It is stated that God measures men not by his genius, or great learning, or vast wealth, or commanding influence; but by their likeness to God. The likeness to God is essentially unselfish. A pious, cordial recognition of God by stone and earth, and the humblest person may attain.

One of the principal evidences of personal fitness for heaven is an ever present desire to save others from sin and its consequences. In the proportion that this spirit is wanting there is evident unfitness for the kingdom. Religion is essentially unselfish. A pious man once said, "Show me the man who would go to heaven alone, and I will show you one who will never be admitted there himself."

The Catholic Mirror makes special mention of the fact that a Catholic priest, Father O'Callaghan, preacher in the Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, Sunday evening, April 1st. It says: "The occasion was a memorable one, being the first cardinal recognition Harvard has ever given a Catholic priest." The priest graduated from Harvard in the class of 98. The extract from this sermon, as given in the Catholic Mirror, is certainly able. He treats the theme, "Rationalism," with a masterly hand. It is stated that "President Eliot, the faculty, hundreds of students and many outside people filled the chapel to overflowing." While this event is mentioned as noteworthy, and to the credit of Harvard, from the Catholic point of view, we would be pleased to know whether a Catholic University would fully reciprocate the courtesy and give a Protestant clergyman as cordial a reception and hearing. Why not?

The Methodist Episcopal Conference recently held in Brooklyn and New York adopted the following memorial to the Constitutional Convention of this State, which occurs in May:

No law shall be passed respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. Nor shall the State, or any county, city, town, village, or other civil division, use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation or otherwise, or authorize either to be used for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding, by appropriation, property of services, expenses, or in any other manner, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking, which is wholly or in part sectarian or ecclesiastical control.

The Christian Inquirer quotes it and assures its readers that "the Baptists of the State will unanimously approve of such an article." The Sabbath Recorder desires most heartily to endorse this proposition, which only reasserts the long-cherished doctrine of religious liberty, and guards against any enactment by State authority by which the religious convictions and rights of any of its people should be disregarded. Now let the Christian Statesmen, the organ of the American Sabbath Union, and advocate of Sunday legislation, cease its opposition to the principles enunciated in the above action, and guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States, and lend its influence also to this most just and righteous measure.

The new treaty with China.

The proposed new treaty with China is regarded, by those who have carefully studied it, as fair and greatly to the credit of our government, as well as that of China. The recent question of Chinese immigration, according to the new treaty, is to be settled by mutual conference and agreement of the two governments, the only honorable way of disposing of so grave a question. In 1888 a treaty was formulated by the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard and the Chinese minister, but, because of a misunderstanding, the Chinese Emperor failed to ratify it, and our government was not in a mood for further conference. In view of our bad and arbitrary Geary Law followed.

The new treaty places us back as we were in 1888, and by mutual agreement prohibits the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States for a period of ten years. It stipulates that the Chinese in the United States "Shall have for the protection of their persons and property all rights that are given by the laws of the United States to citizens of the most favored nations, excepting the rights to become naturalized citizens." In all of our unfair discriminations against the Chinese, the patience and magnanimity of the officials of that "beaten" nation have been in marked contrast with our treatment of them. But in the treaty now proposed and which will probably be established, there is a just recognition of "reciprocity," or a mutual establishment of equal privileges between the two nations. Precisely the same results that are possible in a treaty with China, who come to this country shall be required of all American citizens residing in China.

While the new treaty may not be altogether as liberal and indiscriminating as some would like to have it, still, in view of the great race difficulties which exist, if we can arrive at such a peaceful solution of the troublesome problem as may be mutually satisfactory there will be great gain. These relations must be reciprocal or they will be neither honorable nor righteous.

We have always deemed the Geary Law of 1892 the most unfortunate and dishonorable act of the Harrison administration.

What reply would you give to a young man when he asked who God is? That would depend on whether the young man was trying to be smart or was honestly seeking to "know wisdom."

In the first case, it might be a kindness to give him a fall—perhaps let him alone. Argument is not often the best medicine for the "big head."

But, if the question were an honest one. There are two eternal things in the universe, matter and soul. Matter may change its shape, its form, its place, its internal composition; but it is matter still. The coal may burn and vanish in smoke and ashes. The particles have simply assumed new combinations. They can never be more or less than what they were before. They can never be anything but matter, and they can never be destroyed.

The same is true of soul. It may change its place, its form, its connections, but its nature is ever the same. It can never be anything else but soul. It can never cease to exist. It is eternal and unchangeable.

Who is God? God is the great soul from which your soul and mine spring. Love, loyalty, consecration, justice, self-abnegation, and
some of the distinguishing qualities of the soul. They are of God. Who is God? Well,
a noble man reminds me of him. And what was the spiritual essence of noble traits of noble men brought
together in one man, and multiplied by infinity, you have a picture which will help
you to see him.

IN DARKEST LANDS.

By REV. S. S. POWELL.

In reading Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," we
can imagine how the great forest must have
seemed to the explorers when in it and when
encamped at night. There was a degree of cheer and comfort, but the
consciousness of the vastness of the great forest around them, for miles and miles extending
away in unbroken barbarism, must have been sometimes oppressive in the extreme. So it
was morally and religiously in darkest Africa and
darkest Asia as well. Dr. H. C. Mabie indeed
wrote a book, "In Brightest Asia," but the communities that he describes are as but small
cases in a desert of overwhelming distances. More
inordinately dark, then, and every land where Christianity in some form
has not penetrated is exceedingly darkened by
wickedness and superstition. In these the
darkest lands of earth the imaginations of men's
hearts is only evil continually.

Not very long ago Mrs. Isabella Bird Bish-
op, the author of a number of books of travel,
gave an address in Exeter Hall, London, which
has been widely circulated and has attracted
marked attention. Mrs. Bishop had completed a
journey from Japan to Asia Minor traveling
through India, Central Asia, Persia, and
Arabia. She avoided, in all these lands, Euro-
pean settlements, but saw the people as they were,
in their homes and completely under the
influence of their own civilisation and religious
systems. The result of such close acquaint-
ance was to convert the traveler from an atti-
itude of criticism and partial hostility to the
work of foreign missions to that of earnest ad-
vocacy. Her address is full of pleading in be-
half of the wretched nations that she visited,
and her words are enough to put many of us to
shame that we have done so little for the over-
whelming multitudes of the pilgrim her-
then lands.

She says that Christians have a very inade-
quately notion of the actual state of heathenism,
even after having heard many missionary ad-
dresses. "Missionaries come home and re-
strain from shocking audiences by recitals of
the awful sins of the heathen and Moslem
world. When traveling in Asia, it struck me
how little we heard, how little we
know, as to how sin is enthroned, and defiled
and worshipped. There is sin and shame everywhere." She affirms that Mohammed-
ism is corrupt to the very core. She found
Persia especially so. She mentions that there is
scarcely a single thing that makes for righteousness in the life of the
non-Christianized nations. She lived in
zozanas and harem, and from bitter experience
relates that the lives of the women secluded in
them is cursed by the worst passions of human
nature, jealousy, envy, murderos hate, in-
terique. Mrs. Bishop won her way through all
these countries by means of the physician's art,
and she says that "in some countries I have
hardly ever been known as a woman's text without being asked for
drugs with which to disfigure the favorite wife,
to take away her life, or to take away the life
of the wife's favorite son."

What are we doing to subvert the false sys-
tems that make such morals and miseries pos-
sible? Let us ask the Chins to lift the sancti-
sation at Shanghai on our hearts, and pray that
God may enlarge the work of our hands in be-
half of the darkest regions of the earth.

A HOUR BENEATH THE SEA.

The Lights of the Deep Sea.

By CHARLES FRANCIS HOOTON.

It is a somewhat singular fact that the simplest
animals, those which are apparently the most
insignificant, in many instances produce the
most remarkable effects upon the human mind.
A herd of elephants, or a school of whales, are
impressive and excite the wonder of the lock-
eter, but there are living things in the ocean,
scarcely visible to the naked eye, which when
collected in schools, in imagination transport
the observer to a veritable land of enchantment,
where gems seem to grow on trees, emitting
stilifications of light of the most vivid hue and
intense brilliancy.

One night in the Gulf of Mexico we were
drifting along over the shallow lagoon that made
up the floor of the stoll, when one of the
dy party dived from the boat and swam away be-
neath the moon and waiting for the moon to rise, and it was very dark, but the
moment the swimmer entered the water a sea of
flame seemed to have opened to swallow him.
Waves of vivid yellow lashed each other, curling
this way and that, and his body appeared surrounded by fire, each motion of his hand
and arms creating new exhibitions of luminosity.

Taking up a cup of water, when unmolested
was it apparently devoid of animal life, but when
disturbed innumerable little objects, about as
large as a pin head, gave out a brilliant yellow
light, and there were living plants in the ocean,scarcely visible to the naked eye, which when
collected in schools, in imagination transport
the observer to a veritable land of enchantment,
where gems seem to grow on trees, emitting
stilifications of light of the most vivid hue and
intense brilliancy.

Nearby every group of animals may be said
to contribute lights to the ocean depths, and upon
a dark night the voyager upon almost any sea
can form a very definite idea of their beauty
and variety. Near the surface float innumerable
jelly-fishes, almost invisible during the day-
time, their crystal like forms poising on balls
of delicate glass, and at night gleaming with a
mysterious light that is heartless and cannot be
explained. Some of the jelly-fishes have long
trails or masses of tentacles, and sometimes
present the appearance of mimic comets dart-
ing through the water.

In drifting over the water on a dark night,
peering down into the depths, one can imagine
that here is a submarine counterpart of the
heavens, and that the constellations and other
phenomena are all depicted against the marine
sky. Great disks of jelly, gleaming with faint
yellow light, appear like moons; others with
long tails are the comets, while the nebulae
are represented by aggregations of minute forms.
Action seems in many cases the cause of illu-
mination, as if they touched them, the hand through water containing certain animals, and it appears
at once to kindle into flame.

Among the surface-light givers are many
fishes, as the little lamp fish Scopelus, which
has a brilliant light upon its head and others
dotted along its under surface. One of the par-
facts is a lighted lamp on a ship's mast and
while the great surfish Mola has been seen like
a gigantic moon in the ocean outlined against
the night in its own light. Some of the equidine
dash out brilliantly luminous, and the crest of
every wave bristles with mysterious light.

At the bottom of the deep sea, where dark-
ness reigns all the time and the temperature is
almost freezing, nearly every animal is a light-
bearer. The fishes are the most remarkable.
The missionary service.

The pressure here is so great that glass is powdered, and wood crumbled out of all semblance to itself; and that delicate animals can exist here would seem an impossibility. The explanation is that most of these forms are adapted to their surroundings. Their bones are exceedingly porous, and can be compared to great sponges.

Nearly all the deep sea fishes are carnivorous, and a continual warfare is kept on, one preying upon the other. In some, as Beryx, the fins are so placed as to form the entire form globe of with a rich light. The Ecklostrium, a fish found in water 2,150 fathoms deep, is provided with luminous spots arranged about the eyes which undoubtedly supply them with sufficient light for all its purposes. Sternoptyx is luminous over its entire surface, and thus becomes an attractive object to various predaceous forms, while Stomias, a fucous snail-like creature armed with fanglike teeth, is furnished with rows of light which surround the fish like an invisible shroud. If a bird known as Malacostea, the lights are found upon the head, one emitting a golden, the other a greenish tint—a very system of signals implanted in the velvet black-limed skin.

These squids are of some use to their possessors there can be but little doubt. Some are signals; others lure others again serve as warning—all having their purpose in the economy of nature. It remained for Dr. Bennett, a distinguished English naturalist, to make use of a fish as a lamp. Discovering a luminous shark he placed it in a glass globe and was able to read by the green light it produced. He describes its appearance surrounded by the strange auroras as by far the most remarkable sight he had ever witnessed. Could we descend to the floor of the deep sea we should find it at various parts carped, as we were, with luminous forms. Here the stariishes emit light, those entangled and lifted in dredges often being luminous over the entire surface—stars in all that the term implies.

The most remarkable light-giver of the deep sea is the Umbellularia. Imagine a cornfield on a dark night, when even the stars are hidden beneath the clouds, each tangle of beard illuminated, as though by an electric light. Imagine the trees towering to and fro, their branches crossing and passing each other, while above and through the mass moved other lights. Imagine all this, and some idea can be formed of the umbellularia forest as it exists beneath the clouds, each tangle of beard illumined a blaze of green, yellow and white, a flash of phosphorescence.

While a student at Alfred he came to believe in the Seventh-day Sabbath, and began the observance of that day. In September 1846, he was called to the Foreign Mission Field by the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society. At a missionary meeting held in Alfred Oct. 6, 1846, at which time Rev. N. V. Hall preached a missionary sermon, he was married to Olive Brown Forbes, by Rev. Chauncey Wardner, who still lives at North Hector, N. Y.

December 31, 1846, at Plainfield, N. J., he was ordained to the gospel ministry, and he and his wife, together with Eld. Solomon Carpenter and wife, were set apart to the China Mission, for which field of labor they sailed Jan. 5, 1847, from New York. They returned from China to this country in 1857.

He has occupied the pastorate of the following named churches, entering upon his labor with each as indicated by the dates given: Second Alfred, 1858; Wasttery, 1866; West Hallock, Ill., 1869, Milton Junction, 1877; Utica, N. Y. from 1875 to 1877 he engaged in missionary and Sabbath Reform work in Scotland, under the employment of the American Sabbath Tract Society. From 1890 to 1892 he did not serve as pastor.

He was always an earnest advocate of Sabbath truth, and a logical writer in defense of the perpetuity of the Law of God. He was among the ablest defenders of the principles of the denomination which he loved.

October 6, 1888, the companion with whom he had lived forty-two years was removed by death. December 4, 1889, he was married to Miss Mattie Harvey, who remains to mourn her great loss, which is the greater as she is an invalid, and much needs the care which he could best give.

In the latter years he has ripened rapidly in spiritual tenderness and socialibility. He had been in usual health so far as any one had observed, and the community was greatly shocked when, on the morning of April 6th, he was suddenly removed from a life of toil and an eternity of rest. The funeral services were held in the church at Milton Junction, April 10th. The pulpit and platform were tastefully draped, and the flowers offerings many and choice. The services, which were impressive, were in the following order:

Singing, Choir.

Scripture reading by Rev. O. U. Whitford, who had come from Westbury, N. L., to attend the funeral.

Singing, Choir.

Prayer, Rev. E. A. Witter, Albion.

Singing, Choir.


Singing, Choir.

Address, Old Elders of W. to their Pastors, Rev. E. M. Dunn, of Milton.

Singing, Choir.

OBITUARY.

Died at Milton Junction, Wis., April 5, 1894, Mrs. S. Melissa C. Rogers, the wife of Deacon Lester T. Rogers, of that place. She had been gradually failing for the past ten months and passed away suddenly from heart failure. She was born in DeRuyter, N. Y., and at her death was sixty-nine years old, lacking twenty days.

Her father was Deacon Pardon Coon and her mother Esther Walker Coon. She was the eleventh of twelve children, all of whom, but Artemas of DeRuyter, and Leonard, of Nile, N. Y., are deceased.

She united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of DeRuyter, in her girlhood, and transferred her name to the Rock River Seventh-day Baptist Church, in the town of Milton Junction in 1858, when this church was organized. Here she retained her membership until her death. She was married to Deacon Rogers April 8, 1854, just forty years prior to the day of her funeral. There were born to her three children, Delana F., who resides with her father, Dr. Benedict W., who lives in Oak­land, Cal., and Elizabeth A., who died ten years since, Feb. 16, 1884.

After making their home in DeRuyter about a year and a half, subsequent to marriage, the family settled on a farm in the town of Milton, where they resided ten years, and then moved to Milton Junction, their place of living to the present time. Mrs. Rogers attended DeRuyter Institute in her youth; was blessed with a large number of relatives; was the most amiable woman and a consistent Christian; and was greatly beloved by a wide circle of friends, as was attended to by the very large congregation at the funeral services, which were conducted by Pres. W. C. Whitford, her pastor, who was assisted by Rev. Geo. W. Ber­dick, pastor of the Milton Junction Seventh­day Baptist Church.

"My sword shall be bathed in heaven."—The Christian’s sword is of heavenly temper.
STEALING.

BY THE REV. WM. D. LANZ.

There are a great many ways of stealing besides putting your hand into somebody's pocket and abstracting his wealth. It is not often, to be sure, that we are betrayed into this open method. It is too coarse and brutal a way to be attractive to refined nature. We are tempted to commit this sin generally try some more indirect and sly method. Of course, since we seldom steal deliberately and with malicious aforethought, we generally simply fall into this attenuated sort of wrongdoing without knowing it. And then we feel that we have committed no wrong, which is not the case.

But it is not out and out robbery that I wish now to speak, nor yet of the more subtle dishonesty in dealing or trickery in business, but rather of some other ways in which we are apt to steal from our friends and neighbors.

Time is said to be money. That is a figure of speech which contains much truth. But time is more than money; it is a condition under which the welfare of the world is to be done. So, therefore, it is many times of more value than millions of money. Therefore it should not be stolen. When you drop in on your busy friend just because you have nothing else to do, and bore him with your troubles and your ailments, your grievances, and your wrongs, the story of the things you accomplished years ago, and the way so-and-so ill-used you then, you are perhaps stealing his precious time—time that he may be wishing to employ in some something of real value to the world. Because you have nothing to do, do not fancy that others are in the same delightful state. Do not steal your friend's time.

Reputation is not very much, it may be, and yet we have been told by the wisest of men that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Let us then be cautious how we steal our neighbor's good name. In order to do this it is not necessary to invent a lie about him and maliciously circulate the same. It may be done in an easier way. An insinuation, a tone of the voice, a significant look, or a gesture in reply to a question, may be equivalent to theft. How easy it is to color what we hear about one, to accentuate some unimportant and insignificant detail in a way so as to make it speak volumes of falsehood and convey to another an impression wholly evil of some one whom we know to be upright and pure. And the wrong done is terrible, the loss of reputation irreparable. Do not steal your friend's good name.

Character is the foundation of all good in life. It is the product of what is within and what is without, of self and circumstance. In the struggle of life after purity and holiness, we owe it to one another by every influence we can give toward the ideal of a perfect character. How little we realize the influence of a light word, a hasty utterance, whose full meaning we would utterly repudiate. And yet that hasty word, that lightly spoken opinion, may strike and lodge in the heart of the one for whom it is perhaps an innocent jest, and that is in the midst of an awful struggle of doubt, of skepticism, or that is on the verge of a moral precipice. Such a person needs help. By our hasty words, our ill-considered actions, we may take from him the remnant of his faith in God or man. Can we afford to be guilty of this? Let us beware how we steal away his faith.

By our doing of those things which we in our inmost souls feel are questionable, and yet which we feel we are in strictness at liberty to do, we may take from our weak companion the treasure of a good conscience. We may be indirectly the cause of his downfall. Let us be careful in this. Do not steal your brother's good name. If he is trying to do right, and if his religion is helping him to this, and you have no faith in the religion he professes, do not speak against it to him. Do not rob him of that which may be to him his spiritual support and a moral "necessary of life." It is as stealing the bread of the poor. Do not do it.

SHALL SALEM COLLEGE LIVE?

In my last article the readers of the Record will have perceived the magnitude of the work. It has assumed proportions entirely beyond the most sanguine hopes of its founders. Little did they think when they erected the commodious building with six class-rooms, a junior's room, and a large chapel hall, that the year or two that would be required to raise an additional fund would be entirely inadequate; and that they would be obliged to go outside for the regular class recitation rooms. But such is the case; and the indications are that we shall need more room rather than less in the year that follows the present plan another year. The school is growing, in favor far and near; and is coming to be regarded by those who have tried other schools, as the best place for young men and women to fit themselves for the work of teachers. Hence, every spring term is crowded, and the fall and winter terms are growing larger each year. Again, Salem College is coming to be regarded more and more as the rallying point of our people in West Virginia. And it is clear that failure now would be accepted by all other people as a direct falling down of our col­leges; and would have among our people all of the discouraging and crushing effects of overwhelming defeat.

It would be a stunning death-blow to the Seventh-day Baptist cause here, from which, I fear, they may never recover. For a whole year we have been expending money and labor in West Virginia in a mission work that has been preparing the way for this school. Every step taken thus far in this field has been leading us right up to Salem College. It could not but well have been established earlier, for the people as a whole had not reached the point where the need of its culture was sufficiently felt. But now we need no more than the proof before our eyes, to see how all-important this interest is in their estimation.

This now is the crucial point and time for us; and our next step will be decisive as to our growth and influence in West Virginia. Let Salem College die now, and twenty years hence will find us down among the fossils. Build it up, and the next generation will find our people among the foremost leaders of this promising State.

The College was established just in the "nick of time." There is a general awakening all along the line, in favor of higher education and more thorough culture. And for us to be in a position to lose a single soul from the front ranks to the rear. This must not be! We cannot afford to stop now. This I believe will be the verdict of every one who reads these lines.

But kind friends, good wishes alone cannot save Salem College. If prayers and good wishes were enough I know full well that there would be no need of my writing these lines. There are a few stern facts staring us in the face that you will need to know in order to understand the situation. "Facts are stubborn things." This is a very consoling truth when facts are in our favor; but when the stubborn facts are arrayed against us the situation becomes very serious. I therefore entreat you to look with me for a few moments at the facts that trouble us, and see if you cannot help us to plan and execute so as to bring relief. We have prayed and trusted, planned and helped, sacrificed and labored until now we have reached a point where it seems that the only thing we can do is to lift up our voice and call for help.

First. There is a debt upon the building of $1,625. When, by heroic effort the people of West Virginia built the college, at the cost of $6,000, this debt was incurred. It was partly covered by subscriptions, but like all other sub­scriptions, this one was subject to a discount from the failure of some to fulfill their pledges. For four years we have carried these notes, and one of them for $600 is now due. If we have not enough to pay this debt the school will close. Do not speak vol­unteering State. Do not steal your friend's time.

Second. There is a debt of $500 for current expenses in one season. We were then obliged to start into this year's work $300 behind; and the year's work added to this debt was $500. Effort was then made to raise the necessary contributions, but these efforts were not sufficient. The resulting debt will amount to about $1,000. Of course this may be reduced some by those who have promised to do something this year, but not enough to meet the demands.

Third. When Conference was at Salem the friends made a five-year subscription amount­ing, after the first year, to $600 per year. This subscription has been our mainstay for four years. But now death has made inroads upon the subscribers until we can count upon only $450. During the past year we have had to pay $400 more, and by the close of the year our entire debt for running expenses will amount to about $1,000. Of course this may be reduced some by those who have promised to do something this year, but it is not enough to meet the demands of the college.

Our board has planned as economically as men could; and we are now fixed so that we can run another year for at least $600 less money than during the two past years. The great wonder is that men have been able to run such a school for so little money, and incur so small a debt. This could never have been accomplished if the greatest spirit of harmony had not prevailed among all of the managers, where, in both faculty and trustees saw eye to eye, and all joined together heartily in self-sacrificing effort to make things go.

The leaders among these men are on all of these notes, and responsible for the debts; and it would be out of the question for them to raise the more burden in line, unless some provision can be made to lift these debts and secure some more income, it is difficult to see how they can possibly plan for another year. Once again I ask: "What can be done for Salem College?"

THEO. L. GARDINER.

APRIL 10, 1894.
HYMN.

Sung at the Garfield Memorial Service in London, Sept. 20, 1881, under the direction of the Lord Archbishops of Canterbury.

Now the laborer's task is over;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lies the voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave us now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the soul of life is tried
By a just Judge than all.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave us now Thy servant sleeping.

Amen.

Missions.

What a small proportion of the members of our churches attend the regularly appointed prayer-meeting. Why is it so? There are many reasons given for staying away. Some are good reasons, but many are worthless, and show the lack of the true appreciation of the worth of this prayer in spiritual growth. We are not called by the spirit into the kingdom of Christ to be barely saved, but to grow in grace and make an abundant entrance into heaven. Would it not be for your advantage, much like the instrument that sustains you to attend the prayer-meeting? Again can you not be a help to your pastor in that meeting, and also help others into higher life? Try it.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO FORGAVE HIS ENEMY.

In Greenland, when one man had killed another, the nearest relative of the murdered man might avenge his death. Once a boy saw his own father killed before his eyes. He was then but thirteen years of age, and was considered too young to avenge himself. He was therefore obliged to flee; but it was in his heart. Fifteen years passed by. He had grown into a fine young man, and one day set out on the long journey back to his native place. He did not expect to reach it for a week. What was his object? To kill the man who had killed his father.

When he arrived at his old home he could find no lodging but in the home of the missionaries, and, though he would have preferred living with his countrymen, he accepted their invitation. Everyone knew why he had come, and his enemy knew too. The missionaries did not talk to him about the wickedness of the deed he was going to commit, but they were very kind to him, and invited him to family prayer. One morning he went to one of the missionaries and said, "I wish you would read to me some of my favorite book which tells about Jesus; I wish I could read it myself."

The missionary read him the account of the crucifixion. When he had finished, he said: "I do love Jesus; I would do anything for Jesus. How kind of him to die for me."

Missionary—Are you sure you would do anything for Jesus?
Young Man—Oh yes! I would do anything for Jesus. Tell me what I can do.

Missionary—This book says, "Thou shalt do no murder."
Young Man—Oh, but that man killed my father and drove me from a happy home.

Missionary—Jesus says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." This is one of them.

Young Man—Oh, I do love Jesus; but—must I—

Missionary—Be calm, dear young man; go out and think about it. Then come and tell me about it.

He went out. When he came back he said, "I cannot decide; one moment I will, the next I will not; Oh! help me to decide."
The missionary replied, "When you will, it is your own heart trying to gain the victory and when you will not, it is the Spirit of God striving in you." The result was he gave up the murderous intent which had been encouraged for years. The young Greenlander sent a message to his enemy, inviting him to come and meet him. He came, but with treachery in his heart. He gave the young man an invitation to visit him on the other side of the river, and treated him with kindness; but on returning to his boat he discovered a hole in the bottom, made by that very man. He could see it rise up, and as he raised his eyes saw his defeated enemy burning with wrath, for he had gone up to a high rock to see if his servant of destruction, the young man exclaimed, "I for- give you, for Jesus has forgiven me." —Book and its Missions, 1855.

The result was, of course, the hatred of Christ was increased and the death of the young and innocent man.

Crying out after God.

One of the most pathetic instances of the yearning of the human heart for the divine is that related by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota.

"Some years ago," he said, "an Indian stood at a door, and as I opened it, he said, 'I am a slave; I am in the presence of the Great Spirit, and I have often gone out into the woods and tried to talk with him.'" He then said soSadly, as he looked into my face:

"You don't know what I mean. You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand and could not take hold of anything. And I heard one day that you had brought to the red man a wonderful story of the Son of the Great Spirit."

"That man sat as a child, and he heard anew the love of Jesus. And when we met again he said, as he laid his hand on his heart:

"It is not dark; it laughs all the while."—Gospel in All Lands.

The Power of Christ.

I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me and I in him is the same beauteous tree; for apart from me ye can do nothing." John 15:5. R. V.

When I was a student at Princeton, Prof. Henry had so constructed a large iron bar, bent into the form of a horsehoe, that it was able to hang suspended from another iron bar above it. Not only did it hang there, but it upheld four thousand pounds weight attached to it. That horseshoe magnet was not welded or riveted but the metal about it was iron wire coiled around it there ran a subtle current of electricity from a galvanic battery. Still, the horseshoe magnet hung from the iron core and the horseshoe dropped. So does all the lifting power of a Christian come from the currents of spiritual influence which flow into his heart from the living Jesus. The strength of the Almighty one enters into the believer. If his connection with Christ is cut off, in an instant he becomes as weak as any other man.—T. L. Cayler.

A Christian must be a missionary. There is no option or ruling on the matter. God's message to the church is not a call for volunteers, but an order to soldiers to march. The only army of the world, wherever there is man, is always to be on the war footing. Each Christian must go or find a substitute. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Leave no spot unvisited; press every sod with the sandal of peace; sail every sea; ford every stream; climb every mountain; traverse every valley; brave the fiercest heat of the equator; defy the circumpozar snows; let nothing stop you or turn you aside until every soul sitting in darkness and death shall have seen the great Light of the world.—Gospel in All Lands.

There was never a grander time to preach the gospel than now. This is the age of unrest, and the nations are reeling under heavy burdens. It is a good time to call on all men to come into the kingdom of God. The gospel of reconciliation is the need of the hour. That gospel is broad in its character and wide and the human race is good. It is a gospel which preaches the necessity of reconciliation with God can stand on its platform. We believe this gospel brings the power of God unto salvation.—Christian Secretary.

In Shanghai, a city of four hundred thousand, not less than one hundred Chinese men are found in the churches of the twelve missions; "but a far larger number, converted here, have returned to distant homes to be each one a center of light."
A Thought.

BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

God sent a winged thought
Into my heart.
And bids me send it out
Again, with unslayed ray.
Of hope and order, and bright,
And wings unborn of might.

Our Association Secretaries have been requested to ask the churches for a collection on Children's Day, by which we can furnish kindergarten supplies to Dr. Swaney, for the instruction and amusement of the convalescent children in her care in the hospital. She has expressed an earnest wish for this help in her work, and let us respect her good judgment and provide the way to furnish the aid by generous contributions. Let the request be known to the children and let them understand that it is a beautiful way in which they can help care for the little children in the far-away land, and there will be no failure in carrying out the plan.

Heart TALKERS.

A noted writer has said that "Letters are the only true heart talkers." We make use of the written word to convey to our friends the feelings we entertain for them, but do we often enough make use of it to cheer the hearts of the faithful tollers at the outposts and isolated stations on the great fields of Christian endeavor? Do we often enough let them know by warm personal letters, the interest we feel in their work, the importance we attach to it?

Very many of these tollers stand comparatively alone, environed by opposing influences which are difficult to meet and overcome. Often are they heart-sick and weary, and ready to yield to discouragement but for the eternal promises of God. Trusting in him they toil on, striving to let their light shine out into the darkness of sin, ignorance and unbelief, and save those about them from their destruction.

A letter from one of our friends would do much to convey to them the sympathy; under the mistaken idea that we are often mistaken in our treatment of others.

One of the centers of our work is in the Western frontier. We at the East with our better facilities for travel, can hardly appreciate, unless we have had like experiences, the great obstacles to be overcome in order to make such a meeting successful in new rural districts, the coming of those things, and of the discouragements which must of necessity attend the effort, and feeling an earnest desire that God's blessing might come to them in rich, compounding measure, the thought comes to us to pray the blessing on them and to express this desire, the prayer for their spiritual refreshing and encouragement to new devotion and more earnest labor in the Master's vineyard.

The letter was written and sent on its way with the thought that it would at least do no harm, if it did no good. The result was a happy one and proved to the writer that if the kind thoughts of our people were more frequently expressed to those not so favorably situated the two-fold blessing would follow.

HEART WARMERS.

BY MRS. SARA B. HOWLAND.

My neighbor has sent me the quaint little tray, with a new kind of cake, on her best hand painted plate, the pattern work being kin. There is a bunch of roses on the tray and a tiny "cocked hat" note; and I shall eat the cake, and put the tray, the note, and my heart on my plate, and have a warm feeling in my heart all day.

There is another neighbor who has prettier plates and napkins and makes delicate cakes but she never thinks to send me any. I suppose it is because she knows that I make good things myself and she thinks I do not care. But I do. That "sun-shine cake" tasted better than anything I know how to make, and the flowers seemed sweeter than any of those that grow in my own patio, and, though I knew she loved me, it made the happy tears come to have her "again."

I wonder why we don't often say that we love each other, weสถนา, middle-aged people, I mean. Of course, we speak from the heart's desire, but in the great case, we do not find that we love each other or when some sickness or sorrow comes, but these times are often very pleasant, and every day love is so sweet and satisfying.

There are plenty of friends to sympathize when you have a broken heart and fewer but what an unspeakable comfort it is when the friend drops in at the close of a busy day who says in all simplicity, "My dear, you are all right, your burned finger, that you haven't had time to tie up, is acting miserably and that the "world is a pretty sight," and you know that you weren't "self-reliant" for a few minutes, and you do enjoy having her tuck you up on the lounge for a little rest while she smooths out the wrinkle with tender touch and ties up your finger and "kisses the place to make it well." People think that only bad things these things, but big ones often need them far more. Isn't it pathetic where Mrs. Whitney makes one of those deep, soothing, self-sacrificing speeches, when she gets to heaven, the thing she wants most is to be "babied" a little while, and does it not shatter that truth that we are too hot to forget in this matter-of-fact world?

What is the part of our friend's letter that we can't forget? It is not the "how dear you are, carry it about in our pocket and give it a loving pat, now and then, as we are about our work? It is not where she tells about her visit to the fair, or her speeches or the new summer dresses, or the last books she has read, though you heartily enjoy her bright ways and pleasant speeches. "I have been thinking all day how dear you are to me, and I want you to know that I love you more than heart and lung. Until Father for such a sweet, true friend." May she be the best of your true friends and that well enough, I mean, if you love, and if she thinks you are good you will try not to disappoint her.

We know that many a letter signed only "yours truly," comes from a heart overflowing with repressed affection, and that it is not always those who say most that feel most, but is it not true that if we would train our lips to say and our pens to write the loving words that would bring joy to her heart, and make our Father and those who are sick, and I have always wondered why, for she is not especially lively, yet she knows how to cheer up the gloomiest invalids in town. I asked her the other day how she does it, and she smiled and said, "The other day I went to see a dear friend, confined to her house for want of a torturing neuralgia. Her mother and sisters are perfectly devoted to her, and have racked their brains to relieve the pain, they are so afraid she will kill herself. As I went in her sister said, 'O, Alice has had such a hard night—never slept a moment!' Don't you say you can't sleep anything about her sickness, or she will give way.' So I went in and another sister was there and told all the funny things she thought of, and still Alice turned her head wearily on her pillow and laughed without a particle of merri­ness, just like the most cheerful, but then she got out and left me free to run over to the bed and take her in my arms and say, 'My darling, the Lord will not let you have this, just now. Do you know how you are suffering, and am so sorry.' Then I let her cry five minutes, and kissed away the tears, and when her storm cloud was gone and the pain was easier to bear, because somebody knew just how she felt."

We can't all do just like Mrs. Lovewell, for there are many, perhaps most of us, in loving that it comes right from the heart when she does a thing like that. But we all have ways
of showing our sympathy, if we would only let ourselves do it, and I do believe that many sick people are all worn out with being "cheerful" and kind, and that it would be a real relief to let them have a good cry sometimes in the arms of somebody who understands.

A young mother was standing by the coffin of her pretty girl when a neighbor came to comfort her. She stood a moment looking at the tiny figure, and then said, "My dear, you don't know what sorrow is. I have lost my husband and a beautiful grown daughter, and that is real sorrow." True enough, but was that the time to say that the heart is impervious to sorrow, that its first taste of sorrow seemed so bitter? Far better to do as did another lady, a perfect stranger who had just beheld death, and came and took the mother in her arms, and said, "I know just how hard it is. I lost my first little baby too, and your baby was so lovely." She did not mention then that her home had been many times desolate; she only thought of comforting the one who felt in that hour that all her own life had gone out with that of her baby.

We bear much of the need of tact to say the right word or do the right thing, but it is real sympathy that is the heart-warming, that will comfort more than the most learned and see and know and understand the true way to reach the hearts of those who need us. Try it, everybody. Look for occasions to find expression in a word, a look, a letter. Let the generous impulse remain uncheked; let your eye be pricked by the unguarded word, the Declaration of Independence, and the Lord will give you more and more of his own blessed sunshine.—The Congregationalist.

WOMAN'S BOARD.

Boston in March, 1894.

Ecclesiastical Society, Alfred Centre, N. Y., Miss Hardwick's sal 
$145 43

Julia A. Flowers, New Lebanon, Cln., Miss Hardwick's salary $15

$20 10

Society, Bangor, Me., Miss Hardwick's salary $10

$2 20

Society, Stearns, Me., Miss Hardwick's salary $10

$8 20

Leader, Missionary Society, Rippling, Ill., Board Expenses $5

$5

Women's Board, New York, N. Y., Miss Hardwick's salary $8

$6 10

Quaker, Philadelphia, Pa., Miss Hardwick's salary $10

E.

$15 00

E.

E.

E.

$10 00

$1 10

Miss. E. Helen. Stearns.

Boston, April 4, 1894.

A SERMON.

BY REV.

"LET HIM THAT IS FILTHY BE FILTHY STILL." It is said that this text is the only one that goes to the support of the use of tobacco. Whether this is true or untrue this deponent saith not. One fact does imply this condition, that is, that a person can become so filthy, morally and physically, that no washing can make him clean.

In vice as well as virtue there is a constant tendency to become fixed. There is a line beyond which there is no retracting, no change for the better. The tobacco habit is not only a very filthy habit, but it is a very injurious one. Chewing is said to be the least injurious and least offensive to others. It is a crime to poison on the stream from which others use the water. Why is it worse to poison the water we drink than the air we breathe? What is more disgraceful than an old "chewing expert," with the devil's wild land mapped out in tobacco juice on the bosom of his shirt, and much injurious to society, it seems, consider tobacco users unit to associate with refined people, and have put on their roads an extra coach for them called "the smoker."

Nicotine is a deadly poison. One drop put into a man's mouth will kill it in a minute. Two drops placed on a dog's tongue will kill it in three minutes. We have seen it tried on a snake. It works directly on the nerves. It has a tendency to bum the brain. The nerves become weak and unsteady. The mind in sympathy with the nerves is also weak and unsteady, and frequently unfits one for business. Six young men were appointed cadets to the military school in this State. On examination it was found that only one was fit for the responsible position; five of them had been in the habit of smoking cigars and cigarettes so long that their nervous systems were so shaken that they were unfit for the service.

It is a selfish fact that the early use of tobacco prevents a normal development of the system. The use of tobacco causes a variety of diseases, such as cancer, heart disease, dropsy, bronchitis; and it is a disease of itself sometimes, and can never be thrown off any more than the fever or consumption. Could our young men and boys see what this habit leads to as a direct result, they would shun it as they would a viper.

It is not strange that so many of our boys get into the habit using tobacco, when we consider the influences around them. There is something in every boy that inspires him to be a man; hence he readily follows the example set by his seniors. Using tobacco is so common that it is almost a natural instinct to keep it from the children from its influence. But what is worse still is that some parents practice the vile habit before their own children. Those who furnish the poisonous stuff are just as much to blame as those who use it. It is unanswerable that so many old confirmed smokers who bear the Christian name, members of the church, who must be aware of the evils of the tobacco curse, furnish it for their neighbors and their children. They really tempt the young to use tobacco. The use of tobacco profits some one for business. Look at the attractive pictures posted up to call attention to the fact that they have it on sale. Their plea is, "If I do not sell it others will." Why do you not steal horses some others will? Why do not you? I had rather you steal one of my horses than lead my boys into the tobacco habit. One of the most deplorable objects I ever saw was an old confirmed smoker. He was a minister of the gospel. I called to see him one morning, and the family told me that I would have to wait for the old gentleman to smoke, for he was not strong enough or able to do business until he had had his smoke. After while I was conducted to his room. I thought it was strong enough for me, sure I could not fire his pipe himself, his nerves were so unsteady. I know another old smoker who cannot do without his pipe, and some one has to fire it for him; and not long ago he dropped the fire from his pipe and set the house on fire and spelled a carpet, and burned a large hole in the floor, quite a common experience with the vile habit.

Many are trying to break the habit. It costs a severe struggle, but it can be done. Others do not try, and do not desire to. Yet if it be true that "Ephraim is joined to his idols and let him alone." "Ho that is filthy let him be filthy still."

CLEANING A STRAW HAT.

The real Italian Leghorn straw may be cleaned with a neat little brush, after two years' wear, writes Emma M. Hooper in the April Ladies' Home Journal. Rusty black hats may be restored with the teeth of a nail polished for ladies' shoes. White or yellow hats may be bleached by washing them in clear water and placing them in the sun on a piece of sulphur. Immerse the frames of which uniting with the water form the acid which bleaches.
WOMAN'S PROPER SPHERE.

BY REV. G. S. MILLS.

In these days when women are rapidly coming to the front and taking places beside their brothers in religious work, in society, and in politics,—and often even competing with them for positions, it is well if we ask, What is woman's proper sphere? and what is the meaning of such Scripture as 1 Cor. 14: 34, 35, and 1 Tim. 2: 11, 12? "Let the women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but let them be in subjection, as unto the Gentiles also." And if they will not learn anything let them ask their own husbands at home; for it is shameful for a woman to speak in the church." "Let a woman learn in quietness with all subjection. But I permit not a woman to teach, nor to have dominion over a man, but to be in quietness.

These words were especially adapted to those for whom they were first written. There is an underlying principle and such circumstances as give occasion for its enunciation. A change of circumstances may modify the application of the principle. Without doubt, in the time of Paul, woman occupied a place in religious services and in society far below that of her brother. But was this the ideal place? Was it where God would have her in all ages? "Let women have an interest in man's rights, duties and privileges not co-extensive with man's, morally, we will probably say, "The whole matter seems to be based upon God's curse upon Eve." "Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee." But if we carefully consider the penalty of sin for both man and woman, we shall see that it is death, spiritual death, primarily. "In the day that thou estatest thereof thou shalt surely die." "The wages of sin is death;"

After the fall, in addition to the death penalty, God said to the man, "... cursed is the ground for thy sake; ... thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; ... in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." "Unto the woman he said, "... thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." That is, one of the results of sin shall be her subordination to her husband. Righteousness shall give way to selfishness, physical strength and adaptation to warfare. The wife will be degraded. A woman's sphere was already manifest. He says, "The woman gave me and I did eat." This same shamed plea is still set up.

Now since God has said to man, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," etc., is it wrong for man to use all the powers of body and mind to overcome these embarrassments? Is it wicked to harness the beasts and the force of nature to do this work, and thus save man's face from sweating? If I succeed in freeing my garden from all kind of weeds, shall some sister come along, and fearing lest I restore it to Edenic productiveness, say, "You are coming out from under the curse. It is all wrong. You must allow some thorns, thistles, etc., to grow in your garden!" Or sister God has said to the woman, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall reign over thee," is it wrong for her to use all her God-given powers to free herself from this result of sin? As our sisters come forward to take places with us as teachers, preachers, and lead in society, and in church and state, being equally well qualified, shall we say, "Stop! you are getting out of your proper place!"

God, in his pity, love, and mercy, has provided a way of escape from the death penalty, and urges all to avail themselves of it; and is it not most reasonable to assume that he has placed within reach of all his children all necessary means of escape from every ill effect of sin? These means are found in Christian civilization, which includes the Garden of Eden, and the kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of our Lord.

It is not Christianity, but heathenism, that yokes the wife with the ox to draw the plow while the man carries the whip. Christ taught that in his kingdom there is no distinction of male and female. What then could Paul mean by such language as is recorded in 1 Cor. 14: 34, 35, etc? I believe he was looking at things as they were, and giving sound instruction in view of the circumstances. The state of morals and woman's position in society, especially at Corinth, were such that she could not, at once, be restored to her normal place with man, although both were pardoned of all their sins. This, as well as other forms of slavery, should be left for the further development of the spirit of the gospel. Peace and good order were preferable to strife and confusion.

It seems evident that the prohibition of woman's speaking in public, etc. (of ch. 11: 5), was not simply a divine decree, but was rather the decree of sinful society and un­ toward circumstances. Paul spoke of what was, rather than of what ought to be. This interpreting is most consistent with the teaching and practice of the apostles under other circumstances.

Let us hail with gladness woman's elevation to a place of equality with man, as a token of the approaching millennium; for when that blessed time shall come woman's sphere will be co-extensive with man's.

A PLEA FOR A TENT.

This time I want to speak about "that tent." I get many letters of inquiry about the needs and practicability of a tent to use in my work, called out by what I said in a recent Recorder. I want to say to all who have manifested so much interest in this matter and all who feel an interest who have not expressed it, that that tent is a positive necessity to the best interest and welfare of the work in the South. Now my brothers and sisters and well wishers don't have available time in "wishing we had it," and "you have your sympathy and best wishes," and "we ought to be willing to sacrifice for truth's sake," and "I wish some of our rich people would become interested and furnish and support a tent," etc. All this "sympathy" and "interest" makes one feel that he has friends who think of him in his hard struggles under great disadvantages, and I thank you for it, but that never will get the tent and support it. It will take money for that. Don't wait for the rich people to do it, and complain if they do not; but do as Eld. H. Hull and some others have done, pledge $5 or more to the Board, not to me, for this object. I have confidence in the Board and believe that if you will pledge the sufficient money they will send a tent into the South. If you cannot get $5 or more give $1. If you can give $100 or more they will not be offended.

Some want it proven to them, without a shadow of a doubt in their minds that it is a practicable method, then they will be willing to aid in the work. How can it be proven to you if it is never tried, and how can it be tried if all wait in that way? Don't wait, and when it is tried, if it fails says, "I told you so," or if it succeeds then put in something after others have done the "hard lifting," for sake of getting honors.

If I had sufficient money we would have a tent just as soon as mails and express could get my order and money to the dealers and railways could bring it to the field. Then when all "could wait" until it was demonstrated whether it is, or is not, practicable. But I have not the money. If we as individuals would all get out of the practice of waiting for the success or failure of others in Christian effort, and for ourselves, without a moment's delay, do our share, the cause would prosper. When opportunities present themselves for helping the cause of the Lord we should each help it along as God has prospered us with means to do with. Then the cause of truth would suffer so sorely at our hands as it now does. As far as waiting for the "able to do," is concerned, we are all "able" to do our part, and that, and nothing less is our duty. Our Boards are short of funds nearly or quite all the time because we are so neglective of duty and our eyes and hearts closed against opportunities.

Brothers and sisters, Christian Endeavor Societies, Ladies Aid Societies, Sabbath-schools, Churches. Let us all do a little and the tent will come, and all lines of work will prosper. At your earliest convenience send your money and pledges for the tent to the Missionary Board. This is the Lord's work for which I plead. Fraternally,

GEO. W. HILLS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

HOBART, N. Y., April 6, 1894.

EDITOR OF THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Dear Brother,—The following little poem was found in Sister Callie G. Green's Bible after her death. It is a very precious momento to her loved ones, so beautifully illustrating her faith and the fearlessness with which she faced the change. Would you kindly give it space as a memorial to her in the Recorder?

G. H. F. R.

QUESTIONING.

BY ETHEL KYTE LEWIS.

When I near the somber gates Of the land immense Where the weary grizzled is, As the open portage, Shall I tremble then with fear, Or will the anxious soul of mine, Be still or look in God's face, When with fainting heart I tread Death's dark vale of shadows, Just beyond whose border dwell Shines elysian meadows, Will the glory beam from far On my path, a beacon star?

When before my faltering feet Flow the silent river, Where are partings ne'er to meet Meetings ne'er to sever, Will the angel bear me o'er, Safely to the further shore?

Well I know the mystery, Far more resplendent, Nothing mortal eye can see To that land perpetually, Death alone the veil can rend And the past and future meet.

Yet, why should my spirit fear The "Unknown" to enter, When its brightest hope, o'er here, Round that strange world center, Trod, himself, the shadowy path?

When shall and life's troubled dream, Christ will still uphold me, When I near the cold realms, His dear arms enfold me. His lordly name, the conqueror Of the strange forevermore.

Then no more, with fearful heart, Will I wander astray. Bidding every doubt depart, I will my spirit fold. Follow still the homeward way, Through the darkness unto day.
endomasion would occur and parties would arrange themselves on new lines. But Democrats who agree with the Republican views of silver and allied matters are strongly opposed to the protection theory, so that old lines are maintained, notwithstanding opposition of views on silver and currency within each party.

Senator Hill knows that naked free trade cannot carry New York. His political future depends upon his State. He is ambitious. He has been heretofore as firm in denouncing Democrat in favoring protection ideas. The Mugwumps and his special Democratic opponent of New York are free traders. The logic of the situation urges him to oppose the Cleveland-Douglas war. Senator Hill is a man of his word. By vote another edition of "Oleveland" was ordered printed. The report of the New York Office for February and March was received.

Treasurer reported bills due, 8076 $63. Bills were ordered paid. By vote another edition of "Onlevard" was ordered printed. The report of the New York Office for February and March was received.

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Young People's Work.

Don't be blue. A person who has the blues is like a piece of smoked glass. If you touch them the blues rub off and smirch you.

Be cheerful; cultivate cheerfulness. Cheerfulness is a hardy plant and will grow in most any soil, and yet it needs care to ensure the best growth. Let it receive sunshine, an occasional shower, and proper attention, and it will flourish vigorously. It has a great tendency to spread. Be more cheerful in every place. Send forth branches, it takes root in new soil and forms anew, independent centers of life.

If you do not feel cheerful, and yet want to have the feeling here is a recipe. Try it for one day, and see how it works. Act as you think you would act if you were cheerful. Say the things that you think you would say if you were cheerful. This is the basis of one of the stories told by Sam Jones in reference to a man who wanted to be happy. Christian. The story is well known and need not be repeated, but here is another to the same purpose. A boy was troubled with sore eyes. The treatment prescribed by the doctor was this: Tip the head back, pour a few drops of a certain liquid into the eyes, and shut the eye for a number of times in order to spread the liquid over the entire eye. It was a very painful process. It hurt dreadfully. The boy shrieked from the operation. After a few days he made up his mind that he was going to learn to enjoy it. So when he poured the liquid into his eyes he would laugh and say, "Now, that is nice, it feels real well, I enjoy it, it's lots of fun," and after a time he came in reality to enjoy the treatment. In other words, we learn to make things which at first we were even offensive. We can learn to do some things that we think we would not like, and with other feelings and traits of character. Another incident: A man had ceased to love his wife and his home. He was really sorry, so he said, but he could not help it. A friend suggested a plan, the basis of which was the same as this recipe for cheerfulness: Say the things you think you would say if you were cheerful. The friend said: "You go to your home this evening and act as you think you would act if you loved your wife; treat her as you think you would treat her if you loved her; say the things you think you would say if you loved her." The man did so; and within ten days his friend that his wife was the sweetest, dearest woman in the world.

NOTES ON THE WHITE CITY.

Doubtless, all of you who visited the Columbian Exposition this past year have stored in your minds some impressions that you will not forget all your life time.

Curious to find out their first impressions of the big Exposition, I would sometimes ask visitors when they came home what they thought of the Fair, and they would most always answer: "It's immense," or "What a crowd of people," "Got into a perfect jam," or "I am just dead tired." Hardly any one would give me any idea of their real impressions.

The first evening that I was on the grounds I had the pleasure of seeing the illumination from a ride around the lagoon. The incandescent fairy lights that illuminated the Wooded Island, the lights about the Court of Honor, and the music, especially the singing by the Apollo Club, and indeed the grandeur of the whole thing made an impression on my mind which I will never forget. I have been thankful since, that I did not go through Midway Plaisance that evening, or I might have come away with a different impression. One evening towards the end of the summer, I had occasion to walk through the Midway about 10 P. M. Every body was sleeping, except the Dahanians, Algerians, Chinese villages, from the Streets in Cairo, from the South Sea Islands, were marching up and down Midway, with their various musical instruments, making a conglomeration of sounds difficult to describe.

One afternoon I went with some friends to visit the Cliff Dwellers. Although everything in the exhibit interested me very much, the one thing that impressed me most was the view from the top of the cliff. It was just before one of the worst electric storms of the season. The atmosphere must have been unusually clear, for we were able to see Michigan City across the end of the lake, a distance of over thirty miles. I never saw a more beautiful sight. Mr. Smith, the gentleman in charge, remarked that it was the first time he had been able to see objects across the lake. A unique impression was received one day when I, through the courtesy of a friend, was a guest within the closed doors of that august body, the Board of Lady Managers. There could be nothing more attractive than the meeting of the Peace Palace Committee to select the president, presided over that great body of women. Her ease and grace, and the winning way with which she recognized each member who took the floor, were altogether charming, while her parliamentary knowledge was a complete surprise. The deliberations, while full of interest to all, were marked by a dignity and ease that were most impressive. Many notable women were present, and among those pointed out to me were Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Frank Underwood, Mrs. W. L. Gardner, Susan B. Anthony, and others. I also remember seeing Miss Yandell, the sculptor, and Miss Hayden, the architect. Although I was interested in all of the women's work at the Fair, the skill displayed by each of those prominent women who came from the East and West, united young women, another group of them is over twenty-two years of age, and each has acquired great reputation in her line of work. Miss Hayden, the young architect, is a Boston girl, and a graduate of the Institute of Technology in that city. She has always devoted much time to art, and she won the highest praise from the architects with whom she was associated in making the drawings of the Woman's Building.

Miss Yandell is from Louisville, Kentucky, and is already associated with some of the greatest sculptors of the country. Among her works of art at the Fair, were the figures on the great stone carytides that supported the roof garden of the Woman's Building. She also had several pieces of statuary in the Art Building; and the Daniel Boone statue in front of the Kentucky Building was designed by her. I look back often to that picture, it was the great and wonderful exhibits of the Art Gallery, and of all the various exhibits the most lasting impressions will be those received from the beautiful paintings and sculpture displayed in the endless galleries of the Art Institute. The productions of art are held in such different ways. I remember seeing one day a lady who, bent on seeing everything, was walking through the Art Building with mouth open and eyes staring at the picture-covered walls, when suddenly she stepped up to a group with that oft repeated question — "What building is this, anyhow?" "Madam," replied the guard with unmoved countenance, "This is the Krupp Gun Exhibit." And the madam accepted her reflection in the huge, glass-fronted case.

A day or so after the close of the Exposition, I went over to the grounds to finish up the Art Gallery. Even then the work of packing up was progressing at a very rapid rate. All the beautiful buildings will be dismantled and one could see the "closed" most everywhere. The beautiful paved streets, which only the day before had been traversed by thousands of visitors, were being cut up by heavy express wagons and railroad tracks were being laid across that beautiful Court of Honor. As I was resting by the lake shore on one of the vacant benches, I could not help noticing the dreariness and desolation of that beautiful White City, which had been at its height of glory only a day or two before. Although it assumed a form and fitting that the beauty of that wonderful White City should vanish quickly, yet I was deeply impressed with a feeling of sadness and of loneliness, for I felt that I would never be able to see anything like it again.

HYDE PARK, ILL.

Our Mirror.

President's Letter.

I conclude the human heart is very much the same as when Christ was preaching in person among men. Some will take exceptions to either what is taught or what is not taught, or to the manner of doing it. "Is it lawful for us to give tribute unto Caesar or no?" If you are mistaken to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, some one says you are a coward, or you would hold up Christ as they see him in some particular branch of reform. Whatever is short of this is compromise. Men while riding a hobby and turning it with other things grind their teeth, for they are reformers. They first assail teachers and ministers in the name of conscience and then dare them. I know of many grand men who have had a weak or morbid conscience or judgment in this matter who have been dares by the threats of lack of support or opposition, and finally induced to turn aside, take up some special line of work, study, or discourse which, when carried beyond what was practical for the time and place, has finally resulted in side-tracking them, and ending largely their future usefulness. Satan wants us to fight each other and not him; wherever men get to doing this, saying unkind things of each other, his kingdom grows, his spirit comes to rule in the hearts and decisions of men, young and old. They become wrecked upon foundations laid in some one else's dole, the pastor, the neighbor, or the 'bore's' son, the pool room, or the saloon. Sad that we have such influences against us, but it is no new thing. We have known which of these forces are against us from the morning of creation, and should not to meet them in the spirit of the Master. Evils will only be put down as parents teach their children something better. The school, the Christian Endeavor, or the church will never alone save our young. Finding fault, or even the ballot box, will never save us. Christ said, "Let it be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." Then can we agree on holding up Christ.

E. B. SAWYERS
"Our Young Folks.

THE YANKEE BOY'S JACK-KNIFE.

"The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school, Work on the cotton fields or rice or rye. The pocket-knife. To that his wishful eye Turned from the hay, while in the sun he lay. His horsey old coat he gladly gave to get it, Then leaves no stone unturned till he can get it; And in the selections of the Christian Endeavor Society, which have been very interesting and instructive.

SHOW YOUR COLORS.

"I was riding on the train through the eastern sections of the Carolinas. Nothing can be finer than that portion of the country, unless it be the religious experience of some people. The rain was pouring down faster, and faster, and faster, and I was so drenched, not a better place for the blues could be found. Looking out of the car window brought nothing more interesting to view than piles of tobacco, cotton bales, and cotton bales.

A MATTER OF DOUBT.

"He is not ashamed of it." "Not a bit ashameded." "Whom do you belong to?" "I belong to Christ." "Are you glad or sorry?" "I am glad—very glad." "Who in the car knows that man belongs to the devil?" "Everybody knows that, for he has not kept it secret." "Are you willing they should know you are a stranger around here?" "Yes. I am willing." "Very well, will you let them know it?" I thought for a moment, then said: "By the help of my Master, I will." Then straightening up and taking a good breath, I began singing a voice that could be heard by all in the car.

One of the innumerable stories about Bishop Phillips Brooks is that one day, being absorbed with work, he instructed his servant not to admit visitors, but while these words were whispered, the bishop happened to show himself at the front door, where he recognized an old acquaintance. The visitor was taken in confidentially, much to the chagrin of the servant, who afterward remonstrated with his master at being fooled. "Why, why did you not tell me that you told me that you would be so busy that you wouldn't see the Angel Gabriel if he called?" He answered the bishop, "I did say that, and I meant it. But there's all the difference in the world between Gabriel and my friend. I've never seen a Gabriel in the whole world, but as there is some doubt about my seeing this man there it was only right that I should see him here when he took the trouble to call upon me."

A scientific gentleman, supposed to be Professor Huxley, was sitting at dinner beside a lady who, in impassioned tones, asked whether he did not think it a serious thing that Mr. Jones, the vicar, should have adopted the eastward position in administering the sacrament. His response was: "My dear lady, I am told by Sir John Herschel that to drop a pea at the end of every mile of a voyage on a limitless ocean to the distance of the nearest fixed star requires a fleet of 10,000 ships, each of 100 tons burden, all starting with a full cargo of peas. How, do you really suppose that the master of the old man-of-war stars considered his new position of Mr. Jones a serious thing?"

A TEACHER in one of the public schools was drilling her class to the memory of the words of Sir Walter Scott: "The child in man is not the child in man, that does not mean when you see the letter 'f' over a bar or staff?" she asked. "Forty," answered one of the pupils. "The pupil," said the teacher, "is a character 'f' mean?" There was a short period of deep thoughtfulness on the part of the children, and then one of the shushed triumphantly, "Eighty!"—Chicago Tribune.
SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1884.

SECOND QUARTER.

June 23. Review.

LESSON V.—JOSEPH FORGIVING HIS BRETHREN.

For Sabbath day, April 28, 1884.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. Luke 17: 1.

General Statement.—The ten brethren up in Canaan were having a worse lot than was Joseph as a slave and prisoner. He indeed suffered the disgrace of false accusation; a train of sin, in his ingenuity of those he had helped; the trials of faith; homesickness; mental and physical anguish; but the ten had before them a great crime; the treachery of a heart-broken father, the ghost of Joseph always present in their consciences; reproaches passed upon each other; and at last a great trial in going to and returning from Egypt. Nothing can be worse than a remorseful conscience.

The years of plenty in Egypt have ended and darkness sets in. In the second year Judah finds it necessary to send to Egypt for grain. For connecting links between last lesson and this, see Home Readings and Weekly Services.

Explanatory Notes.

JOSEPH MAKES HUSBAND RICH. 1. "Could not relieve himself." Could not keep from giving way to his feelings after the confession and right disposition of his brethren. "Them that stood by: Syrian attendants. 'Come, let us go out.'" This would beget the Egyptians from knowing the sins of his brethren, and also permit a private and warm hearted revelation of himself. It was a matter of delicacy. 2. "Wept aloud." The impulse of a generous, forgiving nature. "Pharaoh heard." Possibly the weeping, at any rate, heard his brethren. "The word: Job said. No longer通过 an interpreter. He had been to them Zophath-passanah; now he is their brother Joseph, and he lives!" Showing where his thoughts chiefly went. A question of love. "Could not answer." Because of their trouble, and knowing that they were in his power. What if he now treated them as he had treated him? 4. "Come near to me." In fear they may have been shrinking back. It is the invitation of love and assurance. "I am Joseph . . . ye sold." A tender feeling he calls up their thoughts to see him, and to make up their minds as to his statement and truth and love. "Bring your father down." A Christian is prone to dwell upon his past follies. It is the invitation of love and assurance.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

CHRISTIAN ENDURANCE TOPIC. (For week beginning April 28th.)

GOODS FOR HIS OWN. Psa. 103: 1-22.
The great and good David, according to the Syrian picture writer, wrote this psalm in the same in his declining years. Standing by the "golden milestone of life," he bore glad testimony to the divine faithfulness. He said "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen such love, nor the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." We must not forget that if we are God's dear children he will care for us and see that we indulge in light-minded carelessness, or provisons. The body must be cared for, and so the home. True Christian care impels both to prayer and to labor. One source of avarice is the too common fear lest we suffer lack of necessary things, and in the undue anxiety to provide against this contingency. This sin should be cut up at the roots, and care cast upon God who promisses all needful things to such as do well, obey his holy law and trust in his grace. In God we live and move and have our being. He watches over us at night and defends us during the day. Our necessities and tastes are counselleed, God plans for us as a father for his children. And, then, having provided, he breathes God's pure air, eat food from his hands, wear the garments he provides, sleep under his watchful eye, and live in his safekeeping. He is present and he shows himself by this care and devotion shall we say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his beneficences."上海大行．—The Sabbath-school editor is now at work on the Third Quarter's Lessons and selects the following beautiful thought for teachers and scholars this week:

"There is no sin so bad as that first of all begins to live the truth which is known. —Bushnell.

—When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.

—Johnson.

—God made thee of his own choice, and of his own accord he chose thee. —Milton.

—The faith of God's elect wears constancy as its crown. —Spurgeon.

—If you permit in putting your eyes out in barring God's light out, and sowing to no boly for you; must die in the dark. —Coler.

—Little hopes make life little; great hopes make a great life. —Lea.

—Furrow clouds which gather around a fruitful path may dim, indeed, but they cannot wholly obliterate, the rainbow which spans their gloom. —Furrow.

—In heaven be the world toward which we are journeying, holiness will be the way in which we shall walk day by day; for if we do not love and cherish the spirit of discipline we shall never enter heaven itself hereafter. —Payson.

—All teachers, be ye silent, and all creatures, hold your peace, but speak, Lord, speak thou only unto me. For the nearer one is to himself, and the less he wandereth abroad, the more easily can be convinced, and the more excellent things, because he taketh the light of his own reason, and doth not lay hold on the hope of the thing which he who goes farthest beyond it will be most blessed. —Kittle.

—Communion with God is kept up by the word and by prayer. In the word, God speaks to us; in prayer, we speak to him. —Henry.

Home News.

Wisconsin.

MILTON.—After a two days storm the blue sky reappears. No gardens have yet been made, yet I think we can begin about our usual time, the middle of this month. One week ago to-day I was in the central part of Nebraska, and the high winds made me homesick; but when I returned I thought our weather was no better than theirs.

The attendance at this spring term of the college is lighter than usual, owing to the unfavorable weather. There will be a change. We enjoyed a blessed communion season last Sabbath—the audience room nearly full; seven were welcomed by the right hand of fellowship, one was received for baptism on confession of faith; more are expected.

The funeral services of our dear brother, Elder W. Harter, were held yesterday at Milton Junction. It was intended to be a memorial service, in which George W. Burdick was to speak of him as a member of the church, of which Bro. Burdick is pastor; O. U. Whitford was to have given a narrative of his labors as preacher; Isaac Phelps, with his interest in educational matters and in the Sabbath Reform cause, and E. M. Dunn of his labors as pastor in the several churches where he had served as pastor. The programme was in the main carried out. Brother Wardner was highly spoken of in all this neighborhood. He died beautifully, no ache, nor pain, nor lingering suffering,—in the midst of family devotions he just fell asleep in Jesus. The clock had run vigorously, had kept excellent time; it had been the regular for many another clock, but all at once stopped and refused to run any longer. Who will go next?

Iowa.

WELTON.—A few weeks ago indications pointed toward an early spring, but snow and cold weather since then have hindered farmers in
their spring's work very much. Oats are mostly sown and some are plowing for corn.

Last Sabbath we were permitted to assemble at the baptismal waters where three of our young people put on Christ in this beautiful ordinance. Our prayer is that others will soon follow. Paul B. Sosnowell has recently returned from Missouri where he was assisting Eld. Skaggs in holding meetings for two weeks. He reports an enjoyable and profitable time.

Eld. J. T. Davis spent a few days at Welton last week, but his sick most of the time was unable to visit friends as he would have been pleased to do.

Our Laymen have seen fit to retain our State Probate law and give us in addition a multi-tax law. We now, virtually, have a system of license under an absolutely prohibitory law. What next? Verily we know not till we have tried the paradoxical combination.

We were shocked and filled with sadness today at hearing of the sudden death of Rev. N. Wardner. An accurate thinker, an able preacher, a truly good man has fallen. One by one our aged heroes are leaving us; may God prepare us younger ones to carry on the work they so loved, and to which they dedicated their lives.

April 9, 1894.

IOWA.

GARWIN.—Since Eld. Humann left us we have been favored with a visit from Eld. J. T. Davis, who conducted a series of meetings in which a great amount of interest was manifested. Since so many families have moved away our congregations are quite small, yet we have no thought of giving up our regular meetings. A few weeks ago Eld. J. T. Davis returned, calling on a few of his mother's kindred, we were again favored with a few good discourses, for which we feel very thankful. He also aided in making arrangements to secure another pastor.

And we hope before long to have regular preaching services.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Some one has wittily said that a better thing than presence of mind in danger is "absence of body." But we cannot always be absent from danger, and fortunate indeed is any one who is able to be present in body when he is in danger and needs help.

I once knew a lady who screamed and wrung her hands when a girl was burning to death before her eyes, and made no effort to put out the flames.

Here is an account of two boys, who, by presence of mind and rare good sense, saved the life of their father:

In Maine, lately, these two boys went out to the woods with their father to see him cut down trees. Through a mistake in calculating how a tree he was cutting would fall, the father was caught and pinned to the ground, the tree lying across his body.

At the fearful sight, the boys did not lose their presence of mind, but set to work with energy to save their father. Some boys would have tried to save their father by vain efforts to remove the tree; others would have run and screamed for help, and meantime the father would have been under the tree. These boys did neither of these things. They commenced digging a hole immediately under their father, and in a very short time had him from his awful situation. Their coolness and wisdom were the means of saving his life.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

ETUQUIE OF THE TABLE.

The daintiest way to eat an orange is from a fork; that is, the skin and its coarse white lining are pared off with a sharp fruit knife, the orange is stuck on a fork, and is eaten exactly as one would an apple, writes Bath Ashmore in her "Sidewalk Book," in the Ladies Home Journal. Cheese may be taken between the fingers, or it may be put on a bit of bread with a knife, and eaten on that, but a fork is not used with it. Artichokes are, of course, eaten with a knife and fingers, each leaf being dipped in the dressing.

All pastry is eaten from a fork, and it is an insult to touch it with a knife. In fact, your knife has no use except for cutting or bettering serving, and when it is resting it should be laid sideways on your plate. Every vegetable can be eaten with a fork, the uses of a spoon being limited to a few desserts and for your coffee or teacup, and there its place is to repress in the sauce. Boulton is drunk from the dips in which it is served; when it is jellied it is eaten with a dessert spoon. Nothing excusses the chasing of a small particle of something to eat around your plate to polish it up.

The old idea that everything the oyster is given to, one, no longer exists, and the result is that children are not made gluttons. In drinking remember your goblet your glass your stem, and not by the bowl. While watermelon is eaten with a fork, canteloupe has served a spoon. As it is customary, nowadays, to have the salt served in open saltcellars, it may be menaced not in helping one's self the salt should be put near the outer edge of one's plate. In leaving the table it is not necessary to fold your napkin instead, just as you rise lay it on the table.

NORTH DOES NOT MEAN COLD.

North latitude in the Atlantic States means cold and many there cannot realize that north in California does not mean the same thing. Hence it is difficult for them to understand why it is that Butte county, which is 450 miles north of San Diego, has just as warm a climate as that extreme southern part of the State. We will not try to explain the reasons, but the simple facts are that the climate of one county as warm as the other, as can be seen from the government records of temperature and from the productiveness of the two countries. These are simple proofs and far more satisfactory ones to the most people than learned deductions from topography and climatology of the country.

These are per capita of the country. The orange, lemon, fig, and the fruits that women talk a great deal about, are in the extreme southern part of the State.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

UNCONQUERED.

However strong and skilled art may be, your foe however fierce is thy relentless hate; though firm thy hand, and strong thy iron, and straight thy pondered arrows leave the bowed head of him who in the target of thy aim thou knowest I am the master yet of my own fate.

The merchant looked at his friend for a few seconds in silence, and then said, with a serious look:

"I have kept straight, Mr. D., in spite of temptations that would have carried me to the bad long ago, if I had not held firmly against them. It was a desperate work. I sometimes wonder that I got through; and I tell you frankly, I never would have done it if one could have forced me. I believe your boy to the same temptations—no, not for all the money twice over, that I have made."—Selected.

ANY WOMEN IN CONGRESS?

The following conversation is reported to have lately occurred in Washington, D. C.:

"What is it, my dear?"

"Men say that women talk a grand deal, don't they?"

"I believe they do."

"And they also think it proper to make jokes about women; alleged difficulty in making up her mind?"

"Yes."

"And yet, look at it!"

On, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your minds that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some petty spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead to-morrow.

Tell him who is letting the neighbor stare, till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give him some day, if you can only make him see and feel, all of a sudden, that "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How would it go otherwise with the thing which you might never have another chance to do—Phillips Brooks.

Here is a bit of "prohibition" which is of the right kind, and evidently put in the right place. It is one of the by-laws of a newly-organized church among the Zulus: "No mem­ber shall be permitted to drink the white man's grog."—The Presbyterian.
TEMPERANCE.

A DRUNKARD'S WIFE'S SECRET.

"I'll tell you my secret," said a heart-broken wife; "It's the shame of my children, the load of my life. My husband drinks so much that he is not at all practical and good. Takes more of strong drink than a prudent man should.

"He's a hard-working man as any you find, and would do more if he didn't drink. He's a patient and kind; he gives me his wages and stays home to rest, and makes more happy, contented, and wise.

"But husband will drink. I'm sorry to say, and then from his hand he wanders away; comparatively little when the family's at home. And fills the whole house with terror and dread.

"I never before of my sorrows have spoken, and I would not speak now, but my heart is in brooks; I've come to my pastor, but not to complete, but only some counsel and comfort to gain.

"Pastor, your secret is safely well kept! Alas! on the street it is publicly shown. As shamingly as in the wife's, valiant face As in the标注 and drunkard's disregard.

"The old story told, forever retold, As vividly, as, as terribly old.

How the devil of drink, when he enters the home, Puts out its candle and shrouds all in gloom.

O mothers and sisters and sweethearts, arise! Take in the drunk-cure with your plying eyes! By the might of your love, your tears, and your faith, O save our homes and take us from the blight of death.

—Joel Severts, D. D., in A National Temperance Advocate.

—Tax Romn's Horn is of the opinion that "the man who builds his house on the sand is a wise man in comparison with the one who thinks that moderate drinking won't hurt him."

—Hann is Archbishop John Ireland's arraignment of the drinker: "The great cause of social crime is drink. If the cause of poverty is drink, and the great cause of poverty is right, the great cause of poverty is drink." When I hear the argument won't hurt him.

—And would not speak now, but my heart is in brooks; I've come to my pastor, but not to complete, but only some counsel and comfort to gain.

—Pastor, your secret is safely well kept! Alas! on the street it is publicly shown. As shamingly as in the wife's, valiant face As in the标注 and drunkard's disregard.

HOW TO DRAW A WILL.

The wisdom of having the will drawn while in health, when the nervors and morbid fears engendered by the drinker, and the person making it is able to order a clear and reasonable distribution of her property, should ap­peal to every one, writes Mrs. Hamilton Mott in an article entitled "Making a Will" in the April Ladies' Home Journal.

The fear that the attorney's fee will be exorbitant, or that it will be large, should be neither excuse nor reason for delay. All professional work is done on the basis described in the old saw:

"When you find a fat goose pluck it clean, And let the lean.

And legal charges are regulated not only by the amount of work done, but by the ability of the client to pay.

Go to as reputable attorney and tell him that you wish to have your will drawn, and that you can only afford to pay a certain sum for a fee.

If he has not expressly stated it, state your pecuniary position truthfully he will become your adviser no matter how small your resources are. Determine in advance exactly what you wish done with your estate; make careful memoranda of all the points, the full name of all who will appear in the doc­ument, and of anything else which may seem to you as of importance.

Take this data with you to the lawyer; tell him clearly what you wish done. He will question you concerning wine, if he may ask you; avoid irrelevant remarks, and then leave him to prepare the document, after making his charge, to return with your witnesses for signatures, etc.

Wanted.

A young man of 30 with a fair education in English and German, correct in figures, wishes to find employment in an office, or a Seventh-day Baptist congregation. Can furnish best references. Reply to this personal may be given through the Ram's Horn office.

Wanted.

A Seventh-day Baptist young man wishes a situation, or can secure one on shares. Has spent several years in raising and selling vegetables and small fruits. Can furnish best references. Immediate correspondence desired. Address, 'Willing to Work,' Hope Hope Publishing Co., 56, 5th avenue, Chicago, Ill.

For Sale.

To settle the estate of Rev. James Bailey, deceased, the home occupied by him in Milton, Wis., is offered for sale. It is a splendidly built Queen Ann cottage, large, spacious,3 and furnished with all modern improvements. It is offered at a great sacrifice. Every room in the house is comfortably furnished, and carpeted, bed-room set, and heavy furniture is offered for a mere trifle of its cost. For terms apply to E. S. Bailey, 3024 Maine Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Rev. A. P. Asmussen, Quitman, Georgia, is an independent Seventh-day Baptist missionary. He would be glad to correspond with any interested in the dissemination of Bible truth in Georgia.

Friends and patrons of the American Sabbath Tract Society visiting New York City, are cordially invited to call at the Society's headquarters, Room 100, Bible Home. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Special appointment made if desired. Elevator 8th flr. entrance.

Pond's Extract

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THE CHICAGO Sabbath-day Baptist Church holds regular Sabbath services in the lecture-room of the Methodist Church Block, corner of Clark and Washington Streets at 3:00 P. M., Sabbath-school at 2:00 P. M. The Mission Sabbath-school meets at 1:05 P. M. Room 401 Stull Hall, 1100 State St., M. B. Shepard, M. R., is in the parsonage. Strangers are always welcome, and brethren from a distance are cordially invited to meet us. Pastor's addresses: L. C. Randolph, 6128 Wharton Ave.

The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services in the Hoy's Prayer-meeting Room, on the 4th floor, near the elevator, Y. M. C. A. Building, corner 4th Avenue and 23rd St.; entrance on 23rd St. Meeting for Bible Study and Prog­ramme Thursday, Bible-class evening, Friday, at 7:30 P. M., followed by the regular preaching services. Strangers are cordially welcomed, and any friends in the city over the Sabbath are, especially invited to attend the service. Pastor's address: Rev. J. O. Roodrick, New Mipash, 60 Barrow St.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY. Trade De­pository, Book Exchange, and Editorial Rooms of Sabbath-­tract Outlook. "Select Libraries," and Bible-school books a specialty. We stock all the latest and approved books at retail prices, post paid. Write for further information. Address, Room 100, Bible House, New York City.

All personal contributions for the New Mipash Reading Rooms for seamen will please notice that W. L. Russell, M. R., will receive the money, and address her at 101 West 25th street, New York City.

Seventh-day Baptist Church of Providence, R. I., hold regular service every Sabbath, in Room 6, at No. 38 Weybosset street, Bible-school at 2 o'clock, P. M., followed by prayer service at 3 o'clock. All strangers will be welcome and Sabbath keepers having occasion to remain in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend.

W. W. W.

Western Office of the American SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY. All the publications of the Society on sale, Sabbath Reform and Bible literature supplied; books and musical instruments furnished at cheap rates. Visitors welcomed and correspondence invited. 21 South Carpenter street, Chicago.

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GEORGE SHAW, Pastor.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y.

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