

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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"THY KINGDOM COME."

BY ELLA GILBERT IVES.

IT is coming! It is coming! Don't you hear the
steppings glorious
Of the Lord our God of Sabaoth who leads his
martyred line;

While the powers of darkness gather up their holocaust vic-
torious,
And the blood of sainted Christians flows like conse-
crated wine?

It is coming! It is coming! Lo, afar, the flying angel,
With the everlasting gospel unto every clime and race!
And the hosts of satan cower 'neath the great and glad
evangel,
And the witness of the Spirit that God's judgment moves
apace.

It is coming! It is coming! None shall stay the great
Avenger,
And the pale horse and his rider shall be trampled in
their pride,
For the day of doom is dawning, and the aureole of the
manger
Pales before the dreadful glory of the thorn-crowned
Crucified.

It is coming! It is coming! Don't you hear the hallels
ringing
From the gathering throngs in heaven who account
their lives not dear?
Out of awful tribulation, their Redeemer's praise they're
singing,
And the kingdom of our Lord and Christ is surely draw-
ing near.

—The Advance.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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LIFE.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
—Kemble.

WHILE publishing liberal abstracts of the proceedings of the several Associations, we omit the general items of news for want of space. After a week or two more of the interesting reports from the Associations we hope to resume the columns of general religious and secular news items.

THE life of a Christian must, in the nature of the case, be largely a life of self-denial. This is the significance of our Saviour's words, "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me." Self-denial and cross-bearing are about one and the same thing. Many Christian people talk about "taking up their cross," while apparently they have very indefinite conceptions of the real meaning of that expression. Those who practice a somewhat rigid economy, and forego many pleasures, luxuries, and even comforts that they may contribute more to the church and benevolent operations, are practicing self-denial; they are practically "bearing the cross."

TEACHER'S MEETINGS, their Necessity and Methods, is the title of a very neat little sixty page book by H. Clay Trumbull, published by John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia. It is divided into three parts: I. A necessity in every school; II. Feasible everywhere; and III. Methods of conducting. Every superintendent who is not fully alive to the importance of maintaining Teachers' Meetings for the qualifying and unifying of this Christian service should hasten to secure this little book, which costs only 30 cents. Of course the book was written for teachers of Sunday-schools instead of Sabbath-schools, and anyone will readily notice the somewhat monotonous repetition of the words "Sunday-schools" which occur not less than fifty-five times on the first thirty-six pages. But the suggestions will apply equally as well to teachers in Sabbath-schools. Read the book and be convinced of their necessity and feasibility; then employing the methods suggested, go ahead.

MANY of our own people, as well as others, have expressed a desire to have a leaflet containing simply and only our Articles of Faith and Covenant. Outside people are frequently asking about our belief. On learning that we are Seventh-day Baptists they often say, "O yes, I have heard of the Adventists;" or "Are you Jews?" But when they read our creed, every article of which is accompanied by the Scripture quotations showing the foundation on which our faith rests, they seem surprised and relieved to find that we are really "Orthodox Christians!" To satisfy this demand, the Tract Board has ordered

the printing of a quantity of leaflets containing the Articles of Faith and Covenant. These can be furnished to all who desire them in such quantities as may be needed for general distribution. Send orders to J. P. Mosher, Agent, Plainfield, N. J.

WE are now only two months from the time of the next Annual Sessions of the General Conference; and it is well to call special attention to the action of the Tract Board as found in the minutes of the February Board Meeting, and published in the RECORDER of February 17.

"On motion it was voted that the Board request the subscribers to the fund for the employment of Dr. Lewis permanently in Sabbath Reform work not to withdraw their pledges before the next Conference, such pledges not being available for the present work, as the present employment of Dr. Lewis is only temporary; and also to request new and large contributions from all the churches for the support of the temporary work now undertaken, and also, further to request that all churches continue their canvass for subscriptions to the permanent work as originally contemplated, and complete the same fully before the Annual Meeting of the Society, so that delegates may be fully informed and prepared to report at that time."

It is hardly necessary to add more at this time, only to say that Dr. Lewis is now in the field and will be ready to continue in the Sabbath Reform work if the people so decree. It will not be a sufficient guarantee, however, at the next Conference for a few pastors to urge his employment without the positive pledges from the people to support him in that line of work. Unless these pledges, which will be regarded as a sure index of the wishes of the people, are made, Dr. Lewis will return to the service of his church, and will be compelled to lay aside much of his active work in this special line for which he is so eminently qualified. But while Dr. Lewis is *par excellence* the man for the place, the impression should by no means prevail that the work of Sabbath Reform will stop if he is not employed to carry it forward. It is God's work and he will provide men and means for carrying it forward. Its success or failure does not depend upon any one man. We may confidently say to timid ones among us, or to those who oppose this truth outside of our people, as Gamaliel said to the excited Jews, "If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it."

MANY of our readers are personally acquainted with Dr. E. R. Maxson, of Syracuse, and will be glad to read an article which we republish from the *Syracuse Standard* of May 27. It was read at the annual meeting of the Onondaga County Medical Society, May 26, 1896, and is a just and merited rehearsal, in brief, of the career of a remarkable man. It is commended to the careful perusal of young men as an encouragement and stimulus to make the best preparation for life's work. Here is a brilliant example of study, extensive reading, a life of integrity, industry, temperance and religious faith. It is well that such deserved records are published as a just tribute to excellence of character while one is still living and in active service:

Hale and Hearty at 76.

Dr. Maxson's Eventful Life and How He Has Preserved His Health.

Dr. Edwin Robinson Maxson was born in Rensselaer county, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1820. His parents were natives of Rhode Island, both of his grandfathers having been active in the war of the American revolution and his father in that of 1812-15. At the age of 3 years he

went with his parents to Alfred, Allegany county, and at 15 to Adams, in Jefferson county, N. Y.

After an academic education he studied medicine and graduated at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, in 1845, and practiced in Jefferson county, N. Y., about 10 years. During this time his name having been suggested for foreign medical mission work, he studied theological works, Latin and Greek, and also read through "Chambers' Information for the People." But not accepting the position, and being desirous of a collegiate education, he removed, in 1855, to Geneva, N. Y., and while getting into practice, he completed a college course of study, as prescribed by the late venerable Benjamin Hale, then President of Hobart College, under the tutorship of Prof. W. D. Wilson, D. D., LL. D., L. H. D., now of St. Andrew's Divinity School, Syracuse, N. Y. He gave a course of lectures in the medical department, and subsequently wrote a work on the practice of medicine, of 705 royal octavo pages, published in Philadelphia in 1861.

In 1867, he went as a delegate from this country to the International Medical Congress in Paris, and attended the British Medical Association in Dublin, returning and settling in Syracuse after writing and publishing a work on "Hospitals, British, French, and American," in Philadelphia, and lecturing in the Wagner Institute, where the degrees of M. A., earned at Geneva, and LL. D. were conferred on him. While getting into practice here, he studied law and was admitted in Syracuse, with a large class, after an examination.

While he is not an expert linguist, he has read the New Testament several times through in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and German; read the Encyclopedia Britannica through by course; studied thoroughly international law, having read Vattel several times through, Kent, also "Consular and Diplomatic Regulations," and read through recently, "Wharton's International Law, Digest," three volumes, second government edition; contributed extensively to medical journals; read of late an entire library of new medical books, and, during this time, carried on an extensive medical practice in Syracuse, extending to many counties in this state, where he is registered, and, also, into several states, as far as 1,200 miles away.

He has always voted, first the Whig and later the Republican ticket, giving a due share of time to legitimate politics but wasting none.

Having been scrupulously temperate in all things, though nearly 76, he feels none of the infirmities of age, being as vigorous in mind and body as a man of 50.

He has studied critically the laws and religions of the world, and though a member of an Evangelical church, [Seventh-day Baptist] his creed is that, "In every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." He has a wife and one son and one daughter. Mrs. Maxson was of New England stock, Huguenot descent. The daughter, Mrs. Sara M. Cobb, wife of Prof. H. E. Cobb, of Chicago, is his elder child, and Dr. E. S. Maxson, formerly of New York, but now practicing with his father in Syracuse, the younger. Both are graduates of Syracuse University.

Dr. Maxson has never practiced law, nor did he intend to, but he has drawn many wills and settled important estates. And it has enabled him to pursue, understandingly, international law, which, next to his medical profession and practice, has been the leading theme of his maturer years. He has also studied carefully our treaties with other powers, and is a strong believer in arbitration for the settlement of international difficulties, when possible.—*Syracuse Standard*.

NOTICE.

Frequently have we referred to the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* in relation to the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER with the sole view of having them become regular subscribers and readers of the paper. There have been two reasons for this: One, that we might receive financial aid, and, second, that every one of our people might read, and thus become, and continue to be, interested and made fully acquainted with all phases of the Sabbath and Sunday questions. Such knowledge is requisite for the life and growth of ourselves as a people, with views distinct from others upon these vital points of religious life.

Particular attention is called to the paper at this time, for the reason that our mailing list is now undergoing a thorough revision.

Doubtless some who are receiving it, and who may wish to have it continued to their address, will fail to get upon the new list, if we have to depend entirely upon our own knowledge in each individual case. Our aim is to send the paper weekly to all who will receive and read it, but we cannot afford the expense of publishing and sending it out to any who throw it aside, many times unopened, and often opened and then consigned to the waste basket for want of interest. We repeat now what we have often said: If any of our readers who desire to receive the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook* will drop us a card to that effect, we will gladly send it to them regularly. To such as take advantage of this offer we would say, if God has blessed you with sufficient means to enable you to devote fifty cents thereof as a subscription price, we would receive the amount gladly. On the other hand, if you cannot spare the money, do not let your circumstances prevent you from having the paper. Again, if you have personal knowledge of any among your friends with whom you feel sure the visits of the paper would be received with interest, send their names (with or without the subscription price, but with if you possibly can) to us, and we will gladly send the paper to them also.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

June 11, 1896, was one of those "perfect days" which come to Western New York, cool, bright, clear, and life-giving. Nature was at her best, in a new spring suit. She seems proud of her hills and valleys. A clover field which I passed that morning had blossoms and perfume enough to delight ten thousand unfortunates who dwell in the city, and never look upon a clover-crowned hill-top in Little Genesee. The only "little" thing in Genesee is the branch of the river from which the town is named, and that is small only in comparison with the main river. The spacious house of worship, enlarged and beautified since the writer last saw it, with its most fitting memorial tablet to Thomas B. Brown, so long its beloved pastor, welcomed the gathering worshipers with a silent "Good morning" which the people of Genesee supplemented by a vocal one, heart-felt and full of Christian fellowship.

The opening sermon was preached by H. P. Burdick, of Hartsville, from Matt. 26: 39. Theme: "God's will and plan for every life." The keynote of the sermon was, "The essence of all religion is embodied in having our will swallowed up in the will of God. Christ wrought his work because of such a union with God. All the worthies from Noah to David gained victory thus. None who thus abide with God can fail." A strong and fervent appeal was made for forward movements along the line of Sabbath Reform, because it is the will of God that we thus do. We cannot fail if we go on; we must fail if we do not.

After the sermon the work of the Association began with Dr. L. A. Platts as moderator *pro tem*.

The afternoon session was occupied by communications from corresponding bodies. The sister Associations were all represented. The South-Western by letter only. And the value of Associational fellowship was well illustrated by the remarks of the delegates.

Then came "The Tract Society's hour," conducted by A. H. Lewis. He spoke of the permanent influence of our publications in the homes of the people. Missionary Secretary Whitford spoke of the supreme importance of enlarged plans in Sabbath Reform work, for sake of denominational life, and of the "disaster" which must come if we fail to "moye out at this time." What he said was in full harmony with the application made by the opening sermon.

This was followed by an "open parliament," in which many took part. The house was filled with people who were eager listeners, and many expressions of deep interest were evinced in the work represented by the Tract Society. The writer feels an increasing assurance that there is a strong but not fully awakened sentiment in favor of "advancing our lines" of work. No Association has greater reason for this than has the Western. Four of its churches have pastors who have lately come in through Sabbath Reform influences—Powell, of Genesee; Ashurst, of Second Alfred; Gamble, of First Alfred; and Lawrence, of Richburg. That the crisis of a transition period is upon us no one can doubt, unless he be indifferent to the signs of the times.

In the evening, D. C. Lipincott, Salem, W. Va., preached. Text. Rev. 22: 14. Theme: "Doing, or obedience required." Love is the true and the highest ground of obedience. Whoever truly loves will obey. "Do this in remembrance of me," is the command of love, not only as to partaking of the symbols of divine love, but of all duty.

The sermon was followed by a conference, led by C. W. Threlkeld, a missionary in this Association, and a convert to the Sabbath, in which the theme of the sermon was the central idea.

On Sixth-day morning, after business, Prof. E. M. Tomlinson, of Alfred University, read an essay on "The Bible and the Home." It was clear, accurate, scholarly, instructive and inspiring. An analysis of it cannot be given here, but we trust that it may yet come before the readers of the RECORDER. It showed in detail how the brightest period of the early church was when the Bible—Greek Old Testament—and later the New Testament, was the chief book in the homes of Christians; that the banishment of the Bible from the homes of the people was a large factor in the darkness of the Middle Ages; that the English Bible was the great agency in promoting Protestantism among English-speaking people, etc. The essay was worthy of the devout scholar who presented it. Take this sentence from it: "Remember home is the cradle of conduct."

Then came a sermon by Rev. C. A. Burdick, of Brookfield, N. Y., Acts 21: 13. The speaker drew a vivid picture of Paul, a man of highest culture and opportunity, who thought it a glory to stand for an unpopular truth, with a small and despised group of fishermen and common people. The sermon was a stirring appeal to young people to stand firm for truth and righteousness in these times of fickleness and doubt; to hold to Christ and Christianity for what it has been and is. To esteem truth as above all, and to be true to conscience. Every one must have rejoiced in the sermon who loves or cares for Seventh-day Baptist Christianity. It was pervaded by sanctified enthusiasm.

The afternoon session included some discussion of the resolutions reported by the committee, especially those relative to Sabbath reform work. This discussion evinced a deep and growing interest in the work of the denomination in that field. The "Missionary Hour" followed, conducted by Secretary Whitford. It included remarks by the Conductor on the need of a deep and flowing current of the missionary spirit in the hearts of the people. A. H. Lewis urged the wisdom and duty of making our smaller churches centers of evangelistic work. Miss Susie Burdick gave a general view of the work in China, and some fundamental reasons why the foreign work should be carried on.

Mrs. G. H. F. Randolph spoke briefly of the value of the Boys' School work, and of her personal interest in it. In the "open parliament" which followed, the interests of the Boys' School were further discussed, and one hundred and twenty dollars were voluntarily pledged for that work.

Business being resumed, the discussion of the second resolution (see minutes) was resumed, and it was adopted, by a strong rising vote, with much enthusiasm.

Sixth-day evening was given to prayer and conference, which, like all similar occasions, was one of great comfort and of uplifting spiritual influence.

Sabbath morning was bright and beautiful. A prayer meeting and praise service preceded the regular morning service at 11 o'clock. Before that hour the spacious church was full to overflowing; the spirit of devotion and the excellent music of the Genesee choir uniting to draw the people in. Rev. Dr. McLearn had requested that the morning hour assigned to the delegate from the Eastern Association be given to the representative of the Tract Society, a courtesy which we take pleasure in acknowledging. A. H. Lewis preached from Isaiah 58: 12; theme, "The mission of Seventh-day Baptists in rebuilding and restoring the Sabbath Temple of Jehovah." The sermon set forth the truth that the Sabbath had never been left without a place in the history of God's people, Jews or Christians; that the first great attempt to destroy it through No-Sabbathism, although well-nigh successful, as the world counts success, failed, even though it gained ascendancy for centuries, mainly the centuries of the Dark Ages; that the compromise of the Puritan theory of the changed day and transferred law has tailed after three hundred years of trial; that Sunday has returned to its original holiday character, and that the times are ripe for such action on our part, and for such re-action of error against itself, as will open the way to victory for the Sabbath. The speaker counselled all to be proud of the honor, brave and hopeful as to the issue, and to advance "all along the line."

More than four hundred people dined at the hall, and a full house came at three o'clock to hear Dr. McLearn, whose text was John 16: 33; theme, "Christ's victory for mankind." Men may be divided into three classes: those who live for the lower self; those who live for earthly gain; those who live for fame. Christ conquered for all these in his temptation in the wilderness. There is something even in the lowest which divine love can take hold of to uplift and beautify. In each class and in all cases Christ brings

victory to those who accept and trust him. Said the speaker: "I do not believe in the perseverance of the saints, but in the perseverance of the keeping power of divine love in Christ. Nothing can pluck them out of his hand."

An excellent Christian Endeavor prayer meeting followed the sermon, in which more than 100 took part.

The evening after Sabbath was occupied by the Young People, under the conduct of Miss Eola Hamilton, of Alfred Station. The programme was as follows:

Music.

Devotionals.

Music.

Pledge Making and Pledge Breaking. Louis Livermore.
The Social Side of Christian Endeavor.

Evelyn W. Clarke.

Music.

Giving.

Walter Greene.

Junior Paper.—What Are We Here For? Lillian Ashurst.

Endeavorers as Missionaries at Home. B. F. Whitford.

Music.

Junior Exercises.

Little Genesee Juniors.

Report of Associational Secretary.

Music.

Benediction.

As we trust that an account of this session will appear in the Young People's Department of the RECORDER, we take only space to say that this session, all things considered, was equal to any session of the Association. The papers were all of a high order, and Miss Hamilton's report, containing a special appeal for the Junior's work, was worthy of a permanent place in the records of the Association.

After a business session on First-day morning, came a full and strong Education Society Hour, conducted by President Davis. He plead for a broad, liberal education, such as our colleges can give. Pastor Powell, of Little Genesee, had a paper on "The attitude of parents toward higher education." It was rich in historic facts and valuable suggestions. W. L. Burdick made an eloquent plea for the patronizing of our schools by our people. Prof. W. C. Whitford showed the close relation between education and the evangelizing of the world; "Paul the evangelist was Paul the scholar." A. H. Lewis showed the historic and the necessary connection between education and Sabbath Reform; and at the close, Secretary Whitford offered special prayer for our schools and for God's blessing on those who have them in charge. We should be glad if space permitted an account of this session in detail.

At 2 P. M., a full house greeted W. D. Burdick, who preached from Mark 13: 34. The sermon was a "gathering up of some of the good things of the sessions." It suggested as means of fitting our people for their work: Bible study; our denominational literature; better knowledge of why we are Seventh-day Baptists; greater activity in evangelizing the world; personal work; prompt obedience; and steadfastness in God's service.

This was followed by the Woman's Hour, conducted by Mrs. Lyons, of Richburg, in behalf of Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Associational Secretary. The annual report included an enthusiastic plea for consecrated Christian work by Seventh-day Baptist women. Six hundred and thirty-six dollars and thirty-four cents were reported as raised by the women of the Association, mainly for foreign missions. Two strong and clear papers were presented; one by Mrs. W. C. Whitford,

on "How can we interest children in missions;" the other, by Mrs. S. S. Powell, on "Tithing." Then came a brilliant word-picture of the school work in China, with representative pupils and teachers in Chinese costume. A full report of this session will appear in the Woman's Department of the RECORDER.

The closing session was not large. It was taken up mainly by a farewell consecration conference, in which many hopeful and helpful things were said. Hearts were glad though nerves were weary, as the closing songs assured all hearts of God's protecting and guiding presence until the final hour of triumph and rest.

A. H. L.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

THE devil will take a sinner a mile out of his way to trip over your imperfect life.

THE man who knows how I ought to live, knows how he ought to live.

THE layman with the old gold whiskers said to the Deacon: "Will you come out into the vestibule and shake hands with me?" The deacon didn't seem to think it was necessary to wait; so they stood with radiant faces and had it out right there, their hands keeping time to the music of their lips.

It was very improper, but you must make allowances for Chicago. We may be a little slow about taking up the new wrinkles, but our hearts are warm and we mean well.

THE Western Editor gives the Young People's Editor up. When he first pointed his editorial pen our way, May 4, he thought that the Sabbath-day greetings should be left for the vestibule and outside "where there is ten times the opportunity;" but by June 8, he has come to the conclusion that even this must go overboard and that "visiting, hand-shaking, expressions of fraternal feeling are out of place in our Sabbath-morning service." We believe it to be one of the rapidest cases of degeneration on record. We can but shudder at the thought of what it will be in another month. Asking our brother's forgiveness for making such a bad argument as to drive him the other way, we retire from the discussion humbled.

Such is the weakness of human nature, however, for having another word that, as a last, expiring shot we offer a reward of twenty-five cents for an instance where the Young People's Editor ever lived up (or down) to his creed. Just watch him next Sabbath morning and see if he does not shake more hands than anybody else.

WE try and fail. We find ourselves living far below the level of the possibilities which we so plainly see. We are tempted and go wrong. At times we become disheartened. (And discouragement is just as much a temptation of the devil as are things which have a blacker name). And yet deliverance is at hand for those who will claim it. Dip down your buckets. The fresh waters are all about you. The Holy Spirit is in the world to abide with us forever. This power does not come for fitful wishing. The man who would simply like to have it will never get it. When we *must* have it and stretch out longing hands—emptied of everything else—toward the throne, then grace, power, deliverance surpassing our dreams will come in like a flood. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting and to everlasting. Amen and Amen."

THE SABBATH.

W. D. TICKNER.

Much has been said and written during the last few years about the American Sabbath, the Christian Sabbath, the Lord's-day, the Continental Sunday and the Sabbath: but very little that I have heard or seen refers to the manner in which the Sabbath should be kept. The reason for this lack is obvious: as the manner of its observance depends upon the attitude of the writers and speakers toward one or the other of these sabbatic institutions. The Christian Sabbath and the American Sabbath are not the same, although both are celebrated upon the same day; but the advocates of the one desire the co-operation of the advocates of the other to establish a legal rest day. The Christian Sabbath and the American Sabbath are as essentially different as is the Christian from the worldly-minded American. The Christian Sabbath is regarded, by many believers in Christ, as a sacred day. Sacred to the memory of him who rose from the tomb, and thereby triumphed over death and the grave. To such, the day is filled with hallowed memories, and any unnecessary labor upon that day jars upon their sensitive feelings. The day to them is a day of rest from bodily toil, a day for religious worship, for communion with God and with each other in regard to spiritual things.

The American Sabbath is quite another thing. Although both the Christian Sabbath and the American Sabbath are fixed upon the same day (the first day of the week) they are nevertheless as distinct in character as though they had not the day in common. The Christian Sabbath is distinctly a Christian institution, which the majority of the Americans can not appreciate. The American Sabbath, on the contrary, is not a religious institution. It is a secular affair. A rest for the laborer, a day in which one may take his ease and enjoy the pleasures of this life. The Christian Sabbath is for spiritual growth and improvement. The American Sabbath is for the enjoyment of the pleasures of this world. The Lord's-day, as advocated by those who are pleased to designate the first day of the week by that name, is synonymous with the Christian Sabbath, and the Continental Sunday is so closely allied to, and is so nearly identical with, the American Sabbath that about all the difference there is, is in the name.

No higher authority can be found for the establishment of the Christian Sabbath or the American Sabbath than human ordinance. Not one "Thus saith the Lord" can be given for their observance. As they are of human origin, the divine sanctity is lacking, and all claims for their sacred character lacks the divine zeal.

Not so with the Sabbath. Having its origin in the end of the creative week, and its author the Only Wise God; it is set apart from the other days and consecrated by God himself who calls it his Holy day. While, outwardly, it is like all other days, yet God was pleased that we should regard it with peculiar reverence as being holy time.

He has placed his hedge about it, and defined the manner in which he wished his people should observe it. As its Author, he is better qualified than any other to give us rules to govern our conduct on that day, which conduct should be in keeping with the sacred-

ness which God has been pleased to attach to it. It is not sufficient that we see no reason why one day is not as good as another. No doubt God could have set apart the first day of the week, had he seen fit to do so, in honor of the first great event in creative week, the forming of light, but he did not. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them; and on the seventh day God ended all his work which he had made, and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made; and God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made. Gen. 2: 1-3.

That sanctifying act is something that is beyond the power of man. He has need of sanctification himself, and has no power to confer it upon any one or any thing. Such power rests with God alone.

As finite creatures, we can have but very imperfect ideas of sanctity, of holiness, and of God's regard for things and times that he has seen fit to set apart and sanctify by his spiritual presence and power.

It is not necessary that we should understand it. God saw fit to inform us that the seventh day is holy to the Lord. He did not say holy to man, but to the Lord. It was and is his holy day, and as such he commands us to abstain from labor upon it; but that is not all. The day, as holy, could be, and was, profaned by those who remained in idleness.

So great was God's jealousy for his holy day that he defined very accurately and concisely what he meant by remembering the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. He says, "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways nor finding thine own pleasure nor speaking thine own words, thou shalt then delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Are we inclined to say that that is too rigid an interpretation of keeping holy the Sabbath-day? Suppose it is rigid? It is God's word, and if he demands it, who of us shall say to him, Nay?

God hates the lukewarmness of professed Christians. He says, "I would thou wert cold or hot. So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." If the Sabbath is, as we believe, God's holy day, we should keep it as he requires. In view of the plain teaching of God's Word, we have no valid excuse for not observing the day as he demands. How much conversation of a worldly nature is indulged in by those who profess to be God's people, and who profess to keep God's holy Sabbath! Do we seek our own pleasure in riding, reading secular papers, visiting, or in any other way simply for our own gratification?

If we do, let us read again Isa. 58: 1-3, then on our knees ask God's pardon for all past desecration of his day, and resolve that with God's help we will turn away our desecrating foot from God's Sabbath, and that henceforth we will keep it as he requires. Yes, the whole day, shortening at neither end; but from the beginning to the end regard each moment as holy time. The first minute

is as holy as any succeeding minute during the day. God is not mocked. If we cheat him out of one minute, he will require it at our hands.

PISTOLS AND REVOLVERS.

The pistol originally was made in no way different from the ordinary fire arms, only on a smaller scale. It took its name from Pistoia, a walled city twenty-one miles northwest from Florence, near the river Ombrone, a tributary of the Arno.

The pistols were largely manufactured here during the Middle Ages. At this time they were chiefly constructed of a single muzzle-loading barrel, and it is a sad pity they had not always remained so.

The revolver is not of modern origin, it is old, for roughly constructed weapons on the same plan of the present ones are to be found in the old museums. They date back to or past the Middle Ages.

Col. Samuel Colt, of Hartford, Connecticut, revived and brought into prominence this remarkably dangerous and destructive pocket weapon. Col. Colt patented his revolver in 1835, and in 1852 established a manufactory in Hartford, in which thousands have been made and scattered throughout the country. Col. Colt died Jan. 10, 1862. No sooner had his patent expired, than factories sprung up, like mushrooms, in various quarters, for the manufacture of revolvers, until now they are so plenty that they are paraded in the show windows of every hardware store in the land.

Since the time of their introduction, there has been what is called two improvements made which should never have taken place; the one to secure a more direct aim, and the other for more rapid firing.

I refrain from giving a description of this modern revolver. I only wish every one could be at once destroyed. Col. Colt should have been treated by the patent office as was the policeman who invented a club, so arranged that by touching a spring, out would shoot a section filled with spikes; a single blow from which would be sure to kill. The patent office acknowledged his club to be patentable, yet the patent was denied on the ground of great danger to human life.

I think I have not taken up my New York morning paper for a year past, in which there has not been from one to half a dozen murders, or suicides, committed by this deadly instrument. While I write, a lovely woman is now lying in a vault in our cemetery, only because in a moment of despondency she lost her balance of mind in the night time, and a revolver being at hand, having two chambers loaded, she fired two bullets into her head, and sank down in death.

Any person's life is in greater danger for having a revolver about them, for such is the quickness with which they can be used that before one could be taken from a pocket and pointed at a thief or robber, the motion being seen, they being prepared, of course, could fire from four to six shots; very likely the most of them would take effect. Then in an instant they would be gone, and it would never be known who it was that committed the deed.

The fourth of July is near; on that day boys of all ages claim the right to handle pistols and revolvers. Witness the long list of sad results, on the following day. Some dead, and others maimed for life.

Take timely advice. If you or any of your children have a revolver, do not sell it, but commit it to the flames until every part is red hot; destroy the elasticity of every spring; render that death-dealing revolver a useless article forever.

Science deeply regrets the part she has been obliged to render, and sorrows over every effort of individuals or governments to advance the rapidity with which they can destroy each other. When will the time come, when upon the flags of all nations shall be seen emblazoned the words, "Peace on earth and good-will to men?"

H. H. BAKER.

TRACT BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session, in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, June 14, 1896, at 2.15 P. M., President Charles Potter in the chair. Members present: C. Potter, D. E. Titsworth, J. F. Hubbard, F. E. Peterson, W. M. Stillman, L. E. Livermore, J. A. Hubbard, E. R. Pope, J. D. Spicer, C. C. Chipman, J. M. Titsworth, A. L. Titsworth. Visitors: J. P. Mosher, W. C. Hubbard.

Prayer was offered by Rev. L. E. Livermore. Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Supervisory Committee reported progress on the matter of advertisements in the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook*.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported the completion of certain files of publications that were desired. On motion, the bill of expense rendered in connection with the same was ordered paid.

Correspondence was received from W. C. Daland, which, on motion, was referred to the Committee on Distribution of Literature.

Correspondence was presented from A. E. Main, calling attention to the Louisville field, and expressing the opinion that the field is an excellent one for Sabbath Reform work.

On motion, an edition of five thousand leaflets of our denominational Articles of Faith was ordered printed for general distribution.

The following preamble and resolution were presented:

WHEREAS, The question of the propriety of publishing the full minutes of the different Associations in the SABBATH RECORDER has frequently come before the Board; therefore,

Resolved, That this Board does not see its way clear to publish more than such abstracts of these meetings as will be of general interest.

Resolution adopted.

The Treasurer presented financial statement and list of bills due. Bills were ordered paid.

Minutes read and approved. Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, *Rec. Sec.*

SOME people are never at a loss for an answer, and the colored valet who got off the following is a good exponent of that class. It seems he was a lazy rascal, and his master one day remonstrated with him about his neglect of duty.

"But, massa, I's not equal to de occasion as I once wuz."

"Why, George, what on earth is the matter with you now?"

"I's got a stitch in my side, sir, dat troubles me a powerful lot, and I's not able to do as much as I hab been doin'."

"A stitch in your side! Oh, come, George, that won't do. Where did you get such a thing as a stitch in your side?"

"De oder day, sah. You see, I wuz hemmed in by a crowd."—*Harper's Round Table.*

Missions.

THE Central Association being held at De-Ruyter, N. Y., gave it added interest to many of us. It was here our denominational paper was published years ago, under the name of *The Seventh-day Baptist Register*, or *The Protestant Sentinel*. Here was our first institution of learning built—the De-Ruyter Institute—and many of our noble, devoted workers, those who have finished their work and have gone to their reward, and those who are yet in the midst of the battle of life, got their start and impetus in education and culture. It was our pleasure to go through the “old stone heap,” as some of us used to call it when students there, and note the rooms and call to memory some of the boys and girls who occupied them. We thought of the noble, self-sacrificing teachers of blessed memory. The building is now occupied by the Graded and High School of the town. It gave us great pleasure to look upon the school one bright morning and conduct the chapel services.

We had delightful weather for the Association, and the attendance was good. In spiritual power, and in the presentation of truth, and also the different lines of our denominational work, the session of the Association was deemed the best ever held for years. It was indeed a feast of good things in the Lord, and no one present, it seems to me, could go home from it without being helped, strengthened and inspired to do more to save men from the dominion and ruin of sin, and to promote righteousness in the world.

The Missionary Hour was conducted as an open parliament. The conductor led on our evangelistic work, showing its extent, the demands for it, its needs and some of its results. He was followed by several brethren.

J. E. N. Backus thought that it was a work in right lines and productive of great good to all the churches and to our whole cause. B. F. Rogers thought that the work should bring many to the Sabbath. It seemed to some that our evangelists were a little afraid to follow up their labors with the Sabbath truth. He had heard some criticism in that direction and that some are withholding their contributions for evangelistic work because they think our evangelists do not advocate sufficiently the Sabbath question. Pres. B. C. Davis said he had noticed that where our evangelists had been the most successful in bringing men to Christ they had been the most successful in bringing men to the Sabbath.

The second subject brought before the parliament was: Our duty to our feeble churches, and to strengthen the things that remain. Pres. B. C. Davis led in the discussion of this question. 1. The small church is a good nucleus for evangelistic work. There is a meeting-house in which to hold a series of meetings, a surrounding community needing the gospel. There is a good place for church enlargement, and to advance salvation and the Sabbath. If we neglect such churches and places we may not only lose what we have already invested in them, but they may become extinct. 2. There are many such churches. It is our duty to supply them with the missionary pastor and send to them the evangelist. We must strengthen them. We must centralize our work, and these churches are centers for work, growth, and extension.

L. M. Cottrell said we must organize, and cluster around organization. We must not only organize the work but the workers. No one minister can care for several of these churches. He must set the young people, the Sabbath-school, the singers to work, have leaders to direct and lead them in carrying on meetings in the surrounding needy places. Perie R. Burdick: We must care for the small and feeble churches. If we do not do it, it will be like denying the faith. O. S. Mills: We pastors of such churches are deeply interested in this subject. It is a vital one to our maintenance and growth as a people.

The third topic: Our China Mission, its work and needs, was opened by Miss Susie M. Burdick. She stated in a clear and interesting manner the methods of work pursued in our missions. She showed that the present urgent need is suitable buildings for the Boys' School and a teacher. She was followed by Mrs. Cossom, daughter of Mr. Barton Stillman, of DeRuyter, who has returned home from Ning Po, and was six weeks ago a guest of Brother and Sister Davis at Shanghai. She gave a terse and clear statement of what the mission schools are doing for evangelizing China.

B. C. Davis spoke of the meeting of the Missionary Board, which he attended while in Westerly, of the good spirit which prevailed, and of the action taken in that meeting to provide for the Boys' School.

The conductor also stated the steps taken by the Board in its several meetings toward providing for the school.

After extending the thanks of the Board to the Association for the hour granted it, the very interesting open parliament on our missions closed. SEC.

CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

It seems strange to us that the Chinese call foreigners “barbarians;” but we may not be so much surprised when we read the following points in etiquette which are carefully observed by the Chinese, and compare them with our own very informal and often rude manners. The points are condensed from an article in the *Chinese Recorder*, by D. Christie.

“To appear in public in a short jacket and tight-fitting trousers is an offence against common decency.”

“For ladies a tight fitting dress is unbecoming.”

“It is polite to dismount on entering a village where a friend lives, especially when nearing his door, and to ride slowly through any village or town.”

“On a narrow path, whether in town or country, men always give way to women, the blind, and old men.”

“On the street it is not considered proper to look around or laugh loudly, and it does not look well to carry a stick, especially inside a city.”

“Before accosting anyone, a traveler must always alight or dismount.”

“It is very impolite not to notice a salutation from even the poorest, or to fail to return it in the same way.”

“Any person making a salutation must face the person saluted.”

“During a visit do not place your elbows on the table, or cross your legs, or fold your arms, or stroke your beard, or place your hands behind your back.”

“If your guest rises, stand up at once.”

“Rough language lowers the person who uses it more than those to whom it is applied.”

“To strike a man or in any way to use physical force is considered by the Chinese degrading.”

“An unmarried or a young married lady may not go out, walk on the streets or pay visits, without an elderly chaperone.”

“If you do not learn the rules of propriety, your character cannot be established.—Confucius.

THE CHRIST LOVE.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth writes: “Some time ago I wrote an article on ‘Child Life in the Slums.’ It was circulated widely in this country, and was copied and sent to other parts of the world. In my mail one morning, not long ago, I found a letter from India telling me how the article had been read away off in that distant land. The missionary who sent me the tidings had herself read it aloud to the class of Hindus among whom she labored; and their hearts were so touched by the story of suffering and sorrow that they subscribed and sent to me twelve dollars for our work among the outcast babies in this Christian land. American dollars have been sent by thousands to evangelize the dark-skinned heathen of India, but this is the first time I have heard of the return of such dollars from far India's children to bring comfort and hope to our heathen at home. Very precious to my heart was this gift for our work, but how much more precious must it have been to the Saviour, to see down into those native hearts and note there the springing up of the Christ love that blends in tender sympathy all divinely touched souls with a longing to help and bless the lost and broken hearted ones. I think this ought to speak to the hearts of those in this favored land who have never as yet stretched out a helping hand, or offered a cup of cold water, to the poor little mites whose lives are lived beneath the blighting curse of slumdom.”—*Helping Hand*.

A STRANGE DOCTRINE.

H. Waddell, a missionary to Japan, reports that a copy of the New Testament was once given to a man connected with the railway service in Tokyo. He did not care for Christianity, and without examining what it contained began to use it for waste paper. But one day he chanced to see the words, “Love your enemies,” and he was so struck with this new idea that he felt a deep longing to know more of this strange doctrine which he was now convinced must be very good. Then he went to the Uyeno Mission, and asked for another and a complete copy of the New Testament, so that he would be able to learn all that the book contained. A copy was given him, and he read it with great care. The result was, not only his own conversion, but that of his whole family. Not long after his wife died a Christian death, and he and the rest of the family are connected with one of the churches in that city.—*Sel*.

Did you ever notice that the men or women who influence you most are the men or women who believe in you? If you would influence others for good you must believe in them. It isn't necessary to shake a fellow up to see if the good is largest and will come on top. Take it for granted that there is good there and don't hesitate to offer a word of commendation when you see its fruit.—*Self-Help and Home-Study*.

Woman's Work.

THE WORK AND THE WORKERS.*

BY MRS. W. L. CLARKE.

Never in the history of our denomination has there seemed to be such an imperative demand for earnest, consecrated workers, and for means to carry forward the work, as at the present time. The open and opening doors on every hand bring to us the words of the prophet Isaiah with the force of a command: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitation. Spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes, for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left."

The rapid increase of lawlessness, in regard to consecrating any period of time as sacred to God's service, the holidayism brought from the old world, and making strong growth in the congenial soil, together with the frantic efforts of some of the believers in the American Sunday to establish its observance by civil law, plainly indicate that the time has arrived to present to the people, and especially to Christians, the claims of God's Sabbath. To present the Sabbath truth, in the clear and forcible manner required by its importance, and with the ability to command the attention of the public, is a gift worthy the consecration of the best energies, of the strongest among us, and must of necessity absorb the time and talents of any who give themselves fully to the work. So great is the present demand for usefulness in this direction, it seems almost a necessity that our people should at once place one or more persons in the field who would give their whole time to the advancement of this truth. We have the workers of unquestioned ability, by years of patient study and research eminently fitted for the place, but where are the means? Is not the truth of sufficient importance to call for some sacrifice on the part of every believer, that it may be sown broadcast?

Scatter the seeds of truth.
Beside all waters sow.
The germs wait in immortal youth
God's time wherein to grow.

The earnest aggressive labor for the salvation of souls, by our evangelists, during the past few years, has been signally blessed of God. And still from every side comes to them the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." But, "the Lord has ordained that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel," and to push this work according to its importance the committee find their desire and ability continually at variance. Hundreds of dollars could be profitably employed where ten are now used.

To hasten the day when all the world shall be brought to Christ, is the desire of every Christian. Not simply our own state or country, but the whole world. For it is written: "I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth." "Behold, these shall come from far, and lo; these from the north and from the west, and these from the land of Sinim." "And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."

The Seventh-day Baptist mission established fifty years ago in Shanghai, China, which has been from time to time strengthened and enlarged, stands in need of still greater

help and fostering care at the present time. We have absolutely no suitable accommodations for the Boys' School, which experience has proved to be an important factor in the work there, and which is languishing for want of a suitable building, and a teacher who can give time and attention to the scholars. They are bright, earnest boys, some of whom have already come to acknowledge Christ in baptism. When our mission was established, there were less than a score of converts to Christianity in all China; to-day there are from sixty to one hundred thousand members of the Christian church in that heathen land, and there, as here, the hope of the church is in her young people. From the Sabbath-schools and the boarding schools come the cultivated minds and Christian hearts, with youthful vigor, strong to work for Christ, and able with his help to bring many to righteousness. Shall we, having put our hand to the plow, look back, or shall we continue to bear our part in this good work?

We can at this time only glance at a few of the various phases and pressing demands of the work which is of vital importance to us as a people, and which should be earnestly and prayerfully considered. But let us go from this Woman's Hour more deeply imbued with love for Christ and for his cause, more fully consecrated in heart and life to his service, and with stronger determination to sustain in every possible manner both the work and the workers.

The little we can do, availeth naught,
Except God bless.
But wondrous things by him are wrought
If we but press
With courage, on the sometimes thorny road.
He bids us take
Content to bear a heavy load
For his dear sake.

The weak things of the world, Christ maketh strong
For doing good.
And rise, to overcome the wrong
Least understood.
And he will walk beside us, as a friend,
From day to day.
"Lo! I am with you to the end,"
We hear him say.

For him who overcomes, the victor's song
Doth surely wait.
Then faint not, though the way be long,
The peril great,
For Christ shall reign, from river unto sea,
From shore to shore,
To him all praise and glory be
Forevermore.

"HOW WE CAN INTEREST OUR CHILDREN IN MISSIONARY WORK."*

BY MRS. W. J. DAVIS.

There is nothing more receptive than the heart of a little child; impressions are made, before the cares of the world have hardened it, that are never forgotten. Lessons learned at the mother's knee are retained the longest. The Catholics realizing the force of early impressions, seek to control the education of the children. So we should remember, if we wish to interest our children in missions, to begin early; the fossil prints on the now adamantine rock that receives no impressions but retains those made when it was soft clay, so often is the human heart. How careful we should be that good thoughts and motives should fill the young minds!

If our children never hear of our missions, how can we expect them to grow up with a large missionary spirit? The first lessons in missionary interest are often received by hearing our returned missionaries. The knowledge that the one speaking to them

knows, from personal experience, the facts stated, and has had a part in them, gives an added interest for us all, and especially the children. No one who saw the eager faces of the little children when our dear sister, Susie Burdick, during her recent visit among us, told of our schools in China, and the great need of a building for the Boys' School, and listened to their eager talk later, could doubt for a moment that a deep impression was made on their young minds. As I watched their glowing faces I wondered if perchance the seed there sown, if watered and tended by those to whom these young souls were intrusted, might not bring forth an abundant harvest for the Master.

I remember, as a little child, the return of Eld. Solomon Carpenter and wife; and the deep interest aroused in my young heart for our China field of labor has never been lost. Again, by giving them a work to do for the mission, making them feel they have a personal interest in, and a part of it, doing a service for God just as needful as the active work on the field.

The interest may be fostered by the Superintendents of the Junior Endeavor Societies. Here we have little Mite Boxes for the Boys' School Fund. One dear little fellow being asked the next Sabbath after they had received the boxes if he had put anything in his yet, said he had put in thirty cents. All he had received during the week had been given freely so greatly had he been stirred by the talk of the Superintendent on the great needs of the Boys' School. No tithing or giving grudgingly, but a generous overflowing of a loving heart, filled with a longing to help. Oh, if we older ones would but become as little children.

Often they may be given some way to earn missionary money; a child on a farm may be given a little ground and seed for this purpose. One little girl in our society earned a dollar by raising sweet potatoes, another had a missionary hen and sold the chickens. There are many ways to create an interest by letting them have an opportunity to earn their own missionary money. Our ministers can help increase the interest by occasionally preaching a sermon to the children on our mission field and needs. The power of a missionary sermon is beautifully illustrated in the story of the little boy who, when he found he had not even a penny to put in the plate, asked that it be placed beside him, and placing his foot upon it said, "I give myself, I can do no more."

Mothers have perhaps the greatest part to do in fostering their childish enthusiasm; this may be done by pleasant talks on the missionary work, by reading the articles in our religious papers aloud, and then talking them over with the children; for an article read aloud and discussed makes a much deeper impression than when we read them over alone. If parents put only worldly things before the children in the home talks, if there is no time for Bible reading and prayer, how can we look for a large spiritual growth in our children? If we would talk of the morning reading, talk when our little ones sit by our sides, talk of the work when putting them to bed, sing missionary songs to lull them to sleep. Oh mothers, there are so many ways we may sow the seed for our Master.

A great humorist once said, when asked how to train up a child in the way he should go, "You must walk that way *sometimes* yourself." Let us see to it that we do our part faithfully, have an interest ourselves and manifest it, and our children will have an interest in missions.

*Read at the Woman's Hour at the Eastern Association.

*Read at the Woman's Hour of the Eastern Association.

DAVID HAWLEY.

BY E. C. WILLIAMS LIVERMORE.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

When we view the harvest of human life, we are led to exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!" It is well to remember and perpetuate the memory of those who have laid down their burden and wear the crown of rejoicing.

Among the blessed, we trust, is David Hawley, once City Missionary in Hartford, Conn., and although it is several years since he passed to his reward, it cannot be amiss to revive a memory of him.

He was known among the poor as "Father Hawley," because he so closely sympathized with them, like a loving parent.

Rarely do we meet one so ripened and ready for death's sickle. Said the *Hartford Courant* of him: "Despite Mr. Hawley's lack of early mental training, his native powers of mind did not fail to show themselves to advantage. Not only was he eloquent in his pathos and humor, as he pleaded any cause which had his heart, but there was a Bunyan-like vigor of thought and quaintness of conception in his comments on the Scriptures, which will not be forgotten by those who were much with him in Sabbath-school and prayer meeting work. I recall one striking illustration of this. It was in the summer of 1859, when the daily union prayer meetings were held in the old Unitarian church on the corner of Asylum and Trumbull streets. He stepped in from the street, at one of those meetings, just as the leader was reading the familiar story of Lazarus and Dives. It was a hot summer's afternoon. Mr. Hawley came in, half out of breath, as if he had hurried to the place of prayer from his round of daily toil; but his ear was quick to catch the words from the Book of God. He took his seat, but as an invitation was given him, he rose to speak. 'I suppose,' he said, 'that Dives had never prayed before then. That was his first prayer. He might have prayed before; but he hadn't done it. It seems as if he didn't dare to pray for much the first time; as if he wanted to pray for just the smallest thing he could think of—a single drop of cold water; that was all. And he didn't ask God for even that. No, he'd never prayed to God, and he didn't dare to begin now. "There's Father Abraham," he said, 'a fellow mortal, it may be he'll pity me. Father Abraham, send to me—who? Not one of the many angels flying about on God's errands, but that poor beggar Lazarus, who used to lie at my door and live on my crumbs. Father Abraham, send the beggar Lazarus with one drop of cold water to cool my burning tongue.' That was all of Dives' first prayer. But even that wasn't granted. No. It was too late; too late. O, my friends, just think of the difference in your case to-day! You can pray, not for little things, but for great. You can call, not on Abraham, but on God. You can ask him to send, not Lazarus nor an angel, but his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to bring down to you, not a single drop of cold water, but a cup brim full of the water of life. And you can drink, and have your soul satisfied. Blessed be God for this privilege of prayer.'

Examples of Mr. Hawley's originality and force of thought might be multiplied. It would be difficult, for instance, to conceive a more impressive illustration of the shame and the crime of liquor dealing than that given

by him in his description of "The Great Rum Slaughter House of Hartford," which he imagined on our city park. He would only ask, he said, that all the liquor selling should be done there, under one roof; one entrance for all; one door for the wholesale and retail trade—for the hampers of champagne going out to the houses of the rich, for the demi-johns of brandy and wine to the private carriages of our first citizens, and so "all the way down, to the little shovel-headed, bare-footed girls with their tin pails going for molasses." On one side of the entrance there should be "the beseeching room," draped with mourning, where mothers could plead with their sons, and wives with their husbands, and sisters with their brothers, entreating them to give up drink, recalling broken promises and asking new ones, shedding scalding tears, and sending up heart-rending prayers. In the room adjoining, with only a low partition between, within sound of the beseeching ones, there should be all the cases of delirium tremens in its horrors. Over against these rooms, the bloated, bruised and livid bodies of the dead victims of strong drink should be exposed in glass coffins, that all who came in might see the work of rum. To save transportation he wanted the police court in a corner of the same building, and a bridge going directly from it to the jail on Pearl street. Above the building he would have a great bell tolling all through the night, so that every interested mother might be reminded, as she waked or watched, "My son is there," and every drunkard's wife should say, "My husband is there." There, under one roof, should be all the rum selling and all the rum drinking of the six hundred grog shops of Hartford. All the drunkards should be there—all their oaths and cursings, their calling on God to damn souls, rising up to one great dome. "How long," asked Mr. Hawley, "do you suppose the people of this city would stand such a building there? Why, they'd rise up and sweep it from the earth. They'd put barrels of powder under it and blow it to atoms, so that not a vestige of it remained, if they couldn't be rid of it any other way; and they ought to do so. Yet," he added, with overwhelming force, in conclusion, "everything that would be going on there you've got in Hartford to-day. All I ask is, that you should bring it under one roof and look at it just as it is." Figures of such boldness as this, brought out in the freedom with which they were employed by Mr. Hawley, are not the product of an ordinary mind.

To him each morning came the question, "What can I do for Jesus to-day?" Would it not be well if this interrogation came home to us all?

I shall ever be glad that it was my privilege to call him friend.

He lived so near the Great Loving Heart that he perpetually reflected much of the heavenly joy. His was an illumined face, one from which the finger of time cannot wipe the eternal youth of the soul.

He found a "very present help" all along the way, until he passed within the portal where he took his crown.

Many who went up to glory from a shanty home will rise up in gratitude at the last day, because he gently led them heavenward.

He rests from his labors and his "works do follow" him.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND BIBLE STUDY.

BY REV. J. R. MILLER, D. D.

Author of "Making the Most of Life."

Young people often ask, "How can I read the Bible so as to find in it the things that it has for me?"

Christian Endeavorers, especially, who are pledged to daily Bible study, are eager to know how they may fulfil their pledge most wisely. They desire to do more than perfunctorily read a few verses daily, but sometimes they need guidance. Perhaps a few very simple suggestions may be helpful.

The Bible is not so different from other books as many people think. It has to be read in the same way as any other book. If you take up a volume of history, a book of poems, or a story, feeling that you ought to read a page of it every morning and a page every evening, and then try to do it just because your conscience says you should, it will not prove interesting to you. You must care for a book and want to read it before you will find either pleasure or profit in it. This is as true of the Bible as of any other book.

"That is just the trouble," some one says. "Somehow I cannot get to care for it." How can we learn to care for the Bible? A young lady, some years since, received a book as a present. She took it up several times and tried to read it, but it seemed dull. So it was laid aside. A year or two later she was introduced to a gentleman whom she met frequently after that. The two became excellent friends, and at length their friendship ripened into love. About that time, too, she discovered that he was the author of the book, which she had tried to read and had found somewhat dull. She sought the book again; now every page held golden thoughts for her. It was no longer dull. The writer was her friend. Love was now her interpreter. She wondered how she could ever have considered the book uninteresting.

The Bible seems dull to you—or at least you cannot find the interest in it that some people find in its pages. Perhaps if you knew Christ better it would be different. If you only remembered that he—your dearest and best Friend—is the Author of the book, its words would have new meanings for you.

Begin with the gospels. They tell the story of the life of Christ. You find in them a great many of his own words. As you read the pages, think of what Jesus is to you. Read as you would read a letter written to you by your mother, or a book which told you about your father's life. Love will change all and give a personal interest to every sentence.

To learn to care for the Bible, you must think of its words as spoken not only for you, but directly to you. A good portrait looks you right in the face. You may walk about the room, but from every part that eye looks into yours. A thousand persons may pass, but the picture looks straight at each one of them. So it is with the Bible. It looks everybody right in the face. It speaks right to you. This is one of the secrets of finding it interesting. If you will think of every word of it as just for you, it will soon begin to talk to you as a dear friend. You will see Christ's face looking out from every page, and will hear his voice in every sentence. Then it will no longer be a task to read the book, but a joy and delight.

Of course we should read the whole book.

Some people never get beyond a few familiar chapters. There are great sections of it, whole books, large portions of other books, of which they know nothing at all. This is not making the most of the Bible. We should try to study it as a whole, so as to know every nook and corner of it. There is no portion of it, not even the chapters of hard names, without instruction and help of some kind. We can gather bits of rich food even in the old chronicles and in among the bald histories of the Bible.

We should read the Bible regularly and in some kind of order. No student of Tennyson or Browning would expect to become deeply interested in the works of his author if he picked up the book once or twice a day and read a few lines wherever the pages happened to part. Yet that is the way too many read the Bible.

To make the Bible interesting as a whole, we should learn all we can about the several books as books. A few hours of study about Genesis—when written, its contents, its wonderful value—will prepare one to read Genesis with keen zest. So of the other books.

Besides this reading and study of the whole Bible, it is well to take it up at times topically. Study the characters you find in it, gathering all you can learn about them in any part of the book. Study doctrines or subjects to find all the inspired volume has to say about them.

There is still another way. The Bible is to furnish us our daily bread. We need a portion for each day. Though we may read several chapters in the morning, it is well for us to have a single verse, or a brief passage, to take into our thought for the day's pondering. For example, my verse yesterday was, "Tarry ye here, and watch with me." Through all the hours, as I went about my tasks, my mind turned again and again to this word of Christ. I thought of what it meant first in the heart of Jesus, as he craved the sympathy of his friends as he agonized in the garden. This gave me many a sweet suggestion about the humanity of Jesus. Then I thought of what he means by it now when he asks us to watch with him. Again, I thought of the need our friends oft-times have of our waking sympathy, and that there is a time when, if at all, this sympathy must be shown; that when this time is past, if we have only slept we may as well sleep on. A word taken thus every day and meditated upon through the busy hours, and when we are on our bed, cannot but give its rich spiritual help and nourishment to the soul.

The Bible yields up its value and help to us only when we receive its truths into our heart and take its lessons into our life. It is God's Word, but we can get blessing even from God's Word only when we let the Word speak to us and then submit our wills and all our life to it. If we have sinned, the Bible can give us peace only by leading us in the divine way to the place of pardon. If we are in sorrow, it can comfort us only when we accept the divine consolations, and quiet our heart in resting upon them. If we are in danger, it can be a protection to us only as we believe its words of promise and hide ourselves away in the refuge of the divine love. Not the Bible but God, is the source of all blessing and good, and the Bible can bless us only as it brings us into loving fellowship with God.

OFFENCES.

This word, which occurs repeatedly in the New Testament, is the English rendering of the Greek word from which our English word "scandal" is directly derived. It primarily denotes a trap or snare in which one may be caught, or any impediment over which one may stumble. When transferred from the experiences of the body to those of the soul, its most proper application is to anything which ensnares the soul or causes it to stumble or err. We have to speak figuratively whenever we speak of what pertains to mind or spirit, transferring terms which properly apply to material things. The soul's erring, or stumbling, is sin—any wrong act or exercise or state of the mind. Our modern usage has varied the meaning of the term, and we now call that an offense which is calculated to excite our displeasure or anger. There is one example of this usage in the New Testament. It is where the Lord said to Peter, "Thou art an offense unto me." Ordinarily we may presume that this latter sense of the word will involve the other. To provoke a person to anger is to tempt him to sin. So do the shades of meaning of this word run into each other.

We may well presume that our Lord was chiefly concerned about offenses in the strictest sense—occasions of sin. He does not care so much for what merely gives pain, as for what leads or tempts to sin. Well knowing what was in man and what was in the world, he clearly saw that offenses would come. We need not interpret his "must needs be" as denoting a strict philosophical necessity, but a clearly perceived certainty. He looked out into the world, or into the future, with an affectionate solicitude not unlike that which a parent feels when his child goes away from home to encounter the manifold exposures of life. The parent cannot hope that his child will escape moral exposures. He does not doubt that temptations will assail him, that offenses will come to him, that he will experience many dangerous incitements to the evil that is in him by nature. There will be impediments in his path of duty—objects or incidents calculated to make him stumble or to make him err.

Our Lord, in his tender forthought, anticipated trials of this kind to come upon his disciples. He seems to have expected that these stumbling-blocks might be placed in their way maliciously, or at least heedlessly. He utters an exceedingly solemn warning against this: "Woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." He very solemnly adds that it would be better for a man to have a millstone fastened about his neck and to be thrown into the sea, than to offend one of these "little ones."

The special emphasis which he lays upon offending "little ones" is instructive. We may understand it literally of young children, or we may understand it of the weak, the less instructed, or less firm—those most easily influenced, and so most liable to be spiritually damaged by temptations or provocations. He would have us shun inflicting such spiritual damage more carefully than we would guard against falling into the sea. He would have us dread the guilt of misleading, of causing to sin, those who can be influenced by us more than we would dread being deliberately bound to a heavy weight and thrown into the deep.—*Church at Home and Abroad.*

STEEL BUILDINGS AND CYCLONES.

The appalling calamity that has fallen upon St. Louis has given Chicago something serious to think about, and considerably weakened the hasty assumption that we need have no fear of cyclones. That assumption has been based, for the most part, upon the theory that the buildings of a great city would so break the force of a tornado that little damage could result. This theory does not seem to have much value in the light of the dreadful experience of St. Louis, and we are forced to fall back upon the less satisfactory theory that the proximity of Lake Michigan gives immunity. But the meteorologists say that this view is unsupported by fact; and we can all remember that Racine, also on the shore of the lake, was badly damaged by a cyclone not many years ago. Perhaps the question of greatest practical interest raised by the St. Louis disaster is that of the stability of the modern form of steel construction, so largely used in business structures here and elsewhere. Buildings of this type do not seem to have suffered much at St. Louis, although it is reported that in one or two instances the roofs were torn away. The architects have a good deal to say upon the subject, and are generally of the opinion that the building of modern skeleton construction would withstand the fury of any cyclone that ever swept over the prairies. The brick or terra-cotta sheathing of such a building would probably suffer, and the steel frame-work might get twisted, but the building would stand, as a whole, in the face of any conceivable wind pressure.—*Harper's Weekly.*

"NOT NOW."

A story is told among the Russian peasants of an old woman who was at work in her house when the wise men from the East passed by on their way to find the infant Christ, guided as they were by the star going before them in the sky. "Come with us," they said; "we are going to find the heavenly Child; come with us." "I will come," she replied, "but not just now. I will follow very soon, and overtake you and find him." And when her work was done the wise men had gone and the stars in the heavens had disappeared, and she never saw the infant Saviour.

It is but a story, but full of instruction and warning; for a similar story could be told of thousands of human hearts, and confirmed by the character and destiny of thousands of human beings. The call to come to Christ sounds in our ears, but we are too busy to heed it now. We have no time just yet for the Bible, for the closet, or the serious thought, or for hearkening to the voice of conscience and the whispers of the Holy Spirit. We are like the Duke of Alva, who, when asked to look at a remarkable appearance in the skies, replied, "I am too busy with things on the earth to take time for looking up to the heavens." We are pressed with our business, or building our homes, or looking after the needs of our children, or laying up wealth for the future, and the time for seeking Christ is delayed, and by the delay we have missed him forever.—*Sel.*

WHAT man in his right senses, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want who has enough? Or what is he the better for abundance that can never be satisfied?—*L'Estrange.*

Young People's Work

MY DREAM.

BY ETNA COTTON CHASE.

I dreamed a dream,
Which to you might seem
No lesson to convey;
To my troubled heart
It seemed in part
Its gloom to chase away.

Like scattered roses,
My heart's fond hopes
In saddest ruins lie!
But the buds will bloom,
And chase all gloom
From me, by and by.

This was my dream.
I stood by a stream
Of water, bright and clear.
There the roses grew
All covered with dew,
Whilst sunbeams kissed a tear.

I put forth my hand
To pluck the rose,
The leaves scattered and fell.
They seemed with my heart
In sorrow to take part,
For its anguish none could tell.

Sad and depressed,
I heard a kind voice
Saying, "Child, cheer up, I pray,
Trust, have faith in me.
Buds will bloom for thee,
O why so sad to-day?"

I looked to see,
And buds bloomed for me.
I plucked them all with care,
And held to my breast
With its aching unrest,
And let them lie tenderly there.

I awoke. I was comforted.
My heart, so sore and tried,
Was promised rest,
If I'd only trust
And by faith, in Him, abide.

"O HELEN," said sister Mary, "Don't you wish we were rich and had lots of money?"

Ten-year-old Helen waited a moment and then thoughtfully replied, "Perhaps if we were, we would have to sell all we had and give to the poor."

WHEN you become dissatisfied with your lot in life, and long for wealth, or beauty or power, or position, just thoughtfully consider the subject for a few moments in the way Helen did, and you may come to see that a wiser, better plan has been arranged for you than one of your own making. Your lack of beauty and fine clothes may preserve you from being vain, and haughty; your poverty may be your salvation, your lowly place in life may be the means of securing you a place of honor and power in the life to come. So be contented and happy in your lot, doing the best you can.

THE Christian Endeavorers of the Melville Presbyterian church, Montreal, Can., are in the habit of sending bundles of good literature to a country minister who uses them in his itinerant preaching. At one town the papers aroused so much interest that the people were led to come to the services again and again. Now the interest in religious things has become so marked that a small church has been erected in the town and the people hope to engage a pastor for themselves.

THE spirit in which the Christian Endeavor pledge is fulfilled, is manifested by a striking incident reported by the pastor of the young woman concerned. She had been an active Christian Endeavorer for two years when she was stricken with fever and a short time ago died. During the last days of her illness, when too weak to hold her Bible, the young woman asked her mother to hold the book

for her so that she could read a portion from it each day. "For," said she, "I wish to be faithful to my pledge to the very end of my life."

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

The interest gradually grew at Greenbriar. When I left last Tuesday some had been reclaimed and some converted. On Monday heavy rains had fallen, so that it was too wet to work on the ground, and a day meeting was held. After the meeting the congregation repaired to the water, where one was baptized. Others will be baptized later by Bro. Seager, who will continue the meetings for a few nights. Sabbath-day was spent with the Middle Island church. This was the time for their regular quarterly meeting. After the morning service and communion, the congregation went to the water, only a few steps from the church, and baptism was administered to one candidate. This was a rainy day, but the attendance was good. At the evening service, which closed the series of meetings, a hand-shaking and offering for the Mission Board was enjoyed by a large congregation.

The last night was spent with the Salem people. A good congregation gathered at our church and again enjoyed a gospel meeting. We hastened to close this meeting in order to reach our homes before a gathering shower reached us, but made bad calculation, and went home in the rain. Three months and a half I have been at work in West Virginia, and since the eleventh day of April hardly a cool day. Wheat is now beginning to whiten for harvest. The harvest is white for the saving of men as well. The gospel work there is one continual harvest. They lack reapers. God has blessed the work at each of the places where I was permitted to go, and has given me better health than for several years. And now as I write from my home, the sad thought which comes to me is of the many Sabbath-keepers in West Virginia who have no under-shepherd. May God bless them. Let us continue to pray for them until help can come.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Young People:

I have been thinking for some time of writing a few lines for your columns, but have failed to do so. I have been away from our people since last September. Since that time I have been traveling in Central Illinois and Southern Wisconsin. I have spent five or six Sabbaths of that time with our people in Chicago, where I am a member. The rest of the Sabbaths have been spent among First-day people.

I met Bro. Randolph, pastor of the Chicago church, at Harvard, Ill., May the 29th, and went with him to Walworth, Wis., to attend the quarterly meeting there. I was greatly strengthened, and left feeling much encouraged to press on. One don't know what it is to keep the Sabbath alone till he tries it. When I left Alfred, N. Y., last September, some said I would leave the Sabbath as I was going to make my home with my brother and sister who had left it. But I thank God that I am a stronger Seventh-day Baptist to-day than ever. I never felt so helpless till I was in this world of sin alone. Then I began to fully realize that I must trust my-

self fully to God's keeping. I take him with me daily, and he guides me and gives me success. When our young people start out to battle with the world they can keep the Sabbath if they take God with them. If they leave him behind they will surely fail.

I expect to attend the Association at Albion, Wis., and hope to see many of you there and clasp hands with you. Remember with me in prayer those who are near and dear to me that they may return to God's Sabbath. He has said that he will hear and answer prayer. I ask you especially to remember me each Sabbath as I am alone in my room keeping God's Sabbath. May God bless and keep us all. Yours in Christ,

W. M. DAVIS.

KENOSHA, Wis., June 8, 1896.

TEN GOOD CITIZEN COMMANDMENTS.

The great truth is ever the simple truth. The ten simple good citizenship commandments enunciated by Rev. William G. Clarke, D. D., of Chicago, at the Boston convention contain the genius of the whole uprising for civic purity, says *The Golden Rule*:

1. Thou shalt be an intelligent citizen.
2. A virtuous citizen.
3. An active citizen.
4. Thou shalt employ thy voice and thy pen as well as thy vote.
5. Thou shalt cast thy ballot at the caucus, the primaries, the convention, if you are sent there, and at the polls.
6. Thou shalt be an inveterate foe of political corruption.
7. Thou shalt resist the forces of lawlessness.
8. Thou shalt not be the slave of any party.
9. Thou shalt protect our American institutions, our free ballot, free schools, free press and freedom of worship.
10. Thou shalt battle against the tyranny and infamy of our liquor traffic.

WHAT IS HOME?

A prize was offered recently by London *Tit-Bits* for the best answer to the question, "What is Home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received:

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is mother.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of humanity are hidden under a mantle of charity.

The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great.

The father's kingdom and the children's paradise, the mother's world.

Where you are treated best and grumble most.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

"FEAR of Hell is the bloody knout with which the church scourges reluctant flesh across the finite world and whips him smarting into Heaven at last?"—*Theodore Parker*.

SOMETIMES it takes a grumbling church member a good while to find out that the fault is all in himself; but when he does make the discovery, he is the most astonished man in the world.—*Ex.*

Children's Page.

POLLY'S INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Polly was at the window sewing, making a calico apron. The stitches were not very small, neither was the hem of all the same width, but the apron was serviceable.

Polly had an anxious look, "worried," her grandma would have said. Every few moments she stopped sewing, and looked very earnestly out of the window, where there was nothing new for her to see—only a barn, an orchard and pleasant meadow bank beyond. The child was not thinking of the outlook, but of her own cares and responsibilities.

The day before Polly had been made president of a mission band. Sally Tucker had held that office, but, being discouraged, had resigned.

The band had voted to contribute a certain sum to support a little girl in India. The little girl was alive at last accounts, but the band had not sent a single penny to keep her alive.

Polly's father said, "It was a heavy contract for so slim a girl," but was real good, for he became "an outside silent member," and paid one dollar. Polly's mother "joined and paid fifty cents. Grandma wouldn't put her name down but gave forty cents.

All this was encouraging, but Polly wanted the "s'ciety" to earn money.

As she sewed, and pondered ways and means, Mrs. Sampson, their nearest neighbor, "slipped over" to "sit a spell." Polly thought it queer that Mrs. Sampson never went anywhere, but always "slipped" to places.

She began, as usual, to talk about her old aches and one or two new ones she had picked up, or rather, that had picked her up.

Then she told how lonesome it was to live all "stark" alone, and her intention to find a likely family to take her house and board her—a family who would be in early night, and not "malihack the woodwork."

"Now, of an evening," she added, "it is awful lonesome; and I'd like to slip into meeting; but I'm clean beat out doing my chores. There," she said mournfully, "I must go. Peter Snow has come with my milk, and there is Thomas a-sitting on the window-sill a-crying."

Thomas was a very black cat with large yellow eyes, and was indeed crying severely, if one could judge by the way he opened his mouth. "Why not stay with us to tea?" Polly's mother said kindly.

Mrs. Sampson wished she could; but "if Thomas was nothing but a cat she set by him, 'cause he'd been poor Seleney's when a kitten. And he was particular about his meals. He always had a drink of milk as soon as it came; and then if she didn't look out, one of the Higgins tribe like as not would steal the milk, can and all, first thing she knew."

Polly pitied Mrs. Sampson, because it was lonely with only a cat for company. To be sure Thomas was very handsome and could sing; but he was like folks, he liked to sing away from home.

Polly had often done errands for their neighbor, and was trusted about her house. So although she didn't exactly want to, she offered to go over and see to the fire, Thomas and the milk can.

After some polite words, Mrs. Sampson let Polly go; and she went back in a comfortable chair with quite a smile on her face.

Polly found considerable to do in her neighbor's kitchen.

The floor needed sweeping, the table-cloth was on crooked. Then Thomas was to be noticed as well as fed.

When she left, really the kitchen had a much more tidy appearance; for Polly had a talent for "righting things."

The next forenoon Mrs. Sampson "slipped over" with a plate of "caraways" for Polly, as pay for her service. She sat quite a "spell," telling what a handy child Polly was, how much she made her think of Seleney, and how easy she could "grub along" if she (Mrs. Sampson) had her to "chore about."

After their neighbor went home, Polly sat thinking.

"Mother," she presently said, standing by the table where her mother was cutting out work, "do you believe Mrs. Sampson would be willing to pay me money if I'd work for her?"

"I don't know, dear. You could ask her."

"I've been thinking?"—

"Well, dear, what about?"

"You know we must earn money for that little girl in India; and perhaps I could that way."

"A good idea, Polly; but you must not expect great pay. You could go over and have a talk with Mrs. Sampson."

With some misgivings Polly ventures. Mrs. Sampson is knitting, and Thomas is on the cushion in the sun. At once she plunges into the subject, telling all about the mission band and the little girl in India, and how they must take care of her, 'cause they'd promised.

When the whole was told, Mrs. Sampson was pleased with the idea of having Polly to "chore" for her, and said it would be "agreeable."

Before Polly went home, Mrs. Sampson said she would like to hear more about the missionary business, and would like to see the papers about it. The pay was left to Polly to decide upon.

That night the little girl wrote in her best hand:

"I will work for you for 5 cents purr hour." This document she showed her father.

He thought it reasonable, and asked if Thomas (the cat) "had any interest in the business." A strange question, Polly thought; but papa was funny.

The little girl did her best at Mrs. Sampson's. She washed and wiped dishes, swept the kitchen floor, picked over raisins and hung out a few things that Mrs. Sampson "dabbed out" besides feeding the hens. She earned ten cents and went home well pleased.

The next afternoon that Polly worked out a Mrs. Snow came in to Mrs. Sampson. She "ran in." As Polly worked the visitor watched her with interest, and in time heard all about the band and their pledge to the little girl in India. Before she left, she asked Polly to come to her house and take care of her Sam Ellis—a baby who was "so troublesome she couldn't set a stitch." Mrs. Sampson suggested that some other "bander" take that job, because "as a rule, presidents didn't work much, but directed and oversaw others."

Polly and her mother talked the matter over, and Mrs. West advised the calling of an extra meeting to consider the question.

That night Polly wrote out a few simple rules for the conduct of the members of the band who were detailed for service:

1. You must not be noisy, open drawers, or peek into closets.

2. Must not tell things you hear. (Mrs. West's suggestion.)

3. Must not ask for something to eat.

The members of the band heartily approved of going out to service, with one or two exceptions. Indeed, they were so anxious to work that five were eager to take care of Sam Ellis Snow.

The pastor of the church mentioned the matter very pleasantly at a prayer meeting and gave "Miss Polly West's" name as the one to whom application must be made if one wished such help.

So it came about that Polly kept an "Intelligence Office."

While this was new it worked well. But the children grew tired of being good—somewhat as older people do—and of working so hard for a little girl they never saw.

Polly, besides working for her neighbor, became nursery maid to Sam Ellis, the other children being tired of his "teething tantrums." The older people lost what little interest they had felt, which caused even stout-hearted Polly to become discouraged.

About this time Mrs. Sampson decided to have a tea company.

Polly was engaged to assist at eight cents an hour, in the preparation. The best parlor was opened, aired, and dusted. The room was so seldom used that Thomas availed himself of the opportunity of seeing it and walked in.

He sat down on the best rug in front of the fire-place to watch proceedings. While Mrs. Sampson laid the fire, she told Polly how long she was a "drawing in that mat, and the cat in the center was really Thomas' picture and what a piece of work it was to have his ears mates. One would lop; and as to his eyes! Mercy on us! I'm afire!" she screamed as she ran toward the door, her thin calico dress all in a blaze.

"Polly! Thomas!" she cried in her fright.

In an instant Polly pulled up the rug portrait and all—Thomas rolling over and over on the hearth—and wrapped it as well as she could about the terrified old lady.

"Lemme go, Poll West," screamed Mrs. Sampson; but Polly held it about her until the fire was out, then with a moan of pain, fell on the floor.

"My dear little girl!" she heard, as if some one a great way off was talking to her, and when she looked up, it was into her father's face. Her mother and Dr. Clarke were doing something to her hands.

Nearby was Mrs. Sampson, telling the neighbors how it all happened.

Little Polly's willing hands were sadly burned, but Mrs. Sampson's life was saved.

Mrs. Sampson was of the kind who could never do two things at once. In her desire to tell how "Thomas' portrait was drawn in her best rug," she put a lighted match to her dress instead of to the shavings.

Only the day before Polly had read in her *Youth's Companion* a few simple rules for emergencies. Otherwise she would not have known what to do.

There were days and nights of suffering for Polly, but the band flourished.

The Sabbath after the accident the minister talked in the evening to Polly's band. He urged them to be faithful in small things, saying, "Polly West was braver when she worked day after day for love of the little girl in India than when she saved the life of her friend and neighbor. The work required patience and faithfulness, the saving of this life called for courage."

When Polly was well, Mrs. Sampson had the band to tea, Thomas included. Then and there she joined, paying ten dollars. Others in the church sent money, so that it was a serious question the children had to decide.

Shall we support one little girl five years, or five little girls one year?"—*The Examiner*.

Home News.

Minnesota.

TRENTON.—A few words in regard to this field may again interest the readers of the RECORDER. The good effects are yet seen of the meetings held here last winter by Elds. Hurley and Clarke. Though there is no regular preaching service, the Sabbath-school has taken new life and is continued with considerable interest. Mary Olin, of Dodge Center, came here in February and has been a regular missionary, active and helpful in everything. She has been instrumental in getting new singing books, and leading in the singing. A new organ has been purchased which adds so much to the attractiveness of the place and so much to the interest that it is a wonder that all these years have passed here without one. A pastor or supply is now wanted and although the material support is not all that is to be desired, it is hoped some one with a wife, if possible, can be obtained willing to come.

It is sad to be obliged to report that some who ought to be active and loyal have, seemingly for worldly advantage, left the Sabbath of God and of their fathers. It does not seem as though they could rest satisfied to thus leave the kind heavenly Father and his blessed truth to serve merely earthly interests and lose their eternal inheritance. Let prayers ascend for their restoration.

The Semi-Annual Meeting just closed here was a great inspiration, and the attendance was remarkably large. Seven loads of delegates drove down from Dodge Center. The Secretary of the Meeting will give all other information. We mourn the loss of Brother Davis, who died recently. Still pray for the little flock at Trenton. xx.

THE VARYING POWER OF TORNADES AND THEIR FREQUENCY.

Perhaps the most important distinction to emphasize is that between the appearance of a thunder-storm and a tornado, since, if this can be defined, much needless fear at the approach of black but harmless thunder-storms can be avoided. When not combined with tornado manifestations the thunder-storm sends aloft a narrow line of black clouds in advance, which remains high in the air. At the right and left the black clouds seem to reach the earth, but this is caused, not by a descent to the earth, as in a tornado, but by distant edges of the high, black clouds receding below the horizon line. It is one storm, which spreads to the left and right. There is no splitting up of clouds with the formation of a different storm at another part of the horizon.

The tornado is easily distinguished from this perfectly plain edge of black with its lighter rain-mist extending to the earth. Whether the funnel is veiled by rain or not, it is ordinarily so black that as it approaches it appears as a column of dense darkness, narrowest at the earth, with light breaking through on either side of it. The most marked trait of all is that other clouds seem to be approaching, others moving at right angles, and a distinct storm of light hue is coming up from the southwest. This is all caused by the tornado, which is drawing clouds and air currents toward itself from great distances. As the tornado funnel comes nearer, with its dark mass of rubbish reaching to the earth,

the roar is frightful, giving the observer fifteen or twenty minutes warning. The southwest corner of the cellar, if the tornado is approaching from the south or west, is the safest place of refuge. The tornado carries the wreckage to the north and east, and if the funnel is seen in the north or east it need not be feared, because it will almost certainly move away. Of six hundred tornadoes specially classified all but thirty-five moved from south-west to north-east, and nearly all the thirty-five moved eastwardly.

The funnels have a rotary motion from right to left, and this motion is not due to electrical action, but to acceleration of conflicting air-currents. Lieutenant Finley shows that the lightning supposed to be in the funnel is really in adjacent thunder-clouds. The broken and withered buds, bruised by the action of the air, are evaporated by the sun after the tornado, causing the foliage to look seared, giving rise to the error that the tornado manifests burning electrical power. It has been demonstrated by study of wreckage that as the funnel leaves the earth and rises into the air its force slightly diminishes, and that this bounding motion causes the funnel to spare one building and demolish another. The funnel, with its small end to the earth, spins like a top, moving along at an average rate of about forty miles an hour, but the velocity of the spin is incalculable. It is like the motion of air impelled by an explosion.

Tornadoes generally occur between 3 P. M. and 5 P. M., and not more than one in a thousand takes place between 10 P. M. and noon of the following day. I have heard of only two instances in which the tornado occurred between midnight and morning—one at Hohous, New Jersey, and another in southern Michigan, which caused slight loss of life. Since these are only two in about two thousand cases, the danger from tornadoes at night is so small that it need not be considered.—*Harper's Weekly*.

SEEING GOD IN NATURE.

Those who assert that to worship God in nature is sufficient make a sad mistake, but it also is a mistake not to see beautiful and instructive revelations of him in the natural world. The intelligent student can discover enough in a small bit of ground, for example, to occupy his closest attention a long time and to reveal to him many of the wonders of creation. And the more the range of his observation is enlarged, the greater become the multitude and the impressiveness of his discoveries and the more interesting and impressive their teachings about the great Creator.

Only superficial observers regard nature as commonplace, even in her least novel and alluring aspects. The perfect order of her annual process of development, the variety which enlivens her regularity of progress, the dignity and grandeur of her more comprehensive movements and the delicate finish of her tiniest features, the wondrous beauty of form and color which she illustrates, often where human eyes rarely or never behold it, the lavish, overflowing abundance of her resources all testify to the divine mind as her ordainer and superintendent.

Apparently man is the only created being upon earth who is able to enter appreciatively into God's enjoyment of natural beauty. It may not be safe to say that no bird or ani-

mal ever enjoys it at all, but evidently most of them afford little proof of such appreciation, and many seem oblivious of their surroundings. To us, however, it is given to enter in part into the Creator's understanding of nature and to share his delight in its charms. But in order to do this we must regard it from God's point of view. It must be accepted and studied as a true revelation of the divine character and love, even if it be a revelation of only secondary importance.

That our knowledge of it is not complete is a proof of the divine wisdom. This incompleteness is an invitation to further study and a pledge of additional enjoyment. From every point of investigation nature exhibits afresh and continually the wonders of the divine wisdom and power and the even greater wonders of the divine love. At this season of the year especially it attracts our eyes and engages our thoughts. Let no one fail to welcome its appeal to our hearts.—*Congregationalist*.

SELF-RELIANCE.

There are always people ready to enslave others, who are willing to be enslaved, irrespective of sex, and I believe that is the secret of woman's unhappy past. She did not exert her mind or make use of her faculties and opportunities, but drifted with the tide, and if rough hands seized her and forced her this way and that, what wonder is it? The lesson she needs to learn is this, to look to herself for emancipation—to depend on her own strength, and not on outside aid. All the men who have ever amounted to anything were workers. They did not fritter away the best years of life having a good time; neither did they yield to "circumstances," and retire from the battle crushed and brow-beaten. They had a purpose in life, and they followed that purpose, in spite of every drawback and every obstacle. With Paul they could say, "This one thing I do." And it is this concentration of purpose, this determination to succeed, not to be baffled or turned back, which has placed man where he is to-day—leagues in advance of woman.

There is scarcely a man of note who has not known poverty, and toil and hardship. Collyer worked at the forge. Henry Ward Beecher preached in the backwoods, built his own fires, swept out his own church, and thanked God for the chance. Prof. David Swing told me himself that the first dollar he ever had, he earned cutting ax handles in the forest. A poor and friendless boy, his home a rude cabin in the woods, his only capital a brave and noble heart, yet he one day stood before the world one of the most able men of an able time.

Lincoln knew hunger and cold and privation, and was scorned because he once split rails, but to-day—

His silent tent is spread
On Fame's eternal camping ground,
And glory marks with endless round
The bivouac of the dead.

Not one of those men scorned labor. Not one of them said, "Smooth the way, that I may walk therein." The way was smoothed, though, and not by prayers or tears, or a special Providence, but literally and figuratively by a swinging ax that cleared a pathway from the wilderness to a world of light.—*Helen H. Preston*.

No man makes so much work in doing anything as a lazy man.

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1896.

SECOND QUARTER.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| April 4. Warning Against Sin..... | Luke 13: 22-30 |
| April 11. Parable of the Great Supper..... | Luke 14: 15-24 |
| April 18. The Lost Found..... | Luke 15: 11-24 |
| April 25. The Rich Man and Lazarus..... | Luke 16: 19-31 |
| May 2. Faith..... | Luke 17: 5-19 |
| May 9. Lessons on Prayer..... | Luke 18: 9-17 |
| May 16. Parable of the Pounds..... | Luke 19: 11-27 |
| May 23. Jesus Teaching in the Temple..... | Luke 20: 9-19 |
| May 30. Destruction of Jerusalem Foretold..... | Luke 21: 20-36 |
| June 6. Warning to the Disciples..... | Luke 22: 24-37 |
| June 13. Jesus Crucified..... | Luke 23: 33-46 |
| June 20. The Risen Lord..... | Luke 24: 36-53 |
| June 27. Review. | |

LESSON XIII.—REVIEW.

For Sabbath-day, June 27, 1896.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations. Luke 24: 47.

INTRODUCTORY.

I. SERVICE OF SONG.

II. RESPONSIVE SENTENCES.

Superintendent. And he went through the cities and villages, teaching and journeying toward Jerusalem.

Assistant Superintendent. Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved?

School. Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.

Superintendent. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.

Assistant Superintendent. Call ye upon him while he is near.

School. Harken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law.

Superintendent. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.

Teachers. What is written in the law? How readest thou?

School. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . soul . . . strength . . . and mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

Superintendent. It is written, The just shall live by faith.

School. Shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works. Faith without works is dead.

III. PRAYER.

IV. GOLDEN TEXT, recited in concert. A teacher, previously notified, will at this point give a brief explanation of the term "repentance." Another will explain "remission of sins." Superintendent will tell how the text is related to mission work.

V. SINGING.

GENERAL REVIEW.

I. SINGING.

II. QUESTIONS ABOUT GOLDEN TEXTS. (Superintendents to primary and intermediate classes.) What must we strive to do? What invitation to supper. Where and why is there joy? Who is it we cannot serve? What text about faith? About prayer? About faithfulness? What is said about a stone? What shall never pass away? What about a mind? Who died for sin? Whose sins? What about a resurrection?

III. PRIMARY SONG.

IV. WORD PICTURES. To which lesson does each belong? (1) People standing at a door knocking and ordered to depart. (2) A poor man surrounded by dogs near a gate. (3) Many people refusing to eat a supper all prepared. (4) A great feast and a happy father. (5) Twelve men disputing in regard to offices to fill. (6) A man smiting his breast. (7) A man hiding money in a handkerchief. (8) Three persons dying, two of whom prayed, one for salvation. (9) A person eating broiled fish.

QUOTATIONS. Who said: (1) "I have prayed for thee." (2) "God forbid." (3) "Lord, he hath ten pounds." (4) "Occupy till I come." (5) "I fast twice in the week." (6) "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." (7) "I have five brethren." (8) "Put a ring on his hand." (9) "I have married a wife." (10) "Lord, Lord, open unto us." (11) "Have ye here any meat?"

VI. SINGING, Quartette or Solo.

VII. MATHEMATICAL REVIEW. This may be written on blackboard or large sheet of paper, and brackets filled as the numbers are given by the school.

Multiply the number of men mentioned by name in the first lesson () by the number of men making excuse for declining an invitation to supper (), add the number of sons mentioned in lesson 3 (), multiply by number of brothers Dives had (), subtract number of lepers cleansed at one time by Jesus (), divide by number of lepers who were Jews (), add number of words in the publican's prayer (), subtract number of servants the nobleman had (), multiply by number of times the owner

of a vineyard sent servants to get his fruit (), add number of times Peter denied Christ (), subtract hour of day when there began to be darkness over all the earth during the crucifixion (), multiply by number of days after the crucifixion that the ascension took place (), subtract the number of names together when Peter told the disciples that the Scriptures must needs be fulfilled concerning Judas (), and you will have the number of lessons you may neglect to study next quarter.

VIII. PASTOR'S TALK. Brief.

IX. CLOSING SENTENCES. Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

Blessed are they that keep judgment, and he that doeth righteousness at all times.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

X. CLOSING HYMN AND PRAYER.

HOWARD CLARKE.

Howard Clarke, the son of Franklin and Mary Buell Clarke, died June 5, aged nearly 16 years. He was taken violently ill early in March, with congestion of the lungs, which was followed by pneumonia, and that in turn induced quick consumption. Through the long weeks of suffering and exceeding weariness his patience, resignation and thoughtfulness were unusually prominent, so much so as to cause his attending physician to voluntarily testify to their effect upon himself, as the lessons of patience, trust and obedience which Howard had taught him would be among those never to be forgotten. Although he had never made profession of Christianity, the evidence that it was well with his soul was very strong. He greatly enjoyed a season of prayer with those whom he thought were in readiness to unite with him, and asked for it many times; and expressed a readiness to live for, and in the service of Christ; or if it was the Father's will, to be taken into his immediate presence, it was all right. He desired just that which the Lord himself desired.

His funeral was held in the Seventh-day Baptist church, at which the pastor, Mr. Davis, spoke words of comfort, and also of tender admonition to the living, especially to the large number of young people, members of the public school and of the Y. P. S. C. E. and Sabbath-school, who attended the service. Rev. Mr. Evans, pastor of the First Baptist church, of which Dea. Albert Buell, grandfather of Howard Clarke, was deacon for more than fifty years, assisted in the services and brought the thought forcibly to all present that this young life, so early cut off, was not a wasted life, but that the good evident in the life of the boy was undying, and that knowing him as he did, he could say that a good man had gone, for the promise of a good man was very strong in the boy. He called attention to Howard's unwillingness to allow anything like suffering or distress in anything living to be overlooked; that he was persistent in his effort to alleviate to the extent of his ability. Howard was also a very strong temperance boy, and the only medicine at which he demurred was the brandy prescribed as a stimulant when life seemed low within him; then it seemed that principle was even stronger than love of life.

A concourse of loving friends followed him to his last earthly abode, among whom were teachers and scholars from the public and Sabbath-school, and men of mature years who had held for the boy a singular and devoted regard. Floral mementoes were numerous, embracing many large and choice

pieces. The narrow mound was not only literally covered with flowers, but had around it a wide border of them also. Howard's parents find consolation in their bereavement in the fact that the Heavenly Father cannot err, and that the young life was not lived in vain, since the testimonies of those who assisted in ministering to the dear one bear witness to the lessons learned through that ministry.

A MOVING MOUNTAIN IN FRANCE.

A phenomenon which, from its remarkable character has attracted much attention in Europe, recently occurred in the department of Gard, France, where Mount Gouffre, a mass of rock six hundred and fifty feet in height, suddenly gave way at its base, and began moving toward Gardon River, upon the left bank of which it was situated. The movement began on the 15th of February, and on the 23d the advance had destroyed the machinery in the pits of the Grand Combe colliery, and nearly a mile of the Alais railway, and had deflected the course of the Gardon six and a half feet. Six hundred persons were obliged to leave their homes at Grand Combe, and a water famine having been created, it became necessary to install an engine up stream to pump water from the river, to supply the inhabitants of the mining center.

On the 29th the mountain came to a standstill; but it is believed by engineers that this state of rest will be but temporary, and that the rocky mass will resume its motion, cross the Gardon, and finally abut against the mountain that skirts the opposite side of the river. Should this occur, very important geological and topographical modifications will of course be made in the region, and it will become necessary to prepare new channels for the Gardon and Gard rivers.

The cause of the accident is shown by the geological structure of the mountain, which consists of grit, green marl, limestone, and triassic rocks resting upon a deep bed of clay. These different strata dip at a considerable of an angle toward the Gardon. The mountain was therefore influenced by its own weight to follow the slope offered it by this inclined plane. The position was unstable, and the danger imminent. Rain or the water of the Gardon must have infiltrated and accumulated upon the stratum of impermeable clay; and such infiltrations must have disintegrated certain points of support of the mountain, and led to its sliding, which was prepared for by the very arrangement of the ground. The noise made by the mass while it was moving is described as having been frightful.—*Scientific American.*

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Passed by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Ritchie church, on the death of Mrs. Mary Sutton, who died March 1, 1896.

WHEREAS, By the all-wise providence of God, it has been his will to remove a faithful sister from our midst; therefore,

Resolved, That while we deeply feel the loss in our society, we truly realize the loss to her husband and children.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family our sympathy in this their great affliction, and our prayer that he who doeth all things well may sustain them in this their hour of trial.

Resolved, That we desire to express our appreciation of her Christian character, her gentle and quiet ways, and her willingness to help in every good work.

Resolved, That these resolutions be put upon the records of the Society and a copy be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

MRS. L. D. SEAGER, }
MRS. LILLIE M. JETT. } Com.

Popular Science.

The Aurophone.

The aurophone is a new device for determining the direction of sounds at sea, and for hearing and locating them at greater distances.

It consists of a brass box, made to fit and move around a mast. At each end of this box there is projecting a large funnel-shaped hearing trumpet. From within the box, and near each funnel, a tube descends to a deck below. Inside the box there are diaphragms and sounding boards, so arranged that a sound entering one of the funnels, and only passing into the box, will be heard faintly through one of the tubes.

On the deck below is an indicator, by which the box can be moved around the mast, and below and on this is placed a compass. The man below places both tubes to his ears, where they are held. If a funnel above does not point directly toward the sound, he hears the sound faintly with one ear; he then turns the indicator until the sound will pass through the funnel and out at the other; then both tubes act and he hears distinctly through both ears alike. The indicator and compass then give the exact direction from whence the sound comes.

This aurophone is in use on the Old Dominion line of steamers and works finely. It certainly must be of great value in locating sounds, from fog horns, whistling buoys, or other signals of danger.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Not long since, at the observatory in the city of Brussels, the discovery was made that the moon, for some unaccountable reason, had left her original path and was following a new course, to them unknown.

It was thought advisable to continue observations at different times, and, if possible, calculate her course and the variations, before publishing so remarkable a discovery. Further observations were made, and it was found that the moon was actually moving away from her regular orbit. The situation became grave as to what would be the results on the earth, in view of the moon, with her mighty power of attraction on water and vegetation; also by controlling the remarkable signs, for example, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, etc., all of which would certainly be thrown into such dire confusion that the sailor could not determine when or where the flood tide should ever take place again; the farmer would never know the exact time to plant his beans, any more, nor the exact time when to kill his hogs. All of these important matters would be thrown into disorder and confusion.

Calculation after calculation was made, yet mathematics failed to reach a solution of the phenomenon. It was suggested that the instruments be trained on some other planet. This was done, and the planet was found to be moving in the same way as the moon. Could it be possible that the whole universe was getting out of order? No thought had occurred but what the instruments were all right; they were not to be questioned as to their accuracy as they rested on a structure the foundation of which was thirty feet below the surface, and the whole tower well constructed.

Further observations and calculations

were made, which, to their astonishment, revealed the fact that not the moon but the observatory tower was really moving out of its original position. They then set about to learn the cause, when the remarkable discovery was made that instead of the foundation being thirty feet deep, as the specifications called for, it was only twelve, and the earth below being of a porous character had yielded, and settled on one side, so that the tower was not only leaning, but actually sliding out of position.

This last discovery, we are happy to say, has brought us profound relief, as it allows the moon to pursue its wonted way.

H. H. B.

ALONE.

BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

Alone?

When a million hearts are throbbing
With the self-same pain you know?
When a million souls are mourning
With as poignant, bitter woe?
When the world is full of trouble
Just as hopeless as your own?
You are not alone, my brother,
In your grief you're not alone.

Alone?

When a billion hearts are leaping
With a joy akin to thine?
When a billion souls are basking
In the glorious, glad sunshine—
In the radiant, rosy beauty
Glancing from the golden throne?
You are not alone, my brother,
In your joy you're not alone.

Alone?

When ten thousand hearts are longing
To impart their meed of cheer?
When ten thousand tongues are waiting
To breathe comfort in your ear?
Every joy and grief and passion
You have seen or felt or known,
Lives in other hearts, my brother;
Never say again, "alone!"

THE SECRET OF BEING AT EASE.

The secret of being at ease wherever you are is a very simple one. It is only this—Do not think about yourself. Bashfulness, awkwardness and clumsiness are caused by what we call self-consciousness, and as soon as we entirely forget ourselves these pass away. A girl who writes to me complains that she is so tall for her age that she cannot help being awkward. "The moment I enter a room," she says, "I look about to see if any other girl is as tall as I am, and I am always the tallest—a perfect bean-pole. Then I fancy that everybody is sorry for me, and I cannot fix my attention on anything which is going on. It makes me quite wretched. What shall I do?"

In the first place, my dear, your height, if you carry yourself well and hold your head up, is a great advantage. Far from being a thing to regret, it is something to be glad of.

Tall, or short, fat and dumpy, or thin and pale, let the young girl never think of this when she meets her friends. Instead, let her try her very best to make the rest happy. If there is a girl in the room who is a stranger, or who seems not to be having a pleasant time, single her out and entertain her. Your hostess will be pleased with this sort of unobtrusive help, if it is kindly given.—*Harper's Round Table.*

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Special Notices.

ALL persons contributing funds for the Mizpah Mission, New York, will please send the same to the Treasurer, Mrs. Emma Kenyon, 340 West 56th Street.

The Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the last Sabbath in each month 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. KELLY, Pastor.

The Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist church holds regular Sabbath services in the Welsh Baptist chapel, Eldon St., London, E. C., a few steps from the Broad St. Station. Services at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Pastor, the Rev. William C. Daland; address, care of Mr. C. B. Barber, Sion College, Victoria Embankment, London, E. C. Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

The Seventh-day Baptist Mission Society of South Dakota will assemble for its Yearly Meeting with the Big Sioux church, Moody Co., on Friday, July 3, and continue over Sabbath and Sunday. Teams will be at Dell-Rapids Friday to meet people coming on the train. Those coming at other times please inform N. P. Nelson, Box 303 Big Sioux, Moody Co., S. Dakota. The evangelist and tent are expected here at that time. A cordial invitation is extended to all. C. SWENDSEN.

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.

WANTED.

By the Tract Board's Committee on Distribution of Literature, to complete files of Seventh-day Baptist periodical publications, the following:

The S. D. B. *Missionary Magazine* Aug. 1821 to Sept. 7, 1825.

Protestant Sentinel, April 14, 1830 to Dec. 19, 1837, and May 3, 1838, to May 21, 1839.

S. D. B. Memorial, three volumes, entire.

S. D. B. Register, March 10, 1840, to Feb. 1844.

SABBATH RECORDER, June 13, 1844, to Jan. 1, 1890.

Those having the above mentioned publications, any or all, bound or unbound, which they are willing to dispose of for the purpose indicated, are requested to correspond at an early date with the undersigned sub-committee.

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH.

Great Kills, P. O., Staten Island, N. Y.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK OF MILTON COLLEGE.

June 25 to July 1, 1896.

Thursday Forenoon and Afternoon, June 25, Field Day Exercises.

Friday Evening, June 26, Exercises of the Christian Association, Commemorative of its Fortieth Anniversary.

Seventh-day Evening, June 27, Public Session of the Philomathean Society.

Sunday Evening, June 28, Baccalaureate Sermon, by President Whitford.

Monday and Tuesday, Forenoon and Afternoon, June 29 and 30, Examination of Classes.

Monday Evening, June 29, Public Session of the Iduna Lyceum.

Tuesday Evening, June 30, Concert by the classes in Music, under the charge of Dr. J. M. Stillman.

Wednesday, July 1, COMMENCEMENT DAY. Forenoon, at 10 o'clock, Graduation Exercises, with Orations by Six of the Seniors, and Master's Oration, by Rev. George B. Shaw, of Nile, N. Y. Afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, with brief Addresses, by the President, John Barlass, of Rock Prairie, by the Vice-President, Miss Nellie M. Brown, of Milton, and by Six other Prominent Graduates. Afternoon, at 4 o'clock, Class Exercises by the Seniors and other Students. Evening, at 8 o'clock, Senior Concert, by the Imperial Quartette, of Chicago, Ill.

MILTON, Wis., June 8, 1896.

MARRIAGES.

SEAMANS—BENTLEY.—In Little Genesee, N. Y., at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Crandall, June 14, 1896, by Rev. S. S. Powell, Milo P. Seamans, of Westfield, Pa., and Olive E. Bentley, of Little Genesee, N. Y.

CARR—MAXSON.—At the home of the bride's parents, in Milton, Wis., June 10, 1896, by Rev. S. L. Maxson, assisted by Rev. W. C. Whitford, Mr. Joseph L. Carr, of Milton Junction, and Miss Charlotte D. Maxson, of Milton, Wis.

DEATHS.

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

WELLS.—At the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. B. Ames, Delray, N. Y., June 1, 1896, Dea. Jason B. Wells, aged 78 years, 6 months and 21 days. A more extended notice will appear later of this aged and worthy man. L. R. S.

GIBBS.—Jeanette Greene was born Dec. 25, 1830, and died near Adams Centre, N. Y., May 30, 1896.

She was the youngest of thirteen children, born to Paul and Nancy (Gardner) Greene, all of whom lived to have families of their own. She was married to B. F. Gibbs, who died a little more than a year ago. They leave several adopted children to remember their love and care. At the age of fifteen years she became a member of the Adams church. She was a conscientious Christian and loyal to her faith and church. A. B. P.

HAMILTON.—In Milton, Wis., May 5, 1896, Catharine Burdick, widow of the late Horace G. Hamilton, in the 79th year of her age.

In early life, while living in Alfred, N. Y., her native place, she became a Christian and united with the First Seventh-day Baptist church, from which she never removed her membership. Her gentle life always bore the evidence of faithfulness in her profession, and has left another proof of the power of the gospel to uplift humanity. About six weeks previous to her death her husband died, after a long period of illness, but she seemed to plan for many things for the summer, and bore her affliction with remarkable courage, but a short and severe illness, with the infirmities of age, terminated her life very suddenly. Her funeral was held at her late residence on Sabbath-day, a large circle of relatives and friends being present. S. L. M.

DAVIS.—Daniel C. Davis was born May 13, 1833, and died at his home in Trenton, Minn., June 6, 1896, aged 63 years and 23 days.

Mr. Davis was one of the early settlers of Freeborn County, Minn., having come here forty years ago. Thirty-four years ago he was married to Fannie Parvin; she and their two daughters survive him. About thirty-two years ago he was baptized and joined the Seventh-day Baptist church at Trenton, and during all these years he has tried to live a Christian life. He tried to meet the trials and perplexities of life with patience and resignation. He loved his family and was respected in the community in which he lived. For the last few months he had been more interested than ever before in the cause of Christ. He was sick only a few days with pneumonia, but realized that he was going home. In answer to a telegram the writer came 100 miles to conduct the funeral services. A large company assembled to attend the funeral, even though it was a cold, rainy day. Sermon from Matt. 24: 44,—"Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." A. G. C.

BURDICK.—In Brookfield, Madison County, N. Y., June 12, 1896, of inflammation of the bowels, after an illness of three days, Mr. Clark Burdick, aged 74 years and 3 months.

Mr. Burdick was born and spent his life in this town. He was the last of a large family to pass over the river of death. He made a profession of religion and joined the Second Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church when about 45 years old. He lived a faithful, consistent Christian life, showing more by his Godly walk and exemplary life the power of religion than by his words, although ever ready to witness for Christ at proper times. Although his sickness was short he was ready for the call to come up higher, having no desire to live longer only in the interest of his companion. He married Sarah Lottridge, of Columbus. She died in 1862, leaving two children. He married, the second time, Mrs. Lucinda Clark, of Brookfield, in 1863, by whom he had a son. His wife and one child by each marriage remain to mourn his loss, all of whom were present at the funeral, the son coming from New York City, the daughter from Sing Sing. A large attendance at his funeral showed the respect in which he was held in the community, coming from adjoining towns and from Utica. The floral offerings were grand. The services were conducted by the writer, the deceased being an old-time friend and scholar of mine in earlier years. His remains were interred in the beautiful cemetery of this village. H. B. L.

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Literary Notes.

"A VIRGINIA CAVALIER" is the title that the author, Molly Elliot Seawell, has given her new serial story of the boyhood days of George Washington. Its first chapter appeared in *Harper's Round Table* published June 16, and Miss Seawell, who has made a study of the early surroundings of Washington, weaves into her story many interesting facts of that period of his life.

HARPER'S Weekly for June 20 is a Republican Convention number, and contains a picture of the Convention Hall, portraits of the prominent delegates, candidates, and party managers, together with typical illustrations of the uninjured portions of St. Louis—in all, five pages of illustrations. Other prominent features are: the Coronation of the Czar, the Philadelphia Horse Show, and the Cuban Insurrection. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York.

DOOR KNOBS.

If there is a thing in this world that is only half understood, it is a door knob. I mean that few people know that it is to be used in closing a door as well as in opening it. You have noticed, perhaps, in some of our large city stores, a sign with these words: "This door is self-closing." What does it mean? That ears and nerves are worn out by the incessant banging of the door by people who only half understand the knob. A person who quietly opens and closes the door is a thoughtful person, a kind person, a polite person, and sure to be unselfish. How grateful all sick, or nervous, or tired people feel for this one act of his!

Did you ever think how much a door knob slightly out of order can tell? If there is one in your house, watch awhile. It tells if the persons daily using it are careful or careless. Some of them will not know it is out of order. Others will pass through the door, saying, "Why don't some one fix this knob?" Others will even frequently hurt their fingers on it, and pass on, wishing "that knob was in Halifax."

What does your careful person do? He gets the little screw driver or file and puts it in order. I am very glad door knobs so often speak.

"The door of the heart." We hear much about it. Has it a knob? I think so. We hear a good deal said of keys. These belong to other people. But I feel sure that most people, especially boys and girls, have knobs to their heart doors; something easy to take hold of and turn quietly so that you may enter.

Cheerfulness is a beautiful knob. How easily it turns, and what a sunny room you enter as you gently push open the door!

Honor is another knob. You are sure to find a room with good square corners, with a solid, level floor, with a lofty ceiling and well furnished. I would not like to have this knob

missing on any heart door that I know of.

Can you think of a whiter, better knob than *kindness*? This knob almost turns of itself. Indeed, I think when any one approaches a door with kindness for the knob, there is always some one on its other side to help him turn it, so quickly does the door fly open. There is a beautiful garden just inside that door, with vines running over the fences and into the neighbors' drearier yards.

It is a terrible thing to have the knobs to our heart doors lost off. Can you think of anything worse? No cheerfulness, no honor, no kindness! Sometimes they are lost for a single day. This is bad enough; but if they should keep lost? Oh, see to it that they do not! Keep them on, keep them bright and firm, and in good order; and let all who need help or rest open the door of your heart easily, and find cheerful, honest, kind entertainment.—*Congregationalist*.

A DESERVED PUNISHMENT.

The *Chillicothe* (Ohio) *News* of last week relates the following:

"When No. 6, eastbound Scioto Valley passenger train left Columbus last night, in one of the cars were seated three Sisters of Charity. Around the stove were standing a gabbling crowd of college students, and a short flashy looking fellow with a loud, vulgar mouth. A few seats away sat a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, who attracted no attention. When the conductor passed through collecting fares, he passed the Sisters without asking for their pass or fare for the moment. One of these quickly rose, followed him and presented their credentials, which the conductor punched and passed out of the car. As soon as he was out of hearing, the flashy chap, leering at the college boys for approval, made a vile, brutal remark about the three Sisters, too low to repeat, but loud enough to shock all the ladies within hearing. Quick as if shot the quiet gentleman arose, revealing a well-knit frame, and with a quick stride demanded sternly: 'What was that remark you made of those ladies?' 'What the h—l is that to you?' and the fellow drew back his fist to pass a blow. 'It's a lot to me!' and like a flash a hard brown fist shot out, and down went the blackguard six feet down the aisle. The conductor, hurrying back, marched the discomfited churl from the car, and the ladies thanked the quiet man with much feeling, making him blush like a girl. The three Sisters, who could say nothing, sat silent spectators of their defender's manly act, with tears running down their cheeks."

ROOSEVELT'S WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

"If you could speak commandingly to the young men of our city," I asked him one day, "what would you say to them?" "I'd order them to work," said he; "I'd try to develop and work out an ideal of mine—the theory of the duty of the leisure class to the community. I have tried to do it by example, and it is what I have preached; first and foremost, to be American, heart and soul, and to go in with any person, heedless of anything but that person's qualifications. For myself, I'd work as quick beside Pat Dougan as with the last descendant of a patroon; it literally makes no difference to me so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest.

"One other thing, I'd like to teach the young man of wealth that he who has not got wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his first duty to the state. It is ignoble to try to heap money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."—*From a Character Sketch of Theodore Roosevelt, by Julian Ralph.*

REMEMBER.

1. That we are all subject to failings and infirmities of one kind or another.

2. To bear with and not magnify each others' infirmities (Gal. 6: 12).

3. To pray for one another in our social meetings, and particularly in private (James 5: 16).

4. Always turn a deaf ear to any slanderous report, and to lay no charge brought against any person until well founded.

5. If a member be in fault, to tell him of it in private before it is mentioned to others.

6. If a member has offended, to consider how God-like it is to forgive, and how unlike a Christian it is to revenge (Eph. 4: 2).

7. To consider how much more good we can do in the world at large, and in the church in particular, when all are united in love, than we should when acting alone, and indulging a contrary spirit.

8. Above all, remember to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.—*Sel.*

We heard a lady say that she had heard that a hearty supper injured the reflective powers; but she knew better; for when she took a hearty supper, she reflected nearly all night.

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