

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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WORLDLY TREASURES.

WILL woo thee, world, again,
And revel in thy loveliness and love.
I have a heart with room for every joy;
And since we must part sometime, while I may
I'll quaff the nectar in thy flowers and press
The richest clusters of thy luscious fruit
Into the cup of my desires. I know
My years are numbered not in units yet,
But I cannot live unless I love and am loved,
Unless I have the young and beautiful
Bound up like pictures in my book of life.
It is the intensest vanity alone
Which makes us bear with life. Some seem to live
Whose hearts are like those unenlightened stars
Of the first darkness, lifeless, timeless, useless,
With nothing but a cold night air about them;
Not suns, nor planets; darkness organized;
Orbs of a desert darkness; with no soul
To light its watch-fires in the wilderness,
And civilize the solitude one moment.
There are such seemingly; but how or why
They live, I know not. This to me is life;
That if life be a burden, I will join
To make it but the burden of a song;
I hate the world's coarse thought. And this is life:
To watch young beauty's bud-like feelings burst
And load the soul with love; as that pale flower
Which opens at eve, spreads sudden on the dark
Its yellow bloom, and sinks the air down with its sweets.
Let heaven take all that's good, hell all that's foul;
Leave us the lovely, and we will ask no more.

—Bailey.

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Sabbath Recorder.

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For what must be I calmly wait,
And trust the path I cannot see—
That God is good sufficeth me.
And when at last upon life's play
The curtain falls, I only pray
That hope may lose itself in truth,
And age in Heaven's immortal youth.

—Whittier.

INQUIRIES are coming to this office regarding the prospects for reduced fares to Conference. Brother D. E. Titsworth is wide awake at this end of the line, and Brother Ordway at the West. They are doing their best and will undoubtedly by next week make definite announcement. It is much more difficult to make satisfactory arrangements with the combined companies than it used to be. But they expect to get as good as one and one-third rates. Later! See page 476.

WHATEVER may be one's opinion of the value of the Bible, while living and prospering, and however diverse these opinions may be, there comes a time to all when no other book is wanted, and when opinions respecting its authority, comfort and inestimable value are in substantial agreement. At the dying moment, Christians joyfully, hopefully cling to the Bible; and the careless, doubter, skeptic, infidel, often turn, in dismay, and call for the long-neglected and despised Word of God. It is infinitely better to accept it now, and experience its benign influence and the saving power of the gospel. Then the sting of death will be taken away and the journey heavenward will be delightful.

WHILE it is no doubt true that the word "love" is a faithful translation of the Greek word *agape* (charity) still there is a sense in which the common rendering is more expressive of a certain important trait of Christian character than the word "love." The latter is comprehensive of charity, but, to the common understanding, does not express it. "Charity, in modern usage, has come almost exclusively to signify one particular manifestation of love." *Trench*. Charity signifies tenderness, kindness, good-will, benevolence; a disposition to put a favorable construction on the conduct or on the frailties of others. In this latter sense, especially, is the word "charity" more expressive than the word "love." The name "God" is comprehensive of the other names of the Trinity, "Christ" and "Holy Spirit," and yet there are times and places when only these latter names can be appropriately used. Charity is love made manifest, as Christ was God manifest. Charity is a pearl in the ocean of love. Let us not lose sight of the pearl.

ONE item in the Young People's page this week we wish to make the object of special attention, and commend it to all Christian Endeavor Societies, viz., the movement in the Dodge Centre society to prevent cruelty to dumb animals. Cruelty is an evil of fearful magnitude. Boys are especially addicted to

this sin. They do not consider how much needless pain they inflict. They throw stones and inflict injuries on cows, horses, hogs, dogs, cats, fowls, birds and wild animals. They do it for sport, and also in anger. They jerk on the reins and hurt the mouth of the horse, over-drive, disregard its want of water and food, and in a multitude of ways harm these creatures which God has given us for our service. This spirit should be suppressed and kindness and gentleness of treatment should be cultivated. A boy is more manly and companionable for being kind and gentle in his treatment of dumb animals. Every Y. P. S. C. E. should make a special point to educate the young in this direction and cultivate the spirit of kindness not only to man but also to the brute.

THE remark has been made more than once by those who attended our recent Associations that the presentation of our general denominational interests by representatives from our three Societies gave the meetings much of the appearance of a General Conference. This feature of the Associations did not originate this year. For several years the same fact has been noticeable. Many more churches and people can be reached, instructed and enthused through our six Associations annually, than by the General Conference. Soon the Conference will meet, and, to quite an extent, the work of the Associations will be repeated. The same speakers will present the same interests and in similar language and manner.

These facts suggest that a possible change in the character of the General Conference might be introduced with profit. If the Conference should become more legislative in its work, being composed of delegates with representative power, similar to the Chicago Council of 1890, with fewer sessions and more time for deliberate committee work, and planning for the coming year, there might be some decided advantage over the present methods. Much of the Conference work now is hastily done for want of time. Plans are considered and perhaps adopted that are immature, and the work really hindered for want of careful deliberation. This plan would also relieve the churches of much of the burden of entertainment, as the delegation would be smaller. True, the Conference, in that event, would lose something of its present social character; but that should not be the primary consideration. There are matters of great importance that should receive our best thought and execution every year. Indeed, these questions seem to increase in their demands upon us as the years go by. Can we not, ought we not, to take more time to plan wisely, and conscientiously execute? A judicious committee, sitting in consultation a half day, a whole day if necessary, or even a week, will do far more and better work than the entire Conference in the same time with its usual methods of extemporaneous and often random speeches. Deliberate more, speechify less, at Conference.

OFF THE TRACK.

Passing the junction of Somerset and Front streets, in Plainfield, about seven o'clock one evening last week, we noticed a large crowd of men and boys surrounding a street car, off the track, and standing at a right angle with the street. Other cars had approached and were waiting. A stone on the track, getting

there by accident, or possibly through the agency of some mischievous boy, and unnoticed by the motorman, had caused the car to jump the track and plunge with some violence against the flagging on the sidewalk. Men connected with the trolley line were sent for, and apparatus for lifting and replacing the car. They formed connection with the electric power and succeeded in moving the car a few feet, and then by the help of many men swung it round and finally placed it on the track. But it was partially disabled by the experience. It moved slowly and with much greater noise and difficulty than usual; and in that condition it was hauled away to the shops for repairs.

Here is our lesson. This whole scene had in it something strikingly human. So long as a man, young or old, keeps on the track which is designed for his guidance, and which will help him to the successful accomplishment of his work, all will run smoothly. But if someone (Satan) puts a stone in his way, and he carelessly runs against it, the chances are that he will leave the track; and if he does not become a wreck, still he will be hindered and more or less injured, and will block the way so that others will be turned aside. How great the effort to restore one who has thus fallen. How heavily he seems to be fixed in his new, but wrong, course. It takes a crowd of anxious people to get him back. And when he is back on the right track, he is crippled. He has lost time, and is more or less damaged by his sad experience. He has lost confidence in himself, and others have lost confidence in him. It takes much time to make repairs. How much better not to make the mistake, but, by the most diligent and careful running, to keep on the track and in connection with the power that moves you on to useful labor and a happy destiny. Boys, do not become restive and impatient of parental authority and wholesome restraint, but stay by your home and your task. Be patient and faithful, and you will never regret it.

Another valuable lesson comes to us from this incident. See how resolutely those men go to work to replace the car. Why do they not sit down and regret the accident, and finally abandon the car? They have but one thought, and that is, it must be placed back on the track. If one plan fails, they try another. If one hour or one day is not sufficient time, they take more. The work *must* be done. And with that determination the work *will* be done. This feature of the incident speaks to Christian people, to the church. A person is off the track. Surround him with your love and helpfulness. He has fallen; lift him up; he has lost his way, place his feet in the path; he is weak, help hold him up. This is the Gospel way and direction. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Gal. 6: 1. If this rule—this *command*—were followed, there would be fewer men and women permanently off the track. Go to work with the spirit and purpose of the business-like trolley men, and you will meet with similar results. The superintendent says to his men, "Put the car on the track;" and they do it. Paul says, "Restore such an one," and it can and should be done. It is not the work of one alone, as the minister or deacon, but the many. Keep the spiritual trolley running. Keep in connection with the power.

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE cash receipts of the Brooklyn trolley-car travel on Sunday, July 19, show that there were 567,769 people carried that day.

A MONUMENT to the memory of the late President of the Southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, is to be erected in Richmond, Va., at a cost of \$200,000.

SMALL POX and yellow fever are making havoc among citizens and the troops in Cuba. Many families are hastening to leave the island to escape its ravages.

THE illicit manufacture of opium is carried on secretly in San Francisco, Cal., on a large scale, and yet the authorities profess to be utterly unable to discover the place of its production.

THE pretty little village of Littleton, near Parkersburg, W. Va., was swept away by water from a cloud-burst, July 6. Scarcely a house remains to mark the spot where this snug little village stood.

THE will of Baron de Hirsch intended to provide that his adopted daughter, Lucienne, should have \$1,000,000; but on account of a flaw in the will it now appears likely that she will receive \$75,000,000.

MR. AND MRS. DANIEL YOUNG, of New York, were thrown from a carriage while traveling at Bergen, Norway, on the 4th of July, into a lake and drowned. They were people of prominence and held in high esteem.

OF all nations on this earth, Belgium is said to be the most intemperate. It is stated that 200,000 people die annually, in Belgium, as the result of the use of intoxicating liquors. The entire population is less than 6,000,000. This small nation is a nation of drunkards.

GREAT preparations are being made by astronomers to secure the most favorable opportunities to observe the total eclipse of the sun on the 8th of August. It will not be visible in this country, but its path lies across Northern Norway and Finland, and across Siberia to Japan.

THE great calamity to Japan on June 15, in the seismic wave disturbance, swept upwards of 30,000 people to destruction in five minutes of time. It covered about 200 miles of the northeast coast of the main island. The earthquake shocks preceded the tidal wave by about twenty-five minutes.

It is reported that Chinese slaves are bought and sold in California everyday. At Chinatown (San Francisco) this traffic goes on unmolested. Every steamer brings slave women and girls. Girls when twelve to fourteen years old have been sold for \$2,000 or even \$3,000. At least so says the *Christian Standard*.

THE political parties now in the field with their candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency are: Republicans—McKinley and Hobart; Democrats—Bryan and Sewall; Prohibitionists—Levering and Johnson; National Party—Bentley and Southgate; Socialist Labor Party—Matchett and Maguire; Populists—(may be named next week.)

FRANCE is far ahead of us in prohibitive legislation. The last Parliament unanimously passed laws to suppress the sale of all liquors and beverages declared by the Academy of Medicine to be dangerous to health. But our free, enlightened, "Christian nation," still hesitates to "interfere with personal liberty," except by states, in certain lines of religious legislation!

COMPRESSED air motors for running street cars and other machinery are now being constructed at Rome, N. Y. The Third Avenue Railroad Co. in New York will test this motor probably this week. Cars have been shipped from Rome and the test will be made. It is claimed that this motor will propel a car fifteen miles without recharging. The experiment will be watched with much interest.

THE somewhat famous (in a way) Oscar Wilde has had rather serious domestic discords, but has become reconciled to his wife and is quite penitent. He recently remarked to a friend thus: "I have erred throughout my life in leaving out all consideration of the moral element." It is rather late in the day to see such a conspicuous mistake, but better late than never. There is hope for this Wilde Oscar.

AN inexpensive, but valuable, little booklet, No. 5, of the Anti-Infidel Library, edited by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, will help many people over Scriptural difficulties of apparent contradictions. The book is entitled, "The Bible Triumphant. Twelve Dozen Skeptical Arguments Refuted." By Elizabeth A. Reed. The volume places these passages side by side, and points out the fallacy of the skeptic's attempt to array them against each other. It is worth many times the price, which is only 25 cents, in good manilla covers.

THE *Tribune* says: "The grave of John Fitch, who is said to have first applied steam power to navigation on the Western rivers, is unmarked by any stone, in an old cemetery in Nelson County, Kentucky." But why does the *Tribune* insert the words, "Western rivers?" The statement would be correct without those words. It can be easily proven from history that John Fitch first applied steam power to navigation, and Robert Fulton, of greater fame (through a common misapprehension) was several years later in securing his patent, and even then practically made use of the invention of John Fitch. "Honor to whom honor is due."

ENTOMOLOGISTS are put to their wits end to discover some successful and practical way to circumvent the army worm. This depredator is invading several states and making sad havoc in vegetation. Farmers especially are alarmed at the merciless ravages of this unwelcome pest. Various methods of treating them are suggested, but the most effectual seems to be ditching against them. A ditch with a perpendicular wall twelve to eighteen inches high, on the side to be protected, can be quickly made with a plow and the use of spades and hoes. They seem unable to climb a perpendicular dirt bank. It is also suggested that holes be dug in the ditch once in about eighteen feet, into which they will fall, by bushels, and perish.

THE LARGER LOOK IN SABBATH REFORM.

BY A. H. LEWIS.

If the "long look" is of special value in making plans for life, the longer look and the larger look are of double value in the work of Sabbath Reform. No reform stands alone; neither can it progress permanently alone. Evil and good constantly intermingle. Reforms of greater value must rest on great truths which underlie centuries of time and scores of indirect issues. The "Sabbath question" would have passed out of history long ago had it not been fundamental and far reaching. The Sabbath reformer, notably the Seventh-day Baptist, must become familiar with the larger look and the longer look in order to comprehend his work and be fitted to do it. Life is large, but truth is larger, and no truth can be wholly measured by sectarian standards or denominational lines. Denominations and parties that stand for some one important truth must also stand for the cognate truths and issues which are involved, to the specific one they are called to champion. Otherwise they will fall into narrowness and "Philistinism."

As noted in the RECORDER of last week, the Sabbath question as it comes to Seventh-day Baptists, includes the question of the authority of the Bible, the perpetuity of the ten commandments, the example of Christ and the practice of an unPaganized Christianity in the earlier years. With equal distinctions it involves the question of Protestantism, its right to exist as a reformatory movement, or its condemnation as a revolt against the rightful authority of the Catholic church. As the justifiableness of its genesis is involved, so is its future history.

From such a highland of view the broader and longer look must be taken whenever the Sabbath question and the work of the Seventh-day Baptists are considered. This consideration must be more than abstract and theoretical. He who is to bear any part in this work must seek fitness for it as a larger and enlarging work. He must study it as a whole and in detail. He must seek a stronger and sharper vision, that points beyond present range may be more clearly seen.

Plans must be adopted which cover the larger field. It is not a question of local and temporary campaigning. It is not a question of our generation but rather of all generations. Changing methods and enlarging plans are essential features of all such reformers. Truths do not change, but the methods which men adopt to obscure and evade truth do change, and these changes the wise reformer must anticipate and meet. Nothing is needed by Seventh-day Baptists to-day more than the larger look and the larger preparation which that look demands. It means much, very much, to be a Seventh-day Baptist, or it means little, very little. No one who takes the larger look can doubt that it means much—though he cannot tell how much.

ONLY ONE DAY AT A TIME.

A certain lady had met with a very serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months of confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was taking his leave, the patient asked:

"Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?"

"Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.—*New York Observer*.

CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

The Crucial Hour in Reform.

The progress of mankind has not been a continuous flow, but a succession of ground swells. History may run apparently on a dead level for decades—even centuries—and then revolutionary events crowd thick and fast upon each other in the formation of a new nation or a new society. In the long years which stretch between the movement, new life has germinated, gathered sustenance and grown toward maturity; but in fulness of time comes the crucial hour when it springs forth living and breathing, or dies because the influences of which it was begotten are too weak to bring it forth. Many a noble cause has been slain before its birth because the people to whom it was committed were too cowardly to endure the pain and bear the responsibility.

Critics and Critics.

A layman at the North-Western Association gave us the idea that the best farmers he ever knew were the men who sat on nail-kegs and dry-goods boxes in front of the village store and told how Smith ought to have sown wheat on his west forty and what a mistake Jones was making in planting so much of his land to corn. They had the theory and science of farming developed to the most perfect degree, and from their decision no appeal was to be taken; but they never raised anything, and their wives continued to take in washing in the interests of the family larder. The lists of the critics who are critics only, are overcrowded; but our society officers are hungry for men who can criticise by offering something better, and then do their part toward carrying it out.

That Salary.

We have no criticism to offer on the size of the salary fixed upon for our leader in Sabbath Reform work. We have a criticism to offer regarding the grounds upon which we have sometimes heard it justified, viz., that he should receive more than other men because he is worth more. It is to the shame of the Christian church to-day that this consideration operates so widely as it does. It is an argument which we borrow of the world, and not from the Bible. If one man receives more salary than another, let it be on the ground that he needs more in order to fill the place and do the work which will fall to him. If the church sends Paul into Macedonia and Peter into Judea, and raises twice as much for Paul, it is not because Paul is "worth more," but because it costs more to send him. "The laborer" should receive enough to live, do his work and perform his duty to those dependent upon him, and he is "worthy of his hire;" but let us not appraise him in the open market. There are men preaching the gospel at \$600 a year who might receive many times that sum in business life. We hope there are many business men among us earning generous salaries who would leave their inviting fields at once if God called them to go and preach the gospel.

"MOTHER," sobbed the young bride, "he is just as mean as he can be." "No, he isn't, dear," said the mother, soothingly. "A man can't really develop all his meanness till he has been married for four or five years.

HON. JOSHUA WHEELER.

BY HIS BROTHER, REV. S. R. WHEELER.

How shall I make a success of life? There comes a time to every one when this question is asked with much earnestness. The study of the life of one who has succeeded helps to answer it. Joshua Wheeler's life was successful financially, politically, and religiously. He did not amass large wealth, nor occupy the highest places in the state, nor become especially notable as a religious worker. But he did make such attainments along these three lines that it will be profitable to spend some time in learning how he did it. It is pleasant to bring to remembrance the good things in the life of a beloved brother. Yet this writing is not simply for the purpose of eulogizing the dead. But also to teach valuable lessons to the living. These lessons are of the utmost importance especially to the young, and also to older ones who may be tempted to depart from a straight course in life's transactions.

Brother Joshua died at the age of 69 years, 3 months and 2 days, at his home, near Nortonville, Kansas, on the fifth day of the week, May 14, 1896. This was just 3 months and 11 days after the death of our brother, Caleb Wheeler. This band of 4 brothers and 4 sisters left unbroken for 49 years was reduced from 8 to 6 in so short a time. When the harvest comes and the reaper thrusts in the sickle the ripening grain falls—oh! so rapidly.

With father and mother, George R., and Hannah Wheeler, brothers and sisters, Joshua crossed the broad Atlantic in the old-time sail ship and landed in New York City at noon, June 4, 1844. Employment received prompt attention. God bless the parents who rear their children to industrious habits. Idleness is a fearful sin. "Ninety-ninths of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from idleness." Idleness means poverty, shame, and crime. "Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do." These were familiar words in our home. Joshua began work on a farm at "Uncle David Dunn's," New Market, N. J., in a very few days after landing in America. And there he continued for nearly four years until he came to the age of twenty-one. Then off he started for the great, broad, untested, and uncultivated West to spend his life energies and put in practice those virtues which he had learned from his earliest years.

He was successful financially. Why? Economy, industry and perseverance were practiced in a remarkable degree. "Willful waste makes woeful want," had been spoken in his ears too many times to be forgotten or unheeded. He made it a study how to use every variety of his farm products to the best possible advantage. This economy extended to his time. When a young man and in all the years after, he was constantly exchanging his time for something of value to himself or to others. This is industry. He was neither rapid nor especially skillful as a worker. But he was a steady continuous worker. In his later years the large well-kept lawn, studded with mounds of brilliant flowers, and well-pruned shade and fruit trees, bespoke a good deal of work for a man approaching three score and ten years. Such industry with his perseverance carried him over most discouraging obstacles. An apple orchard was set with trees procured at great trouble and expense. In the memorable

droughty summer of 1860, that orchard died. But the next year another was set on the same well-prepared acres. Chinch bugs were frequent visitors as the seasons allowed them to do their destructive work. And three times within nine years the grasshoppers darkening the sky for multitude came down, devoured the crops already grown, and deposited their eggs. The following springs those eggs hatched and devoured the growing grain, grass and gardens. Many became disheartened and left the state, saying the country was only fit for the Indians and buffalo. But this brother stuck to his post and studied how to overcome these things rather than exhaust himself by going somewhere else to meet other difficulties which would be entirely new to him.

Now let all the young people know that it was the continuous practice of economy, industry, and perseverance that made Joshua Wheeler the successful farmer. It is here fully recognized that without the favor of God there is no assurance of success anywhere in anything. Also the native ability must be considered. But be it always remembered that the favor of God and native ability both combined cannot give success without economy, industry and perseverance. God does not keep working miracles to make amends for wastefulness, idleness and instability. "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," are words of holy writ. Some of us remember, at a Sabbath-school entertainment, the 15 minutes talk of our brother, when he used these words as his subject and forcibly showed how true they were.

Brother Joshua was successful as a public man. Why? He was true to his trust. In the legislative hall, as regent and treasurer of the State Agricultural College, as member and president of the State Board of Agriculture, as representative of the state in other states at agricultural fairs and farmers congresses, in county, township, and school district business he was entirely trustworthy. He was above all suspicion of appropriating to himself what did not belong to him, and above all suspicion of bribery or bribing others. As soon as he became satisfied that a man was politically corrupt he refused to uphold him, no matter what might have been the former relations between them. In the early years of Kansas he gave earnest support to a certain man to represent the state at the nation's capital. But there came a time when he said to me: "I must break with that man. It is a hard thing to do after supporting him so many years. He is a favorite in the county, has much official influence at Washington, and many offices at his disposal, but he is corrupt and I cannot support him at the next election." This course brought hard words and heavy blows upon my brother, but he never faltered. He simply replied, "I have learned what you have not. I know the man." There was a tumultuous uproar at the state capital the next winter, when he who had held the exalted place for twelve years came to open shame and soon dropped completely out of sight. Thus all came to know what my brother had positively learned months before while sitting on the grand jury for the United States District Court.

Brother Joshua moved into Kansas from Farmington, Ill., in 1857, three years before Kansas was admitted to statehood. In its infant years he was elected to the Senate, and

continued to serve the state in some way most of the time thereafter. At his funeral there were representative men from different parts of the state. Others sent regrets for unavoidable absence with added words of appreciation. Some of these had been associated with him nearly all the years of his public life. United States Senator, J. J. Ingalls, since 1862. Others for shorter periods. It was the united testimony of all these that the deceased was a man of sterling integrity, discharging all duties conscientiously according to his high standard of morals. Added to this many used words like these: "I learned not only to respect but to love the man." Let now this second lesson be well learned. A man truthful, straight-forward, and honest in public business will be appreciated; but he who thinks to gain eminence by trickery, bribery, and winking at political corruption makes a miserable mistake. He may seem to stand fairly well for a while, but he will find the words of Scripture applicable to himself: "Be sure your sin will find you out." He will find himself set aside, even if he does not come to open disgrace. Better by far remain in private life than gain position by doing wrong. "Whatever is right is best."

Brother Joshua held to his religious principles and died with the Christian's faith in Christ. If this was not so, grief and gloom would not have allowed this article to be written. He became a Christian when about 18 years of age, was baptized by Rev. W. B. Gillett, and united with the Piscataway Seventh-day Baptist church, at New Market, N. J. Many young men starting out as he did have made shipwreck of faith. His first stopping place was in Southern Illinois, then in Fulton and Peoria counties, Illinois, then to Kansas while border ruffianism was still in earnest to make Kansas a slave territory. Religious meetings were sometimes out of reach and at times all his surroundings urged to cut loose from all religious obligations and especially from the Sabbath. Also in political circles there are those who ridicule the idea of religion controlling a man in his political action. They speak of such an one as being a "Sunday-school politician." Also there are some men prominent in the affairs of state who will show respect to a Christian associate, but yet are radically skeptical and infidelic. This latter class has terrible power in undermining the faith of the Christian. But our brother continually and to all of them said: "Christ is above you all." He had great admiration for learned men, for eloquent men, in the pulpit and at the bar, for able men whose intellects made them shine as stars among their fellows. But to him Christ was a nobler character and more to be admired than them all. He marvelled that men, finite, little men could set themselves as critics upon the life of the God-man, Jesus Christ. He was known as a Christian and a Sabbath-keeper. When first a member of the State Board of Agriculture, a motion was made to adjourn to a certain "Saturday." He said: "Gentlemen, that day is Sabbath with me. It is your privilege to meet on that day, but I cannot meet with you." At once the meeting was put on another day, and he gained the respect of all for his determination to act as he religiously believed. Years passed. He was elected again and again as member of that Board,

and served as its president for some years, and all this without meeting on Sabbath-day. Also the same as regent and treasurer of the State Agricultural College. Also again as treasurer of the township; he had the courage of his convictions. The law specified that the township officers should hold regular quarterly meetings on "Saturday." My brother said to the other members, "let us meet on Friday." They did so and still he was elected to the same office each year for a series of years. At the request of Seventh-day Baptists, the law was changed about nine years ago, and Monday is now the day for the meeting of the township officers. Oh! how foolish, how very foolish for men to think they must drop religion down to the minimum and drop the Sabbath out of sight when they are in public business circles. Every Seventh-day Baptist, young or old, should know that he will rise in the estimation of every true man by clinging to and in a Christlike manner upholding the Sabbath of Jehovah. Also this, that person who has been brought up to keep the Sabbath and turns from it, is looked upon with more or less suspicion that he has given up religious principle for worldly gain.

Brother Joshua maintained his religious life by a steady discharge of religious duties. Salvation is not purchased by works. Yet the Scripture does say, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." And we all know, that when there is neglect of prayer, neglect of Bible reading, neglect of the public means of grace, neglect of any duty, the spiritual life weakens. Also that by constant exercise in these things we keep in communion with God and grow thereby. My brother was a regular attendant at Sabbath meeting. One occasion has always been remembered. He came very late, plodding through the mud on foot. There had been a heavy wind with rain during the night. On Sabbath morning horses, cattle, hogs and fences were in wild confusion. But he came as soon as he could. He made it his business to overcome obstacles in discharging religious as well as other duties. Nor did he ever grow weary of teaching his Sabbath-school class. For some 20 years he taught that same class which he was teaching when disease and death stopped him. Also it happened sometimes that we two brothers were from home in company and at night lodged together. At the hotel, or in more private apartments, all the same, on retiring he was very likely to speak first and say, "Well, Samuel, I guess we better pray a little before we go to bed," and down by the bedside we would kneel and pray. Yet he had his temptations and something to overcome within himself even as others. Christ is the only perfect pattern. But it was the determined purpose of his life to be a Christian. And, blessed be God, he was. He was a great support to the church, and a great example of a Christian man among all sorts of public men. His last months and weeks revealed him as ripening for his final departure from earth life. Out among his prosperous herds one morning, a short time before confinement to the house, he sat down and reviewed the situation. He remembered the spring of 1848 when, making his way westward, he crossed the Alleghany mountains in a stage coach, riding all night without an overcoat, snuggling down among the mail sacks trying to keep comfortable.

He reviewed the struggles passed through from that stage of poverty to financial independence. Now in place of the naked prairie he saw his multiplied broad acres well cultivated and fruitful. He saw his large barns and cattle shed well filled with animals and provender. In place of the little log cabin, he saw his commodious house furnished with all things needful for convenience and comfort. He saw the large shade trees, the goodly number of fruit trees, the fruit-bearing plants and shrubbery, and the outstretching lawn. He knew that in a few weeks the grass would cover that lawn with the beautiful green carpet, that the fragrant roses, the sweet-scented geraniums, the delicate pinks and foliage plants, and the brilliant verbenas would appear again with all their freshness. And then, after all this survey, he calmly said, "They are nothing; not worth a cent." At such a time of thought nothing but a hope of heaven through Christ was worth anything to him. He was right—eternally right. When the last hour comes, neither financial success, public emoluments, nor eloquent eulogies by great men, can give one ray of hope to the soul sinking down bearing its own load of sin.

During the eight long weeks of confinement, some of the time suffering very much, he took great pleasure in singing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

He was not a singer, seldom tried to sing; yet for continuous days and nights he sung and sung those appropriate words. And again, he would say, "I am at peace with God and all the world." Then again, suiting the action to the word, he would say, "Not a wave of trouble rolls across this peaceful breast." Thanks be to God for the religion of Jesus Christ which lifts a man above all the poverty and struggle, above all the confusion and strife, above all the combat with sin, Satan and self, above all prosperity and earthly honors, above all of earth life, and transports him safely into heaven to dwell with Christ and the holy angels forever more.

Brother Joshua was blessed with a faithful wife, with dutiful children and lovely grandchildren, who now mourn their great loss. Also he had the great blessing of living for so many years in a community of noble, intelligent Christian people, and was therefore surrounded with kind friends and sympathizing neighbors. May the rich blessing of God rest upon them all.

BOULDER, Col., July 6, 1896.

A DELICATE PERFUME.

"My! what a flowery whiff. That handkerchief must have been literally steeped in violets," exclaimed one girl to another who had just shaken out from its folds a fragrant square of linen.

"Not steeped in violets, my dear," was the answer, "but boiled in orris water. The effect is the same, so where's the odds? On wash-days I supply the laundress with a good-sized piece of orris root, and she throws it into the water where my handkerchiefs are boiling. When they come up off of the ironing board they are as redolent of orris as can be. Then I slip them between the folds of a sachet filled with violet powder, and they never lose their fragrance. Violet and orris scent together, I've discovered, can make a real violet's odor faint with envy."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Missions.

ALL persons, churches, and benevolent societies that have funds which they intend to send to the Treasurer of the Missionary Society before Conference would confer a great favor if they would remit the same before the 1st of August. But if they have money for the Missionary Society and cannot send it before the time designated, send it when most convenient. Do not forget to send it sometime. Salaries and expenses have to be paid, and money has to be loaned to pay them if it is not in the Treasury.

CONFERENCE is soon at hand. Who is going to Conference? If you are going, what for? I hope it is to give good and get good. There will come before this Conference some of the hardest problems to solve, and the most important questions to consider and answer that ever came before our people. We must solve and answer them right. To do it we must go up praying and earnestly seeking for wisdom, grace, and all needed qualification, but most of all for the endowment of the Holy Spirit. We must go up for action then and for action after it. Let this Conference be more than one of resolutions. May glorious fruitage come out of all its deliberations, plans and labors, to the salvation of men, the spread of Sabbath truth, and to the glory of God and his Son Jesus Christ.

REPORT OF THE EVANGELISTIC COMMITTEE.

To the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society:

Your Committee on Evangelistic Work would make report for the quarter ending June 30, 1896, as follows:

South-Eastern Association.

BRO. E. B. SAUNDERS, who was at work at Salem, W. Va., at the close of last quarter, continued his work on the West Virginia field until his return home in June for needed rest. He reports work at Middle Island, Greenbriar, Black Lick and Ritchie.

Sermons and addresses, 80; average congregation, 75; baptized and joined Seventh-day Baptist churches, 30; baptized and joined other churches, 16; visits and calls, 100.

Mr. Saunders was ably and faithfully assisted in all these places by the Rev. L. D. Seager, in singing and preaching, who also closed up Mr. Saunders' work at Greenbriar when he returned home for rest. The importance of the work in West Virginia has been repeatedly brought to the attention of your Committee, and they have endeavored to meet the demands laid upon them as best they could. If it were possible to place one or two men on that field for a period of six months from Sept. 1, 1896, we believe that grand results would follow in that many more would rejoice in a new-found Saviour. But we are only able to answer about one-half of the applications for needed work throughout the denomination. We have not the money to send as many as could be employed, hence the work must languish in West Virginia, as in many other places.

REV. J. N. BELTON has been in our employ during the month of June on the Alabama field. He reports a large number of visits made to families and the question of the Sabbath brought before many in a private way. The outlook is promising and more work in view than can be done in the next month.

Sermons preached, 13; other services, 6;

miles traveled, 180; tracts distributed, 1,430 pages.

Central Association.

REV. L. R. SWINNEY has continued the work at Syracuse, and reports the "mission" as steadily growing in interest and members. Two have been baptized this quarter and joined the DeRuyter church, one of whom is a convert to the Sabbath. Bro. Swinney reports five trips by rail and two by carriage during the quarter.

Western Association.

REV. C. W. THRELKELD began work at Shingle House, Pa., April 1, and is at present on that field. He has preached at Shingle House, Main Settlement, Hebron and other localities. He reports:

Sermons, 45; congregation, 5 to 200; visits and calls, 90; pages of tracts distributed, 250.

As the result of this and the work done by Rev. G. P. Kenyon, a number have been baptized and one converted to the Sabbath truth. Bro. Threlkeld writes that the field is brimful of promise, but while gracious results are in store they can not be reached in a day. They will come as the result of patient, thoughtful, and skillful management.

North-Western Association.

REV. T. J. VAN HORN has done the most of his work this quarter in Southern Illinois. He reports:

Sermons, 14; average congregation, 36; visits and calls, 45; pages of tracts distributed, 780; copies of *Evangel*, 200.

He speaks hopefully of the future of this field. He will engage in tent work during the summer in the Southern Illinois field.

The church at Walworth, Wis., having consented to their pastor, Rev. S. H. Babcock, doing some work under the direction of your committee, he was sent March 26, 1896, to Cartwright, Wis. He labored there and at Fish Lake eight weeks. He reports:

Sermons and addresses, 26; visits, 40; baptisms, 6; joined the church, 9; converts to the Sabbath, 2.

Bro. Babcock speaks very hopefully of the condition of the field, both at Cartwright and Fish Lake. He says there is a general feeling of unanimity among the different classes of the society, and the expressions of gratitude to the Evangelistic Committee for sending help is as strongly marked among the First-day people as among the Sabbath-keepers. Some who have been disposed to criticise religious work and workers are among the most anxious to have the work continued; \$137 was pledged in aid of supporting a minister for six months at Cartwright. Bro. Babcock has accepted a call from the Evangelistic Committee to give his whole time to evangelistic work, and will begin his labors about Nov. 1, 1896. In conclusion he says concerning his trip to Cartwright and Fish Lake, "I wish to express my gratitude to God and the Committee for the pleasure enjoyed in this campaign, and trust some good has been done in His name."

REV. GEO. W. HILLS went to Boulder, Col., near the close of last quarter, where he continued to labor till the 10th of May, after which he went to South Dakota and engaged in gospel tent work among the Danes and Sweedes, beginning at Viborg, May 15. He labored during the quarter at Boulder and Calhan in Colorado; and Viborg, Big Springs,

Smythe, Flandreau, and Whaly School-house in South Dakota. He reports:

Sermons and addresses, 100; discourses on the Sabbath question, 5; average congregation, 100; visits, 112; additions by baptism, 19; letter, 4; total 23.

SUMMARY FOR THE QUARTER.

Workers.....	8
Sermons and addresses.....	298
Average congregation.....	5 to 200
Visits and calls.....	387
Pages of tracts distributed.....	2,460
Additions, by baptism, 58, by letter, 7. Total.....	65
Converts to the Sabbath.....	4

With gratitude to God for his blessing upon the work and the workers, we respectfully submit this report.

O. U. WHITFORD,
GEO. B. CARPENTER, } Com.

FROM W. C. DALAND.

Dear Brother:—In presenting through you to the Board of Managers my report for the July meeting, I would say first of all that we have had all outward circumstances in our favor; winds and waves were propitious and the weather has been beautiful here since our arrival. We reached London on the 20th of May and by the 22d found suitable lodgings where we lived till last Friday, the 26th inst., when we moved to the house we are occupying, and which I have taken on agreement for three years. We are in the north of London, as far as one can well go and be in London, although the metropolis is pushing its borders farther north all the time. We think we shall find it pleasant here. We are not far from where Major Richardson lives.

On the first Sabbath after our arrival we were received into the membership of the Mill Yard church. An especial church meeting was held in the chapel in Eldon Street, at 2 o'clock, one hour before the time of service. At that meeting after the vote to receive Mrs. Daland and myself, Mr. Richardson gave us the right hand of fellowship. It was then moved by Mr. Barber that a vote of thanks be passed expressing the gratitude of the church to Mr. Richardson for his conduct of the services for the 15 months since the death of the Rev. Dr. Jones. This was passed heartily and was an appropriate action surely.

That day Mr. Richardson conducted the service and I preached from Acts 10: 29. One stranger was present. There were in all 14, 7 being members of the church.

On the following Sabbath, the 30th of May, there were 16 present, 6 being members. The Rev. Mr. Malone, one of the Trustees of the Davis Charity was in the congregation. I preached from Acts 1: 8.

The next Sabbath, June 6, there were 13 present, 5 being members. I preached from 2 Kings 4: 2.

On June 13 there were also 13 present, and but 5 members. A Church of England clergyman was one of the congregation then. I preached from Luke 8: 46.

Sabbath before last, the 20th, there were 14 present, 7 being members. I preached from Mark 1: 32 to 34.

Last Sabbath there were 16 present, 6 being members. Mr. Henry B. Vane was in London and I invited him to preach, which he did. There was one stranger present. Those present not members were members of the families of church people, including children, or friends.

On Sunday, the 28th, there was held a spec-

ial church meeting at the home of Mr. Thomas Guinibert, called for various purposes. It was held then that Mr. Vane might attend, as he was to be in London over Sabbath and Sunday. At this meeting it was voted that Mr. Richardson be chosen church secretary, in place of Mr. H. L. Jones, who resigned some months ago. Mr. Guinibert was also elected church treasurer. The church has not hitherto had a treasurer, all the funds having been held and administered by the pastor. It was also voted that a notice be sent to all members in regard to contributions to the Missionary Society. Mr. Vane made a proposition in regard to having some tent work (Gospel and Sabbath) done in his neighborhood in Kent. I said I would join him in this, and Mr. Barber and myself were appointed a committee to see if a tent could be procured for the purpose. In the meantime Mr. Vane is going to see if one of his barns can be made suitable for some meetings in the summer. Mr. Richardson, Mr. Barber, myself and wife were appointed delegates to the General Baptist Assembly, of which our church is a member. It seems a little singular, but our church is connected with this body, which has, we think, tried to acquire our possessions. But I am a member of the assembly *ex-officio*, and we are expected to send delegates. Several of us think we ought to sever our connection with this body, but our *status* before the court of Chancery would be lost if we should do this; and if ever any money can be had out of the property for the building of a chapel, which is barely possible, we should lose the chance of having it by so doing. Therefore we are still in this body and the delegates expect to attend next September. It was also voted that the pastor and secretary prepare the letters to the General Baptist Assembly and the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference.

I have received one or two letters from people who have heard of my coming here and who state that they are Sabbath-keepers. One is in Leeds, Yorkshire. Several letters of welcome to the new pastor were read from members out of town. A good one came from Mr. Henry C. Rolf, in Norway. He is seventy years old and has started a little mission Sunday-school in his place, of about 30, which he has kept up for five or six years. He knows Bro. Velthuysen, and I wish this summer, if possible, to visit him and Bro. Velthuysen. I could see both on the one trip. Our Deacon, Mr. Molyneux, is now living in London, but is quite ill. I have been to see him and hope to get again soon.

I have done nothing yet in the way of increasing the number of our services or doing any aggressive work. It is going to be very slow work to get united support for anything of that kind, and without union in so small a body it would be idle to take a step till certain of success. Nothing much can be done until we can have some suitable place, and how to get that is a problem. If the tent idea of Mr. Vane comes to anything this summer, I think tent or open air meetings in London might do some good. I strayed into a little open air meeting the other Sunday evening and helped the lonely leaders sing Gospel hymns. They gave me the opportunity to preach, which I embraced, and for the first time preached in the street. The leaders were one of the Church of England and one of the Salvation Army. It seemed strange to think of afterwards, but if we cannot get a suitable chapel in a place where strangers would be likely to come, that would be better than as now.

1, MARYLAND ROAD, Wood Green, London, N.

KING ALFRED'S LIGHT.

BY IRENE ACKERMAN.

When Alfred was the people's king
And reigned o'er England's soil,
A taper was made by his command,
Of three equal parts its coil;
It burned brightly day and night,
Blessed of God was its holy oil;
One-third marked rest, one-third for prayers
And the other third for toil.

That good king died, and the Norman heel
Was stamped into England's soil;
Then rest was short and prayers were few,
And lengthened the hours of toil;
And the people became, instead of lords,
The serfs of their native soil,
Which they ever will be until they see
King Alfred's light for toil.

WHAT AND HOW.

BY REV. L. A. PLATTS, D. D.

Saul of Tarsus was on his way to Damascus, bent on his errand of persecution against the Christians, when suddenly a strange vision of the persecuted Christ confronted him, filled his soul with a strange fear, and smote his eyes with helpless blindness. Rising from the ground and groping in the mid-day darkness for some friendly hand to direct his uncertain way, there came into his heart a sudden revulsion of feeling, an entire change of spirit and purpose, such as only an honest, earnest nature can feel. Forgetful of the commission he bore from priestly authorities to bring in bonds to Jerusalem any whom he found "of this way whether men or women;" forgetful of his own mad frenzy against the hated name, he reverently lifted his sightless eyes toward heaven and uttered those memorable words,—that humble prayer for divine guidance, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" A new life was born in the heart of the great man that day, and the keyword to all its subsequent history was that simple prayer.

To no person of the present day will the same combination of conditions come that came to Saul, but to none of us can there come a more important question than that which he asked. If there be any other question of kindred importance, it is, "How shall I best do the work which the Lord has for me to do?" This two-fold question was answered so well, in a prayer meeting, not long since, by a business man, that I have undertaken to write it out for the benefit of the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER. He said, "I think we should do our religious work just as we do our business. There we do first what comes first to hand, we go about it at once, and we keep at it." Perhaps there is nothing particularly original in this, but who can say more, or say it better?

1. Is it not true that when we think of work for Christ, we think of something remote from ourselves? We think of China, or of the outcasts in great cities, or of the destitute regions of frontier life, and think if only we had the power to go to these with the words of life, what a privilege it would be! But because we can do none of these things we hastily conclude that there is nothing for us. We are looking too far away for our work. Is there not some work to be done in my own heart, in my own home, in my own circle of acquaintance and influence waiting for my willing heart and hands? Surely something lies within the reach of everyone of us which we can do in the name of Jesus, and which will continue to lie undone so long as we stand idly dreaming of the great things we should like to do, so far away from us that we are likely never to do them at all.

Such dreaming robs the world of the good it ought to get from our consecrated living, and cheats us of the blessing of doing, and of the possible power to do greater things springing out of the doing of present duties. Let us learn from the business man to do first that which is nearest to us.

2. "We go about it at once." Can anything more be said on this point? Who does not know that the "sometime" of which the procrastinator dreams never comes? "When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee," is the good resolution with which a convicted man once sought to ease his conscience in respect to a present duty. He did indeed call for his instructor often, and communed with him, but the tenderness of his own heart had gone and selfishness and greed of gain and power had come in its place, and the opportunity for the supreme blessing of his life had forever gone. An old writer has said, with startling vigor, "The road to hell is paved with good resolutions." It is certainly what we do to-day, not what we are intending to do at some future time, that brings a meed of blessing to both him who does the work and him for whom it is done. Let us go straight about it.

3. "We keep at it." "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed" (in his *doing*). God's law of increase is, "Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance." In nothing is this more forcibly illustrated than in the fruits of Christian labor. To-day's work, promptly and faithfully done, opens wide the door for to-morrow's work, and the experience of the workman gives him increased power and efficiency for the work. With power for work, with heart for work, both the result of doing promptly whatever comes first to hand, there are given eyes to see work everywhere, until the devoted, soulful Christian has no time or energy to waste on doubtful amusements or sinful pleasures. The world is big and every inch of it needs to be worked for Christ. The laborers are few and the days flee away; but if every Christian should set himself at work on the plan of the business man, and do first the thing that is nearest to him, do it at once, and keep at it, who can tell how soon the kingdoms of this world would become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ?

MILTON, Wis., July 15, 1896.

THE THINGS THAT ARE LOVELY.

Some very earnest young Christians make a mistake in putting too light a value upon those graces of manner and little courtesies of speech and conduct which might commend their excellent qualities to others, and give them the vantage ground of personal influence. If a merchant has diamonds to sell, he does not shut them up in a drawer nor display them in a rough box. He does not say, "Nothing can add to the value of a diamond, and I will not condescend to any tricks to catch admiration or draw customers. If a man really wishes to buy, he will come to me."

What he does is to put his jewels upon beds of satin, in cases of velvet; to use every art to display their beauty. He knows very well that people who have never thought seriously of buying may be attracted by the beauty that catches the eye and arrests the attention.

Your Christian principles ought to be rendered so attractive by your personality that those who know you will associate goodness with graciousness.—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

Woman's Work.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

[This poem by the late Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America," was read at his funeral. It was composed in 1892, during a severe illness.]

To feel the mild, delicious clime,
Where summer never fades;
To breathe the glorious atmosphere,
Which sickness ne'er invades;

To reach at last that happy land,
Where tears are never known;
To see the wondrous face of Him
Who sits upon the throne;

All the great souls of all the years,
In heaven's high courts to meet;
All kindred spirits, glorified,
To join in converse sweet;

To burst the chrysalis, and soar
On love's triumphant wing;
To swell the hymns of mighty praise,
The ransomed armies sing;

To wear the robes of saints in light;
To shine as shines the sun;
To hear the Saviour's welcome voice
Pronounce the glad 'well done!'

And oh, the crowning heights of bliss,
Where all the glories blend,
To know the bliss, the light, the love,
Shall never, never end!

Beyond the shades of sin and woe,
With joyful speed to fly,
And in God's loving arms to rest—
Oh, it is gain to die.

—Statesman.

FROM childhood to old age how much our lives and our happiness depends on promises. In childhood we live largely on the promises of others, in youth we look forward to the promise of what lies before us, and our maturer years are peaceful and joyful, or otherwise, according as these promises have been accepted and fulfilled in our daily lives. And this is not only true of our natural lives but of our spiritual lives as well.

THE promises of God are all "yea and amen in Christ Jesus."

How often we think of the satisfaction our dear aged father takes in the promises of God. So many times we have heard him repeat them one after another, and then say, "God does not say 'If thou wilt believe in the Lord Jesus Christ *perhaps* I will save you,' but, 'Believe and thou *shalt* be saved'; 'ask and *perhaps* I will give you,' but, 'ask, and it *shall* be given you; seek and ye *shall* find; knock, and it *shall* be opened unto you.'" And so we shall find all of God's promises *sure, on conditions.*

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love."

"If ye are faithful unto death, I will give thee a crown of life."

These conditions being fulfilled on our part, God will do his part.

We may ask why it was necessary for God to thus bind himself to us by promises. Could and would he not care for us and love us without giving us these promises? May it not be they were given for our sakes? What would our lives be without the hope that they inspire? How much our growth in grace depends on them. How could we understand God had he not revealed himself to us by thus showing us his divine nature, his unbounded love, his perfectness? "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

THESE promises are an incentive to our

growth in grace, they increase our faith, they enlarge our hope, they bring God nearer to us.

If we claim these promises as ours, we know that God will fulfil his part; and although they may sometimes seem *too great* for us to comprehend, we have only to remember that it is God who has promised. How thankful we should be that he has thus made it possible for us to love and to trust him. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

MAY 31, 1896, is called a "Red Letter Day in the Baptist Denomination."

A new and forward step was then taken by the appointment of a "Commission on Systematic Beneficence." It is believed that this step will enable the denomination to enter upon a system of benevolence which will mark a new epoch in their missionary work and remove the difficulties which have so hampered the work heretofore.

This work is "Not on behalf of any one of our benevolent agencies merely, but to capture the heart and purse of our church, till, for Christ's sake, what his people owe their Lord shall be steadily brought and placed upon his altars wherever his broad demands may call."

We submit the fifth division of the report of the Finance Committee of the Missionary Union to our readers.

IN looking over one of our oldest denominational papers, the *Protestant Sentinel*, of Aug. 10, 1831, not long since, I found the following:

"BORROWING TROUBLE."

"A lady belonged to the Methodist church who was very much addicted to borrowing trouble. Her son (also a member, and a preacher) became wearied with her frequent foreboding of ill; and one day, hearing her commence the recital of her catalogue of anticipated ills, he remarked: 'Mother, I have about resolved to complain of you to the church and have you expelled.' 'Why,' exclaimed the astonished matron, 'what have I done?' 'You know,' says he, 'there is a clause in our discipline against borrowing without a probability of paying; and you have borrowed so much trouble, and I see no possibility of your ever being able to pay it.' She was in the main a sensible woman, and the rebuke was attended with salutary success."

Is there a lesson in this incident for any one of us?

"SOWING AND REAPING."

BY HELEN A. RAINES.

"I wish you would go into some other business," said Mrs. Guthrie to her husband at the dinner table. I am tired of feeling that we are a menace to this community."

"A menace to the community! How absurd you talk, Emily," said her husband, his brow darkening. "I thought you understood when we came to this mining town I came here with the avowed purpose of furnishing supplies to the miners."

"I certainly did not understand, Carl, that furnishing supplies meant beer and ale, as well as provision for their families—tea, coffee, sugar and such like."

"Probably not. You may not know that

I sell six glasses of beer to one sack of flour or one package of coffee. But I do, thereby doubling my money. I call myself a provident man, and expect to look out for my own household. I would like to know where the luxuries you and Blanche have always been used to would come from if I didn't."

"I don't care for them purchased in that way," said Mrs. Guthrie, sighing; "and I am sure Blanche does not."

"It was only yesterday that she came home sobbing from school and begged me to let her go dressed as the children of the miners do, saying that her clothing was made a jest and by-word of, as the result of your iniquitous business."

"Iniquitous business, indeed," said Carl, reddening. "It is sanctioned by government. I will call around upon the School Board this very evening and see if my child has got to be criticised and ridiculed by these coal-miners' children."

"And what is worse," said Mrs. Guthrie, a bright spot appearing on either cheek, "it has been thrown up to her that her father was the means of Tom McCarthy's going to the penitentiary."

Carl got up from the table hastily and went out, slamming the door after him, thereby putting a stop to the conversation.

The winter set in early in this little mining town, and owing to the "hard times" the mines were all closed for the season. Then suffering commenced in earnest. But few had the money to buy the necessities of life, and many were actually on the verge of starvation.

"You see now what we would have come to if I had heard to you," said Carl in a boastful manner to his wife one day. "I have a nice little bank account, and groceries enough to supply the spring demand, whenever the mines are in operation again."

"The end is not yet," said Mrs. Guthrie, prophetically. "But it is sure to come."

"Nonsense," said Carl, laughingly, "why will you croak?"

A little later in the day she said, "Carl, did you refuse to let Ed. Winthrop have a sack of flour yesterday?"

"I did. He had no money. I cannot let my goods out on time."

"But they have a very sick child there, one of the neighbors told me this afternoon, and the family is in a suffering condition."

"I cannot help that," said Carl. "He would spend his money for whisky last summer. He should have looked out for his family as I did for mine, then there would have been no suffering."

"Carl," said Mrs. Guthrie, solemnly, "who took his money for that which was not food and raiment? Can you make answer to an offended God for that?"

But Carl was beyond hearing, and the rattle of the glasses in the front end of the building where he sold his "supplies" told too plainly that he had not gone out of the business.

The winter deepened in intensity as it advanced. The winds raved and the snow drifted, and the miners' wives and children crowded around their meager embers in their little shanties, cursing those who had robbed them of their sustenance. Carl came in from the store one evening very much disturbed, and took his revolver from the drawer.

"There is going to be trouble, I fear," he

said, glancing at his wife and daughter. "It seems that that man Winthrop buried his child yesterday, and threatens vengeance upon us all. Keep in-doors, both of you. There is no telling what an enraged set of miners may do."

Those who have watched the approach of a storm that is to leave death and devastation in its wake, who have listened to the tread of a mighty army, slow, solemn, impressive, every step bringing them nearer and nearer to their work of destruction, know how those felt who watched the seething mass of human beings that night, slowly advancing to its goal.

"Give us bread! We will have bread!" echoed far and near over the frozen hills and down the wind-swept valleys. Carl, craven that he was, crouched shivering behind one of his counters, praying for mercy, while the little handful of policemen stood at the door with their Winchesters, endeavoring to keep the infuriated mob at bay. Mrs. Guthrie knelt praying, with her arms extended, in her own room, while Blanche—little fair-haired Blanche—slipped out unseen into the night, no one knew whither.

No one knew when or how it happened, but a shot was fired, and when the store had been stripped of its contents and the mob had at last been quelled and dispersed for the night, Blanche was found lying upon the floor of the upper balcony unconscious, with a bullet-wound in her shoulder.

She recovered in course of time, but will be a cripple to the end of her days. Carl Guthrie moved to another town, and went into "other-business." He had realized most fully that "God is not mocked," and he "who sows to the wind will reap the whirlwind."

"ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

The town of L— has recently lost two of her prominent citizens, men who had lived there their whole lives, and who left behind them powerful influences for good or ill. Judge K— was a rich man in the prime of life. Except for servants, he lived alone in his stately home. A solitary man whose only friend was self, the tendrils of whose heart reached out to no human being.

Since his mother, in his early manhood, went to heaven, no woman had loved him; no little child had ever put eager arms about his neck in fond caress. Never having bestowed affection on those about him, he received none. If he went into the homes of his brothers, which he seldom did, it was as if an iceberg drifting near, chilled them all with its freezing breath. Wrapped about in the mantle of selfishness, he had gone through the world, making it no better or brighter than he had passed by.

No poor person in L— could say, "He has made my hard lot easier." No hungry, shivering child, "he has ever fed or warmed me." No sin-burdened soul, "he has ever lifted hand or voice to make my burden lighter." But even an earth-life of sordid selfishness must end, and one night Judge K— lay down upon the bed from which he was never to rise again.

Alone in his handsome room he passed suffering days and restless nights. Only hired nurses about him to minister to his needs. No voice of affection sounded in his ear, no loving hand bathed his fevered brow or changed the heated pillows. There was no

breaking heart praying ceaselessly for God to spare him; no clinging hands to hold him close until the last. In life and strength he had bound no one to him, in sickness and death he was alone. Some there were to rejoice at the wealth he would leave behind, none to sorrow that he must leave it. And so his shriveled, selfish soul went to meet the great Teacher of love and charity, leaving neither regret nor sorrow behind.

Many people came to the funeral. What money could purchase was there, an elegant casket, costly flowers, fine music. God's messenger spoke tender words to benefit the living, he said but little of the dead. No tears fell over him, no blessings rested upon him as he was laid away in the narrow house; and as we left the grave one said to another, "The Judge never helped anyone, he lived only for self, the world is better without him."

Three days afterward we buried Squire W— known to all his townspeople as "Uncle Billy." Not so rich in this world's goods as the Judge, but in the riches of the kingdom, love, charity, good works—his wealth was limitless.

Was his pastor tried and discouraged, he knew just the words to help and strengthen. Was there trouble or sorrow in any home, none knew so well as he what message to bring.

Many a poor father, laid on a bed of sickness, anxiously planning how the dear ones could be fed now that his strong arm was useless, felt his burden lifted to Uncle Billy's broad shoulders and was content. Many a poor mother, struggling to care for her fatherless little ones, found food and fuel supplied month after month, and blessed him.

Did a young man make a mistep and stand on the verge of ruin, it was Uncle Billy's strong hand that drew him back, his tender words which started him toward a better life. And the children, oh, how fond they were of him; rich or poor, happy or neglected, there was room in his great heart for every one; truly he was the children's friend.

When it was known that Uncle Billy was dangerously ill, the whole town sorrowed. Men left their business to sit by his bedside and tenderly move him in their strong arms. Workingmen on their way to shop or mill, stepped carefully to the door to inquire about him and offer help. Little children with tear-wet faces crept softly up the path and sat quietly on the steps, waiting patiently for some one to open the door that they might hear about him.

Loving hands, whose every touch was a caress, ministered to his needs, and rich and poor together prayed that this useful, necessary life might be spared; but God's ways are not our ways, and he took his faithful servant home.

Standing by the confined body and looking over the mourning congregation, his pastor said, "What more can I say of the earth life of our loved one, passed from boyhood to old age in your midst? To his pastor he was truest friend, wisest counsellor; to his church a tower of strength; to the poor, the erring, the afflicted, God's ministering angel. The world is better that he has lived in it, heaven brighter that he has entered in. Most truly may the words of the divine Master be said of him, 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I

was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

Thus we buried Uncle Billy, in a grave made fragrant by loving hands, under a mound of flowers, each one the gift of loving hearts. Men said with faltering voices as they turned away, "He lived to benefit mankind, the world will miss him."

There is a thought for you, my friend, in this true sketch. Are you living a loveless, selfish life in the midst of the world's great needs and opportunities; or do the flowers of loving words and kindly deeds spring wherever your footsteps pass, and the world grow better and brighter, mankind purer and stronger, because you are living to-day?

LAEL CLARKE.

MARY ELIZABETH BURDICK.

When thirteen years of age, Miss Burdick publicly professed Christ, was baptized by Eld. W. C. Titsworth, and united with the First Alfred Church.

She was a faithful member, and an earnest worker in the Society of Christian Endeavor.

After attending Alfred University for a number of terms, she began teaching in the public schools of the county. After five years of this work she was employed as a teacher in the Brace Memorial School, near New York City. Here she finished her earthly career in the consecrated work of teaching in a mission school.

In this last year of her life she grew greatly in Christian experience and consecration.

We wonder that one so youthful, so useful and so happy, should be called so soon to leave a work for which her whole life seemed to be suited, and to which it was undoubtedly called.

Her remains were brought to Alfred, and after a funeral service conducted by the writer, were interred in Alfred Rural Cemetery, Sabbath-day, April 11, 1896.

The following lines are offered by a friend as a tribute to her memory:

THROUGH THE GATES.

Through the gates of God's City
With its streets of shining gold,
Eye hath never seen its glory,
Ear hath never heard it told.
Blessed home of many mansions,
Human hearts can ne'er conceive
All the things prepared by Jesus
For them who on him believe.

Through the gates into God's City
The redeemed are passing in,
Washed white in the blood of Jesus,
Cleansed from every stain of sin.
No more sickness, pain, or sorrow,
No more night, but endless day;
All their toils and trials ended,
All their tears are wiped away.

Through the gates into God's City
With the eye of faith I see,
Looking heavenward, often longing
In my Father's home to be.
Heaven is daily growing dearer
By the loved ones gone away,
Earth is losing its attractions
By their absence, day by day.

Through the gates into God's City
We shall enter by and by,
If we trust in God our Saviour,
And the time is drawing nigh.
We shall see him in his glory,
And the loved ones gone before;
And abide at home forever,
To be parted nevermore.

In the great day when the muster roll shall be read, of all those who are converted through fine music and church decoration and religious exhibitions and entertainments, they will amount to the tenth part of nothing; but it will always please God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.—Spurgeon.

Young People's Work

DO AS NEAR RIGHT AS YOU CAN.

The world stretches widely before you,
A field for your muscle and brain,
And though clouds may often float o'er you,
And often come tempests and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you,
Push forward through like a man,
Good fortune will never forsake you,
If you do as near right as you can.

—Sel.

A WONDERFUL service was held in the Kentucky state prison at Eddyville, by a large number of delegates, at the close of the Kentucky Christian Endeavor Convention. Two hundred prisoners publicly expressed a desire to lead Christian lives.

GREAT BRITAIN now contains more than one hundred thousand Christian Endeavorers. The recent international convention at Bristol was too big for any one building. In one open parliament ninety speeches were made within thirty minutes. Last year 1,000 new societies were formed in Great Britain and 9,000 persons were led into the church through the Christian Endeavor Society.

THE Christian Endeavor Societies of Laos held their first convention a short time ago. Since January, 1895, twenty societies have been formed in a community of three thousand Laos Christians. The character of the convention may be inferred from the statement that one delegate took an eight-day's journey to attend it. He walked all the way over mountain and plain, through forest and jungle, carrying his own food and bedding, and sleeping where night overtook him.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS are a missionary people. I rejoice in this fact. It makes and keeps them broad and liberal in their views and in their attitude toward other people. But they have a special work which distinguishes them and separates them from other people who have the missionary spirit.

This special work is all that keeps us from uniting our forces at home and abroad with other Christian workers. And yet, our young people seem to be sadly neglecting this special work. In the report of the secretary of the young people for our North-Western Association the fact came out that only about one-tenth as much had been done in the line of raising money for our Tract Society as had been done for the Missionary work. I do not plead for any less missionary interest, but I do plead for more interest in the work which is especially and wholly ours. What can we do? Well here is something simple and definite. Our leaders would like the names and addresses of people to whom they can send our literature, not the ministers and prominent men of the country, but the masses, the rank and file of the people. Here is a work for individuals and for committees. Do not stop with a dozen names or even a hundred; they are wanted by the thousand. However, use some sense in making out the list. Send names of people who will be apt to read the papers. Do not send more than one name from the same family. You have a duty in this matter. If the Seventh-day Sabbath is worth anything, it is worth much, and it needs and demands our earnest united efforts.

THE only sin which we can never forgive in each other is the difference of opinion.—*Emerson*.

LETTER FROM N. I. DEW TO DEACON CROSSEY.

My Dear Friend:—I fancy that you do not have the pleasure of recalling the one occasion when we met, although I remember it quite well. It was long ago, when you were a young man, perhaps thirty-five years old, and I was a mere child. You are now about three score, and you may wonder, if you chance to read this, why I should be writing an open letter to you, a letter which is to be published in the Young People's department of the RECORDER. To be candid, then, I am not writing it so much for your sake as for the sake of your grandchildren. Seven boys and five girls, ranging in years from four to eighteen, call you "grandpa." These all live near you. There are a dozen or more besides whom you have never seen, who live far away. Your influence upon these children is very great; and I want to advise and caution you in reference to how you treat them. In the first place, my dear deacon, you must remember that the times have changed very much since you were a boy. Of course you recognize this fact in many things. For example: You do not expect or wish your grandson Henry, who is now seventeen years of age, to be apprenticed to some neighbor, and there work with a hand-sickle, reaping wheat for eight dollars a month; nor would you have fourteen-year old Bertha spin and weave as her grandmother used to do. To be sure there is no disgrace in such labor, but the times have changed, and you can see it as well as the rest of us can. But when it comes to the matter of schooling and education you seem to think that what was good enough for you and your boyhood friends, is good enough for the boys and girls of to-day. And so you often discourage the children by unkind and sarcastic remarks about the men and women who have now, or who are trying to get, a college education. When you were a boy, you gathered your grain with a sickle, or a cradle; so did your neighbors; therefore you worked upon an equal footing with them. But now you must have your self-binding harvester if you hope successfully to compete with your neighbors. You must have tools of the best kind if you hope to keep up. So in the matter of education. The boys and girls must have the best possible training, or they will be out-done by those about them. Of course if all your boys are to be farmers and all the girls are to be wives of farmers, and they have no ambition to be anything more than the common ordinary farmers, why then, they do not need an education. But it is very likely that at least half-a-dozen of your grandchildren will aspire to something more than the average in whatever line of work they may enter. It is your privilege and duty to encourage them in these desires to rise, and it will be impossible for them to meet the competition all about them, unless they are prepared for it. Other young people are being thoroughly trained to take high rank in all lines of work, agricultural and industrial, as well as literary and scientific, and your grandchildren will be crowded out unless they are carefully prepared, just as the self-binding harvesters have crowded out the old reapers and cradles. I suspect that you do not mean much more than half you say when you talk in that sneering way about higher education, but the truth of the matter is you do not know what you are talking about. Be careful, deacon, for the sake of your influence upon the boys and girls.

Your Friend,

N. I. Dew.

OUR MIRROR.

C. E.—Climbing Ever.

WASHINGTON '96 is a thing of the past, but Conference '96 is still of the future. Are you planning to be there? It will be one of the best ever held.

OMAHA Endeavorers decided to invite the International Convention of 1898 to meet in their city.

SEND all the money possible on your pledges to Treasurer Greenman before Aug. 1. He will promptly send you a receipt for the same.

THE Dodge Centre Y. P. S. C. E., in printing their topic cards for the last half of this year, have departed from the national topics in so far as to have, once a month, a topic suited to their own denominational needs. They are as follows: July 25, Sabbath Reform; Aug. 29, Missionary subject selected by the leader; Sept. 26, the need of home missionary work in our denomination; Oct. 31, our medical missions; Nov. 28, missionary work in the North-Western Association; Dec. 26, methods of doing all this work.

The Junior Superintendent H. D. Clarke, has enlisted the Juniors and the C. Es. in the work of kindness to animals. A large number have signed this promise: "I will try to be kind to all living creatures, and will try to protect them from cruel usage." A homemade banner in colors and enrollment design in the Junior room keeps the subject before them. Occasional readings on the subject are given. Will not other societies do the same? If any want a banner and particulars write to Elder Clarke.

THE question is sometimes raised as to whether or not denominational loyalty is a virtue. True denominational loyalty surely is a virtue, just as much as loyalty to one's own home or country is a virtue. Real loyalty to one's home does not mean the shutting of the doors to neighbors or even strangers; it does not forbid genial hospitality; it does not prohibit the making of friendly visits abroad, away from home. But it does mean that the home shall not be neglected for any of these or other interests; it means that the home shall be first and uppermost in one's thought and care, and if it needs it all one's energies must be concentrated upon it even to the exclusion of other interests. If a man's family is suffering because of the lack of food and clothing, is it his duty to contribute to the charity fund? Most of my readers will at once respond, "No; charity begins at home." I believe that the same principle holds true in reference to denominational loyalty. Our denomination is in need of our help. It needs our sympathy, a sympathy which is so real that we are willing to sacrifice for it, sacrifice till we feel it. Personal pleasures, personal preferences should often be sacrificed. Outside interests, in and of themselves most laudable, should be set aside, and all our energies be concentrated upon our own work. Some who do not understand may perhaps call us narrow-minded, even stingy, but as you yourself said a moment ago, "charity begins at home." If you have money to give to benevolent, reformatory, missionary, or educational interests, give it to our denomination, just so long as it is in actual want as it is at present.

Children's Page.

WINGED WORDS.

If words were birds,
And swiftly flew
From lips to lips
Owned, dear, by you,

Would they to-day
Be hawks and crows,
Or blue and true
And sweet? Who knows?

Let's play to-day
We choose the best,
Birds blue and true,
With dove-like breast!

'Tis queer, my dear,
We never knew
That words, like birds,
Had wings, and flew.

—Selected.

Our children may like to see a sample of a composition written by a Cherokee Indian girl, 12 years old. It is about "Jack and Jill," and I have copied it from the *Home Mission Echo*. These Indian boys and girls have had very few advantages as compared with our American boys and girls, but many of them become earnest Christians and do much good among their own people:

R. T. R.

JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
Jill came tumbling after.
Up Jack got, and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;

Dame Jill had the job to plaster his knob,
With vinegar and brown paper,
Mother vexed, did whip her next,
For causing Jack's disaster.

The above is a rhyme taken from "Mother Goose." Judging from her title we would think her a very funny old woman. The little tots in the nursery know a great deal about her. Now for the story about Jack and Jill. Of course they did not live on the hill, if they had, they would not have gone up the hill for water. If Jack had been more industrious, he would have carried the water alone. I'm glad he fell down hill and cracked his skull, though probably it was cracked before. Jill did not laugh at him, 'cause she fell. Guess Jack jerked her down. If she hadn't fallen I don't think she would have laughed, but I'm sure Jack would have laughed had she fallen. That's just like the boys. Jill had the kindness to plaster his head for him. Jack ran home and told his mother Jill had pushed him down hill, and caused her to get a whipping. He was a horrid boy; guess I'd pushed him down hill as she did, if he was trying to make me carry the water, though I think he must have stubbed his toe. I like Jill the best, for she would not carry the water, though Jack tried to compel her, but got it down much easier than carrying it down hill. Jack got home fast enough after the water was spilled.

THE BIG BROTHER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It was a treat to the little Ransoms to be allowed to enter the big brother's room. Indeed, it was a wonderful place, and I always used to feel highly honored when I had a peep into it myself.

To begin with, Joe Ransom was a tall sophomore at college, when Will and Bert were boys of nine and twelve. What Joe thought and did and said was therefore of vast importance in the eyes of the juniors. That he was stroke in the college boat crew, and had carried off all the honors of his class in study, helped to magnify him in their opinion; and really the other fellows sometimes felt as though the Ransoms were much too boastful of their big brother. Had nobody in town

such a possession except these two? After the day, however, when little Eugene Peters fell into the mill-stream, and Joe Ransom, loitering by in tennis-shirt and knickerbockers, dashed into the current, and saved the boy just as he was sinking the fateful third time, he became the village hero; and every boy who belonged to Townsend Corners felt a thrill when the gallant rescue found its way, nobody could imagine how, into a city newspaper.

Returning to the room, however, I want to tell you of a talk that went on there one evening at dusk, when Bert, Will, Sammy Gleason, Art Fish, and three or four more boys, had been looking at Joe's collection of moths and butterflies, inspecting his birds' eggs and stamps, and hearing him tell the story of his latest mountain climb.

The clock struck eight, and Mr. Ransom, from the foot of the stairs, called, "Time for prayers, Joe!"

"Come, boys," said Joe, putting down the fishing tackle he had been adjusting, and promptly leading the way. Art hung back, but Bert drew him on, and presently they were all joining in the evening hymn. Mrs. Ransom sat at the piano and played, her husband sang bass, Gertrude and Lucy supplied the soprano and alto. Joe's voice was a fine baritone, and the boys each added something in sweetness to the melody.

"That was charming!" said Mrs. Ransom, as the last note died away. "Papa, shall we sing another hymn?"

"Two or three, if you like," he replied.

Then Gertrude read a chapter, and Mr. Ransom said very simply:

"Joe, I am tired this evening. I wish you would pray."

Without the least hesitation, and as simply as if he were speaking to some one at his side, the big fellow made a brief prayer, after which they all went upstairs again to his den.

Art Fish had been staying away from Sabbath-school lately. He thought himself too large to go, now that he was fifteen; and, though nobody at home knew it, he had grown very careless about reading the Bible and praying. He felt ashamed and uneasy now, as the words of Joe's prayer lingered in his mind:

"Forgive us for everything wrong we have done this day. Make us kinder, truer, more gentle with each other. Keep us safely when we sleep, and may we waken to-morrow to be thy brave soldiers and servants."

Finally Art spoke: "Joe, do you think a fellow can be a Christian without joining the church?"

"Let me get at your meaning, Art," said Joe. "What do you suppose makes anybody a Christian?"

"Believing in Christ, I suppose."

"Certainly. Well, what's the next step to believing in any one? Is it not owning the belief? Suppose, Art, that you like and believe in me, and some stranger comes along who knows nothing about me whatever. Would you be ashamed to say, 'I think you may depend on Joe Ransom; he is my friend?'"

"What do you take me for?" inquired Art hotly. "I'm not such a sneak."

"Well, suppose you are in somebody's company, and suddenly you hear my name mentioned slightly, and the person who

speaks of me gives those who listen an unfair impression, what then?"

"Of course, I speak for you. I'm not a coward."

"If we were using Bible words, Art, we would say that you would confess me. You would let everybody know that, as far as you were concerned, you were ready to stand or fall by Joe Ransom; that you'd stake your life on his honor."

Art drew himself up proudly. "I rather think that suits the case, old fellow," he said.

"There, then, is precisely what a Christian does when he joins the church. He confesses Christ before all the world. Just as a soldier enlists, and is not ashamed of the uniform, or a sailor is ready to die for his flag, a Christian owns his Master when he stands up and confesses him.

"Then," Joe went on, "he gets himself into such good company. It's sometimes hard to fight all alone, but a man fights splendidly with his captain ahead of him, and a lot of true comrades by his side. Why, three or four soldiers have faced hundreds, when standing together in a strong position. Don't you know what I'm driving at?"

Little Bert here spoke, rather timidly:

"Mamma says there is another reason for our joining the church, if we love Christ."

"Yes, Bert," said Joe.

"It is," the little fellow proceeded, "because he told us to do so;" and he repeated reverently, "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

Soon after the little assembly broke up, but at the next communion, Art united with the church. He had taken his place again in his class, and had shown that he was not ashamed to be seen engaged in Christian work. But when he was asked what decided him at last to take the right step, he said: "My talk with Bert's big brother, one summer evening."—*The Scholar's Magazine*.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A little boy came to one of our city missionaries, and, holding out a dirty and well-worn bit of printed paper, said:

"Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing the beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God I come, I come."

The missionary looked down with an interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," he said, in sister's pocket after she died, and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame to hang up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air like a fallen leaf by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sabbath-school, probably, this poor little girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find it, we hope, the gospel of her salvation.

—Exchange.

Home News.

Wisconsin.

UTICA.—A very pleasant occasion was enjoyed at W. H. H. Coon's, Tuesday afternoon, July 7, it being the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Coon's wedding. A large company of friends, the grave and the gay, gathered from far and near to make merry and memorable this golden occasion. All the children, grandchildren and great grandchildren were present. At 3.30 the company were gathered in the parlors while the bride and groom of fifty years took their places, and after appropriate remarks by pastor E. A. Witter, joined hands again as a token of their purpose to repledge themselves to each other while the floral bands of fifty years ago are strengthened by the flight of time to those of gold for to-day. After prayer by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, all joined in singing a single stanza of "Blest be the tie that binds," at the conclusion of which quite a number of useful and valuable presents were presented with the respects of the friends. Congratulations and good wishes in abundance and heartfelt were given to the venerable couple. The company were assembled under the shade trees in front of the house where the artist took a picture of the whole company, then of the family. At 4.30 a bountiful repast was served upon the lawn, after which toasts and reminiscences were given under the direction of Pastor Witter. The program was as follows: What are the Benefits of Marriage, Geo. W. Burdick; What is the Influence of the Home upon Society, Judge Bardeen, of Wausau, Wis.; Letters from Absent Friends, read by J. H. Coon; Address by the groom, W. H. H. Coon; Reminiscences by Dea. Wm. B. West and William Bentley. After singing, "God be with you till we meet again," and prayer by the pastor, the company broke up and separated, feeling that it had been good to enjoy this pleasant occasion.

Louisiana.

HAMMOND.—To paraphrase a little, "now is the summer of our discontent." While our friends of the North and East are enjoying the occasional reunions afforded by the Associations and Conference, we have to content ourselves with the newspaper accounts of them and miss altogether the inspiration that comes from the friendly greeting of the thousands who like us are trying to interest the world in the truths for which we stand as a denomination. Only in this sense, however, does the feeling approach regret. Instead of being able to lend a hand so far as our little ability goes, we are compelled to look on from a distance—and even that is no small privilege. In this way we have followed the round of the Associations this year, and that, too, with great interest. It has been especially cheering to note an apparent increase of interest in all the lines of denominational work. It is one thing to live in an old established community of our own faith, with everybody believing and doing about as we do, where there is but little friction, where monetary interests, so far as business goes, were settled by our grandfathers, with no temptations to try the ambitious young man and quite another to be in constant contact with people of other faiths, who consider you peculiar, if not silly; who at first may question your sanity, then pity you, perchance, until they come to know you better. The

result of such conditions is to test to the uttermost the principles that make us a separate people, and it is a cause for rejoicing that so few lapse into unconcern. Our environments here at Hammond are fully as favorable as at any previous period. The town continues to grow, business concerns increase. Wood structures are being replaced by brick, while nice new residences are noticeable, going up here and there. The post-office is now of presidential grade. There are two chartered banks, an icefactory, an electric light plant. There are over three hundred pupils in the public school. The community is a prosperous and live one. Our religious *status* continues favorable. The church numbers somewhat over seventy members. State legislation was attempted in the session of the legislature just closed, in the direction of repealing the Sunday law, but failed to carry. In New Orleans it is a dead letter and always will be. It was thought by those who favored the bill that it would be better not to have such a law if it could not be enforced. In the country it affords a leverage that may be used by disaffected neighbors to harass those with whom they desire to get even. That is the only virtue in it.

W. R. P.

JULY 19, 1896.

California.

LITTLE SHASTA.—I have long felt it my duty to add my testimony to those of my brethren found in the SABBATH RECORDER. I was brought up by Christian parents who belonged to the M. E. church, and taught to observe the first day of the week instead of the seventh, which I have found contrary to the Scriptures. I was very observant of Sunday, and a regular attendant at Sunday-school, at which I was always elected chorister; I had a good voice and could lead singing successfully, yet I never was converted till I was twenty-five years old. Sixteen years ago I gave my heart to God, and in return he filled me with light, peace and love. About one year after I heard of the true Sabbath, but paid no attention to it and soon it was forgotten. Three years later I came to the Pacific coast; I then learned that the Jews kept the seventh day. I said, Surely it is the Sabbath, but did not observe it, and I soon drifted back into the world. Six years ago the 25th day of last December, in a Holiness Meeting in Ashland, Oregon, I acknowledged my lost condition, and God restored to me the joys of his great salvation. Three days later I made a full consecration and promised to follow where he led me. I was ordained elder in the church and began to work for the conversion of others. The Lord blessed my efforts and many were converted. Three years later God showed me the Sabbath again. Wife and I talked it over and were willing to keep it if it was our duty, as we had promised to obey God. We then covenanted together with God to study the Bible and pray, till he would make duty clear. In one week we were convinced, and when the Sabbath came we kept it, and have kept it ever since. We find the law written in our hearts and the Bible says it is the sign of our sanctification. The Seventh-day Adventist people found us and wanted us to join them, but we preferred to get acquainted with them first. They began to educate me for their ministry. They offered to pay me a salary and support my family, but I could not accept their doc-

trines, and we were out. I then learned of the Seventh-day Baptist church for the first time, through Bro. and Sister Hurley. I wrote to Bro. Ordway, of Chicago, and he sent me the Seventh-day Baptist Hand-book. We read it and found that it just suited us. We then organized the First Seventh-day Baptist church at Talent, Oregon, with Sister W. H. Hurley, Secretary, and myself, Minister, to the church. Since then I have baptized five others who have joined the church with us. When we organized we adopted the Covenant and Confession of Faith as they are given in the Seventh-day Baptist Hand-Book. Since we have organized I have been appointed pastor, by the North-Western Association, to which we belong. We have seven children, all Sabbath-keepers; the oldest is a member of our church. I provide for their support with the labor of my hands, and am chargeable to no one. We are all working for Sabbath Reform.

Your brother in Christ,

K. D. JONES.

JULY 12, 1896.

CONCERNING RAILROAD RATES TO CONFERENCE.

Arrangements are about completed by which tickets can be secured for Conference on the certificate plan, at one and one-third fares.

Persons buying tickets must procure from their local ticket agent a certificate that they have paid full fare to Alfred. These certificates will have to be endorsed by the Secretary of the Conference and *vised* by a special agent of the Trunk Line Association, after which they will be good for the purchase of a return ticket to the starting point at one-third the single fare. These tickets are good *going* three days before the Conference opens, not including the Sunday. So that a ticket could be procured on the Sabbath night before Conference and will be good returning for three days after Conference, for a continuous passage.

Strong efforts were made by the Committee having the matter in charge to have the time limit extended, but the General Passenger Associations are extremely rigid on this point, and would not concede anything more than the three days.

Further information will be given through the columns of the RECORDER.

COM. ON RAILROAD RATES.

WHEN a rosebud is formed, if the soil is soft and the sky is genial, it is not long before it bursts, for the life within is so abundant that it can no longer contain it all, but in blossomed brightness and swimming fragrance it must needs let forth its joy and gladden all the air. And if when thus ripe it refused to expend, it would quickly decay at heart and die. And Christian charity is just piety with its petals fully spread, developing itself and making it a happier world.—*James Hamilton*.

OPINIONS, theories and systems pass by turns over the grindstone of time, which at first gives them brilliancy and sharpness, but finally wears them out.—*Rivarol*.

TALENT is the capacity of doing anything that depends on application and industry; it is a voluntary power, while genius is involuntary.—*Hazlitt*.

THERE is little influence where there is not great sympathy.—*S. I. Prime*.

Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1896.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 4.	David King of Judah.....	2 Sam. 2: 1-11
July 11.	David King over all Israel.....	2 Sam. 5: 1-12
July 18.	The Ark Brought to Jerusalem.....	2 Sam. 6: 1-12
July 25.	God's Promises to David.....	2 Sam. 7: 4-16
Aug. 1.	David's Kindness.....	2 Sam. 9: 1-13
Aug. 8.	David's Victories.....	2 Sam. 10: 8-19
Aug. 15.	David's Confession and Forgiveness.....	Psa. 32: 1-11
Aug. 22.	Absalom's Rebellion.....	2 Sam. 15: 1-12
Aug. 29.	Absalom's Defeat and Death.....	2 Sam. 18: 9-17; 32: 33
Sept. 5.	David's Love for God's House.....	1 Chron. 22: 6-16
Sept. 12.	David's Gratitude to God.....	2 Sam. 22: 40-51
Sept. 19.	Destructive Vices.....	Prov. 16: 22-33
Sept. 26.	Review.....	

LESSON IV.—DAVID'S KINDNESS.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 1, 1896.

LESSON TEXT.—2 Sam. 9: 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love. Rom. 12: 10.

INTRODUCTORY.

About twenty years before the time of this lesson (Read 1 Samuel 19, 20), David and Jonathan became fast friends, their love for each other being truly wonderful. This friendship seems to have been inspired by God, for it resulted not only in safety for David in the time of Saul's wrath, but also as a boon to Jonathan's children, as subjects of David, in later years. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

EXPLANATORY.

v. 1 Introduction to David and a glance at the heart, which, though it seemed like a hard one to his enemies, is here seen to be one of kindness. Though wickedly treated by Saul, David desires to show Saul's son a kindness.

v. 2. Ziba had been a trusty servant of Saul's, but was, at the time David questioned him, a prosperous man, "with fifteen sons and twenty servants, and supposed that he could inform the king."—*Kitto*.

v. 3. David asks the question, anxiously desiring to know if there is not, of what was once a royal household, one remaining. An exceedingly satisfactory answer is given. Jonathan's son! The child of him whom he loved so dearly. "The kindness of God:" a kindness for God's sake, or according to God's loving example; free—good for evil. "Lame on his feet." Jonathan and Saul his father were both slain in battle, and Mephibosheth, Jonathan's son, then about five years of age, fell from his nurse's arms as she was fleeing to Jezreel, after she heard of the defeat and death. The fall resulted in laming both feet.

v. 4. An inquiry as to the whereabouts of the lame boy. Ziba gives an accurate answer.

v. 5. No doubt a royal staff was sent to bring Mephibosheth, and we can imagine the surprise, from what we read in verse 8, at such a parade being made over him.

v. 6. The common salutation of the East. Here, no doubt a tender and pathetic meeting.

v. 7. Without doubt there was something of fear in the mind of the lame boy at being summoned into David's presence, but the kindly manner of the king soon dispelled all fear. David speaks to him in endearing terms.

v. 8. He was an object of horror to himself. Probably there were not many occupations which a man with his deformity could engage in at that time. He seemed as good as dead to himself.

v. 9, 10. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." How true are the above words. From a condition of poverty and sorrow, the lame young man now is exalted to a position which many might envy. At the head of a great house with many servants, large tracts of land, "great possessions," a seat at the king's table. Kindness of a father rewarded by his poor deformed son coming into possession of all that a person in his condition could desire.

v. 11. By word of Ziba the "contract" is sealed. All things are to be done as the king desires.

v. 12. It appears from this verse that Jonathan's son was married. Had one son.

v. 13. We found Mephibosheth a poor man, we leave him rich, loved, honored. And all through kindness.

Kind words and deeds are jewels bright,
Which hold their lustre in the night
Of darkest years. They soon appear
In brightness great some heart to cheer.

A CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Skogqvist wish to thank the kind friends of Plainfield and New Market, N. J., who so generously contributed to their aid in time of need.

L. E. and I. J. SKOGQVIST.

METUCHEN, N. J., July 23, 1896.

A VACATION ECHO.

BY A. H. L.

I am lying in a hammock, on the crest of the Watchung Mountains. The hammock hangs in a grove of white-oak trees, which stand like sentinels just back of my tent. "Washington's Rock" is southward half a mile, and "Washington's Spring" is about the same distance to the southwest. This mountain is a ridge of trap rock, five or six hundred feet high. People who have overgrown mountains would deride it because I do not write thousand, instead of hundred. I dislike people who deride things smaller than theirs; don't you?

Washington's Rock? It is a pinnacle of "trap" on the brow of the mountain, on which George Washington—of hatchet and cherry-tree fame, after he became the "Father of his country,"—used to stand with his field glass and note the movements of the British fleet in Amboy Bay and lower New York Harbor. If you are a historian and a patriot, you will stop here and recall those troublesome years, that "tried men's souls" (this trap rock tries men's soles, now), and gave birth to a new nation, whose work undone and whose destiny will be problematic, if Altgeld and the Anarchistic "Free Silver" crowd succeed in carrying the next National Election. "Washington's Spring?" That is where he drank. You would enjoy it when the thermometer stands at 90°. It is cold, pure, soft, filtered as only a forest floor and a trap rock ridge can filter. To the south lies the Delaware River, with its famous "crossing," made historic by the bravery and strategy of this same Washington, who surprised the Hessians at Trenton. Nearer still on the south, at Bound Brook, is the site of Washington's winter camps. To the west are the Orange Mountains and the well-preserved "Headquarters" of Washington. Within a radius of fifty miles from my tent lies enough of the memorials of national history to fill several volumes. You think one ought to let history alone when on a vacation? I should be ashamed of a man who would refuse it a thought or two at such a place as this.

It rained last night and this morning was a little close. It is now 5 P. M., and a bright sunshine is busy drying out the tent, and playing hide-and-seek among the leaves of the thick-set trees and over the gray rocks. Beyond the clearing where the tent stands the thick woods check the rays and make a wall of comparative darkness; that is to the eastward. Westward the light is brighter and the trees are like waving branches carved from golden-tinted silver. Some of the song birds are more quiet than they were earlier in the day. Across a gorgesome crows are shouting to each other. They remind one of certain forms of debate among men who discourse upon theology or politics, the main feature of the discussion being noise. The only thing one can definitely translate of this crow jargon is, "You are another; you are another." Have some men descended from crows?

Nearer by, a song sparrow is warbling in strains of thanksgiving for the sunshine and his supper. He is better than some men. Some passages in the sparrow's song remind me of strains I have heard in the organ prelude at our church, strains of such glad thanksgiving and praise as make Sabbath morning doubly sabbatic and fit the souls of

the people to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

I think that is the song sparrow's evening hymn. To-day the contrast recalls that the mountain was very dark last night with a darkness that swallowed the quick flashes of the lightning and emphasized the growling of the thunder, that seemed twice angry at the darkness for swallowing the gleams out of which the thunder was born. I don't wonder that men say "as angry as thunder." This afternoon everything is trying to make amends for the storm of last night. The thermometer is subdued, the sunshine does not glare, and the spirit of peace is over all the mountain top and through all the forest. The winds are asleep. It is like the peace which comes to the soul when the storm of disobedience has gone, and divine forgiveness enfolds the heart in the restfulness of loving obedience and fellowship with God.

"What do I do?" I work. This forenoon I wrote editorials and read proof. Then I picked up stones. One might do that forever on this mountain. It is not "find a path, or make it," but, "make, or go without it!" Very much like life elsewhere? Certainly. Every true life spends much time picking up stones, trying to make rough paths better for weary feet. Yes, it is wearisome work, and one is sometimes glad to anticipate better things by singing:

For weary feet awaits a street
Of wondrous pave and golden.

Christ picked up a great many stones. It will do you good to make your fingers sore now and then.

When I began this echo I thought I would write about the trees where my hammock hangs, back of the tent; but an echo must not be too long.

IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

A little barefooted boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe store on Broadway, in New York, the other day, peering through the window and shivering with the cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid horses, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed, alighted from her carriage, went quietly to the boy, and said:

"My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was his reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy her a half dozen pairs of stockings. The proprietor assented. She then asked him if he could give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied, "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and removing her gloves, knelt down, washed those little feet, and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings, gave them to him, and patting him on the head, said, "I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go the astonished lad caught her hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words: "Are you an angel?"—*Church Bells*.

Popular Science.

A New Process For Coloring Leather.

An electrician in Germany has made the discovery that leather can be colored by using electricity, in a very simple manner. Upon a table covered with zinc he spreads a side of leather, and over this he pours the coloring composition. He then attaches the positive pole of the battery to the zinc, and the negative to the leather; the current of electricity does the rest.

By the action of the electrical current the coloring matter penetrates the leather, and any device for the top, or any part of the shoe, engraved on a plate, then placed on the surface and connected with a negative pole will be transferred to the leather.

It does seem that electricity is destined to play a conspicuous part in almost every industry in all the land; it is marvelous in its work, and its secret acts are past finding out.

The Delineascope.

This instrument consists of a small camera, the lens of which has a fixed focus which is placed in the camera so as to direct the rays of light downward; beneath this is a mirror, inclined to an angle of 45 degrees to the axis of the lens.

This throws the picture of the landscape, with the right and left reversed, on to tracing, or other paper, on a horizontal object glass. Then by using a focusing glass one can trace the main features of the landscape on the paper, which is then reversed on a card ruled on squares, when it is ready to be copied and recorded.

This instrument is designed for military surveying, where greater accuracy in topography is required, than can be sketched by the eye, and where numerical data can be entered more exact. It is an improvement over the prismatic instrument that I purchased and for some years had in use. H. H. B.

THE DUTY OF GIVING.

A prominent member of a church in one of our large towns remarked the other day that, though they made an excellent financial showing this year, yet, in fact, nearly all the giving was done by about twelve families, though there were some two hundred in connection. There are very few churches, perhaps, where the same thing does not occur. And these few families, while not poor, are generally not among the wealthiest. This is really a serious matter. What sort of Christianity is that which is neither interested in, nor conversant with, the financial work of the church? What right has any family to put the financial burden on the shoulders of a few, and even forget that it is resting there? The church is not merely the place to which we are to look for benefits to ourselves. It is God's own instrument for good in the world, and it has a right to look to each one of us for liberal support in all its undertakings. We have serious duties to render to it as well as benefits to draw from it. The duty of giving applies to all. The circumstances of a man must be desperate when he cannot be expected to give. Yet what church is there where people do not complain habitually that they cannot give; they find it hard enough to live! If they were rich, they would do great things. How many men will hold back when a sub-

scription list is circulated until the small amounts are reached, or give what the person before them subscribed, though their income is twice or three times as great. An examination of the list of contributors to church funds of various kinds would show in a most startling way what hypocrisy there is in many a congregation. Apart altogether from the necessities of Christian work, this question of giving is a very serious one. It may have to do with the material and temporal, but it is intimately connected with the deeply spiritual. No test is perfect, but there are few, if any, better tests of the Christianity of an individual than the disposal of his money. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," said Jesus. Trace a man's money, and you know just where his affections are. The practical application from the pulpit of the principles of the gospel to the use of money is something much needed in our day. Some clergymen shrink from asking for money or making any pointed reference to giving. It savors, they say, of begging. But the duty of the clergy is to preach the gospel and apply it to the daily life of men; and if the use of money is to be excluded, then one great side of life is to be totally neglected. To bring home with power the truth of those words of David—"All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee"—is in itself to do a noble work.—*The Presbyterian Recorder.*

A LESSON FROM AFRICA.

Sometimes valuable information about ourselves comes from unexpected sources. Here is something interesting about American baking powders all the way from Africa.

Rev. Bishop William Taylor, for several years Methodist Bishop of Africa, says that the red label of the Royal Baking Powder, so familiar to every housekeeper in America, is quite as well known and the powder as highly prized in every part of that continent to which civilization has extended. The Royal Baking Powder was taken to South Africa a great many years ago by Mrs. Robinson, a missionary. But its use soon spread beyond the Missions, and it came to be regarded as a necessity by all classes. It was found particularly valuable in the mines and upon the ranches, and frequently sold at interior stations for a dollar a pound. Especially has it conduced to the comfort and health of the missionaries, who would find bread-making a sorry business without it.

Another interesting fact is that no other baking powder will stand service in that country. Rev. Ross Taylor, the agent for African Missions, says: "During the past ten years we have shipped Royal Baking Powder regularly to our African missions, and for the last four years to the exclusion of all other brands, because of the testimony of our missionaries that it maintains its strength, freshness and purity in the tropical climate, which others do not. For instance, the superintendent of our mission in Angola, a work that is financially maintained on commercial lines, reported that he could not hold his trade with anything else but the Royal. We are using it in forty mission stations in Africa."

Here is a suggestive fact of value to American house-keepers. Though the presence of this keeping quality in the Royal and the lack of it in other powders is developed more

conspicuously in the hot, moist climate of Africa, it exists in the Royal and is deficient in the others as they are sold in this country in exactly the same ratio. This natural test demonstrates more forcibly than a chemical analysis could the wide difference that exists between the different baking powders in their combination and actual practical value. The maintenance of its strength and freshness under all climatic conditions is evidence that the Royal Powder is more accurately made and composed of purer and better ingredients. Such a powder only will give uniform results in perfect foods and prove of the greatest economy in the saving of flour, butter and other articles used in their production.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

KIND looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm handshakes—these are true means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.—*Dr. John Hall.*

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WARDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pills are the best.

Special Notices.

THE next Session of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference will be held with the First Alfred Church, Alfred, N. Y., August 19-24, 1896.

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.

ALL persons intending to attend the General Conference to be held at Alfred, Aug. 19-24, are hereby requested to advise the Entertainment Committee and oblige,

V. A. BAGGS, *Chairman.*

THE First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. L. C. Randolph, 6124 Wharton Ave.

ALFRED WILLIAMS, *Church Clerk.*

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, 1, Maryland Road, Wood Green, London, N., England. Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

WANTED.

By the Tract Board's Committee on Distribution of Literature, to complete files, the following:

SABBATH RECORDER, June 13, 1844, to Jan. 1, 1880.

Those having the above, 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,

Alfred, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

HILLS—WELLS.—In Milton, Wis., at the home of the bride's father, A. Judson Wells, Wednesday morning, July 15, 1896, by Rev. L. A. Platts, Rev. George W. Hills, of Attalla, Ala., and Miss Fannie A. Wells, of Milton.

GREGG—MAXON.—At the home of the bride's parents, Dea. and Mrs. E. R. Maxon, Walworth, Wis., June 30, 1896, by Pastor S. H. Babcock, Mr. Hendrick B. Gregg, of Madison, Wis., and Miss Jennie A. Maxon.

WILLIAMS—BEEBE.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Albert Beebe, Brookfield, N. Y., June 29, 1896, by the Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Mr. Frank B. Williams, of New York, and Miss Lina L. Beebe.

FADDEN—OSGOOD.—At the residence of the groom's father, in New Auburn, Minn., July 18, 1896, by Rev. A. G. Crofoot, Walter B. Fadden and Edith M. Osgood, both of New Auburn.

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.

BURDICK.—At Brace Memorial School, Westchester Co., N. Y., Mary Elizabeth Burdick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., April 8, 1896, in the 23d year of her age.

COON.—In Oroville, Butler Co., Cal., July 6, 1896, Nathan Lanphere Coon, M. D., in the 74th year of his age.

He was a brother of Rev. A. W. Coon, of Alfred, N. Y. A more extensive notice will be given hereafter. A. W. C.

STILLMAN.—Thursday, July 14, 1896, Geo. T. Stillman, in the 72 year of his age.

For 36 years a member of the First Brookfield church, faithful and honest in his life and work, he was ready when the sudden call came, to enter into rest. Funeral services conducted by the pastor, July 16. J. A. P.

THE YES OF THE NO.

BY BLANCHE A. KEIGWIN.

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

"No, I can't go with you, boys."

"Of course you will, Newton, you are our captain," replied Ned Dolton, tossing his long hair back from his brow, while he adjusted his cap tightly to his head.

"No, Ned, I feel I ought not to go with you to-day."

"Why not? You want to go as much as we do. And you know a captain can't afford to spoil a good time for the team. What does it mean?"

"Well—but—it is Sabbath-day, and I don't feel that it is right, Ned."

"O, keep dark on your feelings, we want you, and you are not going back on us to-day."

"N—o—I can't go—let me off."

"Why, what has come over you, Norton, you have never been overly good, any way?"

"I know I have not acted like a Christian ought to, but of course, you know how it has been all along, Ned."

"O, yes, I know—we all know—but come on, now. We have had no time on a week day to enjoy our wheels, and here is a grand day, and good roads down to 'Old Slocum's Sugar Camp.'"

"But it is the Sabbath, and"—

"O, all the better for us. Tom says we will find no one around but the old watchman, and he sleeps half the time, and if we give him a 'tip,' he will feed us on the sweets of the land."

"You ought not to tempt me, Ned—for—I—really—"

"O, you goody—goo'—goo,' you. There are the boys mounting their wheels! I won't ask you again, so there! You're a pretty leader!"

This was enough to stir Norton Nailor's blood. And for reply, he ran for his wheel, and mounting it flew over the road.

Norton Nailor was a genial

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

and fascinating fellow, and very popular with all his class. He was an American with a foreign father and mother, who labored hard and denied themselves many comforts to educate their only son.

"See Norton go!" cried Ned Dolton to the boys. "He's got his blood up now, didn't I tell you he'd go. He can't say no to us."

The day was full of fun and frolic. Song and laughter filled the woods as they gathered round the camp near the Bobalink Brook.

Old Jerry, the watchman, was glad of their money, and eagerly filled their cups with warm sugar. The fresh breeze of the morning had stiffened into a raw, chill March wind at noon, which drove the boys under the hill for shelter. Here they built a huge bonfire, and gathered near it to enjoy their sugar in comfort. The gusts of wind carried the flame from twig to twig until the camp was threatened, and all hands turned in to stamp out the fire. Farmer Slocum had seen the smoke, and came unto the scene, his anger very hot.

But not a boy could he see, for all had fled at his approach save Norton Nailor, who tried to explain as best he could, how it all happened, promising Mr. Slocum that his "team" would repay him for all damages if he would not report them to the Faculty.

"How do I know I shall ever get a cent from you? Boys who break the Sabbath in this manner cannot be trusted!" replied Mr. Slocum.

"Take our wheels, there they all are; and hold them till we can raise the money."

"That is square; but tell me how came you to be in this crowd? You know better than to carry on this way on any day, much less the Sabbath."

"Yes, indeed, and I knew better than to come here to-day, Mr. Slocum, I am a member of the church at home. I do try to do right; but somehow I can't say no to the boys, much as I try to stick to my word, and I will finally say yes, and the fellows all know."

"Is that the trouble? I am very sorry for you, indeed; this day's sin is only the beginning of sins, in the days to come. You must keep a tight grip on yourself, then trust in the Lord to help you resist Satan.

Leave your sinful companions, if you can't lead them away from their sins. And remember this, Sabbath pleasure never pays any one who seeks it. Take your wheel and go home on it, leave the rest till the owners come for them."

"No, Mr. Slocum, I shall leave mine with theirs and walk; it will give me time to think."

When Norton Nailor called the

"team" together, he found they were all willing to agree to his terms made with Farmer Slocum. Some of the boys had bank accounts to draw upon, and could pay their share of the bill easily. But to poor Norton it meant the price of his wheel, which was sold and the money given cheerfully to the "Fire Fund," as it was called. But the sorrow of heart that Norton felt over his part in yielding to sin after saying no so often, was known only to God. But he learned his lesson well, and every day watched his heart when tempted to sin. Until there came a day when even the boys could feel that there was no yes in Norton Nailor's no.

"Every day is a fresh beginning: Listen, boys, to the glad refrain, And after all sorrows and darker sinning With all that it brings of possible pain. Take heart with the day and begin again." —Exchange.

"AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST." To what extent a man is to be blamed for sleeping in church doubtless depends on circumstances and conditions. One of these relates to the preacher. He may not indeed be able to keep some auditors (so called because they are in the audience) awake. There are those who when in church become "sleeping beauties" by a tendency well-nigh as irresistible as that by which worn out and benumbed travelers amid Alpine snows sink into unconsciousness amid the soft wreaths to waken no more. No preacher can keep them awake. Boanerges would shout in vain. They belong to the famous six hundred, of whom the poet with pardonable hyperbole thus sings:

"O'er their devoted heads, While the law thundered, Snugly and heedlessly Snored the six hundred. Great was the preacher's theme, Screwed on was all the steam, Neither with shout nor scream Could he disturb the dream Of the six hundred. Still with redoubled zeal, Still he spoke onward, And in a wild appeal, Striking with hand and heel, Making the pulpit reel, Shaken and sundered, Called them the church's foes, Threatened with endless woes. Faintly the answer rose, Proof of the sweet repose, From the united nose Of the six hundred."

And yet doubtless much depends on the preacher as regards the great majority of those who are capable of going to sleep "under the droppings of the sanctuary."

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Colors not only influence cattle, but human beings also. On this point some curious experiments were reported from Italy as to the effect of colors on the nerves of the sick and insane. In the hospital for insane at Alessandria, special rooms are arranged with red or blue paint on the walls. A violent patient is brought suddenly into a blue room and left to the effects of that color on his nerves. One maniac was cured in an hour; another was at peace in his mind after passing a day in a room all violet. The red room is used for the commonest form of dementia (melancholy), usually accompanied by a refusal to take food. After three hours in the red room a patient afflicted in this way began to be cheerful and asked for food.—Our Dumb Animals.

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More than has been Suspected.

The Sunday issue has become involved with the Prohibition issue by reason of the compulsory holiday making an idle day; and by reason of diverting work for prohibition, to prohibition for one day in seven. We have little suspected how much the civil Sabbath intervening in place of the divine Sabbath has fostered and entrenched the liquor traffic in this country. It behooves Prohibitionists, and every one interested in this issue, to scrutinize this matter quickly. See respecting this

"The Only Alternative of Success," by G. H. LYON.

The difference between the divine Sabbath and a civil Sabbath is all a contrast. The one makes a busy holy day, the other makes an idle day. The one lifts up, the other drags down. The one is the divine plan, the other is not.

See in "The Only Alternative," page 14, A Compulsory Holiday Works Evil. Page 16, The Difference. Page 17, Cause for the Contrast. Note on pages 7 and 8, The Absolute Condition. That condition was so stated in the first plank of the memorable convention that nominated St. John. An absolute condition cannot be set at naught. For the twelve years since that absolute condition, providentially, it seems to the writer, was set conspicuously before us, its terms have refused to be modified. See page 33.

This small book calls upon Prohibitionists to turn and conform to the Sabbath of the Bible. That is the seventh day, not the first day of the week.

It does not ask the party to make such a declaration. It discriminates between what is asked for individually, and what is asked for politically.

It protests against civil law attempting to determine the Sabbath. But it does ask of Prohibitionists to conform to the absolute condition, which they themselves affirmed, and set foremost in their declarations.

It does ask of Prohibitionists to discern the mischief that is being wrought by a civil Sabbath. It asks of the party to eliminate the laws that have presumed to discriminate as to what day a man shall observe. See what is said in behalf of protection equally to every man, on whichever day he holds for the Sabbath. Christianity does not require the help of any law that discriminates against any of its adherents, or bears unjustly upon any man. Procure and read at once. Scatter copies where they will do the most good. Price 15 cents; 8 copies, \$1.

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A class will be organized in Alfred University, September 8, next, according to the conditions of the State Department. The Tuition is free, and the members of the Training class are admitted to the Library, and enjoy other privileges the same as other students of the University.

For further information, Address, Boothe Colwell Davis, Pres., ALFRED, N. Y.

FIRE-ALARM APPARATUS.

Albert C. Rogers, of this city, has invented a system of fire alarm which is highly spoken of by persons who have investigated its merits. The apparatus is for use in fire alarm systems that have been established in cities, and is adapted for use without the ordinary system, and is therefore of interest to officials of towns, villages and boroughs that desire to put in a simple, easily managed, and less expensive system than those heretofore known.

In the system in common use with boxes at the street corners, the number of the box, when it is pulled, is sounded upon gongs in the several engine houses, and upon a large tower bell or upon a steam whistle. In addition to this method of announcing the location of a box where a fire signal has originated, there has been introduced in some cities an indicating apparatus that shows by a visual display of numbers in each engine house where the fire has occurred, by the indicating of the number. This present method of indicating the number of the box that has been pulled, proceeds only so fast as the box strikes its number, and, if anything occurs to interfere with the proper operation of the box, or the circuit, during the process of striking the number, then the indicator fails to give correctly the location of the box.

In the Rogers' apparatus the number of the box that is being pulled is instantly indicated before the box has commenced to sound the number on the gongs or bells; a result that is appreciated by firemen, who wish to know instantly the location of a box that has been pulled.

This newly invented indicator serves a purpose which has never before been accomplished by indicators, in that, if a box circuit is broken on either side of the box at the time that the box is pulled, the number of the box will be displayed in the several engine-houses, and the number be also struck on the gongs by the apparatus.

This is giving greater security to the present system, in addition to providing means to hast-

en the full knowledge of the location of a box where an alarm has originated, with all the attendant advantages of an instant display of the number of the box pulled.

When the apparatus is put in a town, village or borough, that is without a system, the costly apparatus of the present systems is dispensed with, and the most desirable results are reached by the more simple and more easily managed appliances of the Rogers gong striking and indicating apparatus.—Plainfield Courier News.

NOTE:

Mr. Rogers has been awarded claims by the United States Patent Office, for the invention spoken of in the above article.

He desires to dispose of territorial rights to use and sell his invention; this would seem to be a favorable opportunity for men desiring business, as only a small capital will be required to acquire a State or County right for this salable system. Correspondence solicited. Albert C. Rogers' address is, No. 409 West Third St., Plainfield, N. J.

"No thank you, I've got some money of my own," said little Tommy, politely, as the contribution-box passed in front of him on the occasion of his first visit to church.

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