbath truth, and knew that she was nursing it to grow up and trample on that truth. A divided house cannot stand. The influence of such parental example is to make those children sabbathless, godless. There are many thorns of which only such a mother can tell, many, too, of which she cannot speak, for her lips are sealed because she entered the relationship with misgivings of conscience, and possibly, against parental advice. Like Esau, she finds no place of repentance though

she seeks it carefully with tears. Obedience is the only safe guide.

Young man, as you value happiness, seek a wife only among conscientious Sabbath-keepers. Young woman, as you value your soul and the peace of your future home, never yield your conscience to any man.

As a Sabbath-keeping people, where is the responsibility for faithful obedience to the commandment distinguishing us as Christians? We answer: In the home and the church, the divine institution of instruction; with the parent and the ministry, the instructors there. But we have now no more space to write. VIDI.

SOURCES OF DANGER OF CONTRACTING DISEASES.

Dust from infected handkerchiefs. A general rule applicable to all persons, sick and well, is that handkerchiefs should be looked upon with suspicion. They should not be used after any secretion from the nose has been permitted to dry upon them. After being used, they should be put into a paper bag which may then have its top twisted shut, there to remain until put into boiling water.

Dust from floors or articles upon which infected sputum or saliva has been ejected.

Contact with the hands of persons who cough into their hands, or who handle infected handkerchiefs or cloths into which they have spit.

Books, pencils, gum, drinking-cups, etc., used in common.

Dust from rooms and clothing infected by persons having a communicable disease.

Possibly typhoid fever may be spread by means of dust containing the germs of that disease; but in order that typhoid fever may occur, the germs must be swallowed or find their way to the lower part of the small intestine. This disease is usually spread by drinking-water which has been contaminated with sewage or with leachings from privies. Similar statements are true relative to cholera.

DANGEROUS COMMUNICABLE DISEASES.

Consumption is now known to be a communicable disease. It is spread by the dust of dried sputa, also by milk and meat of tuberculous animals. The most important measure for the restriction of consumption is the disinfection or destruction of all sputa of every consumptive person. It is best that all persons who have a cough should carry small pieces of cloth (each just large enough to receive one sputum) and parafined paper envelopes or wrappers, in which the cloth, as soon as once used, may be put and securely inclosed, and, with its envelope, burned on the first opportunity.

Pneumonia is spread by a germ which is in the sputum of those who have the disease (and of some who do not have the disease, unless, possibly, after exposure to the inhalation of cold air). Care should always be taken to destroy or disinfect all sputa of those who have pneumonia.

Influenza is now believed to be spread by a germ which finds its way from infected handkerchiefs and other articles and places, into the nose, throat, and air-passages of persons susceptible to this disease. The measures for its restriction are therefore obvious,—isolation and disinfection.

Diphtheria is spread by the sputa, saliva, and whatever comes from the throat and the mouth of the patient, and by the dust which results from the drying of such saliva, etc.

The germs of diphtheria sometimes remain in the throat weeks after apparent complete recovery. For its restriction and prevention, isolation and disinfection are the important measures,—isolation of every infected person and thing, and their complete disinfection.

Typhoid fever. Unlike typhus fever, typhoid fever is not often contracted directly from the sick person, but usually from the discharges from the bowels of the sick person. These should always be properly disinfected. Undisinfected discharges, if dried and formed into dust, may spread the disease through the air. The chief source of danger, however, is believed to be drinking-water contaminated by sewage or leachings from privies, etc. The germs of typhoid fever are killed by boiling. All suspected water should be boiled.

Scarlet fever. The germ of scarlet fever is not yet identified. But that there is a germ, seems to be proven by the well-known communicability of the disease from person to person. It is spread by the discharges from the nose, the mouth, and the throat, and probably also by the minute scales which are thrown off from the surfaces of the body. Isolation and disinfection are the measures by which this disease is restricted.

Measles is spread from person to person, directly and indirectly. Isolation and disinfection should be enforced.

Whooping-cough is a communicable disease, which, in Michigan, causes more deaths than does small-pox. Whooping-cough is spread from person to person, directly and probably indirectly.

Small-pox. Small-pox is a contagious disease; it spreads by means of particles given off from the surface of the body. By vaccination and revaccination, small-pox may be and should be, almost wholly prevented. One vaccination or once having small-pox, does not protect for life. Revaccination should be had once in about five years, also whenever small-pox is prevalent, and certainly immediately after one has been exposed to the disease.

Cholera is spread in much the same way as is typhoid fever. The same precautions recommended to prevent the spreading of typhoid fever should be taken as soon as cholera appears. The first evacuations of a choleraic diarrhea are infectious, and should, as well as all that follow, be immediately carefully disinfected. Suspected drinking-water should be boiled.—*State Board of Health (Michigan).*

THE "missed" things in life are most provoking. To come home after a dreary day's performance of duty and find that we have just missed the one person whose visit we have longed for, how annoying it is! To summon hope and courage to our aid and set forth on an unpleasant enterprise and just miss by one moment the chance that would make our venture successful, how tiresome it is! And again, how soul-wearying to strive and strive to satisfy our loved ones, to work with nothing in view but their happiness and well-being, and yet, by some indefinable irony of fate, to fail in giving either comfort or happiness—is not this the greatest "miss" of all in life? There are moments in everyone's experience when the discords of life, which arise mainly from a mistake, are too overwhelming to be borne, when they drown all harmony and make life a perfect fugue.

JUSTICE is like the kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us a great yearning.—*Romola.*



## Missions.

### THE TRIALS OF MISSIONARIES.

Three of our missionary letters this week close with an earnest appeal for the prayers of American Christians in behalf both of the native converts and the missionaries. There is also very significant testimony to the peculiar fortitude on the part of the converts under specially trying circumstances, and incidentally to the very perplexing questions that come before the missionaries. The constancy of the Manchurian Christians, and the fidelity to their principles on the part of the "savage South Sea Islanders," are scarcely more noticeable than the wisdom and patient instruction of those who have trained them.

We commend these letters to persons, and their number seems to be just now unusually large, who are inclined to criticise missions and missionaries. That there should be more or less of such criticism is inevitable. Mission work is too prominently before the world not to receive the special attention of observers of every kind. Missionaries, too, are in a wider sense than ever before public characters. This not merely because they are in a measure public servants, but because they are even more truly public leaders. It is a fact recognized by all that the changes which have occurred in Japan, China, Turkey, India, and many parts of Africa, to say nothing of the Pacific Islands, have been very materially affected, if not entirely molded by their teaching and example. They are thus in a peculiar sense open to the attacks of those who for any reason whatever are dissatisfied with the nature of the development of those nations. It is natural, too, that among the critics should be not only foes but friends. The one class will criticise because of their hostility to all forms of what they call proselytism, especially if it interferes with their personal interests. The sea captain, had he succeeded in purchasing supplies on Sunday, would have had nothing but praise for the missionary instruction that had been the means of procuring for him a better grade of provision. He became a critic when his personal advantage, not necessity, was delayed for a day. On the other hand, so long as native churches progress in the same line as people of different education and type of thought, all goes well; but when their development takes a different direction, even those who have hitherto been ardent supporters become first skeptical, then perhaps hostile in their comments as to the nature of the instruction which has been given to these churches.

All this the missionaries understand and expect. They realize better than their critics possibly can the perplexities and limitations of their situation and the uncertainty as to results which attend their best efforts. They realize that with the constant pressure upon them for immediate action, even in the most difficult cases, they are in danger of wrong decisions, and their absolute need of all the help they can possibly obtain. There is, in truth, no class of workers in the world more ready to accept criticism, so long as it is constructive and not destructive, sympathetic and not hostile in its spirit. All they ask is that those who pass their comments shall first fully post themselves as to the facts, and, secondly, be able to look at the questions involved from their standpoint. This last is,

perhaps, the most essential, and the lack of it is probably the cause of some of the hardest blows that have been given to the mission cause. With the increasing publicity of missions there are many people who habitually form their own ideas as to how mission work should be done. When they find those whom they have been supporting following out different lines, they are apt to withdraw their confidence and support. It may be that they think the missionaries extravagant. It may be that the difficulty is theological, social, or even moral. Whatever it is they are prompt to say that the missionary must be wrong and they right; and, unless the missionary changes his course, they withdraw their support.

What is the remedy? Abstention from all criticism? By no means. To criticism, even hostile and unfair, are due some of the best efforts of mission work. We believe that the clue is found in the universal plea that comes from every mission field: "Pray for us." The man that prays earnestly and faithfully will seldom be out of sympathy with those for whom he prays, especially if they have a definite personal existence in his thought. Prayer for missions is too general; it should include individuals. It is also too much the fact that prayer for missionaries means prayer that they may be led to do as we think they ought to. If we would pray for wisdom for ourselves as well as for them, it is probable that the result would be more harmony, less hostility. People sometimes wonder why it is that the boards so generally indorse the missionaries even when the churches are inclined to think them wrong. The explanation is in the fact that in the meetings of the boards no important action is ever taken without special prayer, in which the burden of the petition is that divine wisdom may attend and guide not merely corporate, but personal action, both at home and on the field. Let the same thing be true of the churches and individual Christians everywhere, and we believe that such an impulse would be given to the work of missions as the Church has never seen.—*The Independent*.

#### FROM F. J. BAKKER.

Through the goodness of our Heavenly Father I could do my work as usual every day, as it seems the best according to circumstances and time. It is very difficult in a large town as this, with so many large and small ships and so much other work from very different cases to go after a finer rule. I did many times think about it, and did try it to go and use a certain rule, but I found out that it would not do. As one settled rule I always go (when I am fresh and well) every First-day morning or forenoon to the ships on the quays and several harbors, and in this way I can talk many a good word to the sea-faring men, and give them good advice and tracts, papers, and every kind of reading matter; and in this way I hope to bring to them a blessing, and show them the way to everlasting good, and many will listen; however there are also many who will laugh and scoff. And so with emigrants: every week I look after them and mostly have the opportunity to talk with many of them, give them tracts in their language, and show them the way, and try to be kind towards them, because in many cases people in general are rude and hard against them, and because

those poor strangers are bereaved of plenty—of what we and others have—far away from their nation and kindred. I try to help them and make them to understand that I as a Christian will not do like those rude folks. But still they would not always believe me or give confidence to my words, and that's easy to understand, because they very easily find out how the people treat them in common.

And further on I go to all parts of the town to the harbors, (then our harbors are about three or four miles distant from one end to another end of the town) and so I bring many good tracts, papers or pamphlets to the people, talk with them, and some will treat me very kind, and listen to what I have to tell; also our usual work in temperance and other good things.

Since a month a young lady commenced to keep the Lord's Sabbath. She is about 26 years of age and mostly sick—very poor health. She wanted to be baptized if she would be able to leave her bed and be strong enough to do it. She looks to be a very earnest young woman, and we hope and pray that our Heavenly Father will make it so that her—and also our—wish may be fulfilled. Also a young Jew, who two years ago did confess Jesus for his Messiah and Saviour, and through the influence from Sunday-keepers did renounce the Sabbath for a time, became acquainted with us, and so we hope he will be earnest and stick to the Sabbath again.

So you see, dear brethren, that we are not working in vain. Praises be to our Heavenly Father. We are all well, the weather is beautiful, and crops, vegetables, etc., are plentiful. We can have our regular meetings on the Sabbath and on other days when necessary, and so we go on from one day to another until we, through the grace of God, may reach the mansion above.

#### JEWISH MISSIONS IN NEW YORK.

Our readers will have noticed that for a long time we have had hardly a word to say by way of commendation of the methods of mission work among the Jews in this city. The reason has not been wholly that there is no good work done, but that we have not been able to approve some of those missions kept most persistently before the public.

Jewish missions have a special attraction to certain minds; to those who are devoted to the prophecies and are anxious to hurry their fulfillment, and who forget the instructions of our Lord, who directed his disciples to go to those who would hear. These missions are also, for some reason or other, very liable to attract those whose proselyting methods are not purely evangelistic, and who are so anxious to make converts that they are not careful that their converts shall be disinterested.

The Jewish missions carried on in this city are the following:

The American Hebrew Mission, 17 St. Mark's Place, under the charge of the City Mission. This was formerly under the charge of Dr. Freshman, and until lately of Mr. Warzawiak. Most of the "affidavits" from converts that have gone back to Judaism have been obtained from men who were baptized in this mission. It is now, however, under the charge of the Rev. Bernhard Angel, for whom we have nothing but good to say.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has a



mission at 68 Seventh Street, under the charge of the Rev. Meyer Lerman, who is an excellent man.

Under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church the mission called Hope of Israel is carried on by the Rev. A. C. Gaeblerlein and the Rev. E. J. Stroeter, at 91 Livingston Street and 209 Madison Street. We have full confidence in their work.

Mr. E. Landsmann carries on a quiet mission, with tracts and without any preaching, under Lutheran auspices. He has no permanent headquarters, but his work is a good one. These four missions are conducted on methods that do not call for criticism.

Besides these there are three other missions to the Jews, of which the one which puts itself most prominently before the public is that of Herman Warszawiak, whose headquarters is the Church of Sea and Land, number 19 Market Street. His methods did not commend themselves to Dr. Schaeffler, of the City Mission, and Mr. Warszawiak took up an independent mission, which has just secured a committee, with estimable gentlemen behind it, at the head of which is Dr. John Hall. He is attempting to raise \$150,000 for his projected "Christ's Synagog," as if there were any possible reason for having a special church for Jews, and he has secured a large subscription for it in Scotland. He is an eloquent, taking speaker, and will travel the country to raise the money, and will very likely succeed. He succeeds in one way or another in drawing large numbers of Jews occasionally into his congregation. A few weeks ago at the close of the Saturday service, instead of waiting as usual to speak with those who wished to speak with him, he hastened to the front of the church where one of his assistants had locked the iron gate; thus holding the congregation while a photographer, who was across the street, was ready to take a picture of the crowd about Mr. Warszawiak. But they made such a riot over it that the gate was opened and the photographer fled in dismay. Mr. Warszawiak declared that he had not ordered the gates closed nor the photographer to be at hand. During the week he distributed cards in Hebrew jargon among the Jews telling them that to every person who came to meeting the next Saturday he would give a free ticket admitting to a wonderful fifty-cent entertainment. Dr. John Hall, who was present, found a crowded house. When the entertainment came off the pictures of Warszawiak and his helpers and of our Lord were not received in an edifying way.

Dr. Herman Faust, a converted Jewish rabbi, has a mission at 128 Forsyth Street under the patronage, we believe, of a Scotch Presbyterian Church. He claims to be a doctor of philosophy of Berlin. There is also a Baptist mission to the Jews at the Mariner's Temple under the direction of the Rev. H. Lichenstein.—*The Independent.*

THE oldest and wisest of us may be as little children in our communion with a prayer-hearing God. We may put our hand in that paternal Hand, no matter how narrow the chasm, how gentle the activity, and look trustfully and hopefully for that availing guidance. Ah! if we could learn this lesson of filial trust at every step of our way along our earthly pilgrimage, no matter how steep or rough or obscure the path, it would guide us safely and surely home to our Father's house.—*A. C. Stone.*

## Woman's Work.

WHATEVER notion Dives may have had this side of the grave as to the value of foreign missions, he awoke in eternity to plead that a missionary might be sent the long journey from heaven to earth, that his brethren might repent.—*Woman's Work.*

TO RESERVE one's self only for great occasions—to wait for opportunities of doing good on a large scale—is not to copy our Pattern. Life is made up, as of moments, so of trivial events and evanescent scenes. We must seize the passing incident or it is gone forever. Individuals cross your path to whom you might do a kind office or speak a kind word; if you do as your Master did, you will not despise the day of small things. An unexpected word of sympathy or counsel has penetrated many a heart and made a life-long impression there.—*Boardman.*

"WHAT events may or may not form turning points in our lives, we can never know, till they are past and their work, for good or ill, is done. In the construction of this great temple of the world, find, if you can, a moulding, a cornice, with a rivet in it: any putting of nails, or hiding of seams, or painting over of patches. Oh, no: everything is finished, no matter where, no matter how you find it. All the blue masonry of night was done without trowel or hammer. Who ever detected anywhere a leaflet half fashioned or a bower half painted. Everything of heaven's handiwork is finished from first to last; from the plan of salvation, finished upon Calvary, to the violet that opens its blue eyes to the dew."

### THE BOY'S BOARDING-SCHOOL.

I have been requested by the Secretary of our Association to present a few thoughts in the interest of the Boy's Boarding-School of our China Mission, and give some reasons why it should be sustained and some suitable person sent to take charge of it.

To those familiar with its history and that of the mission of which it is a part, it would seem that no plea for its continuance were needed. By many it is considered the most important factor in our mission work in China. It is an object lesson to the Chinese as well as a Christianizing agency, and illustrates to them the character of a Christian home.

National life and character are the aggregate of individual and family character, as well in China as in America, and if we would make any advancement in Christianizing the Chinese, the foundation must be laid in the home. The elements of character essential for the establishment of Christian homes must be developed early to be most efficient. The necessary instruction and discipline must come "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," and how can the character of heathen children be more symmetrically developed than in a Christian home such as our boarding-school aims to be? Is it not plain that a mission would become more permanently successful were the character of its native assistants thus developed?

The school was established because it was deemed essential to the permanent prosperity of the mission, and its importance becomes more apparent as the work progresses. Were it not so, we are sure that our dear Miss

Burdick would not have sustained the burden of its oversight so long. Her health is suffering from the long continued strain which this extra work imposes, and fears are entertained by her friends that she will break down and the mission thus lose her valuable services unless some one is speedily sent to relieve her.

In her report to the Missionary Board last year Miss Burdick says: "I have had real travail of soul over this school during the year. While for some reasons I have felt exceedingly reluctant to write about my work, it comes to me now that possibly I would better write with some frankness of how I have been thinking of the work. We desire a boy's school in the mission because we consider it one of the good ways to disseminate the gospel; because we trust that under God's blessing there will be found among the boys some who will become faithful, trained helpers, teachers and preachers, and because we hope there will, in time, be worthy young men to become the husbands of our girls, thus removing the necessity of marrying all of them outside our mission." She further adds: "It is a fact worthy of note that missions formerly opposed to boy's schools have recently been establishing them, hoping to avoid the necessity of depending upon other missions for trained assistants."

With great care and painstaking the boys have been selected and gathered into the school, have been well instructed and disciplined, and are fast developing graces of mind and heart which, if they can be retained in the school, will make them invaluable aids to the mission work." "Can it be that we are to send away these bright and promising boys from among whom we have hoped would come efficient native helpers in our future work?" writes the Rev. D. H. Davis in an article recently published in the SABBATH RECORDER. "We need the school, not only as an educating, but as a Christianizing, agency. If a religious training is important for Christian work at home, it is doubly important for those who have been born in the lap of heathenism." Are not these reasons sufficient why the school should be sustained?

There is, however, another reason for maintaining the school. We are financially indebted to the Chinese for the money they contributed toward the school-buildings which were turned over to the medical department when the hospital was arranged for; buildings which cost over \$2,000, only \$800 of which was contributed by the Missionary Board, the remainder being given by Chinese and foreign residents in Shanghai.

It cannot be that any serious thought of discontinuing the school has been entertained by responsible parties, else they would not have allowed the burden of its care to rest so long upon Miss Burdick's shoulders. We are sure that the school has held and still holds its place in the affections and prayers of our people, but we have been like some busy housewives who become so intent upon the accomplishment of one piece of work that they allow another equally important to await attention till that is completed.

The visit of Dr. Swinney brought home to us with great force the needs of the Medical department of the Mission and stimulated earnest effort to supply them. Thought and effort became so concentrated on the work of furnishing the hospital, and the preparations needed for the outfit and passage of Dr.



Palmborg that the school was allowed to await attention till that was completed. Now, however, we would turn our attention and bend our energies to accomplish this equally important work. To longer postpone it would, we believe, incur the divine displeasure. God forgive us that we have delayed it so long, and allowed our devoted sister to jeopardize her health by carrying this extra burden for so long a time.

Brother Davis, in the article above referred to, has set before us the urgent need that a man and his wife be at once sent to take charge of the school, and of funds sufficient to purchase land and erect suitable buildings for it. His burning words must have sent an electric thrill to every loyal leader's heart, and we can but believe that the hearts of those whom God designs for this work were touched by his spirit as with a live coal from off the altar. We know not who or where they are, but God's eye is upon them, his spirit is searching their hearts to see if they are willing to make the needed sacrifice. Let fervent prayer be offered that they may heed his call and follow where he leads. And while we await their decision, which should be prompt, for the case is urgent, we will look to those whom God has blessed financially to come forward with generous contributions for the erection and equipment of buildings suitable for the school.

Then there should be a special effort made to meet the expense of outfit and passage of these missionaries. It must be obvious to all that the work should be undertaken at once, and it seems eminently fitting that it should be inaugurated by the Woman's Board, who, with the societies they represent, feel such deep solicitude for the health of Miss Burdick. We believe that were a call issued at once for contributions to a fund for this purpose it would meet with a generous response.

While all needed arrangements are being made, let earnest prayer be offered that divine wisdom may guide our leaders, and a spirit of self-sacrificing loyalty be given to every Christian, that all may work together harmoniously for the accomplishment of this work, and for all that is given us by him who has said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

MRS. C. M. LEWIS.

#### THE UNDER-WORLD OF NEW YORK.—A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

BY MRS. HELEN CAMPWELL.

As far as Mercury is from Saturn is this under-world from yours, gentle reader. It opens to the sight only when night descends, and often within a stone's throw of the empty warehouses, and the spaces of dark and forsaken streets are its most pathetic phases to be seen.

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Yonder is a little Italian eating-house no one would think of calling a restaurant. It is down in a cellar, and, as if to hide it more, the steps, old and broken, go down sidewise along the front wall. The room is lit by a smoky kerosene lamp. A little bar is in one corner, and narrow, wooden benches, black with use, run around the walls and are fastened to them. Here five cents will buy a plate of macaroni, a bit of toast, and a cup of coffee. It was in this dingy basement that a woman of about thirty drifted only the other day. She was a comely woman, with regular features and dark hair. A thin shawl was

drawn over her shoulders; her dress was ragged and worn, her face deathly pale. She had no money, and when she faintly begged for food, a swarthy Italian paid five cents for the coffee and a crust of bread that were served to her.

She drank the coffee and thrust the crust into her pocket. She would have gone then, but she was trembling with weakness, and the man who paid for her food held her back. She sat silent and thoughtful on the narrow bench until long after nightfall. Then she drew the crust from her pocket and began to nibble it.

"Let me warm the bread for you," said the keeper's little boy. He put it on the stove, warmed it, and brought it back to the woman, who suddenly gasped and died.

All night long her lifeless body waited for removal in the dead wagon to the morgue. In her pocket was found the remnant of a crust and a copy of these verses, printed on red paper:

On the street, on the street,  
To and fro with weary feet;  
Aching heart and aching head;  
Homeless, lacking daily bread;  
Lost to friends and joy and name,  
Sold to sorrow, sin, and shame;  
Ruined, wretched, lone, forlorn;  
Weak and wan, with weary feet,  
Still I wander on the street!

On the street, on the street,  
Midnight finds my straying feet;  
Hark the sound of pealing bells,  
O the tales their music tells!  
Happy hours forever gone;  
Happy childhood, peaceful home—  
Then a mother on me smiled,  
Then a father owned his child—  
Vanish, mocking visions sweet!  
Still I wander on the street.

On the street, on the street,  
Whither tend my wandering feet?  
Love and hope and joy are dead—  
Not a place to lay my head—  
Every door against me sealed—  
Hospital and potter's field.  
These stand open!—wider yet  
Swings perdition's yawning gate;  
Thither tend my wandering feet,  
On the street, on the street.

On the street, on the street,  
Might I here a Saviour meet!  
From the blessed far-off years  
Comes the story of her tears,  
Whose sad heart with sorrow broke,  
Heard the words of love he spoke,  
Heard him bid her anguish cease,  
Heard him whisper, "Go in peace!"  
O that I might kiss his feet,  
On the street, on the street.

—From "Darkness and Daylight in New York."

#### POISON.

Two dogs were in the barn: one a large Newfoundland dog whose name was Growler; and a small rat-terrier pup, called Frisk.

Frisk was saying to Growler:

"I was just on the watch for a rat when I peeped through a crack in the barn floor, and saw a piece of the nicest, fresh beefsteak; and I know where there is a hole at the side of the barn large enough for me to crawl through and get it."

And little Frisk looked up at the wise old dog to see what he thought of such a piece of good fortune, and wondered if he didn't wish he was a small dog too, so he could have the advantage of crawling through small openings. But Growler looked down very seriously at the little dog, and said:

"Don't you know that meat has been put there for some purpose? And it may not be safe to touch it."

"Oh, no! I'm not afraid of it," said Frisk, and he wagged his tail hard. "I think it just happened there, and nobody put it there at all."

"Things don't happen in this world; there is design in everything," replied Growler, scowling down at the little dog.

"Well, I will just take another look at it, anyhow," said Frisk, and he whisked away,

wagging his tail so hard that it shook him all over. And in a little while he came trotting back.

"O Growler!" he said, "it is the most tempting bit of beefsteak I ever saw; and it has something white sprinkled over it that looks like fine table salt."

"Maybe it is loaf sugar," said Growler, with a sneer that drew his upper lip up until he showed a whole row of white teeth.

Growler was disgusted with the pup that he had taken under his special care, and was trying to train up in the way he should go, so that when he was old he would not depart from it.

"Do you know why I am called Growler?" asked the big dog.

"I don't know," answered Frisk.

"It is not because I have a bad disposition, with the evil habit of perpetually growling, but because I can growl so furiously whenever growling is needed. I keep all thieves and robbers away from the premises just by giving a horrid growl at the right time. And you can become as useful a dog as I, by keeping this barn clear of rats, if you will only behave yourself, and grow up right. I know something about that beefsteak!"

Frisk thought Growler knew a great deal, so he listened attentively to what he had to say.

"Last night I heard the master say that some wild animal was killing his chickens, and hiding at night under the barn; and he was going to put strychnine on some meat, and place it underneath the barn, and kill off the 'varmint.'"

"Oh! I'm so glad you told me, or I might have been a dead dog; for I was going to eat it," said Frisk.

"That's right," replied Growler, complacently; always consult wiser heads than your own when you contemplate so desperate a thing as eating a bit of rare beefsteak that just happens to be somewhere; for remember that things never happen, but everything is done for some purpose."

"I'll remember," answered Frisk, as he frisked away, for he thought he heard a rat scratching in the loft. But it was only a boy climbing down from the haymow with a book in his hand, and rubbing his eyes, wondering if he had been asleep and dreamed he heard the dogs talking to each other, or if it could be really so that dogs did tell things to one another; for there were Growler and Frisk, and both dogs came up to him, ready for a frolic and run in the meadows. But their young master ordered the dogs to be quiet, and walked away as fast as he could to a neighbor's where a boy sat in a hammock reading.

"Here, Ned," he called as he came near, "I've brought back your book. I won't read it, nor any book of that kind!"

"What's up now, Harry? It's an awfully interesting story about Indians and bandits,—enough to make your hair stand on end. And there's a thrilling love tale in it, too!"

"But you know it isn't the kind of a book my father would like for me to read."

"Of course, I know that, and I didn't mean for you to show it to your father. But the book has lots of good in it, and there's a splendid moral at the end that makes you feel like you wanted to do great and noble things."

"There's lots of good in fresh beefsteak with a sprinkling of strychnine on it! But if I can't get beefsteak without strychnine, nor interesting books without poison in them, I want neither of them. My father is a sensible Christian man, and I won't read anything he disapproves of."

Then Harry handed the book to Ned, and returned homeward, thinking to himself, "I'm going to always consult my father about things. I ought to be willing to do as much as little Frisk when he consults wise old Growler. Maybe I only dreamed what the dogs said, but it is truth, anyhow. Some books and many other things have had influences in them,—a poison mixed with the good just so as to make it take easier; they take it



for the sake of the good, juicy meat, and because it tastes good; for, of course, no animal would care to lick up strichnine by itself, but they take the meat for the good there is in it, then they get all of the bad too.

"Father says a moral evil will kill the soul just as a poison will kill the body. I want to tell him about this, and then ask him to tell me about all the things that have a moral poison in them that kills the soul, so I may keep away from them as Frisk does from the poisoned meat."—*Sunday School Times*.

THE TRIAL OF WAITING.

Every old soldier knows that the hardest thing in connection with a battle is the waiting under fire for orders to move. To push forward in the fight is exciting work, so exciting as to call out all the energies of a man, and to keep his mind full with thoughts of that which he has to do for the moment. He has no time then to think of danger or to speculate upon chances. But when a man has to stand, or to lie, in line, with the bullets whistling about him, or with the sound of the battle in his ears, or with nothing to do in the nature of action or of effort, he is sure to be thinking of danger and fearing the results of delay, and to be suffering from the strain upon his nerves, which is all the intenser because there is nothing for his muscles to do.

As it is with the soldier in physical warfare, so it is with the soldier in life's battles of every sort. Waiting under fire is harder than moving forward in the thick of the fight.

Yet waiting is a large part of man's duty in life, when he would fain be actively doing something. Waiting for the hour of a school examination; waiting for an expected caller at one's home, or waiting for the hour when one may make a call of pleasure or of important business; waiting for one's turn at an after-dinner speech, or for a part in an athletic contest; waiting for an expected train at a railway station, or waiting for the time when one may take a train homeward—all these are ordinary experiences in waiting. They tax the patience and the energies of the young and the old, and they are hard to bear.

A city business man, who had not indulged in the luxury of vacations, was induced to take a season of rest in the country. It did not suit his active mind, and when he was asked by a friend how it seemed to him, he answered: "I feel all the time as if I were waiting on the corner of the street for a car to come along." Many another man can appreciate that state of mental strain.

To wait on a sick bed, or to wait by one, is a sore trial for the sufferer in body or in mind. And to wait at a distance for the slow passage of the hours or the days while disease is running its course with a loved one, while there is nothing to do but to wait, is one of the severest tests of endurance to which human nature is called. Waiting for bad news, or waiting in doubt as to the nature of the coming news, is in many a case a greater strain on the mental powers than meeting the news of the worst when it does come. Yet just because waiting is so hard, waiting is the one duty of the hour to be endured bravely and in hope when there is nothing to do but to wait. "If I could only do something, instead of waiting in utter inaction," says the longing soul. But you cannot do anything, except to wait; therefore you must be patient and courageous in waiting.

Patience is endurance in waiting at the call of God, and such patience is enjoined and com-

mended as a Christian virtue and as a Christian duty. "In your patience ye shall win your souls," said our Lord to his disciples as he foretold their trial, when distress would be in the army-encompassed city which was their home, and there would be nothing for them to do but to wait patiently for the end. In our patience we shall win our souls when a like duty is ours in a like state of distress. "Ye have need of patience," says the apostle, "that, having done the will of God, ye may receive the promise." All of us have promises on which we may rest, for ourselves and for our dear ones, in the hour of the most anxious waiting; and we have need of patience, that, when we have done all we can do, we may wait to receive the fulfillment of those promises.

The Bible is full of injunctions to waiting, and of assurances of hope and faith in waiting.

"Wait on the Lord:  
Be strong, and let thine heart take courage;  
Yea, wait thou on the Lord."

"I will wait for the Lord, that hideth his face." "The Lord is good unto them that wait for him."

"I am weary with my crying; my throat is dried:  
Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God."

"Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not delay." The promised blessing may to our thought tarry; but it will not, as God sees it delay.

"I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,  
And in his word do I hope.  
My soul looketh for the Lord,  
More than watchmen look for the morning;  
Yea, more than watchmen for the morning."

Patient waiting must be waiting in hope. We have no right to be without hope as we wait the issue of God's ordering. "If we hope for that which we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." Patient, hopeful waiting is hard work when it is the only work possible to us in an emergency. But patient waiting is, in its time, the highest duty of a faithful soul. Others may have active service for the hour in the plan of God. "They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Sunday School Times*.

CURIOSITIES OF ETIQUETTE.

In the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on the imperial table. The result is large perquisites for the attendants. To one man fall all the uncorked bottles, to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints, and to another still the game or the sweets. Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Viennese come readily to purchase the remains. And there is no other means of procuring imperial Tokay than this.

Long ago in England even the greatest men in the land were pleased to receive such perquisites. In the reign of Henry II, for instance, the Lord Chancellor was entitled to the candle-ends of one great and forty small candles per day. And the aquarius, who must be a baron in rank, received one penny for drying towels on every ordinary occasion of the king's bathing. The ceremonial that the revolution swept away the first Emperor Napoleon was careful to revive in a less extreme form, and it is characteristic of the man that he made a special study of it, and went so far as to prescribe the special forms to be observed on great occasions. Before his coronation, M. Isabey, the miniature painter, gave seven rehearsals with wooden dolls appropriately dressed of the seven cere-

monies that were to be enacted. And one ceremony being especially intricate, the functionaries rehearsed it in person in the gallery of Diana at the Tuileries, a plan having been carefully traced with chalk on the floor. This was the sort of thing in which Napoleon especially rejoiced, and he himself arranged beforehand all the details of the entry of Maria Louisa into France, and of his subsequent marriage with her. Among other particulars, on reaching what was then French territory, the archduchess was conducted into the eastward room of a three-roomed house near Braunau; the French commissioner entered the westward; while the third room in the middle was occupied by the rest of the party. And M. de Bausset, who gives an account of the proceedings, having bored holes with a gimlet in the door of the middle room, had a splendid view of the unconscious princess. But, he quaintly adds, it was the ladies who took most advantage of his forethought.

The ceremonial of the Chinese court is somewhat exacting. It used to include, if it does not now, complete prostration before the throne. Last century a Persian envoy refused to go through the degrading ordeal.

Directions were given to the officials to compel him by stratagem to do so. On arriving one day at the entrance to the hall of audience the envoy found no means of going in except by a wicket, which would compel him to stoop very low. With great presence of mind and considerable audacity the ambassador turned round and entered backward, thus saving the honor of his country.—*London Standard*.

MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.

A special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society was held in the lecture-room of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist Church, Westerly, R. I., August 13, 1895.

The meeting was called to order at 9.40 A. M., Mr. George B. Carpenter in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. William C. Whitford.

There were present 13 members and 3 visitors.

The minutes of the regular meeting, July 17, 1895, were read and approved.

The Corresponding Secretary presented his annual report, which was adopted as a part of the Fifty-third Annual Report of the Board of Managers.

It was voted that the report be printed in connection with the Minutes of the General Conference, and that 150 copies be printed separately for the use of the Corresponding Secretary.

It was voted that the Corresponding Secretary be authorized to have printed 500 copies of an abstract of the report for use at the Annual Session.

The Treasurer then presented his annual report.

It was voted that Mr. C. H. Stanton and Mr. I. B. Crandall audit the Treasurer's report.

It was voted that the Treasurer's report be referred to the auditors, and that if it be found correct, it be adopted as a part of the Fifty-third Annual Report of the Board of Managers, and that it be printed with the omission of itemized receipts.

Adjourned.

WILLIAM C. DALAND, *Rec. Sec.*



## Young People's Work

### THE HOLLAND MISSION.\*

In order to get a good idea of the work of our church in Holland, it may be well to begin with a short review of its history.

Nearly all the members of the church were brought up as Sunday-keepers, but several were Baptists before they commenced to keep the Sabbath-day holy. It is about twenty-five years ago that Bro. G. Velthuysen was chosen pastor over a small church of First-day Baptists at Haarlem. At first they met at his home, but the membership soon increased, and they could no longer meet there. They built a little church, the same one that to-day is occupied by the Seventh-day Baptists. It has a capacity of 125 seats, and has a very pleasant and beautiful location at one of the many parks of the pretty city of Haarlem. When this small church had a house for public meetings, the membership increased more rapidly, and the pastor resolved to publish a weekly called *de Boodschapper*, which paper is still published, but has been changed into a monthly.

The paper gives opportunity for discussion of the topics treated therein, and never refuses to take up intelligent articles of those who are opposed to the conviction of the editor or contributors. In this particular it makes a striking contrast with most other religious periodicals which take up the same topics.

Elder Velthuysen, in 1878, had received the first tracts that opened his eyes to the truth that the seventh day, and not the Sunday, is the Sabbath. He translated these tracts for *de Boodschapper*, and soon placed more articles upon this topic in the paper. The tracts written in the English language were sent from Glasgow by Elder Nathan Wardner, of blessed memory, one of whose last efforts to spread the Sabbath truth, before leaving Great Britain, was to send all the Baptist ministers in Europe tracts on this subject.

Eld. Velthuysen was soon convinced of this truth and began to practice it; he also confessed to the church his error in the matter of Sunday-keeping. When it became evident that they ought to keep the Sabbath-day, there was only a small portion of the church that remained faithful to their principles. This number has again increased, but quite slowly. There are now about 80 Seventh-day Baptists in Holland, as an outgrowth of the labor and example of the members of the Haarlem Church. Their work and influence is very extensive; for many years 24,000 copies of *de Boodschapper* being annually spread through the country, besides a large number of tracts on the Sabbath question and that of baptism according to the Scriptures. They are well-known throughout the country, though their number is very small, not only by their publications but by their great activity in the different lines of Christian work, especially social purity and temperance. They are thought to be a much larger denomination by many people. There are three places where they hold regularly public meetings—at Haarlem, at Amsterdam and Rotterdam. The church building at Haarlem is the property of the Seventh-day Baptists; in Amsterdam one of the brethren has built a house with a large room for public meetings;

\*Written for, and requested for publication by, the Y. P. S. C. E. of Nile, N. Y.

in Rotterdam they meet at one of the homes of the members. Bro. F. J. Bakker is pastor of the Rotterdam Church; besides his pastoral work he is mainly engaged in the work among sailors, in which he has the advantage of mastering the English and the German languages; besides some knowledge of the Scandinavian tongues. The pastor of the Haarlem Church ministers every other week in Amsterdam, the deacon leading the services in his absence from his home church.

The Netherlands Midnight Mission finds its origin in the Haarlem Church. Two young members, Bros. Van der Steur and Gerard Velthuysen, Jr., eager to do something for the Master, engaged in the work to save the slaves of King Alcohol. It was their experience that the men who were under *his* power often entered the houses of ill-fame, and their efforts began to be directed against the great evil of immorality. They placed themselves before these houses and warned those that were going into them. They gained the assistance of other friends, and not very long after both Van Der Steur and Velthuysen were called to Amsterdam to introduce the work there, and consequently to some other cities, where the work is carried on yet. Of the four regular midnight missionaries in Holland, (those who make this work their business) three are Seventh-day Baptists, and besides these, one, formerly one of the best workers in Holland, is now in the Dutch Indies doing similar work.

Our Seventh-day brethren in Holland are among the most earnest and active members of the Temperance Society. Though their attention has been called to the bad habit of using tobacco, they do not yet altogether abstain from it, but a number of them do not use it any more; yet others do it to some extent.

Bro. Van Der Steur, afterward followed by his sister, has gone to the Indies. They are missionaries of the Haarlem church. They have taken into their home 30 children—neglected or forsaken. It seems wonderful how they can do all this work, especially when we stop to think how difficult it must be to bring up children that are not used to parental discipline, but have been left to themselves to wander about the streets, and who have contracted many bad habits. They lead the children to Jesus, who gives them strength to rule the evil passions that were ruining their young lives and characters. Bro. Van Der Steur went to the Indies on account of the degraded state of the soldiers there, and his work for the children is something that he felt urged to do after he saw their great need; perhaps he had never even thought of being engaged in this work before he started.

He has a Soldiers' Home, which is well visited, and from which a blessed influence is exerted upon the garrison of Magelang, and that is of more significance, as the recruits are drilled there, afterward being placed in different parts of the country. He visits the hospital, which is a great blessing to the suffering, who find very seldom the sympathy of a loving heart like his.

His sister has much tact to care for children, so she is a great help to him. It would, indeed, be difficult to find a person better fitted for the place; her whole heart is in the work.

The falseness of the accusation that Seventh-day Baptists are more narrow-minded

in their conception of the gospel and the law than the First-day people, is well demonstrated, as elsewhere, by the Holland brethren.

It is probable that in all the Dutch Indies no Holland missionaries are more faithful and ardent in their work than these; and in the Netherlands the brethren are, though for a long time despised and derided, chosen by God to be among the leaders in social reform, in regard to the temperance question and social purity.

The pastor of the Haarlem Church is often invited to speak on temperance in different places, and he has held several public discussions with infidels and anarchists, sometimes for large, crowded houses in cities. Though he feels it his special duty to stand for the truths entrusted to us as a denomination, he cannot fail to stand up, when the fool in his pride lifts up his voice, "There is no God." He feels that God gives him strength and wisdom to answer. That a faithful and able successor may take his place when he shall be gone, and that the Holland brethren may ever stand for the truth of his Word and be lights in the world, remember them in your prayers.

PETER VELTHUYSEN.

### LUBRICATION.

To lubricate is "To make smooth, or diminish friction." Naturally our minds revert to the complicated and multiplied machinery in our country that needs lubrication. It is necessary from the delicate mechanism of a watch to that of the immense engine. But while all of these need to receive attention, there is machinery, so to speak, that is run indefinitely without proper, or only *occasional* lubrication, and that, too, within our personal reach, and for which we shall be held responsible.

There is the lubrication of speech and act that it is ours to control, that we can apply to the great engine of life which is full of apertures, large and small, wherein to drop the oil of kindness. You have a part of this machinery to care for. Lubricate the dawn with a cheerful "good morning," and a trustful prayer. It will cause the wheels of time to roll easier and with less friction until the "dewy eve." Lubricate the hour of rest with a sweet "good night" and giving of thanks for the day's blessings, and you will be "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

There are some of whom it may be appropriately said, "He seemed to have a pool of honey round his heart wherewith to lubricate his speech." We may not all possess the same gifts, but we can lubricate the lives of our children with cheerful, timely words and tones, and it will inspire them with confidence to do what is right. Do not fail to lubricate these little wheels of life.

Lubricate the well-worn machinery of the toiling man's soul. Lubricate the feelings of your servant's and the disposition of the animals under your charge. Lubricate the prayer-meeting if it be with only "Just one word for Jesus, 'twill help us on our way."

Lubricate the wheels of the gospel ministry by appreciative and appropriate manifestations. All this for His sake and He will lubricate the grave with his smile, and around it, in a halo of glory, shall shine forth these words: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

E. C. W. L.



OUR MIRROR.

ASHAWAY Y. P. S. C. E. report excellent work done by their members. Their special work during the past year has been attendance and help at evangelistic meetings at Clark's Falls, Niantic, Rockville, Hope Valley, Hopkinton, and Minor school-house, also assumed payment of the assistant pastor's salary. A good literature and tract table has recently been placed in the vestibule.

AUGUST 12, 1895.

THE society in North Loup, Neb., feels encouraged in many ways, feeling that God is ever willing to bless our small endeavors. We are trying to do better and more thorough work in our Christian Endeavor and among our young people generally. Quite a number of new members have been added to our membership list, in the last few weeks; a better interest has been shown in our Sabbath afternoon prayer-meetings; more interest in the business affairs of our society, and in a general way we feel as though we had made some growth. Of the new members seven have come from the Junior society. We welcomed these into the Senior society just before the last roll call meeting, held July 20th.

We have lately elected officers for the remaining six months of this year. Mrs. Metta Babcock is now our president, and Mrs. F. O. Burdick superintendent of Junior work, with Miss Myra Babcock for her assistant.

Last month several of our members attended the Semi-Annual Session of the Loup Valley Union Y. P. S. C. E. at Arcadia. A very profitable and pleasant time was had and much interest was shown both in Junior and Senior work. It was thought best to elect a Junior Superintendent for this Union, and Miss Ida Sheldon of the Presbyterian Society was elected to fill that position.

Our pastor is with us again, having returned from the South Dakota field where he has been laboring for some time as a missionary. He with some helpers from our society is going to assist in some Gospel Meetings to be held both north and south of here soon.

Pray for us here, that we may ever labor carefully and well, and that we may help in building up Christ's kingdom on earth.

COR. SEC.

"THE AMERICAN FLAG."

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

The article in the SABBATH RECORDER of August 8th, "American Flag," is a choice bit of history, and correct as far as it goes, but does not cover the whole ground.

While it is not generally recorded in any of the histories, it is an authenticated fact that the stars and stripes were first unfurled to the breeze August 3, 1777, from Fort Stanwix, which was located in about the center of what is now the city of Rome, N. Y. The occasion was the siege of Fort Stanwix by Col. St. Leger, with a force of about 1,700 men, about 1,000 of whom were Indians. This siege took place three days before the famous battle of Oriskany. The flag was a rude affair, made by the soldiers from their clothing, and made a victorious *debut*, for Fort Stanwix never surrendered. The Fort was in command of General Gansevoort and Col. Willett, having a garrison of about seven hundred and fifty men.

"WILLOWS."

ROME, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1895.

Children's Page.

A PIECE OF PAPER WHITE.

BY LINA SANFORD.

My baby boy scarce two years old,  
With blue eyes shining bright,  
Came bringing in his chubby hands  
A piece of paper white.  
"Look, mamma, see," the baby cried,  
"What sister gave to me.  
I'll put it on the table  
So mamma you can see."

He laid it down beside my work,  
And with his fingers small,  
He smoothed his little treasure,  
To him 'twas all in all.  
His face was all excitement,  
Lips parted in a smile,  
It takes such simple pleasure  
A baby to beguile.

He watched my face a moment  
With eager questioning look,  
And then in lisping words so sweet  
Again the baby spoke,  
"See mamma, see how smooth and white,  
Now don't you think it nice?"  
I caught the baby in my arms,  
And kissed him in a trice.

"Yes, darling baby boy," I said,  
'Tis pretty as can be."  
He watched me as I picked it up,  
His treasure rare to see.  
A look of satisfaction  
Shone in his round blue eyes,  
Then thinking of his play outside,  
Away the baby flies.

But baby's pleasure on my mind  
Impressions deep had wrought,  
And crowding in my busy brain  
There came to me this thought,  
That babies' world of pleasure  
Was very like our own,  
We children of maturer years,  
Who large and old have grown.

We put such vast importance  
On simple worldly pleasures,  
We sacrifice all through our lives  
So much for fleeting treasures.  
We toil and slave for some rare thing  
Until we find we have it,  
Then, like wee children at their play,  
We cast aside and leave it—  
And madly rush for something new,  
Something we deem more bright,  
But in the end of no more worth  
Than the piece of paper white.

A TRUE STORY OF THE ROBINS.

ALICE E. PINNEY.

"My! Isn't it hot!" exclaimed Robert, as he and Mable swung in the hammock under the elm tree. "I wish we were as high up in the air as these little robins in their nest. They must be nice and cool."

"How hot it is!" sighed the baby robins. "This old nest is so hot, and the sun scorches right down through the leaves, while there is not a breath of air stirring. It must be nice and cool down there in the grass where the children are. I wish our wings were grown so we could fly down and see."

Just then both children and robins were startled by a loud clap of thunder. The nest was swayed by the wind until the little birds were in danger of being thrown out, and the children ran into the house. How the wind did blow! Both the children burried their heads in mamma's lap, until mamma told them that the storm was nearly over. Then they ran to the window and looked out to find it raining very gently, while the sun was trying to smile through the raindrops.

But alas for the little robins! Old mother robin appeared to be distressed as she flew from tree to tree calling to her little ones who had been blown from the nest. Very soon a feeble little voice answered her from down among the grasses on the further side of the street. The old robin, greatly excited, flew down beside it, and then ensued a scene both interesting and pathetic.

The old bird would hop a few steps and then wait patiently for the little bird to follow, until at last they reached the street gutter, which was filled with muddy water. Back and forth over the gutter, flew the old bird, urging the little one to try its wings, until the tiny bird obeyed her call. But the gutter was too wide for its feeble strength, and when only halfway across it dropped down into the

water, uttering such piteous cries as it floated helplessly about that Mabel began to cry, while Robert pulled off his shoes and stockings and ran to the rescue. But the old mother bird was too quick for him. As the baby bird fluttered near the shore she hopped down into the edge of the water, and seizing one of its wings with her bill drew it safely ashore. Then how she fluttered about while the little bird rested! By this time Robert stood by ready to help, and the mother bird seemed to know that he was her friend.

Then while the old robin tenderly completed the rescue of the little one, Robert gathered up the three other little birds, who were peeping loudly, and put them safely up in the tree, and Mabel said, "I am so glad you are a boy instead of a bird, Robert, for it must be drefful dangerous living in a nest."—*American Agriculturist*.

OUR PET GOAT.

Billy was a very funny goat. He liked babies, and would always walk up to a passing baby-carriage to be patted, much to the fright of the nurse. Billy dearly loved to get into the house, where he was not allowed at all. Sometimes in winter he would watch the kitchen door, and when it was opened by anyone he would push his way in and stand by the stove, as if he really enjoyed the warmth. But he was soon sent out, for he had a nice stall in the stable, and a very thick, warm fur coat of his own.

One day in spring, when all the family were out except maid Nora, she heard footsteps upstairs. Wondering if the family had returned without her knowing it, she ran up and looked about. What do you think she saw? Why, it was that mischievous Billy, walking in front of the long mirror in one of the sleeping rooms. He was bowing and nodding to the other Billy he saw in the glass.

Papa brought Billy home to his little boy Eddie as a surprise one bright, sunny day.

With him came a fine harness and a gig in which Eddie could ride.

Now, Billy did not always like to go away from home when Eddie did. It often took three boys to persuade him to go up the hill near the house. Eddie pulled with the reins from his head, and his two playfellows, red in the face, pushed at Billy's back.

When at last they succeeded in reaching the top of the hill, two of the boys held him fast, while the third mounted the gig-seat. When all was ready the boys would let go their hold, and down the hill Billy would trot, never stopping until he ran into his stall in the stable.

Sometimes he could be coaxed out by giving him lumps of sugar, but even then Billy went away from home very unwillingly. He always came dashing back in a way that made all the boys in the neighborhood laugh and shout.—*Sunday School Visitor*.

REMINDING HINTS ON LETTER-WRITING.

In these summer days when families are separated, or young people are paying visits to their friends, a great many letters must be written, and it is well to know what sort of stationery to use, what sort of ink is best, and, in brief, to understand the small details which make a letter or note graceful or elegant. The reverse of elegance is caused by lack of attention to what seem to be mere trifles, yet, in a way, nothing is trifling.

Thick white note-paper without lines is the approved style for young ladies, the sheet of note-paper folded once in the middle to fit an envelope which comes with the paper. Little girls may use the little Brownie paper, or other note-paper with a dainty devise in the corner; but girls over twelve years of age should confine themselves to the clear, smooth white paper. If you cannot write without lines to keep your words from a zigzag course, slip in between the folds of your paper a heavily ruled sheet, which will be a guide until practice enables you to control your hand so that you can keep your writing straight and even without an outside help.

Use black ink and a good pen, steel or gold,



as you prefer. Keep your pen in perfect order.

At the top of your paper, a little to the right hand, write very plainly your post-office address. If your house has a special name, as, for instance, "Sunnyside," "The Owlery," "The Wren's Nest," "Riverbank," that will be first mentioned, but must be followed by the names of your town, or village, county, or State. It is important to give each of these in full. If you reside in a city, your street and number must be plainly written at the top of your letter. Should your letters be sent to a post-office box, instead of to your house, give the number of the box. Never omit these details. You cannot be sure that the most intimate friend will not be glad to save herself the trouble of looking up your address, and the proper thing is to be methodical and begin a letter with care.—*Harper's Round Table.*

#### WHAT THE CLOTHES DID.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

Mother called, and I called, and Father called, and Kate; "Johnny! Johnny! Get up, Johnny! John, get up! It's late?"  
Not a ripple, all our shouting, on the current of his dreams.  
Others, though, were lighter sleepers. Something else was roused, it seems.  
First a rustle then a whisper, then a queer and muffled cry  
From the nook where Johnny's jacket chanced in tumbled state to lie;  
"Fie upon this lazy Johnny! Brother Clothes observe the sun!"  
Two full hours ago, believe me, was this glorious day begun!  
Piped the cap from off the washstand: "Oh, the sky is blue and red!"  
What a joy to look up at it from the top of Johnny's head!  
Groaned the shoes beneath the bureau: "Ah the grass is cool and sweet!"  
What a frolic with the clover were we once on Johnny's feet!  
Socks and shirt and tie and trousers in indignant chorus cried:  
"It's a shame to make us lie here when the world's so fine outside!"  
"Friends," the socks cried, "let us punish this great sleepy, lazy lout."  
We, at least, when he does want us, will be found turned inside out!"  
Instantly the shirt assented, muttering with sarcastic cough,  
"I've a button, Master Johnny, which I fear is coming off!"  
And the shoestrings from the bureau added themselves to the plot:  
"When Sir Johnny goes to tie us he will find an ugly knot."  
Said the cap: "I'll run and hide me." The suspenders, old and thin,  
Threatened breaking, and the necktie innocently lost its pin.  
Thus they schemed and thus they plotted, till at length persistent Kate  
Woke up lazy Master Johnny at precisely half-past eight—  
And the school at nine! Young Johnny, half-shut eyes and sleepy face,  
Falls to dressing in a panic, at a most alarming pace.  
But the shirt sticks at his elbows as he tries to draw it on,  
And, in all his lifetime, never were the socks so hard to don.  
The suspenders break. A button impolitely takes its leave.  
Johnny's left arm gets acquainted with the right arm jacket sleeve.  
The shoe-strings knot and tangle, and unseasonably snap.  
And "Oh, Mother, where's my Reader?" and "Oh, Mother, where's my cap?"  
There's a hurry and a worry and a grumble and a fret,  
And a very scanty breakfast is the best that he can get.  
"I do wonder," thought young Johnny stumbling, tardy, to his place  
In the midst of tittering schoolmates, with a very sheepish face,  
"What's the reason all goes wrong when a chap has overslept!"  
But he never understood it, for the clothes their secret kept.

—*Christian Union.*

#### READING ALOUD.

Among the accomplishments which girls may cultivate to advantage none surpasses that of reading aloud to the satisfaction of others. It is singular that more of us do not acquire this delightful art. I do not mean that we should become elocutionists, or study to be proficient in dramatic effects; I simply advise girls who wish to give pleasure to their

families and friends to practice the art of reading intelligently, in a clear and distinct voice, pronouncing their words plainly, giving each sentence its full meaning, and being careful not to drop the voice too suddenly at the end of a paragraph. It is so natural to let the voice fall too much and too far at the close of a paragraph, that those who wish to be heard make a point of learning how to use the rising inflection—not to the degree which implies interrogation, but, so to speak, leaving off with tones, on the level, so that the voice carries well across the room.

During vacation you will have opportunities to exercise this gift if you possess it. Half a dozen girls may enjoy the same story if one reads aloud while the rest work. The dear aunty whose sight is failing, and who is bidden by the doctor to rest her eyes, will be very much obliged to you if you will read to her an hour or more a day at intervals, as she and you may find convenient.—*Harper's Round Table.*

#### SHE WAS DYING TO KNOW.

A Maine correspondent sends a dialogue between a little girl and her mother. It occurred in a church at the morning service. The rector had just read, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

"Mamma, mamma," said little Effy in a loud whisper, "how many?"

"Sh" said her mother.

"But, mamma, just one question, only one."

"Well, softly," answered the mother, seeing that the question must come.

"How many prophets were there?"

"I don't know."

"Can't you guess?"

"No. Now keep quiet."

"Were there three?"

"Oh, yes. Sh!"

"Ten?"

"Yes. Don't ask another question!"

"Twenty?" continued Effy, her eyes distending.

"The mother was in despair, and answered, "Yes."

"Then mamma, tell me this"—

"Hush!"

"Just this," and by this time the little girl's voice was quite audible. "How could twenty prophets all hang on two commandments?"—*Youth's Companion.*

#### HELPS TO PATIENCE.

A woman, whose life has been long and checkered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office when he was compounding medicine, one day, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will have to be made and the dishes washed over again."

"Look, my child," he said, "do you see these little empty vials? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they contain that gives them value. Your daily work, the dishes washed or the floor swept, are homely things, and count for little in themselves; but it is the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into your work that shall last. These make your life."—*Youth's Companion.*

#### PUSSY.

Did you ever think why we call the cat "pussy?"

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many idol gods, worshiped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more bright at night,

and because her eyes change just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes only the bright crescent, or half-moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change?

So these people made an idol of the cat's head and named it Pasht, the same name as they gave to the moon, for the word means the "face of the moon."

That word has been changed to "pas," or "pus," and has come at last to be "puss," the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussycat are pet names for kitty everywhere. Whoever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?—*The Sunbeam.*

#### DON'T DRINK.

"A soft hand pressed my shoulder, and a sweet voice in pleading tones said, 'I don't want you to drink any rum to-day. You have just made a profession of religion, and it will be better not to touch it.'" Harry had passed his 15th birthday in a Christian home where the moderate use of intoxicating liquors was countenanced by his father. This was the universal custom in the village. The "meadow" was to be cut that day, and as a part of it was swampy it was thought to be necessary to provide rum for the haymakers, lest working in the water should engender disease. The special help for this work were two well known professors of religion and prominent workers in the church to which Harry had just been admitted to membership. Both of them were known to be moderate drinkers, and the fear that their example might lead her brother to use it led her to give him a word of caution. It was a word fitly spoken and its influence continues to this day as a sweet benediction upon the life of Harry, although that voice has been hushed in the silence of the tomb for many years. It was a pivotal point in a young life, indicating the possibility of a quiet, loving work in the formation of character and usefulness.

SAD DEATH OF A BRAVE LITTLE BOY.—Henry Bauer, eight years old, of No. 287 Front st., New York City was found dead in bed on Wednesday night by his father, who came home from work at 8 o'clock. The lad's death was pathetic. His mother died four months ago, and the father declined to send his children to any institution. Henry and his two sisters, both younger than himself, kept house as best they could. They were lonely without their mother, and little Henry, who assumed charge of the little girls, worried and pined over his hard lot. There was no escaping it, however, and every day he gave them their dinners, kept them as tidy as possible and wondered when he would ever have a good time again. Wednesday afternoon he told Mrs. Weigand, a neighbor, who had shown a fondness for him, that his head ached badly.

"I guess I'm going to be sick, Mrs. Weigand," said he, "and mamma isn't here to take care of me. Who'll take care of—of them?" he asked, his eyes filling with tears and his face growing paler. Mrs. Weigand told him to lie down and rest, and his little sisters would be taken care of all right. "When you wake up your headache will be gone," she said, good humoredly. He crawled into bed with his clothes on and went to sleep, and when he woke up he was with his "mother." When his father called his name at 8 o'clock there was no response.

"Henry's asleep, papa," said the youngest child.

The father lighted the gas and went to the bedside of the motionless boy. One look at the pale face showed him that little Henry's complainings had been well founded. Death is supposed to have been due to some brain trouble.

From the first moment of his pilgrimage to the last, the Christian has but one point of safety, one rock of refuge, one place of shelter—and its name is "Constant Dependence."



# Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1895.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 6.	The Ten Commandments.....	Ex. 20: 1-17.
July 13.	The Golden Calf.....	Ex. 32: 1-8, 30-35.
July 20.	Nadab and Abihu.....	Lev. 10: 1-11.
July 27.	Journeying to Canaan.....	Num. 10: 29-36.
Aug. 3.	The Report of the Spies.....	Num. 13: 17-20, 29-33.
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.	<b>THE FALL OF JERICHO</b> .....	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 IX.—THE FALL OF JERICHO.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 31, 1895.

LESSON TEXT.—Joshua 6: 8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith the walls of Jericho fell down after they were encamped about seven days. Heb. 11: 30.

### INTRODUCTORY.

The children of Israel having passed over Jordan, twelve men previously chosen for the purpose, one from each tribe, carried twelve stones from the bed of the river, with which, according to divine instruction, they set up a memorial in Gilgal, the place where they encamped. Here Joshua renewed two religious institutions which, it seems, had been abandoned during their forty years' stay in the wilderness.

These were circumcision and the Passover. Here, also, Joshua met "the captain of the Lord's host," who gave him instruction as to the manner in which they were to take the city. The faithful carrying out of these instructions is described in the lesson.

### EXPLANATORY.

v. 8. "When Joshua had spoken." According to the direction of the captain of the Lord's host. "The seven priests." Selected as ordered in verse four. "Trumpets of rams' horns." Capable of making a very harsh, loud noise. "Passed on before the Lord." Before the ark as representative of the Lord.

v. 9. "Armed men." As a defence. Prepared to resist a possible attack. "The rearward." Probably another body of armed men, or, if unarmed, to grace the solemnity of the occasion and witness what was done.

v. 10. "Ye shall not shout . . . neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth." Such silence amid such activity would be more likely to terrify than a great noise. If their hearts melted when they heard the children of Israel had crossed the river on dry ground, what must have been their fear when they saw this same mysterious people silently compassing their city day after day?

v. 11. "The ark of the Lord compassed the city." Not only the children of Israel, but the Lord is surrounding the city with his judgments. v. 12. "Rose early." Hastens to do the Lord's bidding. v. 13. "Went on continually." Did not falter. v. 14. "So they did six days." Some imagine this strange daily performance as an occasion of great merriment to the people of Jericho, but from Josh. 5: 1 the reverse would be the most natural conclusion.

v. 15. "On seventh day . . . rose early . . . dawning of the day." For two reasons. 1. To insure the accomplishment of that day's duties, (a) to surround the city seven times, (b) to take the city after the falling of the walls.

2. They were eager to enter upon the duties of this day which they knew according to the promise of God would mark an epoch in the history of Israel. The first city of the promised land should fall before them and be given into their hands. v. 16. "The Lord hath given you the city." Joshua would have them know that the brilliant victory which was about to be given them was not due, either to his generalship or to their patriotism, but to the Lord. v. 17. "Shall be accursed," that is, "under a ban," "devoted to destruction." "Only Rahab the harlot shall live." However wicked she may formerly have been, she came to believe and trust in the Lord, and became an ancestor of Jesus. See Matt. 1: 5.

v. 18. "The accursed thing." Appropriating to one's self that which belonged to the Lord. "Make the camp of Israel a curse." He seems to anticipate the sin of Achan. v. 19. "Silver, gold," etc., "consecrated to the Lord." Not to be received and divided as the spoils of war, but to enrich the treasury of the Lord. It was his victory. The directions given in verse 17-19 were probably given just before making the seventh circuit.

v. 20. "So the people shouted." When commanded by Joshua (verse 16) at the close of the seventh circuit

that day. "The wall fell down flat." Not because of the tremendous concussion caused by the outburst of voices and the blare of trumpets, but because of the interposition of divine power as a reward for their faith.

## AN EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

BY E. B. DAVIS.

The subject of employment for those of our Sabbath-observing people who need it, has for some years been a matter of much thought with the writer.

After ample time for observation, and personal experience in seeking employment, some general conclusions were formulated, which it seems the facts will sustain. The several attempts which have been made by committees and otherwise to find those needing "work" and those having "work to do," and acquainting each of the other's needs, the large numbers of private letters changing hands among those well-known in our denomination, asking their help in "getting work," these and many other facts are apparent to all observing minds. But beyond all, and of far greater weight than all the other facts combined, is the large number of our brightest and most promising young men and young women who go out from our schools and our families prepared for the responsibilities of life and equipped for effective work in the affairs of men and nations who are so soon lost sight of as Sabbath-keepers among the Sabbathless worldlings on the world's race-course for honor and fortune.

These all give indisputable evidence of the long-felt, the deep, wide-extended need of some plan for obtaining employment which would win the confidence of Sabbath-observers. It also would be a standing proof of the denomination's interest in the temporal as well as the mental and spiritual welfare of our people.

It is not claimed for any plan or organization which may be devised that it will be so successful as to retain among us all those brought up in Sabbath-observing families. Any such organization can serve only as a remedy for an effect, not a remedy for a cause. The cause lies deeper, and is a difficult and delicate point to reach, requiring the combined effort and skill of parents, pastors and churches to apply the cure by a deeper, more careful moral and spiritual training of our children on the Sabbath question, not only by argument and Bible truth, but by the example which uncomplaining, willing, cheerful, personal sacrifice gives to them and to the world of our deep convictions on this subject.

However, no one can deny that a practical organization, composed of representative men, carrying with them the respect and confidence of the entire denomination, planned for the purpose of securing and supplying employment and employers, exchanging real estate and supplying special information from our schools and libraries, and similar lines of work as they would develop, would be a power in helping to husband our resources and to secure us as a denomination in our birthright.

Whatever form such organization may take, the work must be carried on with the strictest painstaking and economy. It must be self-supporting, those receiving benefits from it defraying the necessary expenses.

It is believed that the plan proposed to the Ministerial Conference held at Independence, N. Y., and referred to the Western Association, and by that body recommended to the next General Conference for its consideration, includes all that is necessary in such an organization.

## RECREATION AND RELIGION.

They belong together. The religious man or woman needs recreation as much as anybody else, and the person who is seeking recreation certainly needs the religious motive and spirit as much as at any other time. It has been sometimes a slander and always a blunder to say that religion and recreation have little or nothing in common. Fun—yes, that of the picnic ground, the tennis court, the baseball field or the cat-boat—the heartiest and most jubilant frolicking, even, ought to be and may be Christian and without the slightest loss of its enjoyableness, nay, rather with a real and perceptible increase thereof.

Sometimes the temptations to which recreation opens the way grow out of the element of rest which is in it. Tired minds and bodies succumb easily. Sometimes they are due to the elements of novelty and excitement. Often it is hard to detect the point at which religion and recreation begin to diverge. Sometimes the divergence hinges upon something of an indefinite moral quality, right or wrong as the case may be. We must look at the tendencies as well as at single actions. We must forecast consequences and influences, not as prisoners fettered by invisible chains, but as wise, strong men and women, not afraid to face facts or to deny ourselves this or that apparent pleasure for the sake of the spiritual symmetry and the self-consistent influence of our lives.

Is religion or recreation the great thing with us, after all? An honest answer to that question helps to clear away our mental fog. If we really intend to put Jesus Christ first and chief, we shall stand aloof from all kinds and times of recreation which are open to be misunderstood spiritually. Yet we shall have plenty of recreation. And it will be very restful and precious and very entertaining. It is a great mistake to suppose that those who are not "straight-laced," who are bound to have their recreation in the form in which they prefer it, no matter at what cost of disregard or even defiance of religion, monopolize the good times, or even that they have more enjoyment than others. Religion sweetens, enriches and ennobles recreation as it does every other feature of our human lives. —*Congregationalist.*

THE HOUR BEFORE YOU GO TO CHURCH.—I have in my eye at present the hour before you go to church on the Sabbath forenoon. I am anxious about it. The note struck then is likely to give tone to your spirits all the day. Redeem it wholly from vain conversation. How very much the power of the minister's preaching depends on the preparing of the hearer's heart? If you come up to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity—what can ministers do? I fear that many of my dear people spend more time on the Sabbath morning in putting veils on their faces than in taking the veil off their hearts—more time in trying to make themselves appear before men what they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

TO FILL CRACKS IN FLOORS.—Make a paste in the proportion of a pound of flour and a tablespoonful of alum to three quarts of water. Mix this and boil thoroughly, then soak newspapers in the paste till the mass is about the consistency of putty. Apply to the cracks with a knife. This hardens well and is permanent. Another preparation which is good is glue dissolved in sixteen parts of water, and when nearly cold mixed to a paste with a mixture of sawdust and prepared chalk. Before I learned these methods I filled cracks with a paste of plaster of paris and water, but when hard it cleaved somewhat from the boards. If glue had been added to the water, I think it would have prevented this.—*Sarah E. Wilcox.*



## Popular Science.

A Mr. J. FERRER, a learned man of Barcelona, Spain, and a devotee to photography, has invented a "nickel-in-the-slot" machine, which he calls a "Photautograph," that will deliver a picture, finely finished, in 35 seconds, so he says. This being so, the machine will not only achieve success as a curiosity, but will certainly render service to science. It will only give you your picture, when you have put in the "slot" two ten-cent pieces. This curious machine carries a magazine of plates, the dark chamber, the various baths, and other photographic requirements, and does its work in an incredibly short space of time. It seems to us, that as this invention, acting, as it must, under a very slight force, comes very near giving us a lasting image of any object, without the aid or intervention of the human will.

THERE are but few grown people who have not sometime been introduced to a "dose" of "castor oil;" and but very few who have been made acquainted with the valuable qualities of this tropical plant. It will grow here readily during the summer in gardens, and its remarkably deep-green pinated leaves make it very ornamental. From the seeds of this plant, called "castor oil beans," this very beneficial oil is extracted, while the stalk and leaves serve many useful purposes. This plant has been grown in India for centuries, and many of its virtues known, but the first exportation of oil into Europe took place from the West Indies, only about a century ago. In the East, this oil is much used as an illuminant, and, by its slow combustion, a saving of nearly one-half is made by using it, as compared with other oils. It is an excellent lubricant, and is much used in dressing and preserving leather, in repelling rats, and other vermin, in hot climates. In some sections the plant is widely cultivated as food for silk worms, while the stalks are used for thatching their houses and other buildings. In Jeypore, the public offices and streets are lighted with gas made from a cheap oil, used for that purpose. The oil-cake is either used as a manure or consumed as fuel, while the leaves are used as fodder for their cattle. The castor oil used for medicinal purposes is made from imported seeds, chiefly from Bombay, and is chemically prepared in France, Belgium, England, and, to some extent, in this country. Taking it altogether, the castor oil plant is one of the most useful and valuable plants grown.

H. H. B.

### TRACT SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist Church, in Plainfield, New Jersey, on Sunday, August 11, 1895, at 2.15 P. M., Vice-President D. E. Titsworth in the chair.

Members present: I. D. Titsworth, D. E. Titsworth, J. F. Hubbard, F. E. Peterson, A. H. Lewis, L. E. Livermore, J. A. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, C. F. Randolph, J. M. Titsworth, C. C. Chipman, E. R. Pope, A. L. Titsworth.

Visitors: H. H. Baker, T. B. Titsworth, J. P. Mosher. Prayer was offered by the Rev. F. E. Peterson.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Committee on Program for the Annual

Meeting presented the following report, which, on motion, was adopted.

1. Opening Exercises, 10 A. M.
2. Treasurer's Report. J. F. Hubbard.
3. Corresponding Secretary's Report. F. E. Peterson.
4. The condition of the Sabbath Question and a Plan of Campaign. I. J. Ordway.
5. Offering.
6. Announcement of Standing Committees.
7. Adjournment.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION.

Eight-minute speeches upon the following points:

1. The Sabbath Recorder. L. E. Livermore.
2. The Evangel and Sabbath Outlook. A. H. Lewis.
3. Protestantism and Sabbath Reform. W. C. Daland.
4. Diverse Theories Concerning Sunday. E. M. Dunn.
5. Co-operation of the People in Distributing Sabbath Reform Literature. T. L. Gardiner.
6. Spiritual Uplift through the Acceptance of the Sabbath. A. P. Ashurst.
7. The Future of Sabbath Reform. A. B. Prentice.
8. Shall we call Dr. Lewis to devote his whole time to the work of Sabbath Reform? Wm. L. Clarke.
9. General Discussion of Secretary's Report. Speeches limited to five minutes.
10. Adoption of Report.
11. Adjournment.

#### EVENING SESSION.

1. Report of Standing Committees.
2. Discussion of Report of the Committee on Resolutions.
3. Miscellaneous Business.
4. Adjournment.

CHARLES POTTER,  
A. H. LEWIS,  
F. E. PETERSON,  
L. E. LIVERMORE,  
D. E. TITSWORTH. } Com.

The Supervisory Committee presented the following report, which, on motion, was adopted.

The Supervisory Committee respectfully report that since their appointment in February, 1895, they have endeavored to give careful attention to the affairs of the Publishing House, on the plan outlined in their report to the Board at the April meeting.

It is their aim to so systematize the methods of work and accounts as to bring the office up to date and to make it a credit to the Society in every respect.

They take pleasure in bearing witness to the willingness and desire of all the office force to heartily co-operate in every effort of the Committee to place the business of the office on a higher plane.

The report of the Business Manager, which the Committee has audited and approved, shows the present status of the plant and the transactions of the office.

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Committee.

D. E. TITSWORTH, Sec'y.

On motion, the report of the Business Manager was adopted.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature presented the following report:

Your Committee on the Distribution of Literature beg leave to report that they adopted a carefully prepared plan for securing the co-operation of the people in procuring names of persons to whom literature might be sent. This was laid before the churches through the RECORDER and by circulars from the Corresponding Secretary. As a result, 454 names have been received since April 1st, and 67,938 pages of tracts and copies of the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* have been sent to the names thus secured. We trust that this plan will be urged, unless a better one can be devised, until much larger results are secured. It is of great moment that better and more enthusiastic co-operation be secured on the part of pastors and all the people.

Your Committee was also entrusted with the work of enlarging the circulation of the RECORDER, a notice of which appears in the report of the Business Manager of the Publishing House, so that it need not be repeated here.

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

Report adopted.

Time was given to the final reading of the Corresponding Secretary's report, and the same was adopted as read.

Minutes read and approved.

Adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, *Réc. Sec'y.*

### TESTIMONIAL.

Your committee of the First Alfred Church appointed to prepare a suitable testimonial expressive of our feeling at the resignation of our beloved pastor, submit the following:

WHEREAS, our pastor, Rev. Boothe C. Davis, has accepted a call to the Presidency of Alfred University, and resigned the pastorate of this church, acting from a sense of duty therein:

Resolved, That in accepting his resignation of the pastorate, we hereby express our most hearty appreciation of his ministerial services among us, as both acceptable and profitable, and our regret at sundering the ties which have so pleasantly bound us together as pastor and people, and we hereby extend to him our best wishes in his new field of labor.

E. S. BLISS,  
H. C. COON,  
L. C. ROGERS. } Com.

### Special Notices.

#### ANNIVERSARIES.

SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION, Fouke, Arkansas, Oct. 31, to Nov. 4, 1895.

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 next Annual Meeting of the Iowa Seventh-day Baptist Churches will be held at Grand Junction, commencing August 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continuing over First-day. The delegate from the Semi-annual Meeting of Minnesota will preach the introductory sermon. The essayists are Martin Ling, Jennie Wells, Charlotta McWilliams, Grand Junction; A. M. Brinkerhoff, Bernice Furrow, Garwin; C. S. Sayer, Hattie O. Mudge, A. M. VanHorn, Welton; Mrs. Ida Mitchel, of Marion.

G. B. VANHORN, *Sec.*

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.

R. L.



**THE BALD-HEADED MAN.**

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded the train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face, like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "That man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man who was sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a moment's silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Sometime, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight! Look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper, and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges, carried by the newsboy.

"Here, you young hedge-hog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll slap you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm going to give boys money. Mister have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper and exclaimed:

"Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I always

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thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.

**A YOUNG KNIGHT.**

For those who seek chivalrous adventure like the knights-errant of old, opportunities occur almost every hour in the day.

It was a cold morning in March, in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph streets, selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad and kept trotting up and down trying to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him, but one, about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments walked up to him and said: "I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out: "Times, Herald, Tribune, News," in a

clear voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man had sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

**MARRIAGES.**

**TODD—CLARK.**—At the residence of Deacon Griffin, in Nortonville, Kan., July 31, 1895, by Rev. W. E. Graham, Rev. J. M. Todd, of Nortonville, Kan., and Miss Mary E. Clark, of Springfield, Ill.

**SHAW—CAMPBELL.**—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Campbell, in Harmony, Wis., July 24, 1895, by the Rev. Andrew Porter, of Janesville, Wis., assisted by Rev. George W. Burdick, Prof. Edwin B. Shaw, of Milton, Wis., and Miss Nellie Ruth Campbell, of Harmony.

**CASE—RIPLEY.**—At Richburg, N. Y., August 10, 1895, by Rev. M. G. Stillman, Lewis Case and Antha Ripley, both of Bolivar, N. Y.

**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.

**CLAWSON.**—Jane H. Clawson, widow of the late Rev. David Clawson; and sister of Deacon I. D. Tittsworth, departed this life July 29, 1895, in the 93d year of her age.

Sister Clawson was born April 16, 1803. She was baptized and united with the church in connection with her husband soon after they were married. Rev. David Clawson accepted a call and became pastor of the Marlboro Church, March 25, 1839, where he remained twenty years. Sister Clawson with her daughters, Cecelia and Sarah Frances, united with the Marlboro Church July 6, 1839, by letter from the New Market Church. After his pastorate at Marlboro, Bro. and Sister Clawson labored in missionary work in West Virginia the rest of his days. For a number of years she had lived with her daughter, Mrs. M. J. Glaspey, about four miles from Marlboro, where she attended church until within a few weeks of her death. Few women have had stronger faith and more humble trust in their Saviour, and in her last days she had nothing to do but to "look up." She was most tenderly cared for by her children, Mrs. Edgar Ayars, Mrs. M. J. Glaspey and Lewis D. Clawson. Her funeral sermon was preached by her pastor, from Rev. 3: 12, assisted by Rev. I. L. Cottrell and Rev. B. C. Davis. J. C. B.

**KENYON.**—In the town of Wirt, Allegany county, N. Y., August 4, 1895, Mary L. Kenyon, aged 80 years and 8 months, lacking two days.

She was born in Chenango county, N. Y., and came with her parents to live in the town of Friendship when she was 12 years old, and joined the Nile Church at the age of 16 years. For a long time she had been a member of the Richburg Church and ever respected as one of good heart and strong faith in God. Funeral services and burial at the Kenyon school-house and cemetery. M. G. S.

**HULL.**—At the residence of her grand-daughter, at Rice Lake, Wis., August 8, 1895, Marinda Hull, in her 86th year. Her remains were brought to Cartwright for burial. Services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist Church, of that place, of which she was a most worthy member for many years. Funeral discourse by Rev. Homer Meyers. Text, Luke 10: 42. Chosen by deceased.

Marinda Cartwright was born January 22, 1810, in the town of Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y. She was the daughter of Jonathan and Lucinda Cartwright, and the widow of Luke Hull, who died in Berlin, leaving her with four children—two sons and two daughters—all of whom have preceded her to the other shore. She leaves two granddaughters, who cared for her with loving kindness, and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. "Auntie Hull," as she was familiarly called, was beloved by all who knew her. So patient through all her trials and suffering—never a word of complaint—yet longing to be at rest in the care of her Saviour. D. W. C.



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