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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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JOSEPH'S TOMB.

Joseph's Tomb, as described by E. B. Mcdonald.

JOSEPH'S TOMB.

In the fertile valley of Shilohem, Where Ebal's shadow falls, And Gerizim (as much of blessing),

Loos'd down o'er rocky walls. Hemmed in by the cloud-capped mountains, "Neath ever-changing sky.

Aloes in that valley of beauty The tomb of Joseph lies.

He fell in the land of Egypt, And Castricis passed by, While in faith his bones were resting Beneath that sky.

Her Ty- мас surely bear me Out to that godly land Which was promised to our fathers—Led by God's mighty hand.

But the freighted years rolled onward, And through their music crept The bitterest plaint of sorrow, "The west,

For "the new king knew not Joseph," Nor the people whom he fed, And through cruel persecutions Their path to freedom led.

In the Harry of swift departure, Over sea or the trackless desert, They bore the concealed clay Till they reached the land of promise, With fertile fields of green Where they made in that lonely valley The grave which faith had seen.

With oaks, a land of promise, A land so fair and bright, In visions of wondrous beauty It shines on our sight, And ever, as on our journey, Faith points that heavenly way, Where death and its gloomy shadows Are lost in endless day.

"If you sit down at set of sun And count the sites that you done, And, counting, find One self-saying act, one word That eased the heart of him who heard, One glance must him, That fell like sunshine where it went, Then you may count that hour well spent."

"But, through all the long day, You've cheered no heart by yes or may; If through it all You've nothing done that you can trace That brought the sunshine to one face, And, normal."

That helped some soul and nothing cost, Then count that day as worse than lost.

Terror is the greatest possible amount of comfort to be derived from the reflection that wicked men cannot defeat the purposes of God. He is supreme and his plans will ultimately prevail. If the human instrumentalities among men in our world, and whatever temporary hindrances occur, the ultimate design will be realized. Just as certainly as the Saviour defeated the enemy in the great temptations in the wilderness, he will also be the victor in all subsequent encounters. This world will yet be conquered in the interests of Christ's kingdom.

DEATH is no respecter of persons. This topic finds frequent verification in our families, in societies, and among those famous for wealth or station. Of those who have recently passed from earth to the spirit land are several of considerable note. The late Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, was seventy years of age. He was a soldier in the Mexican war, and held a commission as Major-general in the Confederate army. He was once Governor of his State and had been in the United States Senate for over ten years.

The late Senator Vance, of North Carolina, was about sixty-four years of age. He had been in public life for more than forty years. He served his State as Representative in Congress twice before the war. He was in the Confederate army the first year of the war and then withdrew from the army to accept the office of Governor of his State. He was chosen for a second term in 1864, and for the third time in 1876. For the past fifteen years he has filled his place as United States Senator.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD was one of our nation's most distinguished lawyers. The service which has rendered him most eminent as a jurist, and yet which from its nature did not bring him very conspicuously before the masses, was his life-long devotion to the work of a reform in legal practice. This, of course, is a work which the profession itself will best understand and appreciate, but which is said to have very bountiful fruitage.

GEORGE TINKER CURTIS, another eminent American lawyer, after a long and varied public life, died recently, in his eighty-second year. He was an eminent writer of history, American law and political science.

WHETHER Universalists are to be classified among evangelical denominations, or not, is a question receiving some attention of late. After a somewhat careful consideration of the religious tenets of Universalists, Dr. H. K. Carroll, of New York, announces his opinion that they are properly evangelical. The Christian Advocate dissent from this view. We once attended a large union mass meeting held by Universalists and Unitarians. Each of these bodies had able representative speakers. The first speaker explained how it happened that two bodies, holding such opposite views respecting the nature of Christ, could be united in holding a religious meeting. He said the doctrine of the ultimate salvation of the human race formed the basis of the union. Universalists believe that there is sufficient divinity and power in Christ to save all men and therefore all men will be saved; while the Unitarians believe there is enough divinity in man to save himself, and therefore none will be lost. The remarkable absence of Scriptural authority as proof of the correctness of their positions was very noticeable.

Since that time, which was several years ago, there has been a very marked divergence in the teachings of these two bodies. Universalists, apparently, have drawn nearer orthodox holdings, while Unitarians have gone farther away into the mists of rationalism. The whole superstructure of the orthodox Christian faith rests upon the doctrine of the divine-human nature of Christ, and no religious teachers assert this doctrine with greater emphasis than do the Universalists. No other class of religious teachers so rob Christ of his essential divinity as do the Unitarians. Hence the difference between these two religious bodies is about as wide as it can be, while the difference between the teachings of Universalists and those who are usually reckoned as evangelical bodies is found mainly in the purpose and scope of the provisions made, through Christ, for the salvation of the human race.

It would be difficult to find more terse and comprehensive statements of the evangelical doctrine of the nature of Christ than the Universalists set forth, a few of which we quote as given by Dr. Carroll; the first is taken from an article in Schofield-Hartson:

"Universalism holds as to the nature of Christ that it is identical with God; so to his relationship, that it is that of a son; as to his office, that it is mediatorial. His existence, as declared in the pronoun of John's gospel, has been from the beginning. Having the same nature as God, and being actuated by the same spirit, he is literally "God manifest in the flesh." He is the Lion of God in the highest sense.—President E. H. Capen, of Tufts College.

An editorial in a recent issue of The Universalist endorses the following statement as sound doctrine:

God is love personified; Christ is love incarnate; but love incarnate is God incarnate, for God is love.

One more quotation from the same paper, in an article by Dr. William Tucker, says:

Take away the miracles of Christ and the claims of divinity he made in connection with them, and we can give no rational explanation of the conduct of Christ, the faith of his disciples, the charges made by his enemies, or the action of the multitude that followed him.

So far the Universalists, as shown by some of their most representative men, are in accord with evangelical churches. To us their doctrine of the atonement, as making the salvation of all men certain, seems to be a sentiment unauthorized by the Word of God upon which we rely for our guidance. But we regard their position as far less harmful than that of the Unitarians, whose fundamental doctrine aims a death blow at evangelical Christianity.

AFFIRMATION is a school of virtue; it corrects and interrupts the confidence of sinning.

At what a wondrous thing it is to note how many wheels of toil one thought, one word, can set in motion.
SOUTHEASTERN ASSOCIATION.

The South-Eastern Association convened with the church at Roanoke, Va., Fifth-day, May 17, 1894. Bro. Samuel Bond was Moderator, and performed his duties with ability and unaffectedness.

The introductory sermon was preached by D. C. Lippencott, a student in Salem College, in the absence of Pres. T. L. Gardiner, who was unable to be present at the opening session.

From the first an excellent spirit prevailed; a spirit of devotion and Christian fellowship marked all the sessions, but the culmination was in the most valuable meeting of Sabbath afternoon, in which a large number bore testimony to the value of the Christian's faith. Besides the Bible, Missionary, and Temperance Societies, there was a special fund raised for Salem College, amounting to $600. Our people in West Virginia are thoroughly in earnest in maintaining their cherished school, but as they have not the means to make it a permanent blessing they will be liberally aided in its endowment.

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

The open doors and open hearts of the hospitable people of Hopkinsville were extended a fair welcome of delegates in the midst of a much needed rain on the morning of Fifth-day, May 24th.

At 10:30 A.M., Rev. W. C. Daland, as presiding officer, called the meeting to order. John Cottrell, of Shiloh, was chosen Secretary.

Rev. E. H. Socwell, delegate from the North-Western Association, read from the 19th chapter of Luke's gospel, the first 27 verses.

Rev. M. B. Kelly, Jr., offered prayer, and after singing by the choir, Rev. G. J. Crandall preached the introductory sermon from the text, Luke 19: 13, "Occupy till I come." The theme, "Doing business for Christ," in this parable the people seems to represent the doctrine of salvation which is offered to all men, not just a few proportions but to all on the same conditions. This gift bestowed upon all men is to be used and increased. They were to receive power from on high, a qualification for doing the Lord's business. The work to be done is the Lord's work, and is to be done through the power given by him.

In the continued spirit of prayer all are to grow and become strong. A child grows by exercise, and so with the child of God. He must be in constant exercise and grow by drawing his life force from God. The branch grows because it has its contact with the vine, and in like manner the Christian must grow by his connection with God. The child of God must grow by means of the gospel method, the proper use of the ordinances of the Church of Christ. To neglect these ordinances is to fail in the same sense would fail in the use of natural means by which we grow and develop physically. Brethren, you cannot neglect the Lord's Supper without neglecting the Lord that bought you with his precious blood. We must not neglect the ordinances of the gospel. This is an inseparable attribute of trust, and as a means of growth it should be carefully studied.

This talent or gift will be increased by constant testimony for Christ. No wonder those who do not testify frequently for Christ now will miss all the rewards of the Christian life, but they do not want to do much for it. Such Christians will not get a great reward. We must try to save souls if we are true Christians.

Again the discipline of the church is a means of grace. Not the discipline as simply dealing with careless and negligent members, but the discipline of training, the culturing power of the church. Do not hesitate about doing anything the Lord requires of you. No one who obeys the Lord starves or is reduced to begging.

After a little routine business, the remaining time before adjournment of the morning session was devoted to a testimony meeting, led by Rev. Andrew J. Potter, pastor of the Waterford Church. This meeting of fifteen minutes found twenty-six willing witnesses satire from frequent acts of praise. This brief service was full of interest.

Afternoon.

Letters from the churches indicated that God had graciously visited several of the churches in connection with special revival efforts, as well as the usual work of the pastors.

Delegates from other Associations were invited to represent their bodies and participate in all the sessions. Rev. Samuel Davis, of the South-Eastern Association, spoke very encouragingly of the recent meetings held at Roanoke, Va., and the general work done during the year. Those of the work of Salem College have given new life and hope to all our people in that State.

Rev. A. B. Prentice, of the Central Association, spoke of precious revivals during the year. In this Association there are fifteen churches, some of those quite small, yet there is the vital spark of life in all.

Rev. M. B. Kelly, Jr., appeared as delegate from the Western Association, reading the annual letter and making interesting remarks.

Three of these churches have had precious seasons of religious awakening.

Rev. E. H. Socwell, of the North-Western Association, after reading the annual letter, said, while he could not report many special revivals during the year, still he could say that there seems to be a general healthy condition told in Scripture of being dead in trespasses and sins.

At this point Mr. Charles Potter, city missionary from New London, was introduced and made brief remarks respecting his work for the souls of persifying men and women in the slums of the city.

At the time appointed for a sermon by the delegate from the North-Western Association, Rev. O. U. Whitford read the Scriptures and offered prayer. E. H. Socwell, taking for his text Job 23: 3, "O that I knew where I might find him!" preached a helpful sermon.

It is natural for man to desire to know where to find God. It is unnatural for man to be seeking to find God. It is because sin has closed up the avenues and has concealed God from his vision. Through man's natural senses God cannot be seen; he must be spiritually disci-$\ldots$

[Note: The text is cut off, and the content is not complete.]
even if it were worth while. Possibly, as many affirm, the only god that he was minded to serve when he wrote his book on the "World's Fair City," was the golden calf. Be that as it may, that book is one for all thoughtful, earnest people to read. Bro. Jones says that "if a right idea and a good story could come to the Pullman Company, it would be especially prompt by some 'Julia' or 'Maria' to write a book on London as a mode-Stead—what would not the people say of him?"

But he adds, "I almost wish he would come."

The plan was to activate and publicize the feeling which is poisoning the moral atmosphere of our great cities is enough to make one heart sick who does not lean upon the promises of God. How are matters to be remedied unless the facts are known?" Turn on the light.

A few years ago Geo. M. Pullman incorporated a company with a capital of $30,000,000, bought an estate of over three thousand acres round Lake Calumet, and followed the example of Moses by making Feast, "set to work to construct a model city in his own image."

The business of the company was to build the cars which have made Pullaman a household word. The cars were the center and nucleus of all, where, in the last years, 14,000 employees worked upon 20,000 feet ofumber per annum.

It was Mr. Pullman's ambition to make this city, which bears his name, an ideal community. To enable him to carry out this plan, he retained control of everything. The whole city—land, houses, streets, public works, even the churches, were and are still the property of the company, of which Mr. Pullman is the autocrat.

Literally speaking he owns the town. He filled up every house with water and gas and the latest sanitary arrangements. He provided grounds for recreation and athletics; a public library, a school-house, church, savings bank and theatre.

He beautified the town with flower-stretches of green lawn, park and lake. His achievement was such an unique and masterly one that it gained a world-wide reputation, and was the admiration of the great public, which gathers its impressions from the racy sketches that travel the round of the local newspapers.

The strike which is now on at Pullman has brought to light a series of facts which rub off the glitter of the fashionable fog. The objection to Mr. Pullaman, and, in the revulsion of public sentiment, it is quite likely that criticism is overdone. We do not believe that Mr. Pullman is a monster of beastliness. We do believe that his scheme has embraced much that is valuable. But it seems pretty certain that Pullaman is not a philanthropic, but a business enterprise; and that it is founded upon principles which are quite un-American and have therefore been found wanting.

As a resident of the town put it, the citizens project. "Pullman Company, they bought gas of the Pullman Company, they paid water tax to the Pullman Company. They sent their children to Pullman school. They attended Pullman church, looked at, but dared not enter, Pullman's hotel with its private bar, for that was the limit." It was too much Pullman for an American. The citizen grew tired of it and voted for annexation to the great city at the north by an overwhelming majority.

Discontent has been breeding for a long time regarding the justice of Pullman's administration. The present strike for higher wages has been fermenting for six months. The rejection of wages alone would not have provoked this protest had it not been coupled with the fact that rent remained as high as ever; that the usual quarterly dividend of 2 per cent was declared for stockholders; that the salaries of head managers still remained the same; and that Mr. Pullman, in defiance of all indifference to the cases of suffering brought to his notice,

The strike is engaging wide attention and will be watched with great interest.

**THE TRAINING OF A CITIZEN.**

**By Emily Hornington Miller.**

Dean of Woman's College, Trenton, Ill.

The best thing that the promoters of the Kindergarten system are doing for the interests of humanity is to revolutionize to its true importance the work of the home for the child.

It is in bringing us to see that the essential part of the training of a citizen does not consist in teaching him to read and write, but in development along moral lines, and that the best way to be disinterestedly connected from the formation of character. The training of the citizen for a patriot or an anarchist, for self-seeking or true humanitarianism begins in the cradle, where with the first drawings are laid. The foundations may be laid for self-control, unselfishness, and obedience to law. This training is essentially the same for men and women, and in all I have to say of home education I speak of the child, and not specifically of the boy or the girl.

One end of home education should be to make of the child a healthy, well-developed animal, and this necessitates intelligent oversight of his food, his clothing, his sleep, and all his physical habits. He should be accustomed from infancy to regularity in eating, and taught that his appetite is not the criterion of proper food. The child is induced to eat inferior food than that wholesome food without question if he comes his crib lest another child should come to you. His early days are so full of sensations that any good-night story he is told may be background.

"What is my little boy going to eat this morning?"

With the result that the youngster did not choose to eat anything that was upon the table, but was coaxel as a great favor to eat some specially prepared food of which he served the children without question whatever food was provided, and though they understood that they were at liberty to leave it if they chose, they usually ate it as a matter of course, as their elders did.

If we are to have a healthy animal it must be regulated by some higher law than the caprice of fashion or the vanity of the parent. Constriiction, compression anywhere, undue or unsupported weight, insufficient covering for legs and arms, whatever interferes with perfect freedom of motion, does not secure a uniform temperature or makes the child conscious of his clothes a sin against physical well-being.

Sleeping with older persons or in unventilated rooms, as well as insufficient hours for sleep, are a damage to the child and are responsible for the deal of flatfootness that makes the morning hour a trial to the household. The practice of reading, singing, or in any way amusing a child to sleep is a dangerous one, for in nothing are we more thoroughly the creators of habit than of children, but if may not interfere with the of the brain.

"Will he be restless, will he be quiet?" parents are eager to know. Restless, of course, means, will he be vicious, will he be mischievous? Quiet, will he have a restless spirit.

Self-control is the end of all discipline, and it may begin much earlier than most of us realize. Even from a selfish stand-point mothers would be infinite gainers if they would teach their children to be quiet, for they themselves may not be quiet in the morning and in the evening.

We teach them instead to be restless, by continually tossing, tarrying, drumming on the window or piano, shaking toys before their eyes, until they are never satisfied unless in hyperactivity. We make them restless and restless when we might as easily teach them quiet, and the result is disastrous to physical well-being and the growth of character. Activity need not be restlessness, and a child who is never quiet is not in the best training for development, and needs steadying for his own sake. To sit quietly and listen to talk or story, to respect the presence of others, to yield one's preference, not to fidget under restraint, these are all things to be learned, habits to be acquired, and have to do with the child's whole life. The habit of observation, the awakening of thought, the development of the reasoning power, all depend upon self-control which gives the child the grasp of himself.

Unselfishness is looked upon as a sort of hard-grace, but if the child be successfully nurtured, there is no question that its opposite may be. The child is induced to eat the food he does not want by the presence of giving it to somebody else, to lie in his crib lest another child should come and eat. The child which is taught to lie in his crib is never quiet.

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obey touches only habit, a decision as to what is on the whole the most comfortable thing to do; to be obedient covers intention, disposition, desire. A child may obey because he has discovered that rebellion is punished, because he is afraid of the punishment that follows, he may obey in order to be praised, or because he is trying to please his parents. The child who obeys without a deep-seated conviction that it is right to obey is not true obedience.

The nature of the situation may be such that the child is not aware that he is obeying, or he may be too young to understand its full implications. In such cases, the child may be reacting to habit or襁褓, and not to an understanding of the moral truth involved. The child's obedience must be seen in the context of his personal development and maturity.

A child should be taught to obey with a sense of justice and fairness. The child should be encouraged to think about the reasons why he should obey, and to consider the consequences of his actions. This will help him to develop a sense of moral responsibility and to understand the importance of obedience.

In conclusion, obedience is an important aspect of child development and is closely related to the child's ability to make moral decisions. It is not something that can be taught in a single lesson, but rather something that needs to be nurtured and reinforced through consistent and thoughtful guidance.

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FIELD WORK.

The usual form of the Field Secretary's work is to visit the pulpits of the Sabbath-day, preach a sermon and present to the people a plan of the work to be done. The week following a canvass of the society is made, for the following objects:

1. To get every one so far as possible, to pledge to give a certain sum every week, five cents, more or less, according to ability, to be divided equally between the Missionary and the Sabbath Society.

2. To make known to the people the plan of the work to be done, and to encourage them to do their share.

3. To seek the cooperation of the Sabbath School, to have it listed in the program.

4. To secure subscriptions to the Sabbath Recorder.

The pastor of each church can greatly help in this work by calling attention from the pulpit, from time to time, to the denominational paper, articles of special interest it may contain, and the desire of the people to have it.

The plan of the DeRuyter pastor is a good one. He has his people bring their papers to church Sabbath-day, after they have read them, and during his rounds the following week, he discusses the papers with Sabbath-keepers and other members of his society who do not have the paper. In this way an appetite for the paper may be stimulated that will bring future subscribers.

The pastor should give notice every Sabbath of the amount of collections on the preceding Sabbath, so that his people will know how much they have done and is punished.

How should we assume that fathers and mothers by virtue of mere parenthood have a right to demand unquestioning obedience of their children? On the contrary, parents, you are under infinitely greater obligations to this child upon whom without his consent you have laid the perilous possibilities of existence, than he can be to you for the care and tender-nom care, spontaneity, but a deep delight. Prepare him as best you can for that which he cannot escape, or you have not discharged the obligations you dare to take upon yourself.

Truthfulness, pure, absolute, beautiful, a fought in the heart, but to the child all things are true until we teach him that there is falsehood. He learns by experience that the stars are beyond his reach, that things which please the eye are not always good to look at, and that beautiful objects can give pain. He learns that it is not necessary that there be falsehood; that words and actions are used to deceive, and he is quick to act upon the evil knowledge. My indignation is always aroused when I hear people quote against childhood the words of David, "They go astray as soon as they are born—spreading lies." David said that as he did a good many other picturesque things of his enemies, such as "Adders' poison is under their tongues," "They whet their tongues like a sword."

But children fall easily into habits of untruthfulness, from fear, from injustice, from a desire to accomplish their ends, and oftentimes with no proper sense of the seriousness of the offense. How should it seem a serious thing to them when deceit and falsehood are used towards them by their elders? And when we take light of our duties, in some cases be refuge in the midst of danger, the mother romances about the child, the child romances about something else, and is punished. She encourages authority by threats never meant to be executed, and promises that cannot be fulfilled, and then wonders that the child is not truthful and honest and straightforward in his dealings with others.

The home ought to teach industry, promptness and order. The market value of a child's work is not the measure of its worth. Whatever portion of the daily work falls to the child's share he should understand that it belongs to him, and that he is a member of a partnership, and that his reputation depends upon his doing it promptly, regularly, and in a workmanlike manner. Whether he likes the work or not is not at all the question. Your child needs to learn what a multitude of men and women have never learned, that what the judgment approves is to be conscientiously carried out without any reference to the fact that it is no fun. A great stumbling block with children is their idea that when they are grown up they please themselves, or that, if they do, there is no violation upon them. It is in the home that they must be taught that obedience is the law of life under which parent and child both live, and that we are to do the right not because anyone says must to us, but because we say must to ourselves. If promptness be the most difficult of all virtues to teach our children, it is that whose possession will be a priceless boon to them. It is worthless a fortune to be taught to go without delay from one thing to another, neither wasting their own time, nor that of others.

I have not touched the great field of literary training and culture, the choice of books, the familiar acquaintance with the masters of thought and speech, the work, possible only in the home, of teaching the eye to see and the ear to hear the wonders and harmonies of nature. To be in themselves noble, to strive for the things that are true and lovely, to live lives that shall have harmony of development because they reach "straightforward towards a worthy aim, outward to touch and bless on other souls, and upward with a steady lift toward God." This is the end for which home education lays the foundation—sows the seed.

NORTHERN UNIVERSITY, Evanston, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

Will you kindly give space in the Recorder for a Seventh-day Baptist to make some remarks about the Evangel and Sabbath Outlook? If there is one paper that I would not willingly do without, that I would send to everybody, I know and to every one that I don't know (if my checks are as full of money as my clothes are of holes), it is the Evangel and Sabbath Outlook. I do not see how the Tract Board could accomplish more than it seems as if it ought to accomplish by the publication of this little weekly. The Evangel and Sabbath Outlook could visit every family in the United States, every week, it seems as if the first day of the week, "Sunday," the "Christian Sabbath," the "Continental Sabbath," the "American Sabbath," might soon be known as "The Devil's Day." Of course Sunday-keepers might not give it that name, but they seem to enjoy variety in their names for this child of pagan-papal parentage, so they might adopt the name "Devil's Day," under the above mentioned circumstances. Keep on with the Outlook, Bro. Lowia, it is a grand work nobly done.

A. B. WERE.

SPEARVILLE, Ks., May 21, 1894.
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

MISSIONS.

There were eleven more baptised at Ashbyway, R. L., last Sabbath evening, May 18th, and there are more to follow next Sabbath. Thus steadily the good work of grace goes on in the First Hopkinton Church. May it not stop until all the unsaved are gathered in, and every wanderer brought back.

The religion of Jesus Christ is restorative. It restores the believer to the love of God and his dear Son; to spiritual life; to the love of purity and holiness; to society with God's law and willing, loving obedience thereto; to fellowship and communion with the Lord. Because of sin man lost Eden, and his holy estate, but through grace he is restored from death to life, from penalty to pardon and peace, not only his soul but body are saved. Are we helping to gain that glorious victory?

A SHORT COUNTRY TRIP.

Believing it will be of interest to the friends of our work, I send a brief account of a country trip made last autumn. Illness has prevented me from forwarding it at an earlier date. The locality is in Coles county, Illinois.

The object of the trip was to preach the word of life to the persecuted, to sell gospel and calendars, to visit a lone member of our little church, and to see if we might not be able to establish some regular out-post work.

The first stopping-place was Ta-Oen-Kyaoo (the bridge of great peace), the characters for which are chiseled out upon the long heavy stones that span the arch. But the name chiseled upon it is not the name by which it is commonly called. It is generally called Sah-Es-Kyau (The Stone family Bridge). Here we moored our frail boat and passed a very peaceful night. Sabbath morning dawned upon us bright and beautiful, a most favorable day for the work we planned to do, which was to visit Rebecos, a member of our Shanghai Church. Her home was an English mile distant from us, and although so near it would be almost impossible for one not acquainted with the country to find it, for it could not be found by looking about and across fields and intersected with other paths, making it very difficult to find the way. Fortunately our boatman was familiar with those paths, and acted as our guide. We reached her home quite early, and after a little introductory visit we proposed to hold a short religious service, to which she readily assented.

She then brought out, carefully wrapped in a cloth, her Chinese hymn-book and Bible. These books are in the Chinese character, but in a phonetic style, used to some extent in the days of Dr. Carpenter and Wardnor, by whom she had been taught. We read together a portion of a chapter in the gospel of Luke, and then sang that favorite of hymns to the Chinese tongue. "I was much gratified in the thought that this old lady, although surrounded with idolatrous neighbors, was able in this way to read the precious words of life and join with us in the worship of Christ.

Our preaching to the tried to bring from the gospel courage and comfort to her in her poverty and desolation. In this connection, it has occurred to me, that if the scattered members of our churches in the home-land need visitation and encouragement to enable them to follow religious life, how much more this poor and lonely widow, living as she does in the midst of heathenism. After a pleasant, and I trust a profitable, service, we returned to our boat for dinner.

In the afternoon we preached in the village near at hand, and invited a number of laborers gathered to hear. At the close of this service we invited any one who might be interested to accompany us to our boat, where we would tell them more about this way of salvation. There were two or three separate services from the company, following one after the other. "What would our friends and neighbors say if we should accept of this doctrine?" The influence of public opinion in China, as in some other countries, is more powerful than the truth.

Sunday morning we moved on to Lien-Ou, where we sold calendars and books during the forenoon. In this work we came in contact with a very interesting case. A lady seeing us on the street invited us into her home, bought a calendar and one or two gospel, then invited us to sit down and talk with her. She had many questions to ask about the doctrine.

During our work the next day we called upon her again. I desired Taun-Sing-Chang, who was not with me when I made my first call, to meet her. She received us very cordially, serving us after the Chinese custom, with tea. Taun-Sing-Chang talked in a very interesting and simple way to her, explaining and answering her questions about the Jesus doctrine. As we were about to leave she invited us to visit her again, and said she certainly would come to see us. As we left the home of this heathen woman we felt that the Lord had given us a most favorable opportunity to tell the story of his love to one who all her life had been ignorant of it. We lifted up our hearts in prayer to God that this woman might become fully acquainted with this divine love.

We visited the chapels of both the American Episcopal and the Methodist Episcopal South, located at that village, and found that there was no house near this station, while the former have a few. The American Episcopal mission have a dispensary in connection with their work here. When I visited this place several years ago there were no chapels opened for regular work.

On Monday we did some more work, and in the afternoon again visited the chapel of the Methodist, and assisted the Rev. Mr. Hill in a preaching service. At evening of this day we set sail for the city of Ta-Tsong, where we arrived on early Tuesday morning. We worked here with very good success until afternoon, but I found it impossible to continue, having contracted a severe cold, consequently we returned home. I was sorry that the two or three weeks' work that I had planned was so cut short, but we trust that those few days' work may bring some ray of illuminating light to those who are sitting in the darkness of heathenism.

D. H. Davis.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

FROM F. F. JOHNSON.

Have visited all our interests in the State of Texas in the following order: Sometime during the last of December visited Boates, Montgomery county, the home of Dr. Powers, who is a staunch Sabbath-keeper, and in the midst of a large practice of medicine. Said with him several days, preaching nights in school-house, and riding around with him in day-time to see his patients and the country. He has a household church of Sabbath-keepers, consisting of himself, wife, and two daughters. The doctor is doing good work here. Has organized an association for the purpose of discussing various religious subjects, which meets the first Sabbath in each month. He is much interested in the Sabbath cause; he was so impressed by this field, and will do all he can to sustain it.

Visited several points of interest in Cooke county, joining Montague on the east. At Bulcher I preached to a large congregation on the Sabbath subject. After taking my seat a minister arose and sanctioned every word I had said.

From there went to a neighborhood near Marysville, and held several meetings in a school-house, with good congregations. One Baptist minister frankly admitted that he could find no better Bible for his people than the Bible for Sabbath cause. There seems to be some interest here. It is in the Lord's hands, and if it is his will he will prosper it. Preached once in the school-house in Marysville and once in the Baptist church two miles west. Visited an old Illinois friend by the name of Graham, who is a Baptist preacher, eight miles east of Marysville. My recollection is that the first sermon I ever tried to preach was over his shoulder. Had a meeting appointed for him, and I followed him. Preached several times in school-houses near him. God knows the result.

The next point visited was at Bro. Johnson's, near Meridian, in Bosque county. Preached several times in his house to attentive listeners, and twice in a school-house five miles away. Some interest is springing up here. One Baptist brother told me he had made an effort on the Sabbath subject, if I would send an appointment to preach at his school-house he would invite me a crowned house. Made arrangements to hold meetings there on my way back. Bro. Johnson is very much in favor of tent work, members at a meeting to hold meetings in the town. What a terrible thing prejudice is!

The next place visited was Eagle Lake, Col-
WOMAN'S WORK.

DECORATION DAY.

This grows the ranks. A few worn, weary men.

With the white spray of age upon each brow,

When they marched gayly where they falter now.

A few are left. How short has grown the list!

We call it tenderly, with bated breath.

Lost from our ranks should fade the noble band.

To answer to the roll-call of the ruler, Death.

Few, few are left. The ranks grow thin, and wide

Apart as the dim armies of the past.

Silent and slow the little band moves on.

Their conquering forces on the foeman cast.

Only a few, with faith and faltering tread,

And for a while their march they keep

Over the rough and wind-swept field.

To bivouac grounds of rest, so green and deep.

This grows the ranks. In silent camps they wait,

Who shared his fate, his victory or defeat;

And marble sentries guard the sacred spot

Where wolf-scarred banners are set up and run.

So few are left! Where are those gallant ones

Who led the conquering bands to victory

Who out of darkness brought the light of peace, And set a race of suffering people free?

So few, so few! The golden-fruited years

Have scattered a race upon their way.

And a glad nation comes with their passing, To tell its love on Decoration Day—

Harper's Weekly.

WOMAN'S HOUR IN THE SOUTH-EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

The Secretary being absent, Miss Inn Hey-

convened, and the following programme was rendered:

MUSIC.

Music, &quot;Beautiful robes.&quot;

Scriptures reading and prayer.

Music, &quot;Behold, the white.&quot;

Reading, &quot;She hath Done what she Thought she Couldn't.&quot; Miss Tress Davis.

Reading, &quot;Saying Gifts and Givers as God Loved.&quot; Mrs. Bessie Bond.

Music, &quot;Help just a Little.&quot;

Address, &quot;Let the poor have a Voice,&quot; Mrs. Laura Burdick.

Music, &quot;Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.&quot;

SECRETARY.

ASA GRAY'S BOYHOOD.

Who was Asa Gray? He was a great botanist and found out so many great interesting facts about plants that had never been known.

He travelled all over the world and studied the flora of every country. He lived to be over seventy years old, and most of his life was spent in his interesting study, writing and teaching the wonderful truths.

The boyhood of men who have been benefactors of mankind is always full of interest, and in the book Asa Gray's wife has published, &quot;Letters of Asa Gray,&quot; we find these interesting facts regarding his boyhood: Asa Gray was born in Southampton, in Osceola County, New York, when that western country was just being settled. He tells us that a little girl in the neighborhood taught him his letters and took him to school with her. His brothers and sisters also went to school, but where business did not allow them to stay, Asa Gray &quot;was able to do his duty for them.&quot; The little boy was very anxious to have one for his very own. The household spelling book had been half thumbed, and a new one would look so much better. His father told him that as soon as he learned what was in the old speller as far as &quot;baker,&quot; he would give him a new one. It was only a few weeks before the little Asa had reached the goal, and his father gave him the coveted prize. He went proudly to school the next day, and as he might not speak to the teacher to proclaim his triumph, he walked in front of his seat, war- ning the book with a great flourish before her. It was just before he was three years old. He had a lovely old name, Sally Stickney. She ruled by gentleness. For the class she had an old-fashioned two-shilling piece, with a hole through it, tied to a yard of red ribbon. She put this over the head of the one who stood first in the class. So it traveled home every night with some one of the scholars, and the next day it was on some one else. But more than that, the one who stood at the head on the last day of school was to be the owner of that two-shilling piece while scholars had watched with jealous eyes so many weeks and studied Webster's spelling book so hard in the hope of getting it.

One of Asa Gray's friends, now eighty years old, relates this part of the interesting story of this two-shilling piece: &quot;Well, with hearts beating fast and eyes on the coveted prize, we were called on the last day of school to spell. We took our places at the head, Asa next. I missed, and he went above me; my all was gone, but I braved it without a tear; a few more words would end the strife. It was just before he dropped his head on his desk, before his heart would break. School was dismissed, scholars were leaving; still he did not move, until teacher came to him, whispered to him, and he walked away. I ran near the way home—a good mile— with my treasure. My mother told me to go another three quarters of a mile to Stephen Savage's store and spend it for calico and piece it up, to keep forever. I could only get one yard for my two-shilling piece. I put it in a quilt. My grandchildren are studying Asa Gray's Botany! He called here few years ago and said in a smiling way, 'I have got one yard of feeling badly about it,' and I answered, &quot;And well you may, when you have received so many honors since then.&quot;

A neighbor who lived to be very old tells this story of Asa Gray's boyhood: &quot;One day his father had sent him to hose a certain amount of corn, and he found him reading instead of his job. Asa Gray's father finished his hoeing and then read comfortably, or to sit there in the field all day in the hot sun and read. When the reading was over he said then, &quot;I made up my mind he might make something of a scholar, but he would never make a farmer. But books were scarce and money was scarce.

When Asa Gray was a young man, a medical student, he went among many others of that age that he tried it too; it made him very sick at first, and took him some time to get accustomed to it. At last as he sat one evening before the fire and smoked, he said to himself, &quot;Really, I am beginning to like it. It will become a habit. I shall be dependent on it.&quot; And so he threw his cigar into the fire and gave up smoking entirely.

This great botanist in later life had a black and tanserter name as his loving companion for twelve years. He loved his old-fashioned two-shilling piece, with a hole through it, tied to a yard of red ribbon. He was pleased with his treasure, and would put it in a quilt. My grandchildren are studying Asa Gray's Botany! He called here two years ago and said in a smiling way, 'I have got one yard of feeling badly about it,' and I answered, &quot;And well you may, when you have received so many honors since then.'

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"A SUIT FOR A SONG."

BY ELIZABETH W. F. BATES.

"Twas a cold winter's morning. The great clothing store
had just opened its doors.

The full ranks of salesmen were busy as bees, for
the season of the year was at its height.

The large, plate-glass windows were shining and bright, and
the sun's rays fell upon a wonderful picture. Figures of
Pilos or clothing, galore, both for boys and for men,
and at a fraction of their cost.

While there were thousands of children and youths;
and at a great gilded sign (broad its letters and song)
Bore this legant enticing, "A Suit for a Song."

The master of all, the rich merchant, stood by,
progressing toward the harp of his career.
His carriage sweet and imperious hand,
Art and beauty, law and order.
For his wealth was a wonderland;
For his wealth was a wonderland.

Yet, as sweet as the Bong of that newly-clad boy.

From an old-fashioned volume brought peace out of
Chorded ears, then into contact with wretchedly poor "Ragged Scbool sign (broad its letters and long),

"To the Smiths.—No. 7.

TO ARTHUR SMITH.

My Dear Nephew:—I was rather pleased to receive, some time ago, an answer to my letter to you. You seemed to remember those days in the harvest field as well as I do myself. I know by the way you wrote that you were there.

And now I write this second letter to you, Arthur, for the purpose of telling you what I think about those not very clean stories you say you used to hear your uncles tell while at their work or during the noon hour. Yes, I know all about those stories, Arthur, and if you ever hear me tell any of them I want you to ask your mother for forgiveness for the harm I did you.

I can assure you that I have many, many times asked God's forgiveness for everything I ever did of the kind.

But, Arthur, I never did much of it. Let me tell you the reason why. In my younger days I was much away from home. I recollect that I used to go into the village conversation of the men by whom I was daily surrounded. My mother, one of the dearest, sweetest and best women that ever lived, used to write long letters to me full of hearty encouragement and good cheer. She did not preach to me very much through them, but her gentle, Christian spirit pervaded every one of them, and by their holy influence I was kept from yielding to the most of the temptations that beset me. One sentence in one of her letters to me has had an effect on my life ever since. "My dear boy, I fear of you not to use any language among your companions that you would be ashamed to have me hear." That plea went to my heart and has never left me. I think it of very often after all these years; and I am sure that those words of my good mother have been of greater value to me than ever so many of the sermons I have heard since she wrote them to me.

Arthur, I hardly know what to think of some of the men who used to tell one another, and even to us boys, such vile stories as those you seem to think so professional and down upon those who are misusing Christianity that I do not know what to think of them. Even the deacon had his share in it; and I have heard preachers, while working in the fields, tell nearly as filthy stories as those of the crow they used to chase; yet those same good men, who followed a habit inherited from their fathers; but I am sure they did undid mischief by their foolish jesting. We boys used to keep silent while the men went on in this way, but we caught up all their stories and then retailed them to our companions at school, thus making all the vileness that the stories suggested a current topic among us. Some of those idle harvest field stories are still in my memory, and I cannot forget them; they come into my thought now and then all unbidden, respecting neither time nor place. I wish I had never heard them.

But I've heard something worse than all that, bad as it is. I've heard men use indecent language in their homes, and before their wives and daughters. I've known men who were called Christians that seemed to delight, when in the company of ladies, in such talk as might be taken in an indelicate sense—double entendre, very disjointed, very unclean. I'm sometimes recoiled that my mother, generally so mild in manner, used to become indignant because of the studied double meaning of the language of our nearest neighbor, who thought himself witty when he was only vulgar in his talk.

I knew a man—his name came to be so much of this nature that his wife, grown used to it, would now and then laugh heartily over what she thought to be good wit; and even his daughters simpered and giggled behind their napkins. And then those girls went to school—and told the other girls, perhaps, how "cute" their papa was.

Oh, the shame of it!

Arthur, I do not think such sins as these are so common as they were in my boyhood days, do you not know. I do not think such talk among a different class of people from what we knew as boys—people from whom we would not expect any such vile talk; for their knowledge and culture gives them something better to say. He who has read much, does not give us so much of the bad talk we now give it so much of from a better conversation.

But, only a few evenings ago, when I stepped into the corner grocery of an errand I found your Uncle David and half a dozen of his cronies sitting where they usually spend their evenings. David was telling what he seemed to think was a funny story: it was a most indelicate one, that is certain. When he finished telling it he laughed very loudly, but no one else laughed much. Seeing me there, he said, "I guess Uncle Oliver 'aint much used to such stories; he wouldn't laugh at 'em, no how." I did not know just what to say or do, but I knew that there came an awkward pause, during which I walked out. I think that, if the truth were told, David felt a little bit ashamed of himself. He certainly ought to do so, for he is a good and tidy boy, the father of five daughters—good Christian girls. I don't know what your Uncle Dave would do if he should hear any person use such language with reference to his Christian daughters as he used with reference to women in general.

Your Uncle John Smith, the deacon, is a quite quiet man. He tells me that just as a simple kind of a story laughable, and he will go on from one to another of his "that makes me think" all day long, and still have a large supply left on hand for the next day. Though he is a Baptist of the strictest sort, and can defend men who drivel vigorously, he doesn't reject a funny story on account of a bit of indecent language or vile thought. His own boys are often among his auditors. I don't know what they think. I am sorry that I have no sons to instruct; perhaps, if he should read more and talk less for once, he would come to be able to talk about something better. And I wouldn't wonder if he'd come to like something better than such stories. I do not suppose your Uncle John means..."
any possible harm by his naughty stories; but you and I both know that mischief is chiefly sure to come of them whether he means it or not.

Now, Arthur, I know you are not guilty of the sin about which I have been writing; you detect it. I have written to you about it because you put it into my mind. What I want to propose to you is, that both of us undertake to do more than we have done to use our influence against the telling of indecent stories and the use of unchaste language, especially by those who profess something better, and by the boys. You work in your field of labor, and I'll promise to do so in mine. My prayer is that all men who love humanity of character may refrain, not only from profanity and slander and lying, but from filthy conversation, even when it comes in a story that might cause a laugh in a crowd of men. Faithfully yours,

OSCAR OLIVER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I read in the Sabbath Outlook of May 10th, the following extract from the Central Baptist for April 18th: "As to the 'Sabbath,' long before Moses lived in Egypt, as authentic history alleges, the day of earth's fitting fit man was so marked as man's 'first day' that it gave name to the day as 'Sunday.' The question is suggestive, 'Were the early Christians unintelligent when they were impressed by the fact that Christ, who created man, indicated his highest design when he himself arranged that his resurrection, with all it implies, should be made to recall that first day?' It certainly was a profound record of Dion Cassius, Roman senator, consul and historian, that he should as a child have seen when John pupils were living, has attributed a part of the success of Christians to that signal fact, their return to pristine law by making 'Sunday' their day of religious devotions.'

The above is from the pen of Rev. D. W. Samson. Some may wonder why Dr. Samson did not quote some of that "authentic history" to prove that man's "first day" of existence, on the "seven day earth's fitting for man," "gave name to the day as Sunday." I think it must have been the same reason that one didn't eat his supper.

I have been studying this great Sabbath question for seven or eight years, and I know that I would be very much obliged to Dr. Samson for some quotations from "authentic history" to prove his statement.

In Nettlau's standard dictionary I read: "Sund- day, the first day of the week, so-called because it was anciently devoted to the worship of the sun." This dictionary was "revised, extended, and improved throughout by the Rev. James Wood, of the author of "Stories from Greek Mythology," etc. Rev. Wood, as do also all men of honesty and education, identifies "Sunday" as the "first day of the week." Bible students, without denunciation, as far as I can learn, agree that the creation of man was the last week of creation, and that it took place about the close of the sixth day (Friday, near sunset). His first day of existence would count, therefore, from sunset Friday until sun- set Saturday; or in other words, would be the seventh day or "Sabbath of the Lord." I refer the earnest seeker after truth to the "authen- tic history" bearing on the subject: Gen. 1: 1-31; 2: 1-3, Ex. 16: 26; 20: 8-11, Luke 23: 56; 24: 1.

You see that I do not differ with Dr. Samson when he asserts that "the seventh day of earth's fitting for man" was man's "first day" of existence. But I deny that the first day of man's existence, which the Bible always calls "the seventh day," "the Sabbath," or their equivalent, was ever known under the name "Sunday."

Dr. Samson has, at least, placed himself in a very awkward position. The papal church, as well as all Christian denominations, agree with the Bible that the seventh day of creation was the first day of man's existence, and that this was the identical day of the week which the Jews kept according to the commandment of God. Ex. 20: 8-11. No human being who has any honesty or truthfulness, unless he is grossly ignorant, or lacking in city, will deny that the Jews are still, weekly, celebrating this identical Sabbath, or the seventh day of the week (Saturday).

I would call the attention of the Rev. Dr., and all others who pervert facts in order to support Sunday-keeping, to the following lines of a well-known hymn:

"And no death ever enters that city, you know, And not a breath of a blast that blows."

Intelligent people must see from Dr. Sam- son's own statement, that if one had been com- manded to keep man's first day of existence as the Sabbath, in order to commemorate that event, still we would be constrained to keep "the seventh day's fitting for man," as Dr. Samson identifies it as the same day.

But Dr. Samson goes further and admits, in- directly, something in which the majority of Sabbath-keepers, as well as some Sunday-break- ers, will agree with him. Were the "early Christians," he asks, "unintelligent when they were impressed by the fact that Christ, who created man, indicated his highest design when he himself arranged that his resurrection, with all it implies, should be made to recall that first day?" What a "first day" does he mean us to understand that Christ's resurrection was "made to recall"? Why, by reading what he has said about "the seventh day of earth's fitting for man," being "so marked as man's 'first day,'" we can see that he wishes us to under- stand that the resurrection was made to recall "man's first day" of existence. We do not admit that Christ's resurrection on the seventh day was to recall the day as man's first day; but we do admit what Dr. Samson infers, that Christ did die from the dead "in the end of the Sabbath," which is the Sabbath (Ex. 20: 1. For further information in regard to the resurrection, ad- dress The American Sabbath tract Society, Alfred Centre, New York.)

As Dr. Samson has no support in the Bible for his assertion that the seventh day of the creation week (man's first day of existence) was ever named "Sunday," and as all acknowl- edged authorities of this world, amongst unim- pressed writings, acknowledge that "Sunday" is the "first day of the week," and that "Sat- urday" is the "third day of the week, or the "Jewish Sabbath," we may conclude that Dr. Samson has heaven and earth against him. We know that the Bible teaches but "one Sabbath all the way through," as a Methodist preacher admitted to me the other day, consequently if we know what is really "Jewish Sabbath," we know which day is the Sabbath that all men are commanded to keep holy.

We would like to ask Dr. Samson some ques- tions about "Dion Cassius," but we do not care to occupy the space in the Recorder, so we will desist; for we are inclined to think that the Doctor is buried deep enough.

SPEARVILLE, Kan., May 21, 1894.

A. E. WENTZ.

THAT CALIFORNIA COLONY.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder.

We have noted with interest and no little curiosity what has appeared in the Recorder for the last few months concerning the above, especially so in view of so much having been said in both a public and private way about our people "scattering" so much and starting so many small societies that are not, and cannot at any early date become, self-supporting. And more, we had thought several of taking the founder of the above colony, or some other good brother, to state in the columns of the Recorder how it is, and upon what basis it is figured, that a man with a family and household goods to move can afford to go so far, and pay from $200 to $400 per acre for land,—land, too, which must be irrigated, when other locations, much nearer by, and where land is much cheaper, can be found where Seventh-day Baptist churches are already or- ganized.

We have now good openings for people of our faith in Flandreau, S. D., in Calhan and Boulder, Colo., and if one prefers still farther South, Bro. Shaw, of Fouke, Ark., or Bro. Mills, of Attalla, Ala., would doubtless find that you raise some special inducement for locating with them. But, if you still insist and must have the California climate and fruit prospects, let me call your at- tention to Louisian and Mississippi. I am told by people now residing in Hammond who have been in California that in many respects this region is very similar to that of the last mentioned State, especially in climate and prospects for fruit growing. True, our soil re- quires fertilizers to get best results, but that is no greater hindrance than irrigation. We have no mountain climate, but that is favor, as the fertilizers do not wash, but remain in the ground year after year. After the first two or three years the expense of fertilizing is materi- ally lessened. Only five to ten acres are re- quired for an average farm, which sells from $5 to $20 per acre, according to improvements and distance from town. Outside the lumber interest, which is among the finest of the South, our chief item of produce from which we get the most ready cash, is as yet the strawberry. This industry is dotted with orchards of several varieties, which with proper culture yield nicely, among which are pears, peaches, plums, grapes, quinces, apricots, etc. Cotton is grown to some extent, though not so much as in Mississippi. It is the natural home of the sugar cane and sweet potato. All kinds of vines and vegetables do well here, especially melons, which usually sell at a good figure. Corn and Irish potatoes are grown, but like the apple tree, are better suited to a climate further north.

Our gardens are usually planted in February and March. Snow, in warm-weather dozes, is a very rare commodity, but we usually have some frost as late as March 15th, and occasionally as late as April 1st. This spring, like many other recent springs, was quite favorable. Many of the plums and peaches, more so than common. Grapes present a fine prospect.

We have some hot weather and insects of va- rious varieties, but am not aware that they are any more disagreeable than the blizzard and occupations of the North. Our days are no hotter than in Illinois and Wisconsin, only more of them. But we have a fine gulf breeze nearly every day, and never hear of sunstroke. The cost of living is not so very different from that in the North. Some articles are more, some less.
Bitter and Irish potatoes are higher, but this is more than made up in fuel and cost of building. Increased nicely. We have some 1,000 to 1,800 inhabitants—more in the winter than in the summer, as Hammond is getting to be a great winter resort for Northern people who have means to flee from the cold blights of that region. The colored man is not, curiously, but is seen daily on our streets. Though each have their separate schools and churches, the whites find it very convenient to employ the "darkey" for much of their heavier work.

Last season our village erected a fine two-story school building of eight rooms. At least six of them will be needed the coming school year. No one need fear coming this way because of no school privileges. The grade is now very good, but will be made even higher the coming season. A large three-story hotel was also erected the past winter, which is a great addition to our town in many ways. We have all the usual shops and stores found in any well-regulated town, and yet others might be added to the advantage of all concerned.

There are six white church organizations in the village, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Seventh-day Baptists, First-day Baptists, and just recently the Catholics have perfected a small organization. The last two named churches have no buildings; the other four have comfortable, though not costly, church homes. Our own is nearly completed; has a seating capacity of 400 or more. Our membership at present is nearly 60. Though it may seem strange, as yet we have the largest membership in town, and the church is thoroughly united in thought and action. We have a healthful and energetic endeavor Society of some twenty members, and though limited in means, are raising some $20 for benevolent purposes.

We are looking for several additions to our society this fall from various parts. Several from Northville, N.Y., have been here during the spring, some of whom have already bought, and others no doubt will, as they confess the place suits them in many respects, at least more than any other seen in the South. So pause and meditate, please, before your decision, for the land is lovely and where society and church organization and church buildings are yet to come, if ever.

Sincerely yours,

G. W. LEWIS.

MAT PETERS—THE COWARD HERO.

For Decoration Day.

By BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"We will not flag this grave," said Comrade Reyburn, passing by a plain headstone on which is inscribed the name of Comrade Peters, member of Co. H, 115th O. V. I. Born January 17, 1843. Died March 11, 1865.

"Why do you wish to leave this particular grave unmarked?" inquired Captain Green, crossing over the family lot to read the inscription. "Mat was a soldier, and our order was to leave the graves of our noble soldiers so.

"He was a deserter, you know, and has no right to the name of soldier," insisted the younger Captain Green, now sympatico with cowards, and consequently no sympathy with the memory of Mat Peters, notwithstanding the fact that he had given his last breath in the arms of our flag.

"Nothing except the fact that he deserted," replied Mr. Reyburn. "But that is enough for the present."

"Well, I was with him during all his almost four years of service, and I think I can say with better, braver, bolder, and more true a soldier than just poor Mat Peters. Let us sit down here in the shade and I will tell you what I know of him."

The two men seated themselves on a rustic seat at the head of the grave, and the captain continued:

"Mat was not quite eighteen when he enlisted, and it was nothing in the world but pure, downright pluck that made him leave his old father and mother alone. He was their last born and only living child at the time of his enlistment, more rapidly than upon, neither of them were able to do much toward earning the means for their own support. Mat thought of this, and bestirred himself and his name to the recruiting officer. But the patriotic neighbors assured him that the old people would be well taken care of if he should go, and trusting to these promises he went.

"During the first three years of the strife, while his father was to his garden and truck patch, Mat was nearly all of his wages home to them, and they were very eager to know their heads and were satisfied with the bare necessities of life which they could afford. But during the summer of '64 there was a stroke, and from that day until the day of his death, two years later, he was unable to walk a step. The neighbors soon tired of looking after the fretful old invalid. They sought the aged couple, neglected by those who had promised to care for them, began to suffer, not only for necessary articles, but for lack of even the plainest kind of food.

"Mat had re-enlisted a short time before this new trouble came on; and the last of that evening he had been promised at that time was never granted to him. Over and over again, every time a pitiful letter from home arrived, Mat would call to headquarters for a few days' leave of absence that he might go home and make some arrangements to keep the old people from suffering; but his efforts were all in vain. The army had gone into winter quarters and there was no possible way his request should not have been granted; none in the world except that the officer in charge had an old grudge against Mat, and did not choose to treat him civilly.

"At last the poor fellow became despondent and grieved continually over his disappointments, and one day when a letter came with the information that he must remain there until the last minute, he actually dying of slow starvation, Mat grew desperate, and without consulting anyone, started to tramp his way home. At the end of the fourth day he reached his native town, and he was none too soon, either, for there was not a leaf of bread in the house, and the old couple were shivering over the last pot of wood which they had to keep the old people from suffering.

"He spent the whole length and breadth of the next day in laying in provisions and fuel to last them for weeks to come, and then, having made them quite comfortable in his power, he started back to his regiment. But before he reached camp, the officers who had been bounding his steps ever since he stole away, took him, and about that time the coward-hero, was condemned to be shot.

"He heard the sentence without flinching, but a week later when President Lincoln had refused to sign the warrant for his execution, he broke down and cried like a baby.

"After he returned to the regiment, the boys, like yourself, having an aversion to anything bearing the name of desertion, evaded him at every turn, and his duties were filled, to the disgust of the command. Honor thy father and thy mother." We thought Mat would like to have it so, and though he was not here to be cheered by our appreciation, we tried to do what we knew would please him when among us. Now, comrade, you have heard the true story of Mat Peters' desertion, and I will leave the matter of marking his grave wholly in your hands," said the captain, as he rose to complete his task.

"May you leave it with me now," answered Reyburn, as he placed a small flag on the grave.

"And to show my contitution on account of my Faisty words, I will bring yon extra wreath for this grave myself to-morrow."

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe in his gentle breast, There by his love overshadowed, Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobstructed by them.

"Son, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands tight—tight—tight!" replied Captain Green, as he dripped a tear of joy down his cheek.

"Ah, that's not safe," said the other child.

"Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!"

Captain Green looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she said:

"Oh, I forget! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his off; so I'm safe!"—Day Spring.

Mrs. Bresee, (with hammer): "There, I've hit the nail on the head at last."

Mr. Bresee: "Why do you put your finger in your mouth?"

"That was the nail I hit."
Young People's Work.

Young friends, do you make a practice of attending the covenant meetings of your church? I heard this evening a young lady tell of being in one of our largest churches at a covenant meeting. Though another person had just been a choir member, and to her surprise they were the only young people present, while the elderly people present represented perhaps one-twentieth of the church membership. This is not right and ought not to be.

I also this evening heard a young married woman tell of an experience of hers soon after she, as a girl of eleven years, had joined the church at Alfred Centre. She had made arrangements with some young friends to attend the closing exercises of a public school a few miles distant. It was Friday afternoon. Her mother, in a judicious, loving way (would there be more such mothers!) reminded the daughter that it was the time for the church covenant meeting and that she, now being a member of the church, had certain duties in relation to the services of the house of God. She did not insist upon the girl’s attending the meeting, but she presented the matter in such a light that the daughter decided to forego the pleasure trip that she had been anticipating.

And she said in my hearing, not an hour ago, that she had never been sorry for her action, even though some grown up people had thought it a little foolish. Young friends, what do you think of it? Is it not a duty incumbent upon you to give your attention to this important service of our church? It may not please you to sacrifice your Saturday’s enjoyment, but if you presented the matter in such a way to your friends, you would not prefer to play. The reply was prompt and favorable, “I wish that I had been present.”

The following article was written by one of our dear Christian Endeavor sisters who is at present suffering from an accident, which confines her at home, yet she can use her pen and give us some good thoughts. She wrote in my place this quarter.

LEONA HUMISTON.

Our influence for good depends not so much upon the great things we may do or say, as upon our faithfully improving the opportunities for doing or saying the little things for our Master as they come to us day by day. Being confined to the house by sickness, a neighbor called, an elderly gentleman, who in early life had been a pioneer in one of our western States, but like the birds had sought a warmer clime.

Our conversation soon drifted into his beloved topic, “The true Christian life.” And that I may illustrate to the young people the high influence under which their lives are given up to God, I will repeat a little of what he told me, though not in his own words.

After settling in our western home we began to look around us and found to our sorrow that our lot was cast among Godless people. We had neighbors, though not an affluent class, but not professing to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. No church, no religious gatherings, no one with whom we could converse on the subject so dear to us.

Days, weeks, and months passed. One day a stranger stepped at our door and said, “There will be a meeting at the school-house next Sunday. Will you come?” The house was full, and when the invitation was given for all who would speak a word for Christ, my wife and I were the only ones who arose. As appointed we went, the meeting being held in the school-house once a month. And month after month the house was filled, yet no one arose and testified to the merits of the loving Saviour, but my wife and I; and how often we thought we did no good as so one seemed to be bettered by it. A Sunday-school was organized with myself as Superintendent, yet souls still seemed hard and inimical. Thus the years passed and we moved to another place, but as I grew older I wanted to see my old home and neighbors again and went where the revival had swept the entire community. I entered the meeting, and one good neighbor arose and said, “I first began thinking about being a Christian years ago, when our neighbor here (meaning myself) lived among us, and would, before us (Godless people, arise and acknowledge how much the Saviour has done for you).” Another and another arose and expressed almost the same words. I could hardly believe it, but the Lord did see us, though we did so little toward the conversion of souls.

The old man seemed so happy he lived over again those past experiences. And I have been thinking, young people, why not make for ourselves many such pleasant experiences to look back upon. It will not be the outward surroundings, the good things we have had, the worldly pleasures enjoyed or the riches acquired that at the end of life we will think most about, but whether our lives have been true and noble, whether we have lived in the place God has put us, so that through the influence of our lives wandering souls whom God loves so much may come to him and find peace and happiness.

Mrs. E. L.

The subject of the following resolutions, Leslie Catler, was a member of the Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Church. Owing to a long and painful illness, he had not been baptized, but his name had been acted upon by the church and accepted with the understanding that he should be baptized as soon as he recovered his health. But God thought best to call him home a few months ago. His funeral was largely attended by friends from Chicago and from his home, the village of Glen Ellyn, the public school being dismissed for the afternoon, May 17th. Services were in the Congregational Church. Sermon by his pastor, the Rev. L. C. Randolph, and remarks by the pastors of the Congregational and Baptist Churches.

Resolutions passed by the Christian Endeavor Society of Glen Ellyn, Ill., May 15, 1894:

WHEREAS, God in his providence has taken from among our friend and brother, Leslie Catler, and has entered into the mansion of light and life of the Beloved, and feeling filled with gentleness of bearing, thoughtfulness and general kindness of manner, and,

WHEREAS, He was a consistent member of the Christian Endeavor Society, attending its meetings and interested in its welfare; therefore,

Resolved, That the departure of our brother is a great loss to the society, and that it is mine from our circles and from our meetings, and,

Resolved, That we extend to the family of the deceased sympathy in their affliction, with the prayers that God may be with them through the Holy Spirit of comfort, and,

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and taken from Illinois for publication, and that they be spread upon the minutes of the Society.

In behalf of the Society,

C. D. GASS, Sec'y.

Grace J. Whitley, Sec'y.
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR FIRESIDE.

Our Beata in W.V. Letter Weekly.

With very quiet ideas,

Her little speech is oftentimes shorter than her years.

One day her grandma to her,

"Your apron is not neat,
Rumpled, I think, it changed,
And be made clean and sweet."

But Beata, deep in picture-books,

Got the mark, and lost the note.

Yet cast one furtive look out from her cozy nook.

Again spoke grandma, and this time

"Your hair is not clean,
"See about, mop, and comb, and mind!"

Wes Bees liked not the task.

So then the little maid would up;

"Don't scold, dear, it is not me!
"The precious book, she only smiled.

Her most astonished smile.

"Why, gran'ma, I am surprised!"

Two brown eyes open wide;

"What difference if my ap's rolled
As long as I'm clean inside."

-Child's How.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

BY MRS. VICTORIA ALEXANDRA STOKES.

It is not in the power of people in the common walks of life to do good to the extent which is possessed by sovereigns whose sway extended over all their subjects. People may think that kings and sovereigns in general deserve no credit for the good that they do, since the power is their power to do good. Very true; but we should remember that it is also in their power to do much harm, as the reigns of Richard III. and Bloody Mary of England, bear ample witness. I have read many instances of the kindness of heart of Victoria of England, and have been taught by her. For three years, I write from memory for the boy and girl readers.

The incident in question is especially desirous of record, as the person thus honored belonged to the humblest class. He was a poor man, whose family were dependent upon his earnings. He was a bread. Briefly narrated, the story is as follows:

About fifteen or twenty years ago there lived near London a man whom we will call George Sherwood. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and two adopted children—a boy of eight and a girl of five years. The boy he left to his own care, after being hospital, and the girl he picked up in the streets of London. The mere fact that he adopted those two children proved that he possessed a noble nature, but he trod his daily path of life meekly, and very likely the world would never have heard of him but for the following incidents:

One day the house of a near neighbor took fire, and it being a windy day and the house very old, it burned rapidly. All attempts to extinguish the flames were in vain, and the people were standing helpless about, watching it burn, when a scream from a woman alarmed them all. Her daughter, a girl of twelve years, was in an upper chamber! Help seemed impossible, as the house was one vast sheet of flame; but George Sherwood, who was present, seized a light ladder, placed it against the porch, climbed to a window, and soon had the girl in his arms; but, alas! when he descended the frail ladder it broke beneath their weight, and young Sherwood was badly injured, having his right arm broken and his hip fractured.

For two months he was helpless, suffering agonies from his injuries; but at last he was so far recovered as to be able to work, although he was so lame for life. He did not seem to think that he had done anything worthy of note, but worked industriously for the support of those he loved.

But at last one of the Queen's officers heard his story, and the next list of the names to be occurred to the Queen of George Sherwood. The officer sat by the table with the Queen as she read the list which was to receive her approval and signature.

"Who is this?" she said, as she read George Sherwood's name. The officer told her story substantially, and it was. The Queen was much moved. She laid down her pen and listened with intense interest.

"And young this man has never received any reward?"

"Never, your majesty.

The Queen rose to her feet. "To-day is a holiday in Sydenham; bring him here!"

The voice of royalty was obeyed. A vast crowd was congregated in Sydenham. The troops paraded, flags waved, and fountains flashed and sparkled in the sun. A platform was erected in the park, around which a crowd was gathered by a company of soldiers. Suddenly, at the blast of a bugle, a curtain was lifted, and a lady dressed in black stepped upon the platform. It was Queen Victoria. She paused a moment, and, amid a breathless silence, two soldiers stepped up the platforms leading between them a pale, slender young man, who halted in its. It was George Sherwood. They led him to the Queen and the stood aside; a lord-in-waiting placed a heavy sword in the Queen's hands, and then she spoke for the first time to the young man, George Sherwood, who stood trembling before her.

"Kneel," she said, and he obeyed. She raised the heavy sword and struck him upon the shoulder.

"Rise, Sir George," she said. She dropped the sword and beckoned towards the curtain.

A lord-in-waiting appeared with a box in his hand. He raised the cover and the Queen lifted from its depths an object which was neither inscription, and yet, for its sake, torrents of blood had been shed, thousands of men had fallen in battle, and deeds of valor without number had been performed in the battle-plain. It was the Cross of the Legion of Honor. She turned once more to George Sherwood and said: "Kneel again." He knelt, and then the Queen placed the cross upon his breast; then, taking him by the hand, she raised him to his feet, and said: "The Queen has heard with pleasure your vain Sir George; such courage should not go unrewarded."

The people cheered and the music burst forth, and, no doubt, thousands of hearts responded to the prayer, which was the burden of the hymn that the hands played that day: "God Save the Queen!"—Christian Cymose.

DIDN'T THINK.

BY H. L. CHARLES.

A little bird with doeful voice
Carries her message on her wing.
No place is free from his approach
We meet his steed of song.
His song is heard when boy or girl
Behind him at an early age, or some mischance.
His name is "Didn't Think."

A sail is tossed through window pane,
There floated out a stranger's face.
A horse is left alone unhitched,
A book is out of place.
A boy has fallen from a cliff—
He said his prayers as "Didn't Think."
All questions why, are answered by
This doleful "Didn't Think."

No wide awake and thoughtful boy
Will listen to his song,
Not seeking, that he may be saved
By chance happens to do wrong.
He'd rather bear the blame deserved,
Than "Didn't Think" to be a blemish.
And seeks through thoughtfulness and care
To banish this "Didn't Think."

IN AUNT VERA'S ROOM.

BY YVET.

Aunt Vera's room was always a welcomed spot to her nieces. They, while quite as old as her, had no claim of relationship came there for sympathy, encouragement and help.

"Oh, auntie, I am so tired of this humdrum life," said Ruth Lovell, as she sought her favorite seat on a hassock at aunt's seat for her. "The whole world is so many rows and circumscribed, and it seems to me I am doing so little good in the world.

"Have you forgotten your school and your remarkable influence as a teacher, dearie?" said Aunt Vera.

"Oh, auntie, you could not easily forget that roomful of restless little children, but my influence is so limited, my words, I fear, so easily forgotten, I want to go to my little children again, to help make my heart strong for broader fields in which to labor, as well as better opportunities for self-improvement for my own little ones."

"Listen, dear," answered Aunt Vera, "while I tell you of my friend, Helen Leslie, of whom I heard you mention me so much. Helen is a clever, talented and ambitious, well-improving the educational advantages afforded her in their village. She was engaged in teaching, in the meantime perfecting herself in stenography, a profession not so often chosen by young ladies in those days as it is now.

"A few years later Helen had an opportunity of spending a season abroad. In visiting historic scenes, points and places of interest, which had become familiar to her in her reading, her brief tour was one continued delight. A keen observation and retentive memory has also enabled her to give her little charges of rich enjoyment in reviewing those months of travel.

"Soon after her return from Europe Helen secured a lucrative position in one of the state departments at Lansing. Unitling with the Baptist Church at the capital, work soon fell in the Young People's Society, Sabbath-school, Mission Circle and Children's Band.

"Helen was cold brought on an attack of rheumatism, which gradually increased in severity. At first she prayed for restored health, and God's purpose was otherwise, and trustingly she could say, 'Thy will be done.'

"A burning fever brought her very near death's door, but her faith never faltered; her precious life was spared, for God still had work for his child. She was obliged to give up her position, and spent the summer in the mountains.

"Helen had an opportunity of spending the many weary months she was confined to her room, unable to move about only as some loving hand assisted her, yet it was right there that her faith and zeal, tried as by fire, burned the brightest. A revival meeting was at that time held at her home church, and in Helen her house-fellow found one of her most fervent listeners.

"Her prayers and work for the young people were remarkably efficient; many souls were brought into the kingdom through her ministrations.

"Though so many disappointments had come into Helen's life, still her cup of sorrow was not empty, for a few years later her mother and only brother, were called to the better land, and with a familiar expression, "Thank you, auntie," Ruth replied, "for the helpful lesson you have given me, I can go to my little children with a more happy and contented spirit, thanking my heavenly Father for the many blessings and opportunities which He has given me.""—Uniting.

ONE USE OF TEMPTATION IS TO SHOW HOW MUCH WE NEED CHRIST.

He careful what you read. You cannot read trash and live truth.
UNDER THE STARS.

"It isn't far from bedtime, Sam," said his father. "Don't it strike you so?"

Father and mother and Sam had been sitting out on the porch, enjoying the cool night breeze.

"Are you going up with me, father?"

"Going up with you! Hello, stranger! who are you? I thought this was my big boy, now six years old, and just going to bed by myself.

"I know, father, but it's kind o' lonesome up there."

"You aren't afraid, Sam, are you?" asked mother softly.

"Fraid? no'm," answered the little boy in surprise; "course I ain't fraid, cause ain't no rattlesnakes nor moths like this livin' here; but I get lonesome.

"You can't stay in the bed fifteen minutes the little boy was asleep."

The dog moved off a little, growling and barking. "Git," said the dog, "over there and look out the window, but there was no sound from the hammock.

"Sam, where's Sammy?" asked mother in the morning.

"Yes, I hear 'em," answered the little man of four, "I know God wasn't 'fraid of dogs."—Elizabeth F. Allan.

A HUNGRY Boy AND A DOG.

A waif of a boy was eating a stale half-loaf on the street corner with the air of a starvling, when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes, but he glanced down at the vagabond dog and said in a friendly way: "Wot you want? This ain't no bone, Git.

The dog moved off a little, and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food.

"Say, do you want this wuss nor I do?" asked the dog, "can't you see I'm hungry, too?"

"Nu'f see'd," he remarked, as he watched him eat ravenously. "I ain't the fellar to see a pard in trouble.

And the boy went one way and the dog another, but better for the encounter.——Secular Thought.

Somebody's Father.

I think that one of the saddest incidents of the war which I witnessed was after the battle of Gettysburg. On the outskirts, seated on the fence of an old house, a waif of a little boy was lying in the arms of two small children. Man though I was hardened through those long years to carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who looked on his children for the last time in this world—who away off in a secluded spot had rested himself against a tree that he might feast his eyes on his little ones before he brought tears to his eyes by being separated from them—touched me. There were six of us in the crowd, and we all found great lumps gathering in our throats, and mist coming, and almost blinded us. We stood looking at him for some time. I was thinking of the wife and baby I had left at home, and wondering how soon, in the mercy of God, she would be left a widow and my baby fatherless. We looked at each other and we seemed to understand to our own thoughts. Not a word was spoken, but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped over his heart. Over his grave, on the tree against which he was sitting, I inscribed the words:

"Somebody's Father."

July 5, 1863. —Morning Star.

Dr. Broadus recently related the following incident:

"An old man used to sweep the street crossings for gratuities pennies, near the house of parliament for many years. One day he was absent. Upon inquiry he was found by a missioner ill in bed fifteen minutes the little boy was asleep.

The father and mother did not feel a bit like hearing their little boy out under the moon that night, but after watching his quiet sleep for a long time they went to bed themselves. And mother softly."—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called to me, farther?"

"You don't have to stay in this world if you're not here? I thought you was here."

Joseph Huller in June 1894...

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

For Sabbath-day, June 9, 1894.

LESSON XII.-PASSEAGE OF THE RED SEA.


GENEROUS THOUGHT.

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The dog moved off a little, growling and barking. "Git," said the dog, "over there and look out the window, but there was no sound from the hammock.

"Sam, where's Sammy?" asked mother in the morning.

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being, physical and spiritual, seems to be both physical and spiritual whatever Adam’s understanding of it may have been.

The man must suffer the many woes, exposures to eternal separation from God which his sins introduce. Death, the outcome of sin, comes with a sense of all the woes and sorrows. These include temporal death, condemnation, remorse of conscience, the sad memory of neglect of duties, carnal fears, and finally, complete separation from God and heaven. But our ideas of punishment for sin are at the best quite vague, for as a result of it so gigantic, that never, perhaps, in this life we will comprehend as we ought the extent of our transgressions and the terribleness of their consequences.

Why does God punish sin or permit its results? That may be as difficult to answer as the other question. But reason and God’s Word show plainly that all government, human and divine, ought to make a distinction between crime and innocence; that deeds of evil ought not to receive the same treatment as those who do good. There must be a distinction between right and wrong, else there would be no such thing as justice or laws. If just laws are for our highest good, then it follows that God must permit some penalty for their transgression.


—What father or mother says to the child, “Do your work,” is not the child’s education begun and long continued before he appreciates what is being done or before he has any definite idea of what he wants? If it is wanted, he will see that they attend his wish to be clothed and fed, to have a home to live in, a school to go to, and a means of amusement. In the same way, a man in the world who doubts but that he would be especially anxious and would use all lawful and loving ways to keep his children in Sabbath-school, observe the kind of teacher they had, his method and discipline, would induce them to attend him. If he had prayer-meetings, would take them to church and interest them in the work and the sermon, would introduce them to the pastor and help him in winning them to Christ, would look up some Christian work for them and teach them to give tithes unto the Lord. Do you, parents?

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

**Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:**

In your issue of the 10th inst, Brother Hills made mention of my work in Quincy, Ill., and stated that I was still pastor of that church. Brother Hills’ statements were correct when he made his previous ones. On my resignation as missionary pastor to the Board in Florida, and stated my reason to be for the good qualities of Abram, and God forsook it, that he would command his children and his household after him, so that it would be just as if a minister, with a healthy and happy Providence, would induce them to attend him. If they had prayer-meetings, would take them to church and interest them in the work and the sermon, would introduce them to the pastor and help him in winning them to Christ, would look up some Christian work for them and teach them to give tithes unto the Lord. Do you, parents?

**HOME NEWS.**

**New York.**

WATSON.—Health is quite good. The people are generally through with their spring work. It is somewhat cool, but everything is as prosperous as could be under the circumstances. The prosperity of the cause of God in the ascendency. May 20th occurred the first funeral in our church since the present pastor came. It was that of Mrs. Margaret Baldwin, a granddaughter of our worthy, aged sister, Mrs. Elsie Wilder. The church was filled with people who assem­bled to sympathize with the mourners, who deeply felt their loss. Her death was so sudden; it came like a bolt out of the cloud sky. She was said to be first afflicted with whooping cough, and then took the typhoid pneumonia and lived but a few hours.

**To believe in Him is to be like Him.** All other faith is a mere mist of words dissolving into empty air. To live our human lives as He lived His—purely, lovingly, righteously—i.e. to share His eternity.—Lucy Larcom.

Among the Sioux Indians, when one family borrows a kettle from another, it is expected, when the kettle is returned, a small portion of the food cooked in it will be in left in the bottom. Disregard of this custom ends the borrowing business.

Dare seasons are never pleasant to us, but they are always good for us. A cloudless sky can never produce a good harvest.

**Cheap Excursions To The West.**

An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the West and North-west will be afforded by the home-seats’ low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on May 6, 7, and 8, at points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana, and Idaho, and will be good for return passage within thirty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges can be obtained on going to territory in which the tickets are sold. Further information call on or address Ticket Agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed free, upon application to W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & North-Western Rail­way, Chicago.

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 Anne cottage, large, sturdy, finely finished and in perfect repair. It is located at a great sacrifice. Every room in the house is comfortably furnished, and carpets, bed-room set, and heavy furniture is offered for a mere trifle of its cost. For terms apply to E. S. Bailey, 5034 Michigan Ave, Chicago, Ill.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

**F** Persons coming to Dodge Center, Minn., from all points east, to attend the North-Western Association, will please note that trains are as follows: Express leaves Chicago, North-Westers

**RAILWAY STATION 815 A.M., arriving at Dodge Center 10:30 P. M., same day. Express leaves Chicago 7 P. M. and 10:30 P. M., arriving at Dodge Center 9 A. M. and 5:05 P. M., the next day. If those coming will send card stating which train they will come on, they will be met at the station and quickly find entertainment. Persons arriving here and not meeting friends at the station will please report at the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, when they will be assigned to their place of entertain­ment. Persons coming by private conveyance and not previously assigned will report themselves to W. H. Wells.

H. D. CLARK, Chairman of Comm. meeting.

IN THE next Semi-annual Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Berlin, Marguerite, and Coloma, will be held with the church of Coloma, at Coloma Station, Wis. Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, of Milton Junction, was invited to preach the Introductory Discourse, and Rev. E. M. Dunn, of Milton, as alternate. The following named persons were requested to prepare essays for the occasion: Mrs. Julia Green, Miss Nellie Hill, Mrs. Ora Winchell, and E. D. Richmond. Said meeting to be held on the first Sabbath in June, commencing June 1st, at 8 P. M.

E. D. RICHMOND, Clerk.

**REV. J. T. DAVIS asks that his correspondents address him, until further notice, at Garwin, Tama Co., Iowa.**

**NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.**

The North-Western Association will convene with the Dodge Center Church, of Doctrine Centre, Minn., on Fifth-day, June 14, 1894. The following is the provisional program.

**FIFTH-DAY—MORNING.**

1. Devotional Service.
3. Introductory Sermon.

**AFTERNOON.**

1. Devotional Service.
2. Business.
3. Sabbath-school Hour.

**EVENING.**

5.20. Prayer-meeting.
10.30. Tract Society Hour.

**SIXTH-DAY—MORNING.**

2. Business.

10. Sermon.

2.30. Sermon.

5.20. Prayer-meeting.

**AFTERNOON.**

1. Business.
2. Sabbath-school.

10. Sermon.

2.30. Sermon.

**EVENING.**

1. Business.
2. Praise Service.


11. Sermon.

2.30. Sermon.

**EVENING.**

2.30. Sermon.


3.30. Sermon.

10. Missionary Hour.

11. Sermon.


10. Young People’s Hour.


11. Sermon.


**FIRST DAY—MORNING.**

1. Devotional Service.
2. Business.

**AFTERNOON.**

5.20. Prayer-meeting.

1. Business.

**EVENING.**

1. Business.
2. Sermon and Conference Meeting.

**SABBATH—HOUSING.**

10. Sabbath-school.

11. Sermon.


8. Sermon.


8. Sermon and Conference Meeting.

**WESTERN ASSOCIATION.**

The Western Association will convene with the church at Independence, N. T., commencing June 7, 1894. The following program has been prepared:

**FIFTH-DAY MORNING.**

10. Call to order by the Moderator; prayer and singing.

10.30. Introductory Sermon by G. P. Keegan—alternate, G. M. Stillman; Report of Executive Committee; Communications from churches and corresponding bodies.
AFTERNOON.

1.25. Devotional exercises.

1.35. Devotions concluded; Appointment of Standing Committees.

2.30. Missionary Society's Hour, conducted by O. U. Whitford; Annual Reports—Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Delegates to sister Associations, Committee on Outitories; Missionary business.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Business; Tract Society Hour, conducted by the Representative of the Tract Society.

EVENING, 7:30—

Praise Service, conducted by D. D. Allen; Sermon by the Delegate from the South-Eastern Association; Closing Conference, conducted by Rev. B. P. Burnet.

ENGLISH.

If all persons intending to attend the Western Association, to be held with the church of Independence, June 7, 1894, will please send their names to me as soon as practicable, in order that arrangements can be made for their entertainment during the Association. Those coming to Andover on the cars will state what day and what time they will be there and teams will be ready to take them to Independence. Pastors of each church can easily furnish the information wanted. We hope to make it as pleasant as possible for all.

J. Kennon, Gen. on Entertainment.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Southern Wisconsin and Chicago will be held with the Rock River Church, May 25-27, 1894. The following is the programme of the services:

1. First day morning, May 26th, at 7.30 o'clock, sermon by Rev. S. L. Maxson.

2. Sabbath forenoon, May 28th, at 10 o'clock, Sabbath-school conducted by the Superintendent, M. E. Bowler; Association conducted by Myes Mary E. Bowler, Association.


5. Read Missionary Reports—Corresponding Secretary; Treasurer; Delegates to sister Associations, Committee on Outitories; Missionary business.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The Central Association will convene with the church at Scott, N. Y., beginning May 31st. The following programme has been prepared:

FIFTH-DAY—MORNING, 10.30 o'clock.

Call to order by the Moderator; Introductory Sermon by the Rev. Martin Sindall; Report of Programme Committee; Communications from churches.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Communications from churches; Communications from Corresponding Bodies; Miscellaneous communications: Appointment of Standing Committees; Annual Reports—Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Delegate to sister Associations; Committee on Outitories. Essay—"What Method can be used to Induce Laymen to order by the Moderator; Introductory Sermon by the Rev. Martin Sindall; Report of Programme Committee; Communications from churches.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Communications from churches; Communications from Corresponding Bodies; Miscellaneous communications: Appointment of Standing Committees; Annual Reports—Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Delegate to sister Associations; Committee on Outitories. Essay—"What Method can be used to Induce Laymen to order by the Moderator; Introductory Sermon by the Rev. Martin Sindall; Report of Programme Committee; Communications from churches.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Business; Discussion of Resolutions; Missionary Hour, conducted by Representative of Missionary Society.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Praise Service; Prayer and Conference Meeting, conducted by the Rev. J. A. Platte; Womans' Hour, conducted by Mrs. M. B. Randolph.

SABBATH MORNING, 10.30.

Sermon by Delegate from Eastern Association, Collection for Tract and Missionary Societies.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Sermon by Delegate from Eastern Association, Collection for Tract and Missionary Societies.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Sermon by Delegate from Eastern Association, Collection for Tract and Missionary Societies.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Praise Service, conducted by the Rev. J. A. Platte; Womans' Hour, conducted by Mrs. M. B. Randolph.

First—Day—Morning, 8:30.

Devotional Service; Business; Sermon by Delegate from Western Association.

AFTERNOON, 2.

Business; Tract Society Hour, conducted by the Representative of the Tract Society.
LEAF BRODSHIRE, Paper Maker, 42 West Madison St.

MILTON, N. J.

MILTON COLLINS, Milton, Wis.

MITCHELL, B. B., President, Sulphur Springs, N. Y.

MINNESOTA SOCIETY FOR THE BURDENED.

MISSISSIPPI: 101, 110, 120.

MISSOURI: 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101.

MISSOURI AND IOWA SABBATH TRAVELER,


MONTANA SABBATH TRAVELER

MONTPELIER, Vt.

MORRISON, Ore.

MORRISON, Ore.

MOUNT VERNON, Tenn.

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The judgment of the Presbytery, 52; to sustain in part, 45; not to sustain, 36.

The effect of a vote to sustain in part is to sustain the appeal; with a vote for Dr. Smith and 205 against him, several commissioners who voted to sustain in part said that they disagreed with the opinion of the Synod, and without a suspension from the ministry too severe a sentence for simply holding these views. At Washington last year when Professor Briggs was suspended the vote was 116 for Dr. Briggs, 385 against him. Mr. Briggs sat with Mr. Smith throughout the trial this week.

MARRIED.

Marriage.—In Lincoln, Neb., May 24, Mr. Peter Hand, of Grand Island, and Miss Mary James, of Anselville, Wis., and Miss Laura M. Johnson, of Lincoln.

Cranberry—May 24.—At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William St. Ann, James, the former, of Anselville, Wis., and Miss Lila Baker, of Lincoln.

DIED.

Stover's culinary notices are inserted free of charge, to members belonging twenty three weeks active at the rate of ten cents per line for each line in excess of twenty.

Wynkoop.—At the home of his mother, in Lincoln, Neb., May 23, 1894, from phthisic complications, Frank M. son of Dennis and W. K. Wynkoop.

The circumstances of this death are exceedingly sad. Frank was working a few miles from home. On Sunday night, the 23d, after he had been to the race apparently cheerful, he drank some cold proc for another purpose. The fact was not known by the family, neither given a physician and the patient died of heart failure what had been occurring. He said the act was intentional, although he afterward corrected it, and desired to live. In December, he and his grandparents, and attended with the Lincoln Church. He was faithful till the following spring, and the temptation to leave the Sabbath for longer a volume. From other signs followed. He claimed his poverty and his character. The cause of his death is the result of the commission of the Synod of the Church of England, and the state of public opinion. The house was crowded with sympathizing friends.

SABBATH RECORDER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

ALFRED CENTRE, ALLEGANY, N. Y.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Paper to foreign countries will be charged 20 additional for postage.

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Local advertisements inserted at legal rates.

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