

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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### "ON THAT GLAD DAY."

BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYER.

**H**OW shall we seem, each to the other,  
when,  
On that glad day, immortal, we shall  
meet—  
Thou who, long since, didst pass with  
hastening feet—  
I, who still wait here, in the haunts of men?  
Speech—we shall need it not—nor language,  
then,  
Nor troth, which here conveyed its passion  
sweet,  
Nor any signal from loved lips, to greet  
In happy seal of loyalty.

Then, ken  
Of the spirit, vision of the soul, will tell,  
More than ecstatic pleadings in lost  
years;  
More than our trysting, with its magic  
spell,  
Or faltering faith, half-perjured by pale  
fears;  
From these all dross will then have fallen  
away,  
And peerless love shall flood our souls, that  
day!

—The Outlook.

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BABCOCK BUILDING

PLAINFIELD N J

# Sabbath Recorder.

L. E. LIVERMORE, Editor.  
J. P. MOSHER, Business Manager.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. I. L. Cottrell, Who Entered Into Life Eternal  
May 3, 1897.

BY M. B. CLARKE.

Nay, not for thee, dear friend, we mourn,  
Since thou hast tasted bliss supernal,  
Across death's surging billows borne,  
Thy spirit hath already worn  
The glory of the life eternal.

Already on thy raptured sight  
Hath beamed that city, wondrous fair,  
Which hath no need of day nor night,  
Nor sun, nor moon, for God its light,  
In splendor ever dwelleth there.

Thy voice attuned to sweetest praise  
Is lifted in the glad, new songs  
Which ransomed souls triumphant raise,  
And blending with the seraphs lays,  
The story of God's love prolongs.

For thee, no more of grief or pain,  
No troubled doubts, nor anxious fears,  
No trace of sin the soul to stain,  
But only with thy Lord to reign  
Through blissful and unending years.

But we bereft, are desolate,  
So desolate, with heaven we plead,  
"Have pity Thou Compassionate,  
Remembering our loss is great,  
And heal the stricken hearts that bleed.

E'en 'as a mother comforteth,'  
So comfort Thou the motherless,  
And by thy Spirit's quickening breath,  
Wake from the darkness of this death  
Some flower of light to save and bless."

KEEP well employed. "An idle brain is the devil's work-shop." The unemployed have time for mischief. In hard times some men will work for very low wages rather than to be idle, others will not lower their dignity (or reputation) by working for less than the highest wages paid in prosperous times. The result is idleness, penury, suffering, discontent, thoughts and plottings of evil, and actual crimes committed, all of which would have been avoided by keeping busy at some useful labor. It is better for mind and body, and for the peace of the community, that all be constantly industrious. Children should be trained to habits of industry from their earliest youth.

A BAD habit is a hard master. Many habits are unconsciously formed; habits of speech, manners, gestures, contortions of features; of eating, drinking; relying upon drugs, nostrums, medical lotions, stimulants and narcotics. Very few people are capable of noticing their own bad habits, or at least of being annoyed by them, until their attention has been specially called to them by some observing friend. It is well, therefore, to have someone who will notice and frankly point out any little habit before it gains much strength, so that it can be easily corrected. Many people are so careless in matters of annoying by uncouth habits, that their influence for good, their acceptability with refined people, and their success in life are greatly crippled. Look well to your habits.

THE Persians and the Turks have essentially the same religion, Mahomedan. But there is a shade of difference, the Persian faith being Mahomedanism as reformed by Sophi. The difference between the religious opinions of the Persians and the Turks is very slight, and yet it is maintained with a bitterness and aversion greater than that which exists between the Catholics and the Protestants. A Persian would deem the water of a

river in which a Turk had bathed hopelessly contaminated. This fastidious prejudice is not wholly unlike what we frequently see, even among the different denominations of Christians. It is not well-founded, and should not exist. The fact that we do not all see alike should not be a pretext for unkindness, in feeling or action. Such a spirit is not Christlike.

THE question is often discussed in ministerial conferences and among other bodies of Christians, "How shall we secure a better attendance at our Sabbath-services?" or "How shall we reach the non-church-goers?" It must be admitted that there is a great tendency to indifference in the matter of church-going. It is easy to yield to an inclination to rest when the Sabbath comes, and to strengthen that inclination by remarking that "The Sabbath was made for rest." But those who are most faithful in attendance upon public worship, and other Christian duties, do not seem to be any more weary than those who rest so much. In fact, the Sabbath does not appear to have been set apart primarily, for idleness or inactivity. A change of activities is often the most satisfying kind of rest. Changing from worldly cares and toils to spiritual reflections and religious activities will give rest, peace, and soul-growth. Let each professing Christian adopt and conscientiously carry out the rule that makes faithful attendance upon religious appointments as important as any business engagements and the question of reaching the non-church-goers will solve itself. If all church members will follow this rule, the churches will be filled and outside people will come in. But if members are indifferent, others will be, from the mere force of example.

CONSISTENCY is the proverbial jewel. In these days many people pose as "reformers." Especially has it been a taking ruse among politicians who have been anxious to secure votes for their election to office. Radical changes and reformations in methods of administration, expenditures of public funds and breaking up of unpopular monopolies have been freely promised. Their promises are usually for a purpose (election), and when that object is secured the pledges are pigeon-holed. But these reflections may not be wholly germane to the incident that gives rise to them. Governor Pingree, of Michigan, was supposed by many who voted for him to be *par excellence* a "reform governor." What wonderful reforms he has effected we do not know. But while the legislators of several states have felt compelled to rescue the youth from the deadly effects of the growing cigarette habit and their governors have quickly approved the acts by their signatures, Governor Pingree has just vetoed the anti-cigarette bill of his legislature, which makes boys under 17 years of age liable to imprisonment for smoking cigarettes. He coolly dismisses the matter with the remark that "it is a parental, not a state duty to correct bad habits in children." Then why not let parents and not the state correct the habit of theft and forgery and other "bad habits"? Would Governor Pingree reply, "Because theft and forgery wrong others, and are counted as crimes?" But does not the sale and the use of cigarettes wrong others? And is it not a crime to undermine and destroy the body and the soul of bright

and promising boys? Is it a greater wrong and more heinous crime to steal a chicken, or shoot a bird, or catch a fish, all of which are under the protection of law in the Governor's state, than it is to rob parents of young, healthy, innocent boys, and leave, instead, physical, mental and moral wrecks? When Governor Pingree's boy slips away from parental correction and is solicited by evil-minded and avaricious men to form vicious and absolutely ruinous habits, will he not thank the state to throw around other boys some guardianship, some legal restraints that will make it possible for them to grow up to be a blessing to home and state? We have very little confidence in these pre-election promises of "reform," or in the wisdom of any official who refuses to aid the state in guarding the morals of his constituency and protecting his people from the evils of intemperance, degeneracy and death.

## ISAAC D. TITSWORTH.

Few men were better known throughout our denomination, in the years of his activity, than Deacon Titsworth. For many years he has been actively interested in promoting the interests of the people of his choice. He was born in June, 1805, and was therefore nearly ninety-two years old when the welcome summons came on the 15th inst., calling him home. His funeral services were held at the Piscataway church in New Market on Tuesday, May 18, at 3 P. M. At the opening of the service, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Titsworth of Plainfield, Mr. A. H. Burdick and Miss Lizzie Boice of Mew Market, sang, by previous request of the deceased, that old hymn,

"Why do we mourn departing friends  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms."

The pastor, F. E. Peterson, then read appropriate selections of Scripture, after which O. U. Whitford, by previous request of Deacon Titsworth, preached a brief sermon from the text, Psa. 116: 15, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," following the sermon with a sketch of the life of this venerable man.

A. H. Lewis then made a brief address on the relation of the deceased to the American Sabbath Tract Society and our Publishing Interests. A. E. Main spoke of Mr. Titsworth's relation to the work of the Missionary Society, and L. E. Livermore of some of his prominent traits of character, and his relation to our educational interests.

After the closing prayer by O. U. Whitford, and a beautiful selection sung by the quartette before mentioned, the body was taken to Hillside Cemetery for burial, where, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes and dust to dust," was the last thing to be said over the lifeless body of one who had lived such a long and useful life. Mr. Peterson, the pastor, will soon furnish a suitable obituary for the RECORDER. The funeral services were attended by a large circle of relatives and friends. Six of the eight children living were present: Mrs. Larkin, of Dunellen, N. J.; Mrs. Rebecca T. Rogers, of Waterville, Me.; Rev. A. J. Titsworth, of Milwaukee; Prof. A. A. Titsworth, of Rutgers College, New Brunswick; Thomas and Lewis T. Titsworth, of Dunellen. One son in California, Dea. B. F. Titsworth, and a daughter, Mrs. W. R. Potter, in Hammond, La., were unable to be present. The four sons served as pall bearers.

## BREVITIES.

THE attempted revolution in Honduras has been overcome by the government troops, and the insurgents have fled to Guatemala.

FIFTEEN theological students graduated at the Reformed Theological Seminary, New Brunswick, N. J., last week. This was one of the largest classes in the history of the Seminary.

BRAZIL is still in a state of rebellion. Apparently it will take some time yet to settle the troubles. The President recommends that the army be re-organized to crush out the rebellion.

AND still the slaughter of birds goes on for the sake of securing the plumage for women's hats. During the year 1896, the plumage of 3,000,000 birds was received in New York for hat adornment.

AT last an armistice has been agreed upon between Greece and Turkey, and hostilities have been suspended for a time, in the hope that permanent peace may be secured. The Greeks have been roughly handled by the warlike Turks.

THE report of the pork-packing industry in the West, for the year ending March 1, 1897, shows a total of 16,929,000 hogs. The average price was \$3.30 per 100 pounds. This was the lowest average price, with two exceptions, since 1852.

THE building in which the bazaar, or fancy fair, was held in Paris, and which burned with such fatal effect to a large number of people, was a frail, unprotected structure, with insufficient provisions for escape in case of a fire. The authorities are culpably careless for allowing such a possibility to exist.

TOPEKA, Kansas, is said now to have the first open saloon since the prohibitory law went into effect in 1881. When men openly defy law and set up an agency in a community, which is destructive of property, morals and life itself, and the law cannot be enforced, what is the duty of the citizens? Manifestly to get rid of the invader; peaceably if they can; forcibly if they must.

UPON recommendation of President McKinley, Congress has promptly and unanimously appropriated \$50,000 to relieve needy American citizens in Cuba. The resolution proposing to recognize the belligerency of the Cubans is before Congress, but is not received with much favor. It is the policy of the Administration to move cautiously in matters that are likely to compromise our neutrality obligations.

WHILE the war between Greece and Turkey is practically ended by the defeat of the Greeks and the occupation of the whole of Thessaly, still the case may not be beyond a question concerning other Eastern countries. The Powers have been literally defied by the Turks, and other complications are very likely to arise which may lead to protracted diplomacy, and not unlikely to united war against the Turks.

GREATER NEW YORK will have an area of 306 square miles. Its greatest length will be 35 miles. The total population is estimated 3,200,000, making it the second city in the

world, London with 4,225,000 being first. Paris with its 2,500,000 population will now be counted third instead of second. The Mayor will serve four years, with a salary of \$15,000 per year. The new charter goes into effect the first of next January.

THE Sixteenth International Christian Endeavor Convention will open Wednesday evening, July 7, with meetings in eight of the largest churches of San Francisco, besides one meeting in Oakland and one in Alameda. It is expected that the delegation will be large enough to crowd all these churches. This occasion will afford a rare opportunity to visit the Pacific coast, and many from the Eastern states will gladly embrace the opportunity.

OSCAR WILDE, who has been serving a two years' sentence of imprisonment at hard labor in London, for immoral conduct, has just been released and is once more before the public. He is a well known eccentric character and now proposes to devote himself to literary work. He has just refused an offer of \$5,000 for a story of his prison experiences. He is said to be hale and hearty. Prison life seems to agree with him better than it does with some convicts.

TORONTO has had a hotly contested fight over the question of running street-cars in the city on Sunday. The agitation has been going on for the past ten years. The charter of the railway company allows a vote of the citizens every third year. The third vote has just been taken, resulting in a majority of 479 in favor of cars. Seven years ago the vote was 2,000 against. Three years later it stood 900 against. This year those favoring are ahead, and for the first time in the history of the city cars will run on Sunday.

IOWA has been a prominent battle-ground for the liquor and anti-liquor forces for the past few years. Two years ago the legislature succeeded in passing what was called the "Mule" law, which was virtually a license system. Against this there were arrayed strong petitions from all parts of the state. Now the legislature has made still greater strides toward infamy by passing a bill legalizing the manufacture of intoxicants in the state. The governor is said to be a prominent Christian worker in his state, and all good people are waiting to see if his political surroundings will be more potent than his moral and religious convictions, a question that will be settled by his cringing signature, or his manly veto.

THE KINGDOM GAINED and Other Poems, is the title of a handsomely bound book, recently issued, by Col. Dudley H. Davis, of Quiet Dell, West Virginia. This volume takes its name from the leading poem, written largely in blank verse, and occupying nearly forty pages. The whole number of pages in the book is 267, with several illustrations and more than one hundred poems, showing great diversity of composition, both in style of verse and subjects treated. The author gives evidence of much native talent and originality of thought and expression. The poems are elevated in tone and convey many useful lessons. The author is modest in his own estimate of his ability and of the most of his poems, but, yielding to the solicitation of his friends, has published them. Many appreciative testimonials, from clergymen, editors and others, have been received, and the book is now on the market, in morocco binding at \$1.50, and cloth at \$1.00.

## CONTRIBUTED EDITORIALS.

By L. C. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.

## The Leavening of Israel.

Among no people does the figure of the leaven better suggest the working of the Gospel than among the Jews. Conversions are comparatively rare among them, but all the time Hebrew prejudice and character are being modified by its contact with Christianity. The transition is slow enough, but it might be much faster, if the good agencies, now at work, were broadened and multiplied.

One of the Chicago mission teachers, when calling on the family of some of her pupils, was asked how she pictured Jesus in her own mind. She told them her ideas, and the children, crowding around her, said, "We think of him in the same way." There is no roll of conversions and additions to the church from the old Jewish Sabbath-school at the Pacific Garden Mission, and the influence of the school for good is likely to be underestimated for that reason. The work which it did was a leavening of sentiment. The boys and girls who came under the influence of Christian teachers there, have not broken with their people. They are Jews still. But the composite type of the communities in which they live and move is changing through their influence. Its ear is more open to Christian truth. Its disposition will be more responsive to the Christian spirit.

A few nights ago, as I stood waiting for friends in the auditorium of Steinway Hall, two fine looking young fellows accosted me. They had changed from boys to men since I last saw them, but the faces were unmistakable. It was Barney and Max. They used to be in Miss Covey's class at the Mission-school, and this same Barney used to bring down the house with his musical feats at the Christmas entertainment. We were glad to see each other. They asked many questions and spoke the name of the brave teacher, who has since gone to her reward, with grateful gentleness. I felt proud of them as they stood there with their bright, handsome faces alight with animation. They were at church the following Sabbath. I do not think they are ready to brave social ostracism for the sake of the name Christian or Seventh-day Baptist; but you may be sure that these names mean something more to them and their comrades than they did to their fathers, when they were at the same age.

When the Jews are converted, they will be converted as a people. Their blood is thick. They cling together with a tenacity which no other civilized race exhibits. Genial, warming, humanitarian acts of Christianity will not be thrown away when manifested toward the virile, tenacious stock of Abraham. I have less apprehension for the responsiveness of the Jews than I have for the faithfulness of Christians in living out the Gospel before them. The greatest danger which threatens Israel is that which threatens the Anglo-Saxon as well,—the tide of worldliness which would sweep away all reverence and Godly aspiration.

Swami Vivekananda in the Role of a Humorist.

There does not appear to be any way to prevent foreigners from coming over to this country and then going back and lying about us. As one reads the following bit of fiction, however, other emotions struggle with indig-

nation for the supremacy. Returning to India, Swami Vivekananda writes:

When a woman tries her best to find a husband she goes to all the bathing places imaginable and tries all sorts of tricks to catch a man. When she fails in her attempts she becomes what they call in America an "old maid," and joins the church. Some of them become very "churchy." These church women are awful fanatics. They are under the thumb of the priests there. Between them and the priests they make a hell on earth. They make a mess of religion. With the exception of these, the Americans are a very good people. They loved me so much I loved them. I felt as though I was one of them.

The gentle Swami does not appear to shine as an accurate reporter of the life of his contemporaries; but he is a great success as a humorist. There is a silver lining to every cloud, and if the Oriental priest had known the American appreciation of subtle humor, he need not have been so careful to avoid meeting Doctor Barrows when he was visiting India.

#### Doctor Barrows' Return.

Something very like tears stood in the eyes of John Henry Barrows when he rose to face the audience that packed every nook and cranny of Kent Theatre at the University of Chicago. It had been sixteen months since he stood there last on the eve of his departure for India. Since then he had faced all kinds of swarthy audiences. He had been under the keen inspection of the contemplative Hindoo and the beady, black eyes of Japan. To crowded, curious throngs he had spoken his message, but he had seen no audiences like this. The sense of the blessings which God had showered upon him and upon this his land, nearly overcame the usually calm scholar and polished gentleman with a rush of emotion.

He spoke as one inspired. The address was apostolic. We have not for years heard an utterance which so stirred and uplifted the heart with hope and courage. As he contrasted Christianity with the decaying Oriental faiths, we felt more than ever glad that he had been sent on that great mission. The projectors of the Parliament of Religions builded better than they knew. These are only the first fruits of a great spiritual harvest which the world will reap. The address was unreportable by anyone except a stenographer, but we hope that it and the series which is to follow will be repeated in all the centers of our own and other Christian lands.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY AND APPRECIATION.

WHEREAS, God, in his allwise Providence, has called to himself Mrs. I. L. Cottrell, who has been for several years a worker in our Sabbath-school, and who was at the time of her death Superintendent of the primary department, for which she was so well adapted, being guided by the Holy Spirit; therefore,

*Resolved*, That in the death of our dear sister and friend, Mrs. Angelia Dye Cottrell, we, the Shiloh Sabbath-school, have lost an efficient, faithful, earnest Christian teacher and friend.

*Resolved*, That while we bow in sorrow at the bereavement, we lift our hearts in thankfulness for the influence of so consecrated and useful a life, and humbly pray that we may emulate her worthy example.

*Resolved*, That we, as a Sabbath-school, extend to the bereaved husband and children our heartfelt sympathy, and that we commend them to Him who hath said, "I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family, also that one be preserved in the minutes of the Sabbath-school, and another be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

REUBEN A. FOGG,  
MRS. MARY M. BONHAM, } Com.  
HELEN F. HALL, }

#### AN OLD LEGEND.

BY MARY F. WHITFORD.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

'Twas in India, so the story goes,  
That a wandering fakir sought repose,  
At a village busy and quaint.  
He was weary and ragged and hungry and weak,  
And a crowd pressed round him a blessing to seek,  
For they thought him a holy saint.  
But as they drew near he cried in dismay,  
While he tried in vain to keep them away,  
"Back! back! touch me not! for can you not see  
That I am no saint, though foot-sore and faint?  
And I carry fire, fury and famine," said he.

Then they searched him o'er from his head to the ground,  
And a string of beads and a brass jar found;  
A small brass jar was all.  
But the outraged fakir, in passing a shop,  
Took from the jar of honey a drop,  
And smeared it on the wall.  
A great many flies the honey then sought,  
And a lizzard, pursuing, the flies were caught;  
A cat caught the lizzard, and while at play,  
Was spied by a dog that was coming that way.  
The dog at the sight at once opened fight;  
Thus trouble and sorrow began that day.

For when the fray ended, and both lay dead,  
Their owners at once to the battle-field sped,  
To the battle-field filled with ire.  
And when the dead canine and feline they saw,  
Like modern mortals, they went to law,  
Adding fuel to the fire.  
But the Judge, like those of modern days,  
Adjusted their matters, in various ways  
Not according to their desire.  
So the neighbors then took the matter in hand,  
And carnage and riot swept over the land.  
Rice fields were destroyed and gardens laid low,  
And ill-will and strife was the bane of each life,  
Filling all of the country with woe.

A hostile rajah then seeing his chance,  
To capture the province at once made advance,  
Advanced while the trouble spread.  
And when famine and pestilence came from afar,  
Then many remembered the fakir's jar,  
And the fakir's words of dread.  
For of honey it took but a single drop,  
To start a trouble that never could stop.  
And this lesson the wandering fakir taught,  
That ere the beginning is the time to stop sinning,  
For very small things have much evil wrought.

#### THE BIBLE.

"The Bible is a marvel of literature. It is the book of God containing a divine revelation to mankind. It is also the book for man, in which devout souls in all ages guided by the divine Spirit have drawn near unto God, and have opened up the paths to the divine presence. The Bible contains codes of law, but it is not a law-book for ecclesiastical lawyers. The Bible contains statements of doctrine as bright as the rays of the sun and as clear as a mountain brook, but it is not a system of theology for dogmatic divines. The Bible contains laws and doctrines, but it also contains more than laws and doctrines. It gives a divine revelation for all classes of people, for all races, and for all nations. It is for the merchant and the physician, for the father and the mother, the young man and the maiden, the child and the peasant; and therefore it approaches all these classes of people in the way in which they can be reached."

So says Prof. Briggs in an introduction to an article on "Works of the Imagination in the Old Testament," published in the March number of the *North American Review*. I know of no statement regarding this subject at once so brief, so clear, so simple, and so convincing. I am not prepared to endorse fully or to reject the views, which are set forth. But if any of the young people are interested in Bible study, I do not possibly see how they could be harmed in any way by reading the article, and I am sure very many would be greatly helped.

In regard to a part of the book of Jonah he says as follows: "We feel that there is no sufficient reason for such a miracle and we instinctively shrink from it, not because of a lack of faith in the supernatural divine power

of working miracles, but because we have such a faith in God's grace and holiness and majesty that we find it difficult to believe that he could work such a grotesque and extravagant miracle as that described in the story of the great fish." Prof. Briggs considers the book of Jonah as a parable given to teach a great lesson. Jesus made frequent use of the parables as he taught the people, and yet no one thinks of the stories of the "Good Samaritan," or of the "Prodigal Son," as being historical, that is, real true stories. But it is impossible to give a correct idea of the views of the article in a few words; one must read it in full. I have not referred to it because it contains anything new, but because it is a condensed, plain statement of an interesting question. The article closes as follows:

"Thus Hebrew literature presents us six great works of the imagination, inspired of God to set forth the ethical and religious principles of the Old Testament. Three of these are poetry—Job, Song of Songs, and Ecclesiastes; and three of these are prose—Ruth, Jonah and Esther. Three of these present heroes for men, three of them heroines for women. Job, the chieftain, Jonah the prophet, and Koheleth, the sage; Ruth, the devout, Esther, the patriotic, and the Shulamite, the loving, faithful virgin. They are the choicest products of the imagination. These beautiful forms of literary art are worthy of the inspiration of the Spirit of God. They were neglected and misunderstood in the centuries when ecclesiasticism reigned, and so long as dogmatism crowded ethics from the field; but in these better and more hopeful times, when the luscious fruits of holy conduct are appearing here and there as tokens of an abundant harvest, these masterpieces of the imagination of the ancient Hebrews are asserting their influence in the ethical elevation and moral inspiration of the men and women of our times."

The article bears manifest evidence of a faith in God and in the Bible, as his revelation to men, together with a kind and Christian spirit which should shame many of the writers so-called critics. x.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

In the good providence of God I have, within a few weeks, been permitted to visit Hammond, La., and Jackson Centre, Ohio, and get acquainted with the able and excellent pastors of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of these places. I was greatly interested in their work and grateful for their cordial hospitality, and the opportunity of preaching the Word. To those seeking a home in the South, I know of no more desirable parish—all things considered—than Hammond, La. Under the wise pastorate of Rev. George W. Lewis the church has not only gained strength, but a kindly feeling between the different churches exists, and the outlook for future usefulness is excellent.

But I desire especially to call attention to one of the resolutions adopted by the Genesee Convention for Sabbath Reform. I refer to the one urging the importance of Bible study, and especially to the importance of a book of Bible readings, setting forth the truths which we assuredly believe. Such a work, if not too large and expensive, might have a considerable sale among all classes of Christians, and exert an important influence in correcting the errors in doctrines into which the majority of the Lord's people have fallen. I commend it to the careful consideration of the Tract and Missionary Boards.

H. H. HINMAN.

OBERLIN, O., May 8, 1897.

## Tract Society Work.

By A. H. LEWIS, Cor. Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.

SABBATH REFORM CONVENTION AT WESTERLY, R. I.

(Continued from last week.)

FIRST-DAY—FORENOON.

We are indebted to the *Westerly Sun* for the following summary of the address on "Romanism," etc.

This morning the chief address was by Dr. Lewis, on the subject of "Protestantism, Romanism, and Sabbath Reform." It was an able, scholarly address, filled with the fruits of extended historical research, of which no synopsis can give a full idea; yet the main points made by the speaker, and the idea which ran through his address, may be gained from the following:

The purpose of this theme is to call attention to certain facts that must live, without regard to what we as a people may do. History is the effort of man to keep in touch with God's law, and this is a fundamental truth for those who study history to remember. No great truth stands alone. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow are the trinity of historical research. When Patrick Henry said we have no means of judging of the future except by the past, he struck the keynote of historical study.

There are three great divisions of the church in the world—Roman Catholicism, Greek Catholicism and Protestantism. Judaism was the greatest of religious originators. When Christianity started, it soon separated from Judaism, with the result that within five hundred years its original ideas had been lost. At this time the church divided into Rome and Greek, and here must begin our study of the Sabbath.

The Greek said that the God of the Jews was an inferior god, and that the Bible was only a revelation to that people. This evil which is to-day the worst poison and is a feature of no-lawism, was the outgrowth of Greek philosophy. The Roman took the view that religion was a matter of contract with the state. The result of this was that religion became a matter of government. These differences continued for half a century, when the Roman idea became dominant.

There is no date when Roman Catholicism was born, but it was born around two ideas—one, that the authority of the Bible was not so great as the authority of the church, and the other that the state was subject to the church. This is a most important fact to be remembered. Roman Catholicism then took possession of the world, and held it for a thousand years. We, as Seventh-day Baptists stand as the direct representatives of those who refused to accept the dictates of Roman Catholicism. Stephen Mumford, who came to Newport, connects us with the old church at London, and that old church was the outgrowth of the many Sabbath-keepers who lived in all parts of Europe.

The Sabbath is not a new question, nor is its relation with the state a new question. These questions appear and reappear as men are in harmony or out of harmony with the church. Martin Luther was the author of Protestantism, because he could not accept of the doctrines taught by the Roman Catholic church. How did it come about? First, that the Bible was the supreme authority, and second that men were to come into connection with God by faith, and not through priests. This was the development of the reformation in Germany, from where it spread to England. There the Seventh-day Baptists developed, on the idea that the Bible must be supreme authority. But the Puritans said these Seventh-day Baptists go too far; we must hold to the Bible, but not accept the Jewish law. Out of this grew the idea of a change of day, and three hundred years ago that was accepted.

But the Roman Catholic church said: "The way to kill Protestantism is to let it kill itself." Then, as history shows, the open struggle ended, and now the anticipated result is beginning to be seen. In the United States, Protestantism, three hundred years old, with 151 divisions; the Roman Catholic church, fourteen hundred years old at least, unbroken. Roman Catholicism is world-wide, while Protestantism, even in England, is feeling the reaction for its former divisions. In the United States Protestantism is no longer in the lead. In New England Roman Catholicism is in control. It is stated that thirty counties control the elections of the United States, and that these counties are controlled by Roman Catholic votes. In 1884, at a Roman Catholic convention, it was said that Catholicism had no longer cause to fear Protestantism, but that now an aggressive campaign would be inaugurated; and this is being done. I do not know, but I believe that in many departments

of the government at Washington the Roman Catholics hold the balance of power.

In conversation with a German authority on church history, he told me that Protestantism must either become more spiritual, or it would die; and this is recognized by Roman Catholic leaders. But I think that the Catholics do not realize the strength of Protestantism, although this same German scholar has recently said that Protestantism had been injured by its leaving the Bible. It can no longer be said that the Sabbath notion is one of the Seventh-day Baptists or Seventh-day Adventists alone, for it has been taken up by the strongest religious organization in the world. And that organization stands side by side with us in our position as to the authority of the Sunday. What will the Roman Catholic church do with the issue? I know not, but the policy of that church is continuous, and it is, to bring the world to its beliefs. Protestantism claims to be based on the Bible, and if it is to maintain its existence it must return to the teachings of the Bible. It was such teachings that broke the power of the Roman church half a century ago, and it must be the same teachings that will continue the separation. Ours has been the legacy of holding the full teaching of the Bible. When I began this study, the sky was like brass, but the world has moved, and now it seems to me that I can almost see the day-break. While I cannot forecast history, I can say that this Book of God, this Bible, is the only measure of a free faith. It is ours to call the Christian world back to the whole book. Is this a craze, a wild fancy? Remember the story of the Scotch girl who heard the music of the bagpipes at Lucknow. They said that she, too, was crazed, but the relief came; her keen ear had heard what her companions would not believe until they saw. Put your trust in God, and know that he has not maintained us for naught.

FIRST-DAY—AFTERNOON.

*Training of Children.*

Pastor Horace Stillman, of Niantic, opened the program for the afternoon by a discussion of "How Shall we Train Our Children in Sabbath Truth?" The children of to-day will determine the future, and we must seek first of all the development of righteous life and pure character in them. Teach them to obey God and to keep the Sabbath by personal example. Teach the far-reaching and fundamental character of the Sabbath as God's great representative memorial, and as the prophecy and promise of everlasting peace and blessedness. Teach that Christ kept the Sabbath and upheld the law, and that he holds Christians to his example. Make the Sabbath a delightful day to children and teach them to love it; not doing our own pleasure, but finding pleasure in doing God's will. Teach them that cross-bearing is crown-winning. Mr. Stillman made several strong points by citing the message of the angel to the released disciples, "Go preach all the words of this life." Teach children that it is better to obey God than to agree with the majority in error. Ground them in the truth "We must obey God" rather than man. A Sabbathless world is like a rudderless ship, and those untaught in the truth will drift away on currents of no-Sabbathism.

(To be continued.)

### SABBATH REFORM IN ALABAMA.

TALLADEGA, Ala., May 10, 1897.

Dear Brother Lewis:

Perhaps a few notes from Alabama will be of interest. The Alabama Christian Endeavor Union closed its Seventh Annual Session here last night. Considerably over one hundred delegates were present. Mr. William Shaw, Treasurer of the United Societies, was present and added much to the interest and enthusiasm of the occasion. "The Christian Sabbath" came in for its share of attention. The main trend of the discussion was to bring everyone face to face with the Fourth Commandment. Strange, indeed, that one can-

not see that the Fourth Commandment is thrown away and church authority established in its stead. Yet holidayism spreads.

Shortly after meeting last evening, with the memory of the closing consecration meeting still fresh, your scribe was aroused from slumber by the shouts of an excursion party, at the depot, near a mile away, just returned from Birmingham. I learn this morning that two hundred and sixty-four went from this one town. And *that*, on Sunday in the very heat of the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Union.

Well, what about the Christian Endeavor Union any way? I am a little mystified. There is wonderful power in the young people, no doubt, but is there not danger of turning the power in the wrong direction? One prominent speaker said, "The one great interest of the church, from the Pope down to the humblest evangelist, is Christian unity." The most popular speaker of the Convention said, "Marriage, I believe, is a sacrament of the church." I do not like to be considered pessimistic or suspicious, but are not such sentiments as these, expressed on such occasions, paving the way for Catholicism in the coming generation? Whither are we—not drifting, but—driving?

Occasionally one comes out on the Lord's side of the Sabbath-question. Recently I heard of a Sabbath-keeper at Crane Hill, Cullman County—Bro. J. P. Hyatt. I wrote him and give you an extract from his reply:

I realized my duty to observe the Sabbath last August. I had been reading the Bible more than usual for some time, and I had become confused over the Sabbath question and in answer to my prayers it was made clear to my mind that Saturday was the Sabbath. I am almost alone, only four besides myself in this post that are willing to prove their faith by their works.

Thank the Lord that Bro. Hyatt has even four friends to stand with him in God's service. What may not the Lord accomplish through these five? Here are a few words from a note sent with Bro. Hyatt's letter.

I am a Sabbatarian, and have been for several years. I am alone in my position. I have been a Methodist preacher since 1861.—M. E. C. I am glad to learn that you are at work to raise the long-neglected Sabbath.

Bro. McCarley and wife, of Cullman County, were excluded from their church on Sabbath-day, March 20, for working on "the Christian Sabbath." Next morning—Sunday—Bro. McCarley met a member of the same church coming home from town with a load of guano. "Consistency thou art a jewel," indeed, but all the more precious because rare.

Fraternally,

J. N. BELTON.

### RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, our heavenly Father has in his providence seen fit to call unto himself our dear brother, J. L. Huffman, we, the members of the Alleghanian Lyceum, do therefore bow in our affliction to the will of the all-wise Being. We recognize this admonition, that through all life we are in the midst of death, and that we, also, should so live that when our summons shall come we may be ready to receive the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

*Resolved*, That we recognize in the long and eventful service of our departed brother the character of a man who, like Enoch of old, "walked with God"; a character worthy of all emulation.

*Resolved*, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and that these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy be sent to the family, and that copies be sent to the *Alfred Sun* and SABBATH RECORDER, with request for publication.

C. H. GREENE, }  
C. H. PALMER, } Com.  
W. O. BABCOCK, }

## Missions.

By O. U. WHITFORD, Cor. Secretary, Westerly, R. I.

WE are on the last quarter of the Missionary year. On July first the year will close and the record of the labors and disbursements of the year will be written. We trust and hope the pastors and officers in our churches are using promptness and energy in an effort to respond to the late appeal made by the two Societies for an increase in funds. They not only need these increased funds to meet present demands, but to pay debts incurred in carrying on only our usual work during the year. As a rule a good proportion of our funds comes in the month or two before Conference. We hope to see the funds then come in and in good generous sums, from the churches, the various benevolent societies, and from individuals. Send in, dear brethren and sisters, your weekly offerings full and prompt to your church Treasurer, or your special gifts to the Treasurers of the two Societies.

THE church of Christ is shorn of the spiritual power she should have by the worldly spirit and practices which pervade her. The world does not attempt to win Christians to her principles, spirit and practices by most glaring methods. They are too repelling. She wins by subtle influences. She brings them down to the fine dividing line between Christianity and the world. She dresses herself up in the attractive robes of culture and refinement, social enjoyments, and pursuits, clothes herself in the livery of heaven. She deals out her temptations sugar-coated and adapts them to each one's special weaknesses. Here is one naturally vain, grace has very hard work to keep it under, and the world knows it, and right there she aims her darts and slays her victim. Here is another whose weakness is the love of popularity. Grace has not transformed the weakness into the better attainment, humility and the desire for the favor of God rather than men. So the world comes to her with her temptations. She whispers in her ear: "It is popular. The best social families practice it. Everybody thinks there is no harm in it. You cannot afford to be unpopular." Conscience, however, says, "No; duty to Christ, to the church and to the brethren and sisters in Christ, and to the unsaved says, no." But the innate love of popularity, of going with the popular circle and set, with the approaches of the world with her false but attractive names, her garb of social standing and respectability win, and another follower of Jesus is slain upon the altar of the world. The world says, games of chance are only harmless amusement. Amusements which lead into temptation and diminish spirituality, pleasures which destroy religious interest, are only necessary recreation. The formation of a destructive habit is at first only a panacea for ill health, and a custom, evil in its tendency is only a social necessity, and so the world insinuates her way until conscience is put to sleep and a soul is vanquished.

There are the little foxes that spoil the grapes and they do it as surely as do the roaring lions. The world has her own spirit and purpose and seeks to beget that spirit and purpose in the disciples of Christ, to destroy their influence and power. She does

not ask what is one's moral and spiritual worth. Is he a spiritual-minded man? What is his weight for Christ and the church? But how much is he worth? What is his income? What his style of living? What kind of turnout does he support? What is his social standing? Not worth but wealth; not spiritual power, but money and social power; not mental and spiritual excellence, but outward appearance and style are first in the world's consideration.

Now all these are only earthly trappings to him whose eye is on the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. No man is your peer only as he is a wiser and a better man. The highest society in the world is the church of Christ. Those who have sweet converse, fellowship and communion with Jesus Christ and with each other in Christian love constitute the best society on earth and are the only society in heaven. Only those are truly rich who possess Jesus Christ and have the riches of his grace. The church greatly needs such power and riches.

SEC.

FROM F. J. BAKKER.

"All the paths of the Lord are loving kindness and truth (Psalms 25: 10, 11) unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies." It is always my heart's desire and prayer to our heavenly Father, to keep me up, give me strength, and all I need to walk and work in and for the way of righteousness; to show my fellowmen the path of truth, so they may leave and shun the way of evil-doers. And, however, if many do not take notice of it—some do scoff and laugh—a few, some here and there, will listen; and I feel very glad when they only will listen; then I hope and pray our God, from whom all blessings flow, will bless it.

After I came home after New Year, I made a trip to Amsterdam and Haarlem, to tell the brethren of my experience and all which I heard and saw in Asaa, Denmark, and Germany (Harburg). It was too much to write in a letter, and so I thought it best to go there and tell them myself. Afterward I wrote a long article of it for our monthly, *De Boodschapper*. Then I received a Swedish pamphlet from Bro. O. W. Pearson, of Chicago, which I translated, and so it appeared in our monthly, too. It did fill nearly the whole paper for April. It was on the *little horn* of Daniel 8: 9, and the 2,300 days of verse 14. I found it so very interesting; that I, after I had read it two or three times, thought it too good that my brethren and friends should not have the opportunity to read it also, and so I translated it. May our heavenly Father bless it.

Also, I could do my usual work to the emigrants, give them all kinds of papers, tracts and little books, and talk with them after Providence and opportunity came. Several times, especially in the last weeks, I could talk with many of those people who are now (may be) in your country, give them good advice and point them to the only way, Christ.

Also, I worked for sailors and other seafaring people, and gave them many a good word and paper, warned them from bad ways and showed them which are good. But, oh, how few will really take notice!

It's mostly work and pray, pray and work. Then I have made 158 visits this quarter, and have talked to poor and neglected people, widows who are in distress, of the love of Christ. I think always *that's* my best work. In the last time I became acquainted with two Roman women—one is a poor widow—

who are thirsting after the Word of God. Such people I visit often, if I can.

I have also kept up our regular meetings on the Sabbath, and Sabbath-school, 38 meetings in all in this quarter, and then have written 53 letters to friends and brethren, all over the world.

Our Bro. Christensen, of Asaa, Denmark, told me in a letter that in a certain place in their land seven persons commenced to keep the Sabbath. One of them had been three weeks at his home. May our Lord bless it all, and bless also you all. I have to close now this short account with brotherly greeting to you all.

ROTTERDAM, Holland, April 23, 1897.

### ASKING AND RECEIVING.

St. James believed that temporal as well as spiritual blessings are embraced in the divine promise; and he made this belief the ground of his statement that some have not, because they ask not, while others ask and receive not, because they ask amiss. When we ask for things which we consider necessary to our daily use, we ask not knowing how our prayer will be answered; but we ask knowing that God knows we have need of all these things. Is the asking superfluous, because we do not know in what way God will give the things we ask for, or because God knows what we want without our telling him?

Now asking comes from a sense of need. If men do not feel any need they are not likely to ask. They have no thought of dependence on God and his Providence. They believe in themselves and in their power to obtain what they want by their own efforts. They say, "I will not ask God for my daily bread, I will go to work and earn it. I will not ask God for a home, I will make one myself. I will not ask him for garments, I will get them by my own exertions." We cannot affirm that such persons will starve, or die of exposure. God is merciful to those who are not merciful to themselves, or grateful to him. He has placed the necessaries, if not the comforts, of life within the reach of all.

Why, then, has he directed us to come to him with petitions for the supply of our daily needs? Evidently he wants us to appreciate the fact of our dependence on him, and to remember constantly that every good and perfect gift cometh from God. Out of the feeling of dependence springs the sense of gratitude for favors received. We need to have this sense developed. One is something less than a man without it. It sweetens and enriches the Christian character, and prevents it from being centered in self.

An ungrateful person is generally an intensely selfish person. The gospel is through and through a gospel of unselfishness. Christ the Master washed his disciples' feet to illustrate unselfish service. Christ the Son of God died not for himself, but for others, that divine love might be made manifest. The God who gave us so great a spiritual gift, also made the world and all it contains, and adapted all to our use. If we ask not for forgiveness, we have it not, though God knows we need it. We must feel the need ourselves, and when we do we naturally ask, and when we ask he is faithful and just to forgive us all our sins.

But God is not God only of the spiritual life, but of all life; not the Father only of those who become by obedience his spiritual children, but of all men. He giveth to all, but not to all equally. He can give more to those who are anxious to receive, and who receive gratefully, than to those who are indifferent or hostile to him. The former have greater capacity for good gifts than the latter. One needs to be brought into loving relations with God to appreciate his goodness and to profit most by it. He cannot give to those who ask amiss, because that would be to foster sin. Ye ask that ye may spend it on your pleasures, said James. The selfish prayer God cannot answer. It would be contrary to the principles of his moral government.—*The Independent*.

## Woman's Work.

By MRS. R. T. ROEBERS, Waterville, Maine.

God bends from out the deep and says—  
 "I gave thee the great gift of life:  
 Wast thou not called in many ways?  
 Are not my earth and heaven at strife?  
 I gave thee of my seed to sow,  
 Bring'st thou me my hundred fold?"  
 Can I look up with face aglow,  
 And answer, "Father, here is gold?"  
 —Lowell.

### BOOK NOTES.

ARRANGED BY B. E. T.

Some one has said:

"Books can not always please, however good;  
 Minds are not ever craving for their food."

Certainly when one revels among the new books which appear each year, he concludes that not only is the mind of the public craving food, but very particular must he be who is not pleased with the exquisite books now brought out.

The revival of popular interest in American History is one of the most notable incidents in the literary records of the past year. The era of Washington has followed that of Napoleon, and historical and biographical literature relating to Colonial and Revolutionary days promises to be abundant and as notable as that previously evoked by interest in the Bonapartes. The literature of American biography is permanently enriched by Prof. Woodrow Wilson's "George Washington." In this work, the author has given, not only a new biography of Washington, but a new history of America in Washington's time. In its personal side it is especially delightful and the character of Washington is revealed to us not only as it appeared through storm clouds of war and statesmanship, but as it was in the quiet home retirement of Mt. Vernon.

The interest of science has been increased by Dr. Nansen's "Farthest North," this book being a record of the voyage of exploration around the Arctic regions, and a fifteen month's sleigh journey by Dr. Nansen and his few co-workers. Perhaps the chief value of Nansen's narrative lies in the evidence which it affords of the capacity of the human being to overcome the greatest difficulties, to accommodate itself to the most extreme privations, and to extract health and happiness from regions that have hitherto been given over to desolation and death. It also shows the power of leadership and value of man.

In books of fiction a great interest is manifested in Scotch writings, in which three men have contributed largely: Ian Maclaren, S. R. Crockett and James M. Barrie; from the latter, two notable books were published in the fall. The first of these, "Sentimental Tommy," has been characterized by Joel Chadler Harris as "A work of fiction, as original as it is fascinating." In this work Mr. Barrie has written one of the books of the year; as a piece of true art it is unsurpassed. The other book, "Margaret Ogilvy," possesses an equal interest, though of a kind altogether different. It was written as a tribute to his mother. Margaret Ogilvy was her maiden name, and in the Scotch village where she lived she bore it until she died. The book is an affectionate and exquisitely delicate sketch of her life.

In Mr. Barrie's "A Window in Thrums" (a new edition), a new form of illustration recently appeared, by photographs taken of places and scenes mentioned in the book. Mr. Clifton Johnson is foremost among the illus-

trators of this style. We are grieved to learn from Mr. Johnson's introduction that Hendry's cot, "at the top of the brae" is now occupied by a mundane tenant who displays the sign "A Window in Thrums—Souvenirs and Lemonade for Sale Within."

The same style of illustration is found in Mr. John Burroughs' "A Year in the Fields," which contain eight papers, selected from his interesting works, relating to different seasons of the year. Mr. Johnson has furnished for this volume many photographs which have the special interest of representing scenes in the fields which Mr. Burroughs describes, or uses as a literary background in his essays. This volume also contains an excellent portrait of Mr. Burroughs and an introduction by Mr. Johnson stating the circumstances under which the photographs were taken.

Leaving for a time the foreign land, we read of our own picturesque country. Miss Sarah Orne Jenett has never written a book more pleasing in scene, characters, incidents and literary charm than "The Country of the Painted Firs," by which is meant the eastern coast of Maine and the neighboring islands. The description of people who went there during a long summer, interwoven with faithful glimpses of nature, makes a most charming and restful book. The humor and pathos of life as found in a simple coast village could not better be described. The story is full of the sound of the sea and wood odors.

No books more pleasing for the young people could be found than those written by Miss Amey Blanchard, "Two Girls," and its sequel "Girls Together." Many scenes and incidents are taken from real life. "Betty of Wye," by the same author has recently been printed.

Very seldom do we hear of a Negro contributing to literature, but one of the most popular books of verse this season has been a little volume entitled "Lyrics of Lowly Life," by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. W. D. Howells explains in the introduction that Dunbar's father and mother were slaves, and that he himself was an elevator-boy. Mr. Howells feels that this little book has made the strongest claim for the Negro in English literature that has yet been made. In more than one piece he has produced a work of art.

Within a few years birds have come into American literature as never before, and in a most charming fashion. The books of John Burroughs are full of them. Whatever he writes about, the birds flit into view and he makes delightful notes of them. Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller ought to be counted a foster-mother, by all the feathery tribe, with her "Bird-ways" and other books, and now appears "Four-handed Folk."

The spirits of the air and sky live in the pages of Dr. Abbott; and his last book, "Birdland Echoes" brings us just in hand-reach of their ministers, the near-at-home birds. Dr. Abbott has also written a book on "Night Birds;" in fact it contains information of all nature in the darkness—of the notes and habits of our little brothers of the air.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested."—Bacon.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 19, 1897.

It was a saying of Socrates that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy—the one to advise, the other to show him his faults. But a faithful friend will do the latter.

### A CHILD'S REASONING.

BY LUCY FITZ RANDOLPH.

It was a warm summer day in far off China. Mrs. Gray sat busily writing, while her two little boys played at her side. Suddenly just outside her door, in the narrow Chinese street, was heard a bitter wail. Upon going to the door she saw a small group of people gathered around a coffin, which had been placed on the pavement. She watched them as they burned a small amount of paper money, some old clothing and a few wooden utensils. Then the bearers shouldered the coffin and bore it away to the place of burial, followed by one young girl as mourner.

Inquiring about the case, Mrs. Gray learned that the coffin contained the remains of a poor, friendless man, who had been a servant in a Chinese family. Having been taken sick, he had come to this place and had only lived a few days. He had no relatives, so this young girl had been hired for a few cash to follow the coffin with the usual wailing.

As she stood with saddened heart watching them bear the coffin away, her seven-year-old son, who was standing by asked:

"Mamma, do you suppose that man was a Christian?"

"No, child, I think he was not."

"Well, mamma, do you think he ever heard of Jesus?"

"I cannot tell. Quite likely he had not."

"Then," continued the child, "do you think God will punish him, if he has never heard?"

While the mother was thinking how she might answer him, he arrived at a conclusion himself, and expressed it thus:

"I should think God would punish us Christians for not telling him of Jesus."

Dear child! though young in years, he had learned the lesson that it takes many Christians a life time to learn, and I fear some never learn the lesson of Christian responsibility. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is a divine command to all Christ's followers. If we neglect this command; if our hearts do not go out in tender love and sympathy to those in darkness; if we will not lift our hands to save them from this sad condition; are we Christ's followers? Surely, if we are, it is following "afar off." "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

### THE CHURCH'S ONE MISSION.

The mission of the church is to save the souls of men. That is its true mission. It is the only mission of the church. That should be its only thought. The moment any church admits a singer who does not sing to save souls; the moment a church calls a pastor who does not preach to save souls; the moment a church elects a deacon who does not work to save souls; the moment a church gives a supper or an entertainment of any kind not for the purpose of saving souls—it ceases in so much to be a church, and to fulfil the magnificent mission God gave to it. Every concert, every choir service, every preaching service, every Lord's Supper, every agency used in the church must have the great mission plainly before its eyes.—Rev. Dr. Conwell, "The Sacredness of the Secular."

## STORIES OF S. D. B. MINISTERS.—NO. 2.

Outwitted.

BY UNA DELL.

[The hero in this story was for a time pastor in Western New York. Now deceased.]

It was something like forty years ago that heavy gray clouds hung over a certain county in Western New York. December had taken its flight and January had come.

"No snow yet," was the thought of many a mind, and the expression on many a lip. Eyes watched the gathering clouds, hoping that soon they would send a goodly supply of snow, for, in this section, many a massive tree was felled—the town of B— was in the midst of a large growth of timber. Thus it will be seen that a good snow was quite essential.

Said the old lumber-man: "Tryin' to get out a lot o' logs without good slippin' is like runnin' machinery without oilin' of it up."

The little place—hardly large enough to be called a village—known as B— Corners prided itself on having three important places of business: a store, a blacksmith-shop and a church. Into which of these places the most people found their way would be difficult to say.

The church building was quite small, but well-filled each Sabbath-day, for its pastor, a godly man and much respected by nearly all, preached to "our likin'," and practiced what he preached. He was one of those men who in "ye olden tyme" worked at some trade for his support, and preached on the Sabbath "without money and without price."

He was, therefore, not only pastor of the church, but the center of that picture seen in those lines from the pen of our beloved Long-fellow:

Under the spreading chestnut tree,  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

The arms which swung over the pulpit on Sabbath-days were daily swinging near the old well-worn anvil.

He was able to preach more sermons over the anvil than over the pulpit. The flying sparks and the ringing hammer and anvil seemed to give a peculiar emphasis to the old gospel message. Several men and boys, who, may it be said, never seem to have much to do, wherever you find them, habitually "hung 'round" the dingy shop, old within and old without:

A place where hung the shroud of time,  
A place which knew the smithy's chime,  
Where hammer and anvil spoke in rhyme,  
And spark arose to heights sublime.

The smith-pastor was indeed a busy man. In addition to the two occupations already mentioned, he was overseer of the woodcutters who were employed by a contractor to cut the timber for a firm in Syracuse. The contractor was unable to be present in person, so he hired "the elder" to oversee the men and their work; also to distribute each week a supply of rations to every man. The provisions for distribution were sent by the contractor from Syracuse to B— Corners, where they were cared for by the elder.

Barrels of sugar, molasses, pork, beef, flour; boxes of other necessities, etc., were sent in immense quantities. They were stored in a large building erected for the purpose and kept carefully locked up. The only pay which the elder received for his labor in

connection with the contractor was a certain percentage of the provisions.

On this January day the woods resounded with the ring of the axe and the crash of the trees, as one after another they fell. About sundown the snow which had been so anxiously awaited began to fall. People were made happy as the mild northeaster gave promise of a good supply. The night was dark. The hard-working people slept soundly. No policeman patrolled the street or two of which the place prided itself.

About midnight a stealthy form crept over the new-fallen snow toward the blacksmith shop. It was easily opened, for the elder never locked it. The night-prowler seemed to be familiar with the location of everything in the shop, for without light of any kind he proceeded to take tools of various sizes and shapes, and placing them in a sack which he brought for the purpose, he took all he could carry.

Going out into the night, he carefully shut the door, walked as rapidly as his burden would permit toward his home, about one-half-mile distant. In less than an hour he again entered the shop, and again filled his sack.

"I guess this is enough," said the thief, "guess I had not better come again, if I get home all right this time. My, but this is a splendid night for it; dark, and how it does snow! Guess my tracks will be covered all O. K. Won't the old preacher be astonished in the morning to find nearly all his tools gone! I hate to take them, but I must have the money. Think I can get a good price for them in the city. If that old store-house wasn't locked so tight, a poor feller might help himself; but as it is—so 'tis."

Shouldering his stolen burden, he again left the shop, closed the door and wended his way homeward. Carefully concealing the stolen goods, he crept into bed. He would have felt more concerned over his stealing expedition, if he had known that about the time he entered the house the snow did not fall quite as fast, and in a short time stopped altogether.

The Elder awoke early. Dressing himself, he at once attended to the chores about the house and barn, and then went over to the shop. It was his custom to do some work there before breakfast. "For," said he, "it gives me a good appetite, and that's what I want, for eating is half my living."

An empty table in one corner of the shop was the first thing which attracted his notice. Usually a lot of tools were thrown promiscuously upon it. Next, he noticed his tongs and hammers were gone from their accustomed places, and now, as the fact that his tools had been stolen began to dawn on his mind, he stood still for a moment, then wheeling about he walked straight to the door. Opening it, he looked at the new-fallen snow. "Sure enough," he soliloquized, "he did not come quite early enough in the evening. He must have gotten away from here about the time it stopped snowing. Lucky for me, anyway. Here's for tracking the rascal and finding his den. But I must hurry, for I guess by the way the snow is beginning to fall that we are going to have some more of the same kind. His tracks will soon be covered."

The elder walked rapidly, following the tracks, which were somewhat dim, but nevertheless easily traceable. They led him

straight to the house; right to the door into which the thief had entered.

"Good," said the elder; "I know you, my pretty bird; I will see you later."

No one in the house seemed to be awake, and as he retraced his steps the elder perceived that his own tracks, as well as those of the culprit, would soon be covered.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins, but this time it did not come quite quick enough to cover his tracks," said the successful self-appointed detective.

The thief soon awoke, and, hastily arising, looked out the window.

"Still snowing—that's good. I'm all right this time. They won't have any idea who stole them."

During the day the shop was closed. That evening the elder went over to see the man who had stolen his tools. He thought he detected a slight look of surprise upon the face of him who opened the door and bade him "Come in."

Without even as much as saying "Good evening," or waiting to sit down, the visitor made known his errand. He did not ask the culprit if he had stolen the tools. He simply asked, "Why did you steal them?"

The man denied having taken them. "But I know you took them," said the owner, and I simply want to know why you took them. Is it because you are in straightened circumstances and need the money that you might get for them, or what?"

Painful silence.

"Now," continued the elder, "if you are really poverty-stricken, tell me what your price is on the tools, and I will buy them of you."

The thief saw that in some way his theft had been discovered. He hung his head for a while, and finally muttered: "I don't want to sell them."

"But," said the owner, "I made some of them and like them better than anything that I can buy. I am perfectly willing to buy them of you. You put your price on them and I will pay you."

Quite a long and painful silence followed.

Finally the thief said: "I don't know what they are worth, and I don't want to sell them."

The elder started to leave, but just as he was about to pass through the door said: "I know what they are worth. I'll figure up and send the price over to-morrow morning before daylight. You must take what I send, and also load on what belongs to me. Good night."

The stolen property amounted to a little over thirty dollars. From his percentage of the provisions in the contractor's store-house the elder took various kinds of provisions to the required amount, loaded them into the sleigh, of a trusty friend, who was not to lisp a word about the matter to any one, and sent him over to the house where the tools were secreted. He was told not to come back without the tools, and to leave all the provisions; also to inform the man that if he needed work at any time he would give him work in his shop.

His directions were carried out to the letter. No one knew about it but the three men who were concerned in the matter. A week passed, and then a month. The man who had stolen the tools did not show himself until nearly six weeks had passed. One morning as the elder was busily engaged in his shop, a form



darkened the doorway, and a voice said: "Have you any work for me to-day? I'm short of funds and provisions are getting pretty low; so if you can give me work I would like it."

The voice was that of the man who had taken the tools some six weeks before from the place where he now sought employment. His voice was somewhat weak and trembling. He was greeted, much to his surprise, with a pleasant "Good morning," and an outstretched hand.

"Yes, I'm pretty busy just now, and can find plenty for you to do. Come in, and pull off your heavy coat."

The men worked together for several days. Not a word about the midnight episode was uttered. But finally the hired man broke down and cried like a child.

"Why, what's the matter?" said his employer.

"Matter enough. To think how I have treated you, and how good you have been to me. I stole your tools, which have almost burned my fingers while I have been working for you, and then to think that you paid me for your own stuff, and have even hired me at good wages. Is that religion? If it is, I guess I'd better know more about it."

The next Sabbath he attended church; was soon converted, and in a prayer-meeting about a week after his conversion he revealed to the assembled people, much to the surprise of the pastor, the incident which you have just been reading.

"If a man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also," seemed to mean something to the smith-pastor, and every day he said by his life: "I will show thee my faith by my works."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Ira Lee Cottrell, of Shiloh, N. J., was taken sick the afternoon of April 28, with pleurisy that developed into pneumonia, which baffled the skill of physicians, and all the efforts of dear ones, and terminated in death five days later, May 3.

Kind friends sought to anticipate and supply everything that could minister to the comfort of the sufferer or the afflicted family.

Funeral services were conducted in the church at Shiloh in the presence of a large and sorrowing congregation, May 5, at 10.30 A. M., by Rev. G. H. Randolph, of Marlboro, assisted by the Reverends Mr. Hart, of the Berean Baptist church, H. Beadle, of the Second Presbyterian church, and Mr. Tilley, of the First Baptist church, all of Bridgeton, and also by Dr. A. E. Main, of Plainfield, N. J., who, on learning of Brother Cottrell's bereavement, hastened to Shiloh to extend his sympathy.

The church choir beautifully rendered three pieces of music, and some of the infant department (of which Mrs. Cottrell was Superintendent), under the direction of Mrs. Mary Bonham, one of the teachers, sweetly sang another piece, in the midst of the services.

The remains were exposed to view from 12 to 1.30 o'clock at the home, where beautiful floral pieces and cut flowers in their silent language attested the love and esteem of different organizations and other friends.

About two o'clock the lifeless form of her who had been so active and earnest a worker for more than six years in Shiloh, was borne from the Shiloh parsonage to Bridgeton,

where the father and his four sons, and Mr. Robert Wander, of Shiloh, with the remains of the loved one, took train for Alfred, N. Y., on the Pennsylvania railroad, via Jersey City. The company reached Alfred the next morning, and funeral services were held at two o'clock in the church, conducted by B. C. Davis, assisted by Reverends J. L. Gamble and H. P. Burdick. The church was very beautifully decorated with potted plants and palms. The Alfredian Lyceum, of which Mrs. Cottrell was a member, attended in a body, and the large number of other friends in attendance attested the high esteem with which the departed was held by those in this vicinity. The body lay in state at the home of A. B. Cottrell until four o'clock, when the remains were interred in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

The following memorial was read by B. C. Davis during the services at Alfred:

Angelia Dye Cottrell was the daughter of John P. and Susan Crandall Dye, of Richburg, N. Y. She was born near Main Settlement, in Allegany Co., N. Y., Dec. 13, 1848. Her parents removed, when she was but a few months old, to Richburg, where her childhood and early life were spent. She was of a studious disposition and had good school privileges, and by the time she was sixteen years of age she began teaching in the public schools of Pennsylvania and New York. She also gave much attention to music, and at different times taught classes in vocal and instrumental music.

Desiring greater educational advantages, she entered Alfred University, where she graduated from college in 1870.

At sixteen years of age, she made a public profession of religion, was baptized and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Richburg, where she remained an active and faithful member until after her marriage, when she took a letter from that church to unite with the church where her husband was pastor.

She was married to Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell March 29, 1871. Since that time she has been associated with her husband in the following pastorates: Hartsville, N. Y., 1877-1880; Independence, N. Y., 1880-1883; Ashaway, R. I., 1883-1890; Shiloh, N. J., 1890 to the time of her death.

During this very active and useful life, she exhibited marked traits of character that deserve especial mention. She possessed an energy that knew no defeat, she literally did with her might what her hands found to do. Often beyond her own strength she worked and planned for the good of others, and especially the church in which she lived. She was also hopeful and enthusiastic in all the enterprises of the church, and of the community, of which she was a member. No duty was done in a half-hearted way, but looking on the bright side of life, always, she was constant and faithful in every opportunity to serve others.

Another distinctive characteristic was her decision of character and her devotion to the right. Right was no uncertain or indifferent matter with her, but with a decided character she saw the thing that she believed to be right, and never swerved from its fulfilment.

She had also a characteristic perfectly natural for her, which was of great value to her and to her husband in their chosen work,

viz., a great social ability. Full of love to everyone, of a genial and motherly disposition, she made friends of all she met, and was able to entertain and put at ease all who were in her company.

She was especially devoted to the young people and dearly beloved by them. In their church work, she was able to greatly add to her husband's usefulness by her influence with and helpfulness to the young people. She was Superintendent of the Primary Department of the Sabbath-school, and took great delight in starting the little ones in the ways of Christian living.

Among the ladies of her church she was a leader in Christian work. She was a faithful worker in various organizations of the church and was, at the time of her death, the President of the Ladies' Benevolent Society of Shiloh.

Among the poor and dependent of the community, Mrs. Cottrell was always loved and honored for her kindly sympathy and charity. A poor old colored man walked five miles yesterday morning, from the County Alms-house, where she had conducted the music for three years in the services held every two weeks by her husband, for the sake of seeing once more the face of one who had so many times spoken a kind word to him in his poverty and distress, and whose sympathy and kindness he could never forget.

This is only one expression of such regard, out of many that might be mentioned. But the influence that will doubtless be remembered the longest, and it is hoped will produce the richest harvest, is in her own family. No mother could be more devoted to her children or more happy in their successes. She wished them to be educated, cultured, virtuous, and above all thoroughly Christian.

It was her delight to say she had raised up men for the Lord. She was a patient, loving and affectionate mother, and gave and sacrificed all she could for the good of her children.

As a Christian worker, it was a constant endeavor to add to her husband's success as a Christian minister. It was a favorite saying with her, that her husband's usefulness and success was the supreme effort and ambition of her life. With all of these traits of character crowned by a consecration of soul to the work of the Lord, she was one of God's own children, and leaves a memory in the hearts of many people whom she has influenced, that will be a benediction to them through this life and in the life to come.

The world has lost a hero and the church a saint, the children a loving and devoted mother, the husband a faithful and affectionate companion; a true helper in all his labor of love and helpfulness; an aged father and mother a loving daughter. To them heaven will be nearer and richer, because an only child waits there to welcome them. With all the large circle of relatives and friends, with the father and mother, the four dear boys and the bereaved husband, all join in truest sympathy, and pray that the loving Father above may comfort, sustain and keep, and cause his providence to bring them all nearer the source of all truth and comfort of the Holy Spirit.

BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS.

ALFRED, N. Y., May 13, 1897.

"The best way to make thy children to love thee when thou art old, is to teach them obedience in their youth."

## Young People's Work

By EDWIN SHAW, Milton, Wis.,

### HONOR ALL MEN.

That we should honor all men is an imperative duty. It seems very easy for a devout mind to fear and honor God; but as we look around us at the low level of the human race, what do we find to honor? It is steeped in crimes, reeking in corruption, consumed by sins. What can we find in man to call forth those high sentiments which the word honor involves? It is very easy for us to honor people with rich endowments and high attainments. The highest praise of all the good is called forth for them. But no exceptions must be made. A high respect must be maintained for human beings, as such, no matter where we find them. No matter how degraded and vicious, or how heathenish, we must break down all barriers and recognize every man as our neighbor, awarding him the respect which is due to all as human beings and accountable creatures to God. This duty is also urged upon us by the common parentage of the human race. The meanest man as well as the grandest is descended from the same original, royal ancestry, thus being entitled to an honor due to him as a human being, to whom we are linked by the common ties of humanity. All men are our brothers, no matter how low or high we find them; no matter what race or color. Their fatherhood is in God, and this parentage calls for a mutual and glorious honor.

Another reason for this duty is, that all humanity is involved in common apostasy. The effects of the fall are found in us all. All are children of the dust, all are going down to the grave. The rich, the poor, the lofty, the low, must pass the portal of death. Who could despise even the most wretched human being in the death agony? Such an agony will some time be ours. Neither should a living victim of vice and suffering be looked upon with unfeeling contempt. Had we been subject to like circumstances, influences and exposures, it is possible that we might be in the same depths of sin and sorrow. Not that we consider him-guilty of sin, nor that he does not deserve punishment for every wrong act. But the temptations which overcame him might have proved too powerful for us to withstand. Therefore, we must not despise him in the prospect of a doom that might have been our own.

It has been said that in our natural state, however great and renowned we may be, however wise and powerful and however much we deserve to be admired and honored, we are but as magnificent ruins, broken columns, which are looked upon with veneration and awe. But considered in our present state, are not the obscure, the illiterate, the degraded, like the ruins of the buried cities, great and traced with the lines of a mysterious history, but hidden from the view of the public? The one is like the stupendous memorials of the cities of Rome and Athens, more above ground and obvious in their mournful glory. The other is like the imposing relics of Nineveh and Babylon, hidden and unobserved. We must, therefore, honor all men, for the elevations and depressions in human nature are not dissimilar things, but only variations. Now it rises to all that is healthful and beautiful, and then sinks away to a dis-

mal marsh, the source of all that is hateful and pestilential.

The immortality of men entitles them to the honor that is declared to be their due. Immortality, that sublime, mysterious and awful gift is the grand heritage of every human being. It is not merely a few; not merely the heroes and philosophers, scholars and statesmen, but the masses of men who throng the world, and invest its whole surface with active life, and the miserable multitudes who jostle along in ignorance, and rot in vice and crime,—all are heirs of immortality.

We cannot measure the distance which man rises above every other creature of God. His soul will live on forever, while all else will perish and pass away. In view of this fact, how should we look upon ourselves and our fellow-beings scattered about us? All are worthy of an honor from us which nothing material in the whole universe can claim. Every ignorant and repulsive creature whom we chance to meet, has a soul which can never cease to exist. We may detest and loathe the character of the wicked wretches who hate us and our religion, but not so with their immortal nature. As the rocks, the sands, the lumps of earth, have within them the precious metals, so, in every loathsome and pestilential human form there dwells an immortal something unspeakably precious, defaced though it may be, by sin and crime.

Can we do less than to imitate the example of him who honored man in all he has done for him? For man, all things were made; for his eyes to look upon and his heart to take pleasure in. To him are offered all the treasures of the earth. Then think of how human nature is honored in the plans for man's redemption from the fall. How crimes against humanity would cease, if we only held our fellow-men in true estimation. If men were filled by a sense of the honor that is their due, they would be restrained from committing the countless crimes which blacken the pages of history, and have made havoc and desolation in human abodes. Injustice and dishonesty would cease, and society would be remodeled. What changes honoring one another would produce. Some of the high would come down, and some low would go up. The shackles would fall and the chains drop. If we fully understood and endeavored to act on this great principle of honoring all men, what a high and noble estimate we should place upon a human soul, wherever it is found. How overwhelming would be its value and interests. In striving for a just regard for the honor of those about us, we should have a better idea of the unspeakable preciousness, the high destiny, the perils and the hopes of our own honor.

EILEEN.

### OUR MIRROR.

THE Y. P. S. C. E. meetings of the First Verona church have been somewhat interrupted, on account of the meetings at the Second church. Yet a good degree of interest is manifested, and we hope that the enthusiasm and earnest prayers of our sister church may reach us and that we may be strengthened thereby, and be able to do more efficient work for our Master.

### THIRD QUARTERLY REPORT.

J. DWIGHT CLARKE, *Treasurer,*

In account with

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

From Feb. 1, 1897 to May 1, 1897.

DR.	
Albion, Wis., Dr. Lewis	\$ 5 00
Tract	1 00
Dr. Palmborg	1 50—\$ 7 50
Hammond, La., Tract	1 44
Dr. Palmborg	98
Evangelical	1 32
Home Missions	80
Foreign Missions	69— 5 23
Milton, Wis.	50 00
Walworth, Wis., Tract	50
Dr. Palmborg	1 50
Evangelical	1 10
Home Missions	1 85
Foreign Missions	25
General Miss'y Work	12 30— 17 50
Andover, N. Y., Evangelical	1 00
Home Missions	1 00
Tract	1 00
Dr. Palmborg	1 00— 4 00
Berlin, Wis., Dr. Lewis	8 50
Milton Junction, Wis., Dr. Lewis	18 75
Brookfield, N. Y.	25 00
Richburg, N. Y.	2 75
Leonardsville, N. Y., Tract	2 05
Dr. Palmborg	2 00
Evangelical	1 61
Home Missions	1 95
Foreign Missions	96— 8 57
Plainfield, N. J., (Juniors) Dr. Palmborg	3 00
Salem, W. Va., Dr. Palmborg	1 25
Rome, N. Y.	1 00
Westerly, R. I.	18 75
Welton, Ia., Dr. Lewis	2 05
Boy's School	2 05
Dr. Palmborg	6 25— 10 35
Lost Creek, W. Va., Dr. Palmborg	5 00
Shiloh, N. J.	5 00
Boulder, Colo.	5 00
Plainfield, N. J.	80 00
	\$277 15
Balance forwarded from last quarter	11 50
Total	\$288 65
CR.	
Geo. H. Utter, Westerly, R. I., Missionary Society	\$160 78
J. D. Spicer, Plainfield, N. J., Tract Society	127 87
Total	\$288 65

### "HERE IS YOUR DINNER."

There is a story of a man who spent his days and nights lounging about grog-shops, drinking and gambling.

One day, while he and his cronies were employed as usual, his wife entered the tap-room, bearing in her hands a dish. He looked up with surprise, while she said:

"I thought, husband, that, as you were so busy, and had no time to come to dinner, I would bring your dinner to you," and setting the dish upon the table, she quietly retired.

Calling his associates around him, he invited them to partake with him of the repast. Lifting the cover from the dish, he found in it simply a piece of paper, on which was written:

"Dear husband, I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is of the same kind as your wife and children have at home."

The discomfiture of the husband may be imagined. The subject was too grim for mirth. The hungry wife and suffering children stood in vivid relief before the idle and shiftless man.

How many men there are throughout the length and breadth of our land who are daily pursuing the same wretched course! O, that the voice of God speaking within their souls may awaken them to their sins, and turn their feet into the right way! How many weary hearts and desolate homes would thus be made glad! How many sad and tearful wives would sing for joy! How many children, alas, would rejoice in comfort and plenty, who are oppressed with poverty, want and woe!—*Selected.*

## Children's Page.

### A LITTLE SONG FOR BEDTIME.

A little song for bedtime  
When, robed in gowns of white,  
All sleepy little children  
Set sail across the night  
For that pleasant, pleasant country  
Where the pretty dream-flowers blow,  
'Twillt the sunset and the sunrise,  
For the slumber Islands, ho!

When the little ones get drowsy,  
And the heavy lids droop down  
To hide blue eyes and black eyes,  
Gray eyes and eyes of brown,  
A thousand boats for Dreamland  
Are waiting in a row,  
And the ferrymen are calling  
For the Slumber Islands, oh!

Then the sleepy little children  
Fill the boats along the shore,  
And go sailing off to Dreamland,  
And the dipping of the oar  
In the sea of sleep makes music  
That the children only know  
When they answer to the boatman's  
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

Oh, take a kiss, my darlings,  
Ere you sail away from me,  
In the boat of dreams that's waiting,  
To bear you o'er the sea;  
Take a kiss and give one,  
And then away you go,  
A-sailing into Dreamland  
For the Slumber Islands, oh!

—The Household.

### "A LITTLE DEFENDER."

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

The proudest boy on Flushing Avenue one day was Josy Carlin. He strutted up and down the sidewalk, glancing now and then at a beautiful silk badge that was pinned on the front of his jacket. He thought nobody could fail to see this symbol of his connection with a great and glorious cause; but, to tell the truth, the busy persons who passed by were entirely unconscious of his adornment. Finally Fred Meding appeared in sight. His boyish eyes lighted on the new badge immediately.

"Why, Joe, where did you get that?" he cried.

"From our newspaper. It has a 'Little Defender Society,' and if you sign a pledge saying that you won't hurt any dumb animals, they'll send you one."

"I'll ask for one. Where's the pledge?"

"You have to cut it out of the paper, but you know you must keep the promise to be kind to dumb animals," said Josy, in a warning tone.

"Of course, I will. Get me a pledge, will you? We don't take that paper."

"Yes, but I must give my brother Georgy the next one that comes. Then there's you, and, if I get eight more to sign, I can be a recruiting officer, and have a larger and more beautiful badge too."

It was not a very difficult task to find eight boys who were anxious to own a badge, and willing to promise to be kind to animals, so in a short time Josy Carlin was triumphantly exhibiting the officer's handsome ribbon, and ten other little lads were enrolled as members of the society.

That afternoon Mrs. Carlin said to Josy, "Now, dear, are you sure that they understand and will keep the pledge? It is a very serious matter to break a solemn promise like that."

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" he replied, quickly, "although I am a little afraid of Ned Cleaves. I saw him kick a horse once, but he says he won't do it any more."

"But he used to be awful cruel," added

Georgy, emphatically; "I once saw him throw a cat right out of the window."

"That was a very cruel act," returned the mother, "and I sincerely hope that my boys will never be guilty of anything of that kind. But while we are thinking of the faults of others, let us be careful for fear we forget our own promises. You know the Bible tells us that when we think we stand, we must take heed lest we suddenly fall."

Oh, I won't forget mine!" cried Josy.

"Neither will I," echoed his brother.

"Say, mamma," continued Josy, "may I go down to the village this afternoon?"

"What for, dear? It's a long walk."

"Why, there's a poor dog down there that hasn't any home, and it's kinder sick, and Bill Dow wants a dog, and he's going to take it and nurse it up."

"But if the dog hasn't any home, how do you know where to look for it?"

"Oh! I know; it always stays around Main Street, and the fellows down there beat it."

Mrs. Carlin gave her permission, and Josy started off, pleased with the idea that he was going to do a kindness for a poor dumb creature. When he returned two hours afterwards, his eyes were red from much weeping.

"Why, what has happened?" asked the anxious mother.

"The fellows wouldn't let us take the dog, and Will Dow and I fought them, and they hit the hardest."

"You fought them!" repeated Mrs. Carlin, in surprise. "Why, I hadn't any idea that my boy had become a street rowdy."

"But they always knock the dog around," said Josy.

"Two wrongs never make a right, my son. You promised to do all in your power to induce others to be kind to animals, but your hurting the boys doesn't protect that poor dog. It only makes the boys more cruel, and lowers you considerably. Now, hereafter, I hope you will use a gentle persuasion in carrying out your promises."

After that day the Little Defenders indulged in no more fighting, but their zeal for the cause remained as ardent as at the beginning, and the cats, dogs, and horses in the neighborhood were very tenderly treated. Indeed, if an animal of any kind was about to be ill used, one of the badge boys was around to plead for it.

But one morning it happened that the officer of the company received a present of a toy gun, and every boy in the street was anxious to use it. All that day they amused themselves firing at the birds in the trees near by. They forgot that they were Little Defenders, and were just becoming very enthusiastic about a bird that one of them had almost brought down, when a hand was laid on Josy's shoulder, and a voice said, in surprise, "Why, Josy Carlin, you have broken your pledge and disgraced the Society of Little Defenders by cruelly firing at poor, innocent birds that you promised to protect and treat kindly."

Then the accuser went on his way, and left poor Josy standing there, filled with shame and remorse.

Finally one of the boys called out, "Come along, Joe; who are you staring after?"

"We can't shoot at the birds any more, boys," he replied, moving slowly toward them.

"Why not? Will we get arrested? What

did that man say? and who was he, anyhow?"

That man is my uncle, and he just reminded me that I was breaking my pledge, and disgracing the society. We were doing that, too, and we must stop now. I wasn't thinking about the pledge."

"Pshaw! Birds are not animals," argued Fred Meding.

"Yes, they are animals; but, animals or not, they are God's helpless creatures, and we must let them alone. We can have a bull's eye, and that will be more fun than trying to hit something alive."

"So it will."

"I'm agreed."

And similar replies came from all of the Little Defenders.

When he went home, Josy told his mother what he had been doing, and how he had been reproved by his uncle, gravely adding: "You see, I was as bad as Ned Cleaves, after all; and I shall have to be on the lookout for slips, now."—*S. S. Times.*

### MEMORIAL FLOWERS.

BY M. M.

Blue violets open their saintly eyes,  
Red columbines bend and sway,  
White star-flowers twinkle in beds of moss,  
And, blooming, they seem to say,  
"We bring you the red and the white and the blue  
To welcome Memorial-day."

So gather them, children, at earliest dawn,  
While yet they are fresh with dew,  
And we'll scatter them over the sacred mounds  
Where slumber our soldiers true;  
For we'll give them only the colors they loved—  
The red and the white and the blue.

—Harper's Young People.

### DECORATION DAY.

When you see next week the people gathering flowers and taking them to the cemeteries, where they will scatter them upon graves above which float little flags of the red, white and blue, there are many of you who will want to know what it all means. You cannot remember when there was a war in this happyland, and thousands of the young men left home and friends to go and fight for their country.

It was not so long ago but papa and mamma can remember it, and they can tell you of some friend or brother who never came back, but lost his life, dying for his country. And now every May, when the flowers are bright and the sun is shining warm on the land for which they died, those who remember them plant flowers upon their graves, to show their gratitude for the great sacrifice made in their behalf. Should we not be very thankful, and be careful never to forget those who thus died for us?

But Jesus died for us in a much higher sense. While they died for their own country and friends, he died for his enemies. Do we try to remember him and show by what we do our gratitude for his sacrifice?

### THE SECRET OF HER WORK.

To do the duty that lies nearest at hand, and to do it as well as we know how, is the secret of good and successful work, whatever may be the field in which we are laboring. Miss Barton, the famous Red Cross worker, tells the same story in a few brief words, which we quote.

Expressing surprise that her work should have attracted such wide-spread interest, she said: "I have no mission. I have never had a mission. But I have always had more work than I could do lying around my feet, and I try hard to get it out of the way so as to go on and do the next thing."—*Young People's Weekly.*

## Home News.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—On Sabbath, the 15th, our little church reaped the benefit of an accidental mixing of the calendar, for thereby we were permitted to listen to a stirring sermon by Dr. Lewis. Our membership is so scattered that postals were sent in time to reach most of the members, and the result was an overflowing room. It is not often that one is permitted to listen to such an inspiring, uplifting call to stand by our colors. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" was the theme, and the needs and the rewards of faith, labor and sacrifice were pressed home upon us.

Bro. Shaw, of Nile, has accepted our call to serve us as pastor, beginning with September, and we look forward to still greater prosperity and activity for the coming year. F. L. G.

BERLIN.—I owe it to the "New Movement" to say that we had a most delightful and exceedingly profitable visit from Dr. A. H. Lewis, in connection with his important work of Sabbath Reform. I should have said our work of Sabbath Reform, for it is ours, pre-eminently. God has given us this mission, and we must not be recreant to our duty, or interest as a people. Sabbath-keepers everywhere should feel the importance of their high and holy calling and its responsibilities resting upon them, at all times and among all people.

Our brother gave us in all five discourses and addresses on different phases of the Sabbath question. The interest began to increase from the first. Quite a number of First-day people attended the later meetings, and some felt anxious to hear all that would be said on the subject. Some declared that they had never heard anything like it in all their lives before. On the whole, it was a great message from God. If the Doctor could have remained longer, the interest would have continued to increase. Important work and other engagements called him away. But a gracious impression remains, and I trust will be as seed cast upon the waters, that will be seen after many days. While among us he endeared himself and his mission to many hearts, who will not forget to pray and give for the advancement of the work of Sabbath Reform. GEORGE SEELEY.

MAY 18, 1897.

Wisconsin.

UTICA.—Sabbath, May 8, was a day long to be remembered by the Utica church. It was a day full of joy and encouragement to the few who reside there, and a day giving blessing to those who came in from other places. It was the time of the regular covenant and communion season of the church. Notice to this effect was sent to some of the members who reside at Milton Junction and elsewhere. They were requested if possible to be present and have another old fashioned communion season at Utica. Dea. West was present from Milton Junction, Dea. Crandall from Milton and Dea. Collins from Albion. There were present 32 people besides children, 30 of whom bore cheerful testimony in the covenant meeting. Many of the testimonies were tender with the reminiscences and memories of the fathers and mothers of the past who founded and maintained the Utica church.

Brother W. H. H. Coon and wife were both able to be present. Some six or eight months since, Sister Coon was stricken with a light shock of paralysis. In consequence of this she has been closely confined most of the time. The loving Father has so far blessed the means used that she can be about. She found great joy in being at the church once more. The tone of her Christian life was expressed in her testimony when she said, "I bless God for the prostration that came to me. It has brought me nearer him, and into the fuller joy of a life in his service." Brother Coon has been failing during the winter and sometime he has felt that his garments were almost sweeping the tide. The crossing must be near. These aged hearts were greatly cheered by this reunion, while the younger ones who are faithfully striving to hold up the banner of the cross here, were encouraged. Before the meeting broke up it was voted to make this an annual meeting while the church has a being. We are hoping that in some way the cause here may be strengthened and this light may not go out. Brethren and sisters, pray for the cause at Utica.

E. A. WITTER.

### LETTER FROM LONDON.

4TH MAY, 1897.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

Dear Brother:—With the advent of warmer and pleasanter weather there has been a slight increase in our attendance at chapel. The last Sabbath in April we observed the Lord's Supper, and the following day an interesting church meeting was held at which we discussed several plans for increasing the usefulness of our little flock. The result of our deliberations we hope may appear by and by in some practical shape.

Last Sabbath was a very pleasant day. Being the first of May it was taken advantage of by those who felt the inspiration of the season lead them into the fields, the Saturday half-holiday making this possible for almost everybody in the afternoon. The old-time "May Day" sports have almost passed away, but there is a survival to be seen here and there in the shape of groups of gaily-decked children of the poorer class, who go about from house to house singing May-day songs and asking for money. We were amused to see one group of children marshalled by two sturdy and vigorous women who went around with them and saw to it that they did their duty and received their coppers! Amused, did I say? Saddened rather, for this is the most noticeable feature of English life, the beggary and the servility of those who take every pretext for asking for money. The customs and institutions of this country tend to foster this sort of a spirit, especially in the lower classes, and the parish system and the incubus of the established church extend and increase it.

In the afternoon, while our chapel service was in progress, there was in Hyde Park a large "International Labor Demonstration." The first of May is chosen as a day something like our American "Labor Day," which the various organizations of the "sons of toil" hope some time may be so recognized here. There were about 5,000 people in attendance at this meeting and the crowd was very orderly, for so mixed a multitude. The prominent socialistic leaders spoke, and all oppressors, real and imaginary, came in for a share of the general denunciation. Resolutions

were passed advocating the abolition of the system of wages and the formation of an international co-operative federation, the universality of adult-suffrage, eight hours as a day's work, and a pension for all in old age.

May the time come when the Gospel of Christ shall so influence all hearts, those of the rich and those of the poor, those of rulers and those of subjects, those of employers and those of employees, that all these human relations shall be truly a fraternal striving after the best for all and not a bitter conflict to see who shall have the most for himself.

Praying that God may bless you all at home, especially in the coming Associational meetings, I am, faithfully yours,

WILLIAM C. DALAND.

### IN MEMORIAM.

At Scott, Cortland County, N. Y., at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. B. F., and Rev. B. F. Rogers, Brother Russell Wells Greene, in his 77th year. Our brother had been in failing health for some time; a complication of diseases set in which baffled the skill of his physician, and on the 30th of April he passed away peacefully in the enjoyment of the blessed hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave.

Our departed brother was the son of Nichols and Polly Greene, and was born in Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., on the 4th of June, 1820. He resided in this community till a few months ago, when, with our dear sister, his wife, he went to spend his remaining days with his only child, Mrs. Rogers, and was tenderly and lovingly cared for during his sojourn at the Scott Seventh-day Baptist Parsonage.

At the early age of sixteen years he became the subject of saving grace and mercy through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and was received into the fellowship of the Seventh-day Baptist church in this place, and continued a life-long faithful member. When he was 24 years old he was united in marriage to Olive A., daughter of Jared and Sally Greene. Our brother's married life extended over a period of 53 happy and prosperous years. To them were born four children, three of them having passed away some years since to the better life.

Our departed brother was very faithful to the church in all its appointments, giving of his means to support the work of the Lord at home, and for the Missionary and Tract work of his beloved denomination. He was a fine singer and for very many years served the congregation as chorister, and during his long years of health and manly vigor was seldom absent from the house of God; and in the social meeting for prayer and conference would always take a prominent part in singing, prayer and exhortation. He was a faithful Seventh-day Baptist in sentiment, principle and practice, always manifesting a deep interest in the general work of the denomination. Thus has passed away another of our church standard bearers, and who will come in to fill his vacant place?

We mourn the loss of a good and devoted brother, Sister Greene of an excellent husband, and Sister Rogers of a kind and indulgent father. The remains were brought here for interment in our church cemetery, where a handsome monument marks the family burying place, there to wait the resurrection of the just. Funeral services were held in the sanctuary where he had so long and reverently worshiped. A goodly assembly of fellow-church members, and many old friends and others were present to show their sympathy for the bereaved family, and pay their last tribute of respect to the departed one. The pastor's subject on the occasion was the "Vital Question of Resurrection Hope," founded on Job. 14: 14, and 1 Cor. 15: 35, 36. May the Lord support the sorrowing.

GEORGE SEELEY.

BERLIN, N. Y., May, 1897.

## Sabbath School.

## INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1897.

## SECOND QUARTER.

April 3.	Peter Working Miracles.....	Acts 9: 32-43
April 10.	Conversion of Cornelius.....	Acts 10: 30-44
April 17.	Gentiles Converted at Antioch.....	Acts 11: 19-26
April 24.	Peter Delivered from Prison.....	Acts 12: 5-17
May 1.	Paul begins his first missionary Journey.....	Acts 13: 1-13
May 8.	Paul Preaching to the Jews.....	Acts 13: 21-39
May 15.	Paul Preaching to the Gentiles.....	Acts 14: 16-22
May 22.	The Conference at Jerusalem.....	Acts 15: 1-6, 22-29
May 29.	Christian Faith Leads to Good Works.....	James 2: 14-23
June 5.	Sins of the Tongue.....	James 3: 1-13
June 12.	Paul's advice to Timothy.....	2 Tim. 1: 1-7, 9: 14-17
June 19.	Personal Responsibility.....	Romans 14: 10-21
June 26.	Review.....	

## LESSON X.—SINS OF THE TONGUE.

For Sabbath-day, June 5, 1897.

LESSON TEXT.—James 3: 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile. Psa. 34: 13.

## INTRODUCTION.

The main object of the epistle of James is not to teach doctrine, but to improve morality. James is the moral teacher of the New Testament, not in the sense that he taught that morality dispenses with Christianity, for he is at the same time a teacher of Christian doctrine. James living at Jerusalem was in a position to see the chief sins and vices of his countrymen, and he writes to warn his brethren against the dangers of falling into those faults to which they had already in part yielded. What he warns them against in the present lesson are contentious ambition and falsehood, which had made oaths and words into playthings.

## EXPLANATORY NOTES.

**Masters.** Teachers. The word "masters" conveys the wrong idea. Those who had the idea that faith, without the corresponding obedience, was all that was needful, fanatically pressed forward to teach. This verse and the whole lesson form a comment on verse 19, chapter 1. Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath. "It is James' evident purpose to censure the false mania for teaching, the dogmatizing contentiousness which is thoroughly characteristic of the Judaizing Christian."—*Lange. Knowing that we.* They know it and ought to be conscious of it. *Greater condemnation.* Revised Version, heavier judgment. Greater than those who are not teachers, since they assumed the responsibility of guiding others.

2. *Offend all.* All stumble. "All" agrees with the subject, not the object, of the verb. It is emphatic, meaning all, without exception. James includes himself, just as Peter, (Acts 15: 11), Paul (Phil. 3: 12), and John (1 John 1: 8), include themselves in similar assertions. *In word.* In speaking, and it probably means in teaching. *Perfect man.* The subjection of the tongue is the hardest of all lessons; and if learned at all implies complete mastery of one's self. James refers to something attainable, but if we generalize the proposition and make it refer to the ideal of the Christian life, it is something no one can attain here on earth.

3. *Bits.* Here the tongue, a small member, is compared to a small instrument, a horse-bit. *That they may obey us.* This recognizes the principle that the whole body is turned by the tongue.

4. *Behold.* Calling special attention to the illustration that follows. *Though they be so great.* This brings out the idea of the immense weight that the rudder has to overcome. *Helm.* Rudder. Here the tongue, a small member, is compared to a rudder, an instrument which is very small in comparison to the size of the ship which it controls. *Whithersoever the governor listeth.* Revised Version, whither the impulse of the steersman willeth. *Boasteth great things.* This expression is not used in a bad sense, but is intended to show that the tongue, though so small, has great power for good or evil. *How great a matter.* How much wood, or what a great forest, is the literal translation. Schiller says:

Beneficent the might of flame  
When 'tis by man watched o'er, made tame,  
For to this heavenly power he owes  
All his creative genius knows.  
Yet terrible that power will be  
When from its fetters it breaks free,  
Treads its own path with passion wild,  
As nature's free and reckless child:

6. *The tongue also is a fire.* The figure of a spark, or a very small fire, producing the conflagration of a forest, is now applied to the incendiary ravages of the tongue. The tongue can set society in a blaze like fire in inflammable material. *World of iniquity.* As the world is the sum-total of all that is created, so the tongue is the sum-total of all kinds of wickedness. *Defileth.* Immoral words pollute the body. *Course of nature.* The course or round of life which begins to run at birth.

7. *For.* This substantiates the preceding assertion that the tongue is inflamed by hell. If the nature of the tongue was merely animal, man could tame it as well as other things animal. But the untamableness of the tongue shows that there is something devilish in its excitement, over which human nature, left to itself, has no power. *Every kind.* Meaning every nature, or natural disposition and character. *Beasts, etc.* Creation is here included in these four classes.

8. *The tongue can no man tame.* The statement is absolute. The present writer conjectures that the meaning is that the tongue cannot be tamed without supernatural assistance. Only by the wisdom which is from above can be conquered the wisdom which is from beneath, and this is not in the form of taming, but of regeneration. *Deadly.* Death-bearing.

9. The new element introduced here is the duplicity or self-contradiction of the tongue which affords its own condemnation. *We.* James speaks in the name of his guilty people. *Bless God.* Praise God. *God, even the father.* God looked at from the side of his power and from the side of his love. *Similitude of God.* Likeness of God. See Gen. 1: 26. Not man's original state is here referred to, but his condition at present, since he still preserves, though in a marred form, the likeness of God. This likeness ought to be cherished and revered in ourselves and others; and he who curses, despises it.

10. *Out of the same mouth goeth forth.* This is general, but also refers in particular to the mouth of Judaism, which at the same time continued to praise God in the Old Testament and to curse the Gospel and its adherents.

11. *At the same place.* Out of the same chink from which the water flows, in the rock or in the earth.

12. No tree can bring forth fruit inconsistent with its own nature. This, therefore, brings out the idea that either the blessing or the cursing must be false.

13. *Who is wise.* If any man is wise he will show his wisdom by his conduct, and not by striving in a contentious manner to assume the office of teacher. See verse 1. *Understanding.* Intelligent or experienced. *Conversation.* This does not mean mere talking, but the whole manner of life or conduct. *Wisdom.* Wisdom is the gift of God, intelligence and knowledge are the results of education. Rom. 11: 33; Luke 11: 49. The Revised Version is one of the best commentaries on this lesson.

## THAT FINGER-BOARD.

The RECORDER of April 26 was especially interesting to me. It was with pleasure that I read its every page. I don't really know that it was because the articles possessed merit above those of other issues. It may be because subjectively I was in a better condition to enjoy. Be that as it may, it is hard to understand how a people or an individual can read the report of that most excellent Sabbath Convention at Little Genesee, and not feel a deepened interest in our sacred cause, stirring within to fuller consecration and a more perfect life of service. The cause is God's, and it is marching on. Shall we, my brethren and sisters, be as laggards, found in the rear, skulking away from the active conflict? No! No!! Many times no; it is more noble, more blessed, to rally at the front, that we may march to victory.

There was one single sentence in that RECORDER that stirred me more than any other and that seemed to especially fit into all that went to make up the paper; it was this: "Your life is a finger-board for somebody." Do we realize this when we are failing to give our hearty support to the Tract and Mission work? Do we realize this when we are unfaithful in our religious duties? Yes, or when we are full of fault-finding, respecting the work of the pastor and pillars of the church, while we ourselves are doing but very little active service? These questions may present to us a very unpleasant side of life, yet they may be helpful, nevertheless.

How much better it would be if each in his own personal sphere could feel that through careful, thoughtful, faithful, consecrated service he was helping to point another to the better life. May the Lord help us each as Seventh-day Baptist Christians to be finger-boards, always pointing in the right direction.

E. A. WITTER.

ALBION, Wis., May 16, 1897.

## Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

## Gas.

A word invented by Jan Baptista van Helmont, a Flemish chemist, who died at Brussels, A. D. 1644. At present the word is used to represent various explosives, from hydrogen to volubility. I wish now to apply the word that has been in use over two hundred and fifty years, not only to illumination, but in illustrating this article.

The production of "gas" by the aid of science has passed through various modifications, even within the last few decades. From remote ages, it has been known that inflammable gas was formed within the earth, in connection with carbonaceous deposits, in great abundance. Earlier than any records gas has been burning at Baku, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, known as the "eternal fires," also in the province of Szechuen in China. Long ages ago gas having come to the surface, was conveyed in bamboo tubes and used for lighting and evaporating brine to obtain salt.

It was not until about 1680, that the Rev. John Clayton, in distilling coal in a retort, discovered that it gave off illuminating gas, and he stored up some of it in bladders. Nothing further occurred until 1726, when Dr. Stephen Hale obtained some coal from New Castle, from which he obtained quite a plentiful supply of what he called inflammable air.

In 1787, Lord Dundonald, in working his patented process for making coal tar, evolved gas sufficiently so that occasionally he lighted up the hall in Culross Abbey. There were no practical results from any of these experiments until 1792, when Robert Murdock, a Scotchman, residing in Cornwall, England, began experimenting with and testing the properties of gases which eventuated in their being adopted for illumination. During the following years, the chemists vied with each other in their tests for producing illumination. One by introducing into a gas flame that was not sufficiently luminous a piece of platinum, while another would mix the gases obtained from peat, resin, and other substances yielding carbon, with superheated steam which was called "water gas."

This method of producing gas met with favor, and was apparently going into general use, especially in Paris, when a check was put upon it, just as they were going to introduce it into that great building founded in 1670, for disabled soldiers, known as the Hotel de Invalides, by a cry being raised that the "water gas" was unhealthy and that it contained poisonous ingredients.

The government took the matter in hand, and appointed a commission to investigate and determine, consisting of three gentlemen eminent in their profession as chemists, Henri Victor Regnault, who died in 1878; Jean Baptiste Andre, who died in 1884; and Michael Eugene Chevreul, who died in 1889. These gentlemen reported that the gas contained from 30 to 40 per cent of carbonic oxide, and that it would be dangerous to the health of the soldiers, and they further advised that no experiments be allowed with gas, obtained by the decomposition of water, by the process then in use which produced a mixture of hydrogen and odorless carbonic oxide.

This report put such check upon water gas that for the last twenty years this principle

of decomposing water and enriching the illuminating properties with carbon has been undergoing severe tests. During this time no large plants for its manufacture have been made in Europe, while in this country it has been universally approved, and water gas is now in general use.

It is not over 12 years since the gas producing plant here in our city changed from the long tier of ovens, kept continuously at an extremely high temperature, for decomposing coal, to the new method of making what is now called the "water gas."

The new process consists, first in introducing superheated steam into the bottom of a retort, called the generator, and thus causing it to pass through a very hot fire producing hydrogen gas. On top of this fire, in the generator is introduced petroleum oil of low grades, naphtha or other productions from the manufacture of kerosene, thus uniting two gases. These pass from the generator into a receptacle, called the superheater, where the two gases are made to form a more complete union. From here the gas enters what is known as the carburetter, where it is made of a richer grade, or where the illuminating or candle power can be determined; thence it passes into the scrubber, where the impurities it may contain are cared for; and thence passing through water, enters the condenser, or cooler as it passes between certain layers of clays from whence it is sent through pipes to the great holders.

This process is a great improvement in many ways, over making gas from bituminous or cannel coal, or of the two combined, and notwithstanding the check the manufacture of water gas received in Europe, by the unfavorable report of the French chemists, the new gas has steadily gained in favor in this country until now, as it has come into general use. Under the old process the capital required for mains and service pipes, the costly and extensive plant, the gas could not be produced even in large cities for less than \$2 per 1,000 cubic feet, in smaller for \$2.50, but under the new arrangements it can be made and furnished for illumination at \$1 per 1,000 cubic feet to large and \$1.50 for small cities, and yield a handsome dividend on the capital invested.

#### WHERE IS GOD'S MONEY?

Where is God's money to be found? In some small measure, of course, in the coffers of our missionary societies. Only partly, however, for God would be poorer than many a sinner upon earth were that all the money he could claim as his; partly, also, in the portion set aside by faithful souls for the advancement of his cause, but also far outside the narrow limits that mark off that little fraction of what we call our own. It is to be found, in truth, in every shopman's till, in every merchant's cash-box, in every banker's safe; for all the money in the world is God's. Every coin you handle (whatever the image and superscription it may bear), every sixpence you waste, and every dollar you hoard—every bit of currency you circulate, whether honorably or shamelessly—is his, not yours. This is a lesson we are slow to learn, but until we have mastered it, until we have got it indelibly written on our hearts, not even the most convincing assertion of the principle of systematic beneficence will effect among Christian people that true consecration of money which remains, even at this late hour, one of the unfulfilled conditions of success in spiritual service.—*Dr. Corbett.*

#### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness; and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

#### Special Notices.

THE Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., will meet the last Sabbath in each month for public worship, at 2 P. M., at the residence of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Sabbath-keepers in the city and adjacent villages, and others are most cordially invited to attend.

THE 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 6126 Ingleside 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.

SOUTH-EASTERN ASSOCIATION, Salemville, Pa., May 20-23.

EASTERN ASSOCIATION, New Market, N. J., May 27-30.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION, Brookfield, N. Y., June 3-6.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION, Alfred Station, N. Y., June 10-13.

NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION, New Auburn, Minn. June 17-20.

DELEGATES and all others intending to attend the session of the North-Western Association, please notify A. G. Crofoot, pastor of the New Auburn church. Teams will be at Sumter, our nearest railway station, to meet the delegates at 11 A. M. and 10 P. M., on Wednesday, June 16, 1897. Any one coming at any other time will please notify J. W. Crosby, Chairman of Railroad Committee, or stop at Glencoe and come to New Auburn by stage.

A. G. CROFOOT.

#### CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

Brookfield, N. Y., June 3-6, 1897.

##### PROGRAM.

##### Fifth-day Morning.

10.30. Devotions. Annual Sermon. Report of Program Committee. Communications.

##### Afternoon.

Communications. Appointment of Standing Committees. Annual Reports.

3.30. Essay, Marie Williams.

##### Evening.

Devotions. 7.45.—Sermon, Delegate.

##### Sixth-day Morning.

Devotions. Reports of Standing Committees. Miscellaneous Business. 11.00.—Education Society's Hour.

##### Afternoon.

Sermon, Delegate. Missionary Society's Hour.

##### Evening.

Praise, Prayer and Conference Meeting.

##### Sabbath-day Morning.

10.30. Sermon, Missionary Secretary. Joint Collection.

##### Afternoon.

2.30. Sabbath-school Lesson. 3.30.—Sermon, Delegate.

##### Evening.

Young People's Hour.

##### First day Morning.

Business. 10.00.—Tract Society's Hour. Sermon, Tract Society's Secretary. Joint Collection.

##### Afternoon.

Sermon, Delegate. Woman's Hour.

##### Evening.

Unfinished Business. Closing Conference Meeting.

MILLS J. FRISBIE, Moderator.

I. A. CRANDALL, Secretary.

ALL persons contributing funds for the Mizpah Mission, 509 Hudson Street, New York, will please send the same to the Treasurer, Mrs. Emma Kenyon, 340 West 56th Street.

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.

THE next Semi-Annual Meeting of the churches of Berlin, Coloma and Marquette will be held with the church of Coloma upon the first Sabbath in June. Rev. S. L. Maxson, of Walworth, Wis., is expected to be present and preach the introductory discourse. Misses Hettie Whitney, Nellie Hill, Laura Gilbert and Hattie Richmond were requested to prepare essays to be read in connection with the meeting. The first session to be held at 7.30 P. M., June 4. E. D. RICHMOND, Clerk.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Hebron, Hebron Centre, Shingle House and Portville churches will convene with the Hebron church, May 28. Prayer and conference meeting; Sixth-day evening. Preaching as follows: Sabbath morning, Eld. J. Kenyon; Sabbath afternoon, Eld. George B. Shaw; First-day morning, J. Kenyon; First-day afternoon, Sabbath-school Institute work, by George B. Shaw. Evening services will be arranged at the meeting. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

GEORGE P. KENYON.

THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION will convene with the Piscataway church at New Market, N. J., May 27-30, 1897.

##### PROGRAM.

##### Fifth-day—Morning.

10.30. Devotional Services, Rev. G. H. F. Randolph.

10.45. President's Address, J. D. Spicer.

11.00. Introductory Sermon, Rev. Geo. Seeley.

11.45. Announcement of Standing Committees.

##### Afternoon.

2.00. Devotional Services.

2.15. Communications from Sister Associations. Reports of Delegates, Executive Committee and Treasurer.

3.30. Sermon, Rev. O. S. Mills.

4.00. Business.

##### Evening.

7.45. Praise Service.

8.00. Sermon, Rev. A. McLearn.

8.30. Brotherhood Hour, Rev. I. L. Cottrell.

##### Sixth-day—Morning.

10.00. Devotional Services.

10.15. Business.

10.30. Sermon, Rev. G. J. Crandall.

11.00. Educational Hour, Rev. A. E. Main.

##### Afternoon.

2.00. Devotional Services.

2.15. Missionary Society Hour, Rev. O. U. Whitford.

3.30. Sabbath-school Hour, Rev. L. E. Livermore.

4.15. Business.

##### Evening.

7.45. Prayer and Conference, Rev. J. G. Burdick.

##### Sabbath—Morning.

10.30. Sermon, Rev. A. H. Lewis.

##### Afternoon.

3.00. Sabbath-school, L. T. Titsworth.

4.00. Junior Y. P. S. C. E. Exercises, Mrs. H. M. Maxson.

##### Evening.

7.45. Young People's Hour, Prayer-meeting, Mrs. J. G. Miller.

8.15. Address, Rev. S. H. Davis.

##### Sunday—Morning.

9.30. Devotional Services.

9.45. Business.

10.00. Woman's Hour, Mrs. Anna Randolph.

11.00. Sermon, Rev. W. L. Burdick.

##### Afternoon.

2.00. Devotional Services.

2.15. Layman's Hour: "Denominational Loyalty," Corliss F. Randolph; "Business and Seventh-day Baptist Young Men," John P. Mosher; "The Golden Rule in Business," A. H. Burdick; "Some Benefits from Christian Companionships," D. E. Titsworth.

3.00. Tract Society Hour, A. H. Lewis.

4.15. Business.

##### Evening.

7.30. Song Service, D. E. Titsworth.

8.00. Sermon, Rev. T. J. Van Horn.

8.45. Conference-meeting, Rev. F. E. Peterson.

Delegates are requested to come via Central Railroad of New Jersey to Dunellen.

J. D. SPICER, Chairman.

A. W. VARS, Sec.

**MARRIAGES.**

**CROSLY-BURDICK.**—At the home of the bride's mother, in Milton, Wis., May 13, 1897, by the Rev. L. A. Platts, Geo. E. Crosley, M. D., of Algonquin, Ill., and Lurana A. Burdick, of Milton.

**HISCOX-SPICER.**—At the home of the bride's parents in Westerly, R. I., May 12, 1897, by Rev. S. H. Davis, Mr. Morton Hiscox and Miss Louise Amoret Spicer, both of Westerly.

**SHACKELTON-WHITE.**—At the home of the bride's parents, near the city of Edgerton, Wis., April 21, 1897, by the Rev. E. A. Witter, Mark J. Shackelton, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Miss Lutie J. White.

**PHILLIPS-BOND.**—At the parsonage, in Glen-Esk, in Upshur County, W. Va., March 11, 1897, by Rev. H. K. Fenton, Mr. Wirt Phillips, of French Creek, and Mrs. Ella J. Bond, of South Plainfield, N. J.

**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.

**HUNSINGER.**—Mrs. Matilda Hunsinger, May 2, 1897, widow of the late Robert Hunsinger (who was a soldier in the late war.)

Funeral services in the Marlboro church on the 5th. Her remains were laid by the side of her husband in the Marlboro cemetery.

**CLARKE.**—In Phenix, Arizona, March 26, 1897, of quick consumption, Hattie Lois, daughter of James B. and Dell V. Messenger Clarke, and granddaughter of the late widow Lois Clarke.

Her age was 17 years, 8 months, and 8 days. She was formerly of Scott, Cortland Co., N. Y.

**TITSWORTH.**—In Dunellen, N. J., Sabbath afternoon, May 15, 1897, Deacon Isaac D. Titworth, nearly 92 years of age.

Funeral services were held at his late home at 2.30 P. M., Tuesday, May 18, and at the church in New Market at 3 o'clock. Further particulars will appear in this issue and later.

**WHITMORE.**—In Oswayo, Pa., March 21, 1897, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Albert Ames, Mrs. Harriet H. Whitmore, aged nearly 77.

Harriet Hill lived in Mayfield, Fulton Co., N. Y., 20 years, about 25 in Livingston county. She came with her parents to Oswayo in 1865. Speaking of her brief married life, the death of her little child and trials of later years, she said, "My life has been lonely but God knows best." She was a faithful Christian, a convert to the Sabbath and a constituent member of the Oswayo Seventh-day Baptist church. H. C. M.

**CHARNLEY.**—In Rockville, R. I., May 13, 1897, Mary Lillian Jordan Charnley, wife of George Fox Charnley, aged 33 years, 11 months and 13 days.

Sister Charnley was a quiet, unobtrusive Christian woman. She was converted in the spring of 1882, and was baptized by Eld. U. M. Babcock, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Rockville, continuing her connection with this church till her death. She was highly respected by her neighbors, and her death has cast a gloom over the community. She has left a husband and four children to mourn their irreparable loss. A. MCL.

**LANPHERE.**—In Haversham, R. I., May 14, 1897, Mrs. Lydia P. Lanphere, aged 75 years, 1 month and 13 days.

Sister Lanphere was born in Rockville, R. I., April 1, 1822. At a very early age she was converted and united with the First Hopkinton church. When the church in Rockville was organized she became one of its constituent members. Afterwards she united by letter with the First Hopkinton church; but in the summer of 1887, removing to Rockville again, she united by letter with the church in the last named place, continuing her re-

lation with this church till her decease. She was twice married but had no children. She was a good woman, and died with child-like trust in her Saviour.

A. MCL.

**WHITING.**—In Scott, N. Y., April 24, 1897, of old age, Anson Lord Whiting, aged 90 years and 2 months.

Brother Whiting was born in the town of Kent, Conn., and at the age of about five years came with his parents to Central New York, and settled in the town of Spafford. At the age of 22 years he married Nancy Burdick and with her took up his residence in Scott. In early manhood he embraced religion and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Scott, of which he remained a consistent member until removed by death, having been a member of the church 65 years. One son and two daughters survive the death of their father. His funeral was held at the church April 26, sermon by the pastor, from Phil. 1: 21.

B. F. R.

**HAKES.**—At her home, Westerly, R. I., May 7, 1897, of pneumonia, Mrs. Susie S. Hakes, aged 47 years.

Mrs. Hakes was born in DeRuyter, N. Y., March 18, 1850, and died in Westerly, R. I., May 7, 1897. Her parents were Franklin B. and Harriet L. Coon. When a young girl she accepted Christ, was baptized by Rev. Geo. E. Tomlinson and joined the DeRuyter Seventh-day Baptist church. She came to Westerly about 1870, and lived in the family of Rev. Mr. Tomlinson. She was married to Harlan P. Hakes May 23, 1876. At her death she was a faithful and highly esteemed member of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church of Westerly. The funeral services, conducted by Rev. O. U. Whitford and the pastor, were very largely attended, Rev. Mr. Whitford making very appropriate and touching remarks. She leaves a husband and three sons, four brothers, three sisters and a large number of other relatives and friends to mourn her departure. S. H. D.

**Literary Notes.**

MR. E. F. BENSON, author of "Dodo," "Limitations," and other popular stories, has written a novel, entitled "The Vintage," on a subject of peculiar interest at this time, the Greek war of independence, to begin serial publication in a few weeks in *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Benson is thoroughly familiar with his ground, as he has passed several winters in Greece in studying archaeology, and in traveling.

*Harper's Magazine* for June will contain the first installment of a novel by Frank R. Stockton, "The Great Stone of Sardis," a humorous romance of the twentieth century, a salient feature of which is a submarine expedition to the North Pole. The illustrations, prepared by Peter Newell, are said not only to represent the artist's work at its best, but to be unusually sympathetic to the genius of the author. "An Elder Brother to the Cliff-dwellers," by T. Mitchell Prudden, will be an account of the Indian's experiment in civilization thwarted by the advent of the white man. The article will have special reference to a recent discovery of the remains of a hitherto unknown race.

In *Harper's Bazar* of May 29, Gilbert Parker, author of "The Seats of the Mighty" and other novels which have attained a wide popularity in recent years, will begin a new serial entitled "Cumnor's Wife." It is said to be a striking story of Anglo-Indian life, abounding in dramatic situations. It will be illustrated by Frank Dadd.

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**TESTIMONIALS:**

On the evening of March 23, after Mr. D. H. Davis' poem, "The Kingdom Gained," was read, Prof. O. M. White opened his speech as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen—Considering the high merits of the poem just read, we feel unable to pass judgment of such a nature, and in such language as would impress the audience with its full and truthful significance. We believe it excels by far anything that has yet come from the pen of the author. We do not mean to say that there is any lack of merit in poems that precede this one, but mean rather to impress you with the fact that "The Kingdom Gained" is a poem that ranks with any yet written of its character. This fact is noticeable, that the poem is possessed of a great degree of originality. I do not mean simply originality of words, but of sentiment, of thought, of expression. Another fact might be observed by anyone versed in English Literature: the poem holds a medium position as regards Milton's "Paradise Regained" and Bunyon's "Pilgrim's Progress." You will notice at points the poem approaches to that style of narration that made Bunyon so many ecclesiastical admirers; then again the poem is touched with the sublimity so characteristic with Milton. We certainly do not exaggerate when we say this. Too little attention is paid to religious literature. We believe that Christianity would be strengthened immeasurably if people would devote more attention to this class of literature which is so well represented by Mr. Davis."

Another speaker said the poem was beyond sublimity and that the writer must have been in close communion with heaven when he wrote the closing lines. Several other speeches were made, after which the entire audience came forward and shook hands with the writer.

A lady teacher from the Salem College said: "The poem merits higher praise than I am capable of giving."

It has been my privilege to read the manuscript of Col. Davis' new book and I find it full of high moral and patriotic sentiments. I am sure it will be the means of bettering humanity wherever it goes.—REV. W. L. BURDICK, Ph. B.

Before Mr. Davis' new book was published, at his home a subscription paper was circulated, receiving 35 names for books before even one person was found declining to take one.

**Testimonials of the First Book Which is Included in the Second Book.**

CLARKSBURG, W. Va., Oct. 8, 1893.

Dear Mr. Davis:—I have read with much interest your book of poems and admire its originality and style. In fact, I am so much pleased with it that I have bought one copy for each of my children, except one son, and I want one for him and one for myself. Take the production all in all, it is an honor to you and an honor to the state.

Yours very truly,  
B. WILSON.

And again, under date of January 29, 1896, ex-Congressman B. Wilson makes use of the following words at the close of his letter: "Your style is good, very good, but it is not the style that makes the book valuable, it is the originality of the ideas and matter, the force and beauty of the language by which they are expressed. Having had the book called to my attention by our correspondence yesterday, I reread most of it last night with very great pleasure, indeed, realizing new beauties that I did not catch before. It is a series of beautiful productions, chaste, instructive, attractive and elevating."

NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1894.

Mr. D. H. DAVIS:

Dear Sir:—While spending a few days at the home of Hon. R. G. Horr, I found your book of poems, which so appealed to me that I felt as if I must write to tell you with what pleasure I read them. The spirit of nature seems to pervade the book, and the simplicity of the poems has a charm which is quite lost in others of more studied metre. It is easy to see that the early home life and surroundings spoken of in "Scenes of Childhood," left their impressions on one susceptible to the beauties of nature.—FANNIE CLARKE.

DAVIS' POEMS.—This little book has met with favor from New York to California. Judges of the courts, prominent lawyers, clerks of monied institutions, prominent literary critics, etc., etc., pronounce the book a little gem. It will live as a relic which time will not efface. It is the radiance of a golden sunset, whose hallowed glow will throw its beams athwart the shades of the valley and glitter anew on the shore eternal.—Editor *Baltimore Herald*.

A friend from Jackson Centre, Ohio, writes us as follows: "I have just received a copy of Col. D. H. Davis' poems, and find it full of rich gems of original thought. The Colonel has a true poetical nature."—Eld. J. L. Huffman, A. M., D. D., written to Editor *Telegram*, Clarksburg.

Thanks to Mr. D. H. Davis for a copy of his book of poems. Mr. Davis' writing shows a poetical genius, that had he not been so diffident in allowing it to be known would before this time have given him a wide reputation.—W. F. Richards, Editor of the *Telegram*.

I have studied hard, I have read many books of poems, but Mr. D. H. Davis' book of poems contains the best short paintings of influence on character I have ever read.—J. L. McWHORTER, student of Alfred University, N. Y.

HOPKINTON, R. I.

My Dear Friend:—Your poems are grand, and one of the most delightful to me is "Scenes of Childhood." It is charming.—REV. L. F. RANDOLPH.

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